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THE  
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MAY TO AUGUST, 1856.

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W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

M A Y, 1 8 5 6.

From the Quarterly Review.

## T A B L E - T A L K . \*

WE have not only to thank Dr. Irving for a good edition of a book which holds a high place in the belles-lettres of England, but for recalling our attention to the important class of works which constitute the literature of conversation. It seems to be the Doctor's destiny to deal with neglected subjects. He has written a biography of George Buchanan, whose face, we fear, the public does not even recognize on the cover of his country's famous magazine. He has written lives of Scottish poets, many of whose pipings are no longer heeded by the present generation. Selden's *Table-Talk*, which Johnson preferred to all the French "Ana," was passing into forgetfulness in our own times when he took it under his editorial care. The world cannot afford to throw aside such books, particularly if it considers the frivolity and want of substance of the current publications which profess to com-

bine amusement and instruction. It requires a light literature with a value in it—a lightness like that of the paper boat which Shelley launched on the Serpentine, and which was made of a fifty pound Bank of England bill.

"Ana" are out of fashion now, and books of *Table-Talk* little read. Some go so far as to say that conversation itself is becoming a lost art, that the last Whig conversationist will soon have wearied the last Whig peer, and that the prediction which winds up the "Dunciad" will thus far have achieved its fulfilment in England. These are the gloomy vaticinations of a few who, like Socrates, have a morbid passion for discourse; but on whom their auditors may possibly retaliate with the assertion that human nature is unequal to supporting them in their talkative mood.

It would be unpardonable to omit mentioning the *Table-Talk* of the ancients. In fact, it was one of the points in which they had an advantage over us; for though they were less domestic, they were more social. The absence of printing imparted to their conversation the same superior importance which it gave to their oratory. A modern philosopher lives like a hermit,

\* *The Table-Talk of John Selden.* With Notes by David Irving, LL.D. Edinburgh, 1854.

*Table-Talk of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.* Third edition. London, 1851.

*The Table-Talk, or Familiar Discourse of Martin Luther.* Translated by William Hazlitt. London, 1848.

and publishes in quarto; the ancient one carried his philosophy about with him and propagated it in the market-place, in shops, and at suppers. The Table-Talk of an age was its wisdom. No wonder the affection of disciple for master, and there is no more beautiful relation, was so vividly felt. The whole state experienced the effect of oral teaching through all the veins of its moral being. From the lips of Socrates himself, in the saddler's shop, Euthydemus learned that he who would be fit for politics must go through an ethical training little dreamed of by dabblers in democracy. From the lips of the reverend seniors of the state the Roman youth learned what reading alone could never have taught him. His first step from home was to the house of the statesman or orator by whom he was generally initiated into the duties of life, and in whom he was to see the living image of that which a book can but faintly reflect. Cicero appears to have thought that his own hilarity at the banquets of his political friends was really a public service at periods of public despondency. We cannot but profoundly regret that the "Liber Jocularis," or collection of his jokes made by Tiro, has not been preserved; for he was as thorough a table-talker as Socrates himself, and his *mots* preserved in Plutarch, Quintilian, and Macrobius, show that with Burke's eloquence he combined Canning's wit.

The vivacity of the southern races was one great cause why their conversation had a tendency to degenerate into loquacity. The Greek to this day is preëminently a talker, and may be seen lolling outside his *cafés*, making a clatter as rapid and endless as that of the *λάλος* in Theophrastus from whom he descends. What babblers abounded in Athens in the period of its decay, we know from the fact that Theophrastus gives us no less than three species of such characters—

"All clear and well defined"—

and who, as Casaubon observes, are not to be confounded. First comes the *δόλοχος* or simple *garrulus*. "He sits down," Theophrastus tells us, "by the side of a man whom he does not know, and begins to praise his own wife. Tells what he dreamed the night before, and what he had for dinner." Have we not seen him in the flesh in our own day? The *λάλος*,

again, was not only fond of talking, but was an inveterate chatterer, who interfered with every human pursuit—who haunted the schools and talked to the schoolmaster. Worse still was the *λογηγοίς*, who dealt in rumors, and spread scandal—who was ever asking "Is there nothing new?" Often, says Theophrastus, while gathering crowds round them in the baths, these gossips have lost their clothes.

To this corrupted taste for an enjoyment very profitable in its healthy connection, the ancients owed a class of table-talkers whom it would be improper to pass over, more particularly as they are represented in considerable force in modern Europe—a class of diners-out. The wag was well known in antiquity, from the simple *γελοιοποιός* or laughter-maker who attended suppers professionally, up to the smart conversationist who paid for the good things which he ate by the good things which he said. Of this gentleman, for so we call him in these polite times, there are excellent specimens in Plautus. Sometimes when invitations ran slack, he complained that the age was getting rude and unpolished, and had no taste for elegant pleasures. The same kind of character is to be traced in every generation; and ages after the men we have been speaking of had crackled on their pyres, Martial saw their representatives flourishing in Rome. A rival of these parasites was the *aretalogus*, whom we know not how to match in our own days. He combined the diner-out and moral philosopher, and used to talk at suppers of the *summum bonum*, and the Good and the Beautiful, for the amusement of those who thought the *scurra* and the parasite frivolous. The Emperor Augustus was particularly fond of these philosophical declaimers. They seem principally to have been Stoics or Cynics, and were remarkable for their loquacity, their love of eleemosynary provender, and their long beards. Between them and the comic writers there was deadly war.

Fond as the ancients were of conversation, it is not wonderful that they should have left books which may justly be included under the head of Table-Talk. At the head of these must be placed the "Memorabilia" of Socrates by Xenophon, which, indeed, the ingenious Frenchman who has edited the "Table-Talk" of Ménage was inclined to call "Socraticana."



It is, no doubt, the prosaic aspect of Socrates which we have from Xenophon; but in the clear steel-mirror of his lucid style, the face of the philosopher is reflected with a truth, of which nobody can lose the impression. We see the man as he appeared to his friends, to his wife, and are well pleased to lose a little ideal beauty for the sake of the homely reality. "We commonly," says Pascal, "picture Plato and Aristotle in stately robes, and as personages always grave and solemn. *They were good fellows, who laughed like others with their friends*; and when they composed their laws and treatises of policy, it was done smilingly and to divert themselves. It was the least philosophic and serious part of their life. Their highest philosophy was to live simply and tranquilly." Now, it is just the charm of the "Memorabilia" that it gives us the daily existence of Socrates; his constant public activity; his incessant and irresistible dialectics in the agora, in the gymnasia, in the shop of the corslet-maker, in the studio of the statuary, at the table. All that beautiful scene of human life, with its temples, its trees, its soft sky, and the hum and color of its lively population, floats in the air about. We are in the presence of Socrates, "in his habit as he lived"—barefooted, plainly clad, invincibly reasonable and moral, and the incarnation of common sense. Xenophon is so anxious to show him as a good citizen that he even makes him talk what we, in our modern conceit, fancy rather obvious morality. The kindly reverent disciple wants to show how excellent his master's intentions were; how obedient he was to the laws; how soundly conservative in fact. He could not foresee that it would ever be argued that the sage was justly executed by the populace as a bore!

If, then, we set down the "Memorabilia" as the earliest and most important book of Table-Talk extant, we shall be beginning well. The ancients had other collections, but they have perished; and we must search for the scattered fragments in Athenæus, Macrobius, Plutarch, and Aulus Gellius. A passage which the latter quotes from Varro would alone establish the taste of the ancients in colloquial matters: "Guests should be neither loquacious nor silent; because eloquence is for the forum, and silence for the bed-chamber." And he goes on to say that "conversation at such times should not be

about anxious nor [difficult] affairs, but pleasant, attractive, and useful."

In these old store-houses we shall find more than one *bon-mot* which now adorns the brazen front of the plagiarist. There are few better sayings attributed to Foote than his reply to Lord Stormont, who was boasting the great age of the wine which, in his parsimony, he had caused to be served in extremely small glasses—"It is very little of its age." Yet this identical witticism is in Athenæus, where it is assigned to one Gnathæna, whose jokes were better than her character. Cicero relates that Nasica called upon Ennius, and was told by the servant that he was out. Shortly afterwards Ennius returned the visit, when Nasica exclaimed from within that he was not at home. "What," replied Ennius, "do not I know your own voice?" "You are an impudent fellow," retorted Nasica; "when your servant told me you were not at home, I believed her, but you will not believe me though I tell you so myself." This, in modern jest-books, is said to have passed between Quin and Foote. Wit, like gold, is circulated sometimes with one head on it, and sometimes with another, according to the potentates who rule its realm. Few situations are more trying than to sit at dinner and hear a *raconteur* telling "the capital thing said by Louis XIV." to so-and-so, with a distinct recollection that the same thing was said by Augustus to a provincial. You cannot quote Macrobius without the imputation of pedantry, even if you were capable of the cruelty; and you grin pleasant approbation with the consciousness that you are a hypocrite.

We have lost a good deal in Cæsar's "Apophtegms;" for his taste was fine and his knowledge great. His own conversation must have been exquisite, and some of his sallies on public occasions show us how dexterous he must have been in repartee. The sayings of one great man never come to us with such force as when they are illuminated by the admiring comments of another, and the dicta of Cæsar are best read by the light of the torch held to them by Bacon.

"If I should enumerate divers of his speeches, as I did those of Alexander, they are truly such as Solomon noteth, when he saith, 'The words of the wise are as goads;' whereof I will only recite three, not so delectable for elegancy, but admirable for vigor and efficacy. As first, it is

reason he be thought a master of words, that could with one word appease a mutiny in his army, which was thus: The Romans, when their generals did speak to their army, did use the word 'Milites,' but when the magistrates spake to the people, they did use the word 'Quirites.' The soldiers were in tumult, and seditiously prayed to be cashiered; not that they so meant, but by expostulation thereof to draw Cæsar to other conditions; wherein he being resolute not to give way, after some silence, he began his speech — 'Ego, Quirites,' which did admit them already cashiered; where-with they were so surprised, crossed, and confused, as they would not suffer him to go on in his speech, but relinquished their demands, and made it their suit to be again called by the name of 'Milites.' The second speech was thus: Cæsar did extremely affect the name of king; and some were set on, as he passed by, in popular acclamation to salute him king: whereupon, finding the cry weak and poor, he put it off thus, in a kind of jest, as if they had mistaken his surname; 'Non rex sum, sed Cæsar;' *I am not King, but Cæsar*; — a speech, that if it be searched, the life and fulness of it can scarce be expressed: for, first, it was a refusal of the name, but yet not serious. Again, it did signify an infinite confidence and magnanimity, as if he presumed Cæsar was the greater title, as by his worthiness it is come to pass till this day; but chiefly it was a speech of great allurements toward his own purpose; as if the state did strive with him but for a name, whereof mean families were vested; for Rex was a surname with the Romans, as well as King is with us. The last speech which I will mention was used to Metellus: When Cæsar, after war declared, did possess himself of the city of Rome, at which time entering into the inner treasury to take the money there accumulated, Metellus, being tribune, forbade him: whereunto Cæsar said, 'That if he did not desist, he would lay him dead in the place.' And presently, taking himself up, he added, 'Young man, it is harder for me to speak than to do it.' A speech compounded of the greatest terror and greatest clemency that could proceed out of the mouth of man."

Cæsar knew at once whether a Cicero was genuine, and dismissed a spurious one with the calm contempt of a connoisseur. Wit, as we have already intimated, was one of the great orator's chief endowments. Quintilian celebrates his *urbanitas*, the word by which the ancients expressed that peculiar elegance of humor which smacks of the cultivation of a capital; which distinguished high Roman society in the days of Cicero, as it did French society in the time of Ménéage, and English society in that of Chesterfield; which arrived at its perfection in Talleyrand and Louis XVIII., and still survives like other traditions in the circles of Legitimacy.

But Cicero's humor was very various; nor did he abstain from coarse facetiousness, and downright puns. When he at last, after infinite irresolution, joined Pompey, they told him sneeringly, "You come late." "How late? since I find nothing ready?" was his answer. This was *urbanitas*. When Pompey, who had married Cæsar's daughter, asked on the same occasion, referring to Dolabella, who had joined Cæsar's party, "Where is your son-in-law?" Cicero retorted, "With your father-in-law." This, too, was *urbanitas*. But he stooped to an "arrant clench," when, in allusion to the Oriental custom of boring the ears of slaves, he replied to the man of Eastern and servile descent, who complained that he could not hear him, "Yet you have holes in your ears." This was not *urbanitas*. Such personalities, however, were addressed *ad populum*; and when political excitement harassed him, even Canning was coarse.

Talk all wit would be as disagreeably monotonous as a dinner all champagne. When a man is always witty, it is a proof that he has no other quality equally conspicuous, and the person who is spoken of as *par excellence* a "wit," is a second rate conversationist. "He was so well drest," said somebody to Brummell, "that people would turn and look at him." "Then he was not well drest," replied that great master of the art. We venture to apply the doctrine to Table-Talk. It should not want wit, but it should not exceed in it; the epigrams should be sprinkled over it with the natural grace of daisies on a meadow. If we regret that the "Liber Jocularis" is lost, we regret still more that no regular "Ciceroniana" exists, reflecting the daily conversation, grave as well as gay, of the orator; such a book as the *Ménagiana*, or Eckerman's Goethe, or the Table-Talk of Selden and Luther.

First in time of the modern *Ana*, first in rank, infinitely valuable and exquisitely curious, the Table-Talk of Luther naturally takes the place of honor. It was printed in the original German in 1566, and spread at once. A Latin selection quickly followed; an English translation appeared in 1652. It exhibits all the qualities of the class in the highest form; it admits us to his company with a letter of introduction. To the Table-Talk, more than to any other work, Europe owes the personal familiarity which it has with the Reformer, and nobody but a good man could have borne

the test of this kind of revelation. Yet it is upon the reports of his conversation, according to Bayle, that most of the calumnies against Luther were originally founded. We cheerfully allow his enemies to make the most, as they have taken care to do, of his out-spoken heartiness, of his homely humor, of the peasant-like rusticity which accompanied his intense earnestness. Beyond all question, Dr. Martin was violent and coarse, and loved a glass of beer. But the more we get at his intimacy the more we like him, for he has the charm of nature. Of the most delicate wine a man is sometimes tired; but water is eternally fresh and new, as welcome the thousandth time as the first. His adversaries seem to have gone to work with something like system. If they found him in familiar discourse with three or four persons, they called them his "pot-companions." If he laughed, they called him a profane scoffer. If he neither talked nor laughed, a dumb-devil possessed him. It could not possibly be the case, in Father Garasse's opinion, that he was a man like other people, with human appetites and a human temper, and not a saint in a picture. But the struggles, the infirmities of such heroes, are the most instructive studies possible; the more you dwell on them, the more you wonder at the mighty works they performed.

The interest of Luther's Table-Talk is that it is a perfect portrait of the human and material side of one of the greatest spiritual men that the world ever saw. Fancy, for that was one of his ways, Luther rebuking Satan in the style of Squire Western. It was his firm conviction "that the Evil One may be driven away by jeering, because he is a haughty spirit and cannot bear contempt." There are marvellous things in the chapter on "the Devil and his Works." For example:

"Dr. Luther said he had heard from the Elector of Saxony, John Frederic, that a powerful family in Germany was descended from the devil, the founder having been born of a succubus."

The men of that age lived in an element of reverent wonder, which sometimes took such shapes as this. In Luther's case, too, there was a liability to hypochondria, and he had spiritual and physical fits of depression which it is impossible to contemplate without awe. "The sour sweat has drizzled from me," he says. But what a light

of faith and hope, strangely tinged, too, by his essential humor, shone through those clouds! "'Thou art a great sinner,' said he. I replied, 'Canst thou not tell me something new, Satan?' . . . The devil often casts this into my breast: How if thy doctrine be false and erroneous? I gave him this answer: Avoid, Satan; address thyself to my God, and talk with him about it, for the doctrine is not mine, but his.'"

The domestic and social aspects of Luther, as the Table-Talk shows them, complete the picture, and we see him in the ruddy light of his fire a cheerful, solid, kindly humorous man. "'The hair is the finest ornament women have. I like women to let their hair fall down their back; 'tis a most agreeable sight. What defects women have we must check them for, in private, by word of mouth, for woman is a frail vessel.' The Doctor then turned round and said, 'Let us talk of something else!'" With what reality the scene rises before us! Then we all know how he loved and valued music; society he valued equally. "I have myself found that I never fell into more sin than when I was alone." He was fond of children's prattle, and his sorrow for the death of his little daughter Magdalen is most affecting. All these traits, no doubt, might have been narrated to us by a biographer; but what art could have made them so winning and so real as they appear in the Table-Talk?

We should show little regard for the dignity of the Reformer if we inquired what "conversational talent" he possessed, or affected to lay stress upon the purely literary side of this book. He talked perfectly simply and openly, and even vehemently and passionately; for he was intent on far higher objects than colloquial success; and we cannot, moreover, be sure of the perfect discretion and competency of the recorders. Nevertheless we venture to think that his Table-Talk gives a fair specimen of the force of his intellect, as it unquestionably represents the tone of his character. A picturesque power of illustration is one of its qualities:

"Luther, taking up a caterpillar, said, 'Tis an emblem of the devil in its crawling walk, and bears his colors in its changing hue.'"

"Luther was one day being shaved and having his hair cut in the presence of Dr. Jonas; he said to the latter: Original sin is in us like the beard. We are shaved to-day, and look clean, and have a smooth chin; to-morrow our beard

has "grown again, nor does it cease growing whilst we remain on earth. In like manner, original sin cannot be extirpated from us; it springs up in us as long as we exist. Nevertheless, we are bound to resist it to the utmost of our strength, and to cut it down unceasingly."

"When I am assailed with heavy tribulations, I rush out among my pigs, rather than remain alone by myself. The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour. If you put no wheat, it still grinds on; but then 'tis itself it grinds and wears away."

"When I lay sucking at my mother's breast, I had no notion how I should afterwards eat, drink, or live. Even so we on earth have no idea what the life to come will be."

"A comet is a star that runs, not being fixed like a planet, but a bastard among planets. It is a haughty and proud star, engrossing the whole element, and carrying itself on as if it were there alone. 'Tis of the nature of heretics, who also will be singular and alone, bragging and boasting above others, and thinking they are the only people endowed with understanding."

These are, to borrow a figure from a well-known mediæval art, illuminated thoughts. To call the faculty a mere talent for illustration would be to speak coldly and inadequately. He colored his conceptions with these various hues, because he had a heart which felt sympathy with all created beauty, and which indissolubly associated moral with human and physical truths.

Just about the time that Luther's Table-Talk appeared, namely, in 1566, JOSEPH SCALIGER was in the prime of his youth, twenty-six years of age, and, we suppose, uttering "SCALIGERANA" every day. Joseph was on his travels then. We know that he was in Scotland soon after the slaughter of Rizzio, which happened on 9th March of that year; for he tells us so himself.\* "When I was there she was on bad terms with her husband on account of the death of this David," and he adds, emphatically, "She was a beautiful creature!" This is a distinct, historic, impartial testimony to Mary's beauty, and just one of those little facts the preservation of which is a valuable part of books of Table-Talk.

We should like to indulge in a reverie about Joseph Scaliger's stay at Edinburgh. No doubt, he and Buchanan enjoyed Attic nights, and talked old Roman Latin. No doubt, old days were recalled

by the great George, old Bordeaux days, when he and Muretus used to go over to Agen at the vintage time and stay with Joseph's father, the great Julius Cæsar Scaliger. No doubt, too, they drank a few glasses of claret, and discussed Turnebus, recently dead, and abused the Jesuits, and chatted of the marvellous memory of Muretus, and of the matchless style of Paulus Manutius, and the last edition of Terence, at Florence, for which Bembo's MS. had been collated. For these were days when men did not coarsely dismiss their work from their hours of leisure as savoring of "the shop," but loved it at all times, and felt that it was beautiful. But, besides that we are sadly deficient in authority for such visions, our subject is extensive and our space limited.

The "Scaligerana" was the earliest book of Table-Talk which appeared under the famous appellation of "Ana." As even respectable authors have misstated the origin of the name, we may mention that it is simply the Latin neuter plural termination. Joseph Scaliger died in 1609. In 1666 his conversation was published by Isaac Vossius, who had borrowed from Daillé the manuscript book in which it had been taken down by two young gentlemen named Vassan, who knew him at Leyden, where he spent the last sixteen years of his life. The work was a medley of Latin and French—as Scaliger happened to use either language—and contained his off-hand remarks on men and things, delivered with the most entire freedom. In 1669 appeared a similar record, taken by one Vertunien, a physician of Poitiers, at a much earlier period, and this its compiler called the "Prima Scaligerana." Both compilations were amalgamated in the excellent edition of "Scaligerana, Thuana, etc.," by Desmaizeaux (Amsterdam, 1740). "The Scaligerana," says Mr. Hallam, and we agree with him, "deserve perhaps the first place among those amusing miscellanies known by the name of Ana."

Scaliger's place among scholars is simply royal. His preëminence is best understood from the memorandum made by Isaac Casaubon,\* in his Diary, on the occasion of the great man's death: "Extincta est illa seculi nostri lampas, lumen literarum,

\* Strange to say, this has escaped his elegant biographer, M. Nisard, who speaks of his travelling in Scotland as rumored only.

\* The erudite Isaac himself sometimes said good things. When he visited the Sorbonne they showed him the hall, in which, as they proudly told him, disputations had been held for four hundred years. "And what," said he, "have they decided?"



*decus Galliæ, ornamentum unicum Europæ.*" His enormous memory and his world-embracing erudition were the wonder of mankind. We owe it to the "*Scaligerana*" that we have a glimpse of his private character, one feature of which was a haughtiness on a par with his attainments. He was kindly, honest, and independent; but his pride was that of an oriental monarch. He looked on himself, in fact, as the monarch of letters, just as the ancients spoke of the Persian king—as The King. He had a combination of two kinds of pride, either of which is enough for a poor mortal. He was proud, because he thought himself the head of the great house of Scaliger of Verona; he was proud, because he felt himself intellectually among the leading minds of Europe. He had the haughtiness of a grandee blended with the haughtiness of a college "Don," a kind of mixture of the pride of Baron Bradwardine with the pride of Dr. Parr. Imagine such a character expressing himself with frank contemptuous egotism, and you have a notion of the "*Scaligerana*."

Here, for instance, we have him speaking of his father: "There was neither king nor emperor that was so handsome as he. Look at *me*; I am exactly like him, and especially the aquiline nose!" And of himself: "There is no one in this city that is competent to judge of my book against Serarius." Of others, with few exceptions, he spoke with profound contempt. He said Bellarmine was an atheist; he called Meursius a pedant and the son of a monk; he compared Sciooppius to an ape; he sneered at Baronius; he even said, once, that St. Jerome was an ass. He expressed many of these opinions with pointed and brilliant sarcasm. Of Justus Lipsius he observes: "I care as little for Lipsius' Latin as he does for Cicero's." Of the Germans: "The Germans are indifferent what wine they drink, so that it is wine, or what Latin they speak, so that it is Latin." There is wit enough in the "*Scaligerana*" to prove that it was decidedly one of his many gifts; and we must not forget, after all, that we have but crumbs from his table, and might probably have possessed better specimens had he possessed more judicious listeners.

The "*Scaligerana*" contains many of those casual sayings which, put on record, preserve the manners, the social history, and the biographical curiosities of an age.

A well annotated edition of it would be a valuable work.\* It is a strange medley, and the strangeness is all the more prominent from the alphabetical arrangement. Turn over C, and you find that cheese generates gout; that Calvin was asthmatic and spoke beautifully; and that Cujas studied, like David Hume, lying "*le ventre contre terre*," with his books around him. Turning over a few pages more, you find a bit of oriental learning, or classical criticism, and then an anecdote which brings before us in frightful reality the horrors of those bloody times, how Joseph's mother, when "*grosse de moy*," met a man carrying a sack full of the heads of executed criminals, and fainted. Next we have a lament over the fact that "*nobody reads now*," excepting Casaubon and myself, of course! or a flourish about the house of Scaliger, followed by a wail over his fallen position.

How absurd this pretended descent from the Scaligers† was, how it led to the "*Scaliger Hypobolimus*" of the "*dreadful Sciooppius*," the man who accused Cicero of barbarism, and whose lash was truly awful, is well known to the curious in literary history. Joseph Scaliger accepted the fact on his father's assertion, who died when he was only eighteen, and too young to be critical on the parental story. He was recognized by his admirers as the Scaliger, and addressed by them as Most Illustrious Hero. It is now beyond all question, that Julius was the son of Benedetto Bordone, who kept a little shop in Venice, after having been originally a schoolmaster in Padua, and was a near kinsman of Paris Bordone, the painter. It is a curious fact, which we have never seen noticed anywhere, that old Julius Cæsar Scaliger had himself a great talent for painting, and had taken lessons from Durer.

The "*Thuana*" and "*Perroniana*" (or Table-Talk of Cardinal Perron) appeared together in 1669. This book we likewise owe to Isaac Vossius. But nothing can

\* It is with great pleasure that we see announced the *Lives of the Scaligers*, by the Rev. Mark Pattison—a lively and accomplished scholar, who is deeply read in the literature of that age.

† "Few at present," says Bayle, "believe his pretensions to be well founded." (Dict., art *Verona*.) In the splendid work of Count Litta on Italian families, the claim is rejected as preposterous. Julius Cæsar's pretended grandfather figures in the pedigree of the Scaligeri as "an imaginary individual."—*Litta*, tom. v.

be more meagre, more unsatisfactory as a record of an eminent man, than the "Thuaniana." The "Perroniana" is much fuller. It brings the Cardinal before us—a lively, vain, lettered, colloquial, and rather worldly prelate—much as he may have been supposed to appear to the courtiers of Henri Quatre. The Cardinal flattered himself that he had nearly converted Isaac Casaubon, which the reader need not believe. He was a great admirer of Cicero, and very fond of Normandy cider, facts which, owing to the alphabetical sequence, jostle each other in the book. He preserves some of the *mots* of the great Henry, such as, "Let us [kings] look after the fools; the wise men will do us no harm." He had the tendency to laugh at the Germans which was then fashionable, and seems to have had a notion that Luther did not believe the immortality of the soul. But the Cardinal, as we know from other Ana, was gouty in his old age, like many lively men, from Erasmus to James Smith, and his temper may have suffered. In his youth he had been so active as to be a wonderful jumper—a fact which he of course dwelt on when the *dira podagra* chained him to his garden-chair.

After these publications Ana became quite a literary rage. They fell like a shower of leaves on the tables of Europe. Unfortunately, people were careless what they gave forth under the title; and we often turn to them with curiosity only to be disappointed. There is a "Bolesana." Who would not like to hear the table-talk of Boileau? But the book is as thin as a pancake, and to judge from this record, it might be supposed that Boileau once said a good thing, as Brummell once ate a pea. The pleasantry was *apropos* of the mad theory of Hardouin, that the classics were written by the monks. The poet answered that he did not like monks generally, but that one would not object to live with Brother Virgil or Father Horace. It is questionable whether Boileau was strictly a *diseur de bons-mots*, any more than Pope; but we think it probable that all such men have talked better than is commonly believed.

The "Ménagiana" occupies undoubtedly a rank next to the "Scaligerana." Ménage—whose fine manly face, adorned by a flowing and stately wig, is one of the most pleasing in the "Hommes Illustres" of Perrault—was among the most learned

men of his century, and a conspicuous ornament of Paris in days when Paris was the head-quarters of the intellect of Europe. He was essentially a conversationist—that is to say, he was witty without being only a wit, and could bring all the resources of his mind into play in a manner agreeable to society. It is a very happy combination which enables a man to achieve this; for the two dangers which threaten him are imminent—he runs a risk of being a jester, and he runs a risk of being a bore.

Under despotisms a certain kind of conversation attains its perfection; and it is probable that the art reached its highest point in Paris during the Louis Quatorze period. The *diseur* was in his glory. M. de Bautru, Ménage tells us, was invited everywhere for the sake of his *bons-mots*. When the King gave an appointment, he communicated it to the object of his condescension in an elegant saying. "If I had known," he would remark, "a more deserving person, I would have selected him." His compliments were repeated for their point, and by extending and perpetuating praise immensely multiplied its value. When the old Duplessis was mourning his misfortune in being prevented by age from taking part in a campaign, the King answered, "We do but toil to earn the reputation which you have acquired." Louis advanced to the top of the staircase to meet the great Condé, after the battle of Senef. The Prince, who ascended slowly from the effects of his gout, apologized to his Majesty for making him wait. "My cousin," was the reply, "do not hurry; no one could move quickly who was loaded with laurels as you are." "I have heard several great preachers," said the monarch to Massillon, "and have been thoroughly satisfied with them. Every time I have heard you I have been dissatisfied with myself." He would bear uncourtly truths to be spoken when they came recommended by the lustre of wit. A disputed point arose in a game. "I refer it to you," exclaimed Louis to the Count de Grammont, who was approaching at the time. "Your Majesty," replied the Count, "is wrong," "How can you say I am wrong when you do not yet know the question?" "Do you not see," answered Grammont, "that if the point had been ever so little doubtful, all these gentlemen" (pointing to the bystanders) "would have decided it in

your favor?" The words which were the counters at that court were as choice as the counters they used at cards. It was as if diamonds had been declared a legal tender. They would not believe that silence concealed meditation, and M. de Benserade said of a man who did not talk, "He thinks just as little." It is a pleasant intellectual distraction—a kind of literary holiday—to turn over the pages of the "Ménagiana" and mingle for an hour or two in that brilliant company. Here comes M. de la Rivière, who went to Rome hoping vainly to be made a cardinal. We remark that he has a bad cold. "It is because he has returned without a hat!" whispers M. de Bautru. Yonder is old Bishop Scarron of Grenoble, with the beard which men call a "barbe en folio!" Here is a literary man, M. Patru, who has spent four years in translating the "Pro Archia," and has not yet satisfied himself with his rendering of the first period. M. Ménage himself is not exactly a *diseur* like the Prince de Guémené or M. de Bautru. He is colloquial after the fashion of men of letters. His talk smells a little of the lamp; but then his lamp is of the most elegant form and the best fashion. He has always been in good society; and his "Wednesdays" are honored by good company. When Christina of Sweden came to Paris, he had the task of presenting distinguished persons to her majesty. "This M. Ménage knows a vast many people of merit!" said the Polar Star,\* satirically, finding eminent people so numerous. She had sarcasms for everybody; and when the great ladies rushed to kiss her on her arrival, she exclaimed, "Why, they seem to take me for a gentleman!" In fact, while we read the *Ana* of this period the air seems prickly with epigrams. They are as thick as fire-flies. Whatever else may be said of them, they were brilliant days in which Ménage flourished. They presented a degree of social splendor which has few parallels in history, and which is only attained by a proper relation between a real aristocracy of rank and a real aristocracy of letters. Something like it existed in England in Anne's time, and in the semi-French Jacobite society of Edinburgh, a century ago. It is the flowering of an ancient system. Whatever its beauties,

\* "Christina, *Arctoi lucida stella poli*."—*Milton*, *Poemata*.

they exist in full bloom under no other conditions; and least of all are they compatible with the dull magnificence and awkward grandeur with which new-born wealth imitates splendors which owe the best of their grace and charm to history, and sentiment, and refinement.

The writers of that century show us that conversation was an important part of their study; and unquestionably the conversation of any period is the readiest and most valuable index of its social state. "It is a great misfortune," says La Bruyère, "not to have mind enough to talk well, nor judgment enough to be silent!" A distinction of his between two sorts of bad talkers is admirable:—"There are persons who speak a moment before they have thought—there are others with whom you have to undergo in conversation all the labor of their minds. . . . They talk correctly and wearisomely." Another remark proves how carefully he had studied the subject:—"The art of conversation consists much less in your own abundance than in enabling others to find talk for themselves. Men do not wish to admire you; they want to please." An excellent observation of Rochefoucauld, on the same branch of the question, will be a proper pendant:—"The reason why few persons are agreeable in conversation is because each thinks more of what he intends to say than of what others are saying, and seldom listens but when he desires to speak." Rochefoucauld, says Segrais, was the most polished man in the world; and this observation shows that he founded his good manners on the basis of good sense. Ménage lived to a great age, and the new generation seems to have thought the old gentleman a bore. Perhaps his favorite power ran away with him, and he did not observe these philanthropic directions of Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère, or recollect, as our own wise and witty George Herbert has it, that

—"a civil guest  
Will no more talk all than eat all the feast."

"I never heard *that*," said an exuberant talker of the present day, by way of contradiction. "I don't know how you should," was the reply, "for you never hear anything." La Monnoye, who edited the best edition of the *Ménagiana*, that of 1715 in four volumes, wrote an epitaph on him about which there is

nothing remarkable, except that Moore stole the point, and used it in a satirical epitaph on Southey, part of which is—

"Peace to his manes, and may he sleep  
As soundly as his readers did."

During the latter half of the seventeenth century the term *Ana* was by no means strictly confined to records of talk, though in its rigid signification it ought to be. The public sought such compilations with avidity, eager to get a glimpse of great men *en négligé*, the exhibition of which constitutes the principal charm of the *Ana*. The booksellers took advantage of the popularity of the designation, and plenty of works appeared under this name, which were made up not from the talk but from the papers of their subjects. Such are the *Casauboniana*, *Parrhasiana*, etc. Sometimes writers published their own *Ana*; one of the best of which is the *Chevræana* of Urbain Chevreau (Paris, 1697–1700). But it is obvious that with this class of books we are not at present concerned. The abuse of the title soon brought it into discredit, and the ardor for the entire genus cooled. We find Voltaire, in the "*Dictionnaire Philosophique*," denouncing the vast majority of them as unworthy of reliance, and the *Segraisiana* especially, as full not only of falsehoods, but of insipid falsehoods. Swift said that universal as was the practice of lying, and easy as it seemed, he did not remember to have heard three good lies in all his life.

We now turn to the contributions made by our own countrymen to this department of literature. Bacon's *Apophthegms* scarcely belong to the class of *Table-Talk*, though by recording the bon-mots of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and others, his book approximates to it. The great men of that day said many witty things and many wise ones, but we cannot fail to be struck with the singular contrast between the robustness of their intellects, their solemn, and often ponderous wisdom, and the poor *facetiae* to which they sometimes stooped. With the fools who entertained the guests of kings and nobles, and who bore some resemblance to the laughter-maker of the ancients, we are familiar through the plays of Shakspeare. Their sallies were characterized as much by impertinence as by wit. Indeed the impertinence was often itself the joke. To put one person out of countenance afforded

mirth to the rest. The womanly vanity and queenly pride of Elizabeth shrank from these rude rebukes. She would not allow her fool, Pace, because of his caustic vein, to enter her presence; but once being persuaded to have him in, "Come on, Pace," said she, "now we shall hear of our faults." "I do not," he replied, "use to talk of that which all the town talks on." She never probably ventured to repeat the experiment, and in this case no one can do otherwise than sympathize with the sensitiveness of Elizabeth, and wonder at the taste of our ancestors who could suffer their conversation to be broken in upon by the sorry jests and coarse personalities of a licensed buffoon. From Shakspeare we learn equally how the paltriest puns in that day were received for wit; and Lord Bacon's *Apophthegms*, the best repository of the smart sayings of the ancients which was ever made, bears testimony no less to the fact that an indifferent play on words was held in estimation by sages like himself. Nay, there was a species of elaborate, acted humor which was largely indulged in by Sir Thomas More, and which, though little removed above a practical joke, continued to pass current in the reign of James, and to receive the countenance of the great philosopher. An instance which he gives of the "marvellous pleasantry of the King" is an example of the practice. In one of his progresses he asked how far it was to the town to which he was going. He was told six miles. Shortly after he asked again, and was told six miles and a half. Whereupon he got out of his coach and crept under the shoulder of one of the horses. The attendant courtiers inquired what his Majesty meant by the action. "I must," he said, "stalk" (the term applied to the stealthy approach to wild-fowl and deer), "for yonder town flies me." It is scarcely credible that a monarch should have stopped his carriage in the middle of a journey, and alighted to perform on the high-road so wretched a conceit, and except for the testimony of Bacon we should have supposed that the laugh he provoked would have been raised by his absurdity, and not by his wit. It is some consolation for our inferiority in many particulars that we have banished such puerilities. But if Bacon applauded as a spectator, he would not, we may be sure, have condescended to be the actor. It was a more refined and intellectual humor which seasoned the stately wisdom that was heard beneath the



shades of Gorhambury. His *Essay on Conversation* is an evidence how well he understood its proprieties and delicacies. In one of his maxims he anticipates La Bruyère. "The honorablest part of talk," he said, "is to give the occasion," and this he called leading the dance.

Drummond of Hawthornden took notes, as everybody knows, of the conversations of Ben Jonson in 1619. But it was only an abstract, polluted by interpolations, which appeared in 1711. In our own times a happy discovery by the greatest literary antiquary of Scotland, Mr. David Laing, has given us an accurate version of the original.\* Ben Jonson, it is notorious, was his own hero. As he remarked of Francis Beaumont, "he loved too much himself and his own verses." "He is," writes Drummond, "a great praiser of himself, a contemner and scorner of others." This last quality is abundantly manifested in his host's report of his opinion of his brother bards. "Spenser's stanzas," Ben said, "pleased him not nor his matter; Samuel Daniel was a good honest man, but no poet; Michael Drayton's long verses pleased him not; Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas was not well done, nor that of Fairfax of Tasso; that Harrington's Ariosto was of all translations the worst; that Donne's Anniversary was profane and full of blasphemies, and that he deserved hanging for not keeping of accent; that Shakspeare wanted art; that Sharpham, Day, Dicker and Minshew were all rogues; that Abram Francis, in his English hexameters, was a fool; that next himself only Fletcher and Chapman could make a masque." These harsh judgments are crowded together unqualified by a word of commendation, but the remainder of the book is less unfavorable to the detracting propensities of surly Ben. He sometimes speaks good of others, and has many topics besides them and himself. Here and there we have a curious trait of character, such as that Sir Philip Sidney's mother never showed herself at court except masked after she had had the small-pox; or we come upon one of the received rumors of the day which tells us how the famous Earl of Leicester, who had murdered one wife, fell into the pit which he dug for the second. "He gave a bottle of

liquor to his lady, which he willed her to use in any faintness; which she, after his return from court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died." Nor is it beneath our curiosity to learn Lord Bacon's habitual action in speaking—"My Lord Chancellor wringeth his speeches from the strings of his band;" or that Ben himself drew poetic inspiration from his great toe. "He hath consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, fight in imagination." But how meagre and fragmentary, on the whole, are these specimens of the talk of one who had talked a thousand times with Shakspeare! We are glad to know from them certain facts of the speaker's history which we cannot get elsewhere, on such good authority; but when we recollect Pope's line—

"What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?"

when we recall Herrick's ode to him, and the colloquial, convivial nature of the man, we feel mournfully what we have lost by the indifference of Drummond, or the ravages of time.

Jonson's friend Selden has been more fortunate. He died in 1654, and his "Table-Talk" was published by his amanuensis Richard Milward in 1689. Lucky the scholar who can talk, and who has a discriminating "Richard Milward;" for, otherwise, how many readers would John Selden now boast in England? Most men of letters, indeed, have had occasion to make some acquaintance with his writings—let us say with the "Titles of Honor" for instance—and have bowed reverentially to the immensely learned man, of whom Ben Jonson said, that "he was the Law Book of the Judges." But is the Selden of the "Titles of Honor" the same person as the Selden of the "Table-Talk?" One scarcely believes it. Dry, grave, and even crabbed in his writings—his conversation is homely, humorous, shrewd, vivid, even delightful! He is still the great scholar and the tough parliamentarian, but merry, playful, and witty. The ἀντίρροπον γέλασμα is on the sea of his vast intellect. He writes like the opponent of Grotius; he talks like the friend of Ben Jonson.

In Selden's "Table-Talk" is found that exquisite illustration that libels and pasquils are like straws, which serve to show how the wind sets. In it, too, is the strik-

\* Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with W. Drummond of Hawthornden, in January, 1619. Edited for the Shakspeare Society, by David Laing. 1842.

ing thought so much admired by Coleridge, that Transubstantiation is only "Rhetoric turned into Logic." His chief conversational quality, the one, says his amanuensis, which his friends most valued in him, was his turn for familiar illustration. He put off the cumbersome garb of the scholar and talked about a scholar's subjects like a man of the world. This is the great difference between Selden's "Table-Talk" and the *Ana* generally, that it is infinitely more substantial. He employs his colloquial familiarity to light up the high themes of Church and State. You are amused, but you are also benefited. By a single curious fact he shows us how jealous the old Parliaments were of their independence and power.

"In time of Parliament it used to be one of the first things the House did to petition the King that his confessor might be removed, as fearing either his power with the King, or else lest he should reveal to the Pope what the House was doing, as no doubt he did when the Catholic cause was concerned."

How quietly satirical is the sarcastic question with which he concludes his observation on the pretended poverty of the friars!

"The friars say they possess nothing: whose then are the lands they hold? Not their superiors'; he hath vowed poverty as well as they. Whose then? To answer this, 'twas decreed they should say they were the Pope's. And why must the friars be more perfect than the Pope himself?"

How felicitous, again, is the illustration by which he expresses the necessary connexion of faith and works!

"'Twas an unhappy division that has been made between faith and works. Though in my intellect I may divide them, just as in the candle I know there is both light and heat, but yet put out the candle and they are both gone; one remains not without the other; so 'tis betwixt faith and works."

Then he has admirable observations upon human nature, and pleasant anecdotes with which to exemplify his positions.

"We measure the excellency of other men by some excellency we conceive to be in ourselves. Nash, a poet poor enough, as poets used to be, seeing an alderman with his gold chain upon his great horse, by way of scorn said to one of his companions, 'Do you see yon fellow, how goodly, how big he looks? Why that fellow cannot make a blank verse!'"

The next extract is an instance of the same principle of the mind under a fresh aspect.

"We cannot tell what is a judgment of God; 'tis presumption to take upon us to know. Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide. An example we have in King James concerning the death of Henry the Fourth of France. One said he was killed for his dissoluteness, another said he was killed for turning his religion. No, says King James, who could not abide fighting, he was killed for permitting duels in his kingdom."

A remark of Swift will once more vary the point of view, and show us this pervading self-sufficiency in another of its habits: "That was excellently observed, say I, when I read a passage in an author where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, there I pronounce him to be mistaken."

We have already referred to Johnson's admiration of the "Table-Talk" of Selden, and one of his own most celebrated *dicta* was borrowed from it. "Sir," said he to Boswell, "your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves. They would all have some people under them; why not then have some people above them?" "This," said Selden, "is the juggling trick of the party,—they would have nobody above them, but they do not tell you they would have nobody under them." Johnson proceeded with the democratical Mrs. Macaulay to put her principles to the test. "Madam," he said, "I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us." This was the reduction to practice of that saying of Lycurgus which Lord Bacon has included in his *Apophthegms*, when the proposition being made to introduce into Sparta an absolute popular equality, he replied, "Begin it in your own house."

Possibly Richard Milward was a more judicious reporter than most talkers have found; but we must not forget the great and earnest struggle of Selden's century which had put our countrymen of all opinions on their best mettle. He had lived his life in a higher moral atmosphere than

that of the gayest Parisian saloons. There was a stuff and a sap in Englishmen of that period which gave their talk a richness and a color unknown to the pungent levities of a Boileau, a Ménage, a Segrais, or a Monsieur de Bautru. Nor was Selden a scholar and antiquary only; he had taken his wine with the wits and Ben Jonson, and had thundered against "tonnage and poundage" on the floor of the House of Commons. It would appear, indeed, that to a thoroughly good talker something is required of the talents of active life. Lord Bacon, Selden, Cicero, Burke, were all men of action. Napoleon said things which tell in history like his battles. Luther's Table-Talk glows with the fire which burnt the Pope's Bull. Nearly all great orators have been excellent in colloquy; and, which is a kindred fact, a very large proportion of actors likewise. If we take the conversational men of letters, we shall find that they were either men fit for action, but kept out of it by accident, like Dr. Johnson; or at once, men of letters *and* men of action, like Swift. If we take the conversational poets, we shall find them among those nearest to men of action in their natures, like Byron, and Burns, and Scott. The best sayers of good things have been among statesmen, diplomatists, and men of the world: in short, we think the essence of the quality lies as much in the *character* as in the *intellect*. It is an affair of the emotions, of the animal spirits, as well as of mental gifts.

At any rate there are great names which show that the talent for talking is distinct from the talent for writing. Addison, who has been condemned upon his own happy metaphor, "that he could draw bills for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket," must be excluded from the list. His friends, and we may add his enemies, have been juster to him than he was to himself. Lady Mary Wortley, who belonged to the former category, declared he was the best company in the world; and Pope, who belonged to the last, confessed that his conversation had something in it more charming than he had found in any other man. "But this," Pope continues, "was only when familiar: before strangers, or perhaps a single stranger, he preserved his dignity by a stiff silence." It was in fact one of Addison's own remarks that there was no such thing as real conversation ex-

cept between two persons. His case is, therefore, a confirmation rather than otherwise of our supposition, that to shine in mixed companies at least, demands a portion of the qualities which render men fit for the stir of life, for it was the want of this which was the cause of his bashfulness, and made him fear to take the lead before strangers. Pope himself, Dryden, Gray, Goldsmith, were none of them good talkers, if we may trust current belief and report. Bayle was of opinion that few learned men at all had conversational ability: but this remark must not lead us too far; on the contrary, Scaliger, Casaubon, Lipsius, Salmاسius, Ménage, at once occur as exceptions to his rule. There can be no error more absurd, no prejudice more ignorant, than to suppose that the old scholars, the sixteenth and seventeenth century men, were merely pedants and book-worms; they held their own with kings, cardinals, and knights; nay, they cut a figure more conspicuous in the world than their representatives do now. When they accepted a chair in a town, the magistrates and burghers came out in procession to welcome them through the gates. Casaubon travelled to England in company with an ambassador, and was received by James I. at his dinner-table. Henri Quatre wrote to Scaliger with his own hand. All the boasting we hear now-a-days of the spread of knowledge must not make us forget, that as far as being sincerely and reverently honored in the persons of its possessors, it enjoyed more homage then than now. In quite recent times, to return to the assertion of Bayle, the ranks of great scholars have given men to the ranks of great talkers. Few men talked with more uniform vivacity and vigor than Parr; no man said better things than Porson; and we wish the Porsoniana was worthier of him. Niebuhr, again, handled his favorite literary subjects with great colloquial animation, as a pleasant little book called Lieber's "Reminiscences" of him exists to testify. How he—with his full mind and his earnest heart—felt the dreary vacuity which reigned in his time at the dinners to which his position as a diplomatist condemned him, we know from an anecdote told by Bunsen, whose own experience also seems to have been severe.\*

After Selden's "Table-Talk" there is a

\* Niebuhr's "Life and Letters," ii. 427.

long interval before we arrive at any formal record of a great man's conversation; but we have an excellent dissertation from Swift—himself, as might be expected, an admirable talker—entitled “Hints towards an Essay on Conversation.” He sets out by saying that he had observed few obvious subjects to have been so seldom, or at least so slightly, handled as this, and that few were so difficult to treat. He was in possession of the traditions of the age preceding his own, and gives us the following interesting statement:

“I take the highest period of politeness in England (and it is of the same date in France) to have been the peaceable part of King Charles I.'s reign; and from what we read of those times, as well as from the accounts I have formerly met with from some who lived in that court, the methods then used for raising and cultivating conversation were altogether different from ours: several ladies whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had assemblies at their houses, where persons of the best understanding and of both sexes met to pass the evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable subjects happened to be started; and although we are apt to ridicule the sublime platonic notions they had, or personated, in love and friendship, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a little grain of the romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into everything that is sordid, vicious, and low.”

These chivalrous notions from Swift may astonish, but they are worthy of his acute intellect; and were especially needed in an age when the re-action still continued, and grossness and familiarity took the place of knightly courtesy and admiring respect.

In Swift's own time there was no word in more frequent use, both in writing and conversation, than that of *raillery*. It usually signified a kind of satirical banter; but “the French, from whom we borrow the word,” remarks the Dean, “have quite a different idea of the thing; and so had we in the politer age of our fathers. *Raillery* was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection, but by some turn of wit, unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to.” One species of this art, according to Fielding, was to heighten good qualities by applying to them the terms which denoted their excess—as when you spoke of generosity as prodigality, and of

courage as foolhardiness, or it was a complimentary irony by which vices were imputed to men the exact reverse of their notorious virtues. Of this latter kind there is a fine example in Pope's well-known lines:

“Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.  
Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave,  
And Lyttleton a dark designing knave;  
St. John has ever been a wealthy fool,  
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull—  
Has never made a friend in private life,  
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.”

Though Swift considered *raillery* the most refined part of conversation, it is one of those artifices for which there can only be an occasional opening, and which requires at all times a tact and discrimination which are the gifts of few. Thus it had passed from an ingenious and delicate description of compliment into gentle banter upon harmless foibles, and from this into laughing at real defects, and into attempts to render people ridiculous. It was then nothing better than privileged abuse.

It is very remarkable how entirely the reverse of cynical are all Swift's maxims upon conversation. “Surely,” he says, when speaking of *raillery*, “one of the best rules is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had left unsaid; nor can anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.” It was indignation at the perversion of an innocent and useful pleasure that led him to take up his pen; and he held that, though few were qualified to shine, most persons had it in their power to be agreeable. He imputed the low ebb to which conversation had run less to defects of understanding than to pride, vanity, ill-nature, affectation, singularity, and positiveness. He conceived, therefore, that it would be sufficient to produce a reform if he pointed out the errors which were the source of the evil, and which all might correct if they pleased. He did not omit faults which were generally felt and condemned, but which prevailed notwithstanding. The folly of talking too much, for instance, was universally exclaimed against, yet he had rarely seen five people together without one of the number being guilty of it, to the great annoyance of the rest. It might have been supposed that to please himself and disgust his

company was a species of reputation of which no one would be particularly ambitious. The Dean's own practice was to make a long pause after he had spoken, to give anybody who was inclined the opportunity to take his turn.

It will startle many people to find what company Swift singled out as presenting the climax of tiresome talk :

"The worst conversation I ever remember to have heard in my life was that at Will's Coffee-house, where the wits (as they were called) used formerly to assemble; that is to say, five or six men who had writ plays, or at least prologues, or had a share in a miscellany, came thither and entertained one another with their trifling compositions, in so important an air as if they had been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the fate of kingdoms depended on them."

In other words, the conversation at Will's assumed a local, personal, and exclusive character; whereas good conversation, whether literary or not, is distinguished by its sociability, and, being addressed to the world, does not bear the color of what is peculiar and private to the individual. Byron wrote in verse to the same effect :

"One hates an author that's *all author*, fellows  
In foolscap uniforms turn'd up with ink."

The talk of such men may be witty, or it may be eloquent—but it is not *conversation*; for conversation implies as much attention to your neighbor the listener, as to yourself the speaker. This led Swift to extend the meaning of the term pedantry, which he understood to signify the unseasonable obtruding our own branch of knowledge upon a company which could not participate in it. Thus he held it to be pedantic for a soldier to talk too freely of military affairs; for acquaintances to dwell on passages of their history which were *caviare* to the general circle; for women to be over-copious upon the subject of their dresses, fans, and china. Fielding complained that the lawyers in his day were particularly liable to the failing, owing to their being a good deal confined to the society of one another. He had known, he said, a very agreeable party spoiled by a couple of barristers, who seemed rather to think themselves in a court of justice than in a mixed assembly of persons met only for the entertainment of each other.

Swift had no liking for professed wits.

He objected to them that their inventions were always on the rack, and that they only watched the conversation for an opportunity to display their talents, and say a good thing. This is the bane of real sociality; and a few forced jests are a miserable substitute for the feast of reason and the flow of soul. One wit of the Dean's acquaintance was never easy unless he was allowed to dictate and preside; and it will usually be found that the jester requires an audience—that he takes the initiative, and commands your attention like the Punch which appears before your windows. But wit ought to spring naturally out of the conversation. A good bon-mot, like the sparkle from a grindstone, is the casual brilliance of an intellect in fruitful activity. Such was the wit of Ménége; and such also that of Bacon, Cicero, Montesquieu, Johnson, Burke, and the many great men who have possessed the endowment. The mass of modern "diners-out" are mere jokers who have some fun and great animal spirits. This amount of facetiousness is compatible with a very ordinary understanding and no attainments. Let us again refer to Swift's high authority :

"I have known men happy enough at ridicule who upon grave subjects were perfectly stupid; of whom Dr. Echard of Cambridge, who writ the Contempt of the Clergy, was a great instance."

Indeed the Dean went so far as to assert that he had never known a wag who was not a dunce. The "men of wit and pleasure about town," as they used to be called, though Fielding says the wit had disappeared in his time, and we are inclined to add that the pleasure has followed it in ours, would seem to be instances of this; so utterly drivelling and so void of all serious purpose, or sensible application, is much of our current satirical literature.

Of the stock phrases and stereotyped questions and answers which were the common staple of talk in the reign of Queen Anne among non-literary people, who lived in what was called the world, Swift gives a curious representation, in his "Complete Collection of genteel and ingenious Conversation, according to the most polite mode now used at Court and in the best Companies in England." He professes to record nothing which had not been in constant circulation for at least a hundred years; but if the fashionable

folks of that day really employed one-half of the observations he has set down, we must confess that we have sadly degenerated since, and that our great-great-grandmothers had a larger, richer, and livelier repository than is to be met with now. Many of the retorts, apart from their antiquity, are pleasant enough:—"Never-out. Here's poor Miss has not a word to throw at a dog. Come, a penny for your thoughts. *Miss*. They are not worth a farthing; for I was thinking of you." And again: "*Colonel*. Is it certain that Sir John Blunderbuss is dead at last? *Lord Sparkish*. Yes, or else he's sadly wrong'd, for they have buried him." We are quoting from Sir Walter Scott's edition of Swift; and it is singular to come, in Washington Irving's "*Abbotsford*," upon the following example of Scott's own humor in conversation:

"One morning at breakfast, when Dominie Thomson, the tutor, was present, Scott was going on with great glee to relate an anecdote of the Laird of Macnab, 'who, poor fellow!' premised he, 'is dead and gone.' 'Why, Mr. Scott?' exclaimed his good lady, 'Macnab's not dead, is he?' 'Faith, my dear,' replied Scott, with humorous gravity, 'if he's not dead, they have done him great injustice, for they've buried him.' The joke passed harmless and unnoticed by Mrs. Scott, but hit the poor Dominie just as he had raised a cup of tea to his lips, causing a burst of laughter which sent half of the contents about the table."

Spence's memoranda of the conversation of Pope and others contain many facts which are well worth preserving, but as specimens of talk the work cannot rank very high. We have come, however, now in Boswell's "*Johnson*," to the greatest work of the class which exists in the world. The "*Tour to the Hebrides*" had shown what was to be expected from a man who seems to have been better fitted for his vocation than anybody else who ever lived, and whose name has supplied the English language with a new word. Every year increases the popularity of Boswell's marvellous work.\* The world will some day do more justice to his talents, which those who cannot forgive his Toryism are far too prone to run down; for he possessed great dramatic talent, great feeling for humor, and a very keen perception of all

the kinds of colloquial excellence. With the Cockneys and Radicals, nine tenths of whose affected contempt of him rests on the mean foundation that they dislike the very pardonable pride he took in his ancient birth, who would condescend to reason? But if any unprejudiced person doubts the real talent required for doing what Boswell did, let him make the experiment by attempting to describe somebody's conversation himself. Let him not fancy that he is performing a trivial or undignified task; for which of us, in any station, can hope to render a tithe of the service to the world that was conferred on it by the Laird of Auchinleck?

Johnson's conversation is the perfection of the talk of a man of letters; and if, as we believe, the test of Table-Talk be its worthiness to take a place as literature after its immediate effect has been produced, where shall we look for its match? It has a style of its own, and cannot be imitated without absurdity. It is an intermediate something between literature and conversation, in which it is impossible to separate the share of the man of letters from the share of the man of the world. He sometimes said things which might have been transferred unaltered to his "*Lives of the Poets*," and he sometimes wrote things which only required the preliminary "*Why, Sir,*" as wings to send them flying through the dining-room of Sir Joshua or the drawing-room at Streatham; but while in his study he was always more or less the scholar, in society he was often a man of the world: and his whole life was such a union of "*Town and Gown*" as was perhaps never before exhibited by an individual.

Not without difficulty do we realize the impression which his vivid, pithy talk made on his friends. We remember nothing which better illustrates it than the description by Garrick of the talk of Adam Smith: "*What do you think, eh? Flabby, isn't it?*" The word perfectly describes, by opposites, the qualities of Johnsonian conversation. It spoiled men for everything that was not both weighty and smart. It was at once gay and potent; its playfulness resembling the ricocheting of sixty-eight pounders, which bound like Indian-rubber balls, and yet batter down fortresses. Such talk could only come from a great, active, practical man. No mere scholar, no mere metaphysician, could ever have produced it.

\* It may be added to the merits of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* that Mr. Croker's edition of it is beyond question the best edited book in the English language.

Johnson's conversation was, however, not suited to general society; but, with all its transcendent merit, had its limitations. It had not the winning easy charm of Sir Walter Scott, but was stern and logical. It kept down all sorts of conversational excellence except its own, and gave rise afterwards to many inferior copies. Argument is seldom tolerable in conversation; but as this propensity of Johnson was easier to mimic than his unrivalled faculty of flinging out illustrations, men played at "Johnson and Burke" who could ill reach the meanest qualities of either. The Edinburgh school which followed were a set of argumentative declaimers, or men who varied argument only by epigram. A perverse disputatiousness was seasoned by an unwholesome smartness. The indispensable requisite of nature was forgotten. These were the men who, as Lockhart tells us, thought Scott's conversation "common-place;" the truth being that it was rich in ease, sense, and humor; while theirs was like the breakfasts in military novels, which seem to consist chiefly of devilled kidneys, grilled bones, and other fiery and salamandrine elements.

We have one book of Ana, the "Walpoliana,"\* which more resembles French works of the kind than any other in our literature. Nor is this wonderful, since if ever a human being dearly loved Ana it was Horace Walpole, though they are for the most part the sweetmeats of literature, and are by no means to be made a staple article of diet. Unfortunately the Walpoliana contains much triviality about "warming-pans that had belonged to Charles the Second," and such congenial subjects; flavored with a kind of satirical cynicism against men and man's nature, conceived and expressed in a way to make us fancy we are listening to a French *soubrette* who had studied Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*. We must add that there are anecdotes against the characters of eminent individuals totally destitute of truth, yet told with a kind of gusto which would be disagreeable even if they were unquestionably veracious. When we add that there are some good stories, many of them, however, borrowed, and that his peculiar brilliancy is shown in some happy *bon-mots*, we shall have said all that the book can fairly claim. Like Voltaire and Chesterfield, Walpole both wrote and

talked wittily. Sydney Smith at once occurs as another instance of the combination. It will almost always be found that such wits or talkers are altogether greater than those, by no means rare, individuals, who possess the oral gift only. Much of the charm which belongs to these last is found to resolve itself into person and manner. In a country, too, like England, where colloquial talent has never had so high a place as in other parts of Europe, and where consequently it is rarer, it will sometimes happen that a man, encouraged by the freedom of the field, devotes himself to it, to the exclusion of other pursuits. But such disciples of the "Conversation Sharp" school are few.

For the period immediately before the present, we have the various "Conversations" of Lord Byron, besides the ever-increasing "Memoirs" and "Diaries," such as those of Mackintosh and Moore. Byron was a most remarkable talker. "His more serious conversation," said Shelley, "is a sort of intoxication." That his gayer kind was most shrewd, witty, and lively, those who must trust to records in the matter can see in his Life, and in the work on the subject by Lady Blessington. He seems to have talked Childe Harold or Don Juan at his pleasure, just as he could act either character. He has given us his opinion of all the great conversers of his day: Curran, with his poetic and imaginative wildness; De Staël, with her sentimental glitter; Luttrell's elegant epigram; Lord Dudley's pregnant point; the convivial brilliance of Sheridan and Colman; the fairy grace and ornament of Moore; and the abundant knowledge, the precision, and the modesty of Mackintosh. There was a vast deal of splendid talent in England in Byron's time; and we had better not ask too curiously, Who are the men who supply its place now?

Two remarkable books—Eckerman's "Conversations with Goethe," and the "Table-Talk" of Coleridge—have appeared since Byron's time. Both are too fresh in the remembrance to demand much notice. Eckerman's shows us that the riches of Goethe's mind flowed as readily from his tongue as his pen. He spoke freely on the deepest, and playfully on the slightest subjects; sometimes saying a wise thing, and sometimes a "good thing." Such a book irresistibly impresses us as coming fresher from the heart than any merely literary work. Nothing can supersede the

\* Published in 1799.

value and importance of the original forces of nature; and the force of oral communication is one of these.

The conversation of Coleridge—latterly, at least—was sometimes of the nature of monologue, or even reverie, and cloudy with mystic magnificence; but unquestionably enough exists in his Table-Talk to prove that substantial thought, and free, lucid, bright-hued expressions abounded in his conversation as they abound in his writings. We presume to assign it a place among the best; yet how few are good books of the kind after all! We have looked for them among the records of the wise and the foolish, the witty and the dull, the famous and the little known, and cannot help feeling that after all the Literature of Conversation plays a poor part in literary history. When we consider how much good talk has been lost, while so much bad writing has been preserved, we are inclined almost to be angry; and are scarcely consoled by knowing that the spoken wisdom has not altogether failed of its purpose, though it is less easy to show the channels by which it has enriched humanity than to trace the influence of the thought which remains embodied in print and paper.

Conversation is at a low ebb in England at present. The higher belles-lettres of an age are admitted to be exponents of its manners, and we find the complaint made by Mr. Disraeli, and testified to by Mr. Thackeray. How small a part is played by conversation in our best novels! How rare is an elegant and familiar conversational style in our contemporary literature, which in that respect is far behind the literature of the time of Queen Anne! Who really converses at a conversazione? and has not Mr. Carlyle suggested that each lion should have a label on him, like a decanter, that you might learn his name and ascertain those pretensions which will certainly not be manifested by anything you hear from him? The action of the press is one great cause of this colloquial inferiority. Newspapers, novels, magazines, reviews, "Punch," gather up the intellectual elements of our life, like so many electric machines drawing electricity from the atmosphere, into themselves. Everything is recorded and discussed in print, and subjects have lost their freshness long before friends have assembled for the evening. Music is more cultivated, though this is rather an effect than a cause—a device to

fill up a painful vacuity; dinners are late and large, and the "Mahogany" is an extinct institution.

For the social dulness of the majority of men of letters the author of "Coningsby" accounts with a fatal plausibility, when he tells us that they hoard their best thoughts for their publishers. To this, however, there are striking exceptions, and it may be urged that some of them are shy. Still, taken altogether, the genial converse which marked the old tavern life—

'—those lyric feasts  
Made at the Sun,  
The Dog, the triple Tun'—*Herrick*

—the life led in rare Ben's time, then in Steele's, afterwards in Boswell's—belongs to tradition and to the past. Here and there, among authors, there is a *diseur de bons-mots*; but he is talked of as an exception and a wonder, just as here and there, among the circles of high Whiggery, there is a conversationist of the old Mackintosh school, lettered, luminous, and long-memoried. But these are the remains of the last generation, and where are their rising successors?

Where there is talk of a superior character, it appears to affect the epigrammatic form, and this is an unhealthy sign. If there were no other objection, how rarely can it avoid that appearance of self-consciousness and effort which is fatal to all elegance and ease! The epigrammatic is a valuable element, but should never predominate; since good conversation flows from a happy union of all the powers. To approximate to this, a certain amount of painstaking is necessary; and though artifice is detestable, we must submit that talk may be as legitimately made a subject of care and thought as any other part of a man's humanity, and that it is ridiculous to send your mind abroad in a state of slovenliness while you bestow on your body the most refined care.

We have no wish to let loose a troop of "Conversation Browns" on the dining-rooms and drawing-rooms of England. On the contrary, we feel intensely the social misery which a single Bore, with a powerful memory and a fluent tongue, can inflict on a large and respectable private circle. Compared with such a pest the worst book is a trifle, since it can be laid on the shelf; but he—how can he be ejected? You cannot, like Sir Philip Francis, take him by the throat; you can only have re-



course to the mingled resignation and pleasantry which Horace exhibited in a similarly terrible position in the Sacred Way; for the Bore was "known to the ancients"—as when was he not known?—and in all ages has honestly believed himself a very entertaining fellow. Alas! he must learn to be silent before he can learn to talk; the old crop must be pared from the soil and burnt, the ground must

be well broken up, carefully tilled, and entirely resown, before he can become a profitable member of society. But as this is a discipline which could only be practised by the wise, and is beyond the capacity of a prater, we must be content with recommending to him, and even this we are sure in vain, the remark of an old writer, that nature has created man with two ears and but one tongue.

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From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

## T H E C A G O T S .

THE existence of an outcast race of men, under the name of Cagots, during several ages in France, has not failed to attract the attention of the curious. To this day, however, obscurity and doubt rest upon their history. It is an error to confound them, as has often been done, with the cretins: they neither had the goitre nor the idiocy which distinguished those unfortunates. The only marks by which they were distinguishable from the population of the south, were dead bluish eyes, considerable discoloration of the skin, and hair of a pale-red tinge. Misery and forced isolation, producing their natural effects in the shape indicating physical debility, rendered these peculiar characteristics more striking.

The proscription of the Cagots, resulting neither from faults of conformation, habitual ill-health, nor impiety—for the Cagots were always esteemed good Catholics—was not merely a popular prejudice, it was sanctioned by the laws of the land. Banished to the foot of the Pyrenees, in the same humid valleys where to this day dwell the hideous family of the cretins, pent up in miserable hovels called Cagotteries, the Cagots were legally set apart from the rest of mankind. Only at night were they permitted to leave their homes; and for their sole subsistence they had to depend on the produce of the common at-

tached to the cagotterie. Trade of every kind was interdicted to them. They were neither allowed to devote themselves to any lucrative avocation, nor to mingle their blood with that of a society which spurned them from its bosom as objects of horror. For some time, they were even permitted to be sold publicly as slaves. A legislative enactment positively forbade their speaking to any person not belonging to their tribe; and if, by special favor, they were permitted to attend the church of the district, they were compelled to enter it through a distinct portal, granted to them out of pity by the clergy, and studiously avoided by all the other worshippers. Traces of these Cagot entrances, and the well-trodden narrow paths leading to them, are still visible in many of the churches of the south of France. The local usages of Béarn, Gascony, and Guienne forced them, moreover, to cut wood gratuitously; to carry about with them no other weapon than an axe; and to wear an infamous costume: a red jacket, on which was stamped, on a square piece of white cloth, the figure of a goose's leg, proclaimed from afar the approach of the Cagot.

The origin of this singular race of outcasts, notwithstanding the researches of several eminent savans, still remains enveloped in mystery. Various theories, more or less plausible, have been set forth to ac-

count for the persecution to which they were subjected. Some writers have conjectured that they were a tribe of northern barbarians, who migrated into France during the third and fourth centuries; but an able article in the *Quarterly Review*, some few years ago, satisfactorily disposed of this idea. Others have fancied the Cagots were Saracens, who remained after their defeat by Charles Martel; and some that they were either lepers, shunned by their neighbors from the fear of infection, or heretics living under the ban of perpetual excommunication. None of these speculations, however, are by any means conclusive, and the subject is still one that invites the attention of the curious in such matters.

After quitting the road to Rebénac, in order to follow the line of the Pyrenees, which extends as far as the confluence of the Oléron with the Gave de Pau, the traveller soon arrives at a gloomy valley, shut in between two high mountains, where the thick vapor of the atmosphere produces the effect of perpetual twilight.

One night—on the 22d April, 1541—during a frightful storm, while vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the darkness, and thunder rolled in awful majesty along the heavens, a man was quietly seated on one of the mountains which command this desolate valley. He was young and tall, but excessively thin, and his features bore the unmistakable marks of profound suffering. Every time the thunder broke out with peculiar violence, his dead eye sparkled with a transient brilliancy, a bitter smile played across his lips, and his whole countenance betrayed a spirit of savage despair. Suddenly, a long streak of jagged fire burst, as it were, through the fissures of a heavy cloud, flitted wildly across it for a few seconds, and then, accompanied by a terrific crash, darted in the direction of a solitary house situated about a quarter of a league from the spot where this singular personage was seated. For an instant, the irresistible instinct of self-preservation roused him. He rose, and after descending the valley, was on the point of entering a wretched hut, constructed of mud and the branches of trees, when a bright red flame shot through the forest. Yves stood still in amazement, and presently the hurried ringing of the church-bells struck his ear. The lightning had fallen some little distance from Saint-Palais; a violent conflagration ensued, and

a sumptuous dwelling-house had already become the prey of the devouring element. The progress of destruction was materially aided by a furious wind; and sheets of fire began to lap themselves round the antique windows, whilst rich suites of tapestry, the labor of years, were soon consumed to ashes. This house, or rather château, belonged to Dr. Noguez, the physician of Gaston de Béarn, Prince of Navarre. In the first moments of alarm, the family thought of nothing but their individual safety. Soon, however, the rapid spread of the conflagration and the loud tocsin brought a crowd of villagers to the spot, anxious, if possible, to stay the impending ruin; but the intensity of the fire prevented their efforts from being successful. Startled out of their sleep, the occupants of the château, who had escaped from their rooms, pale, frightened, and half-naked, now began to recover from the stunning effects of their first alarm. They looked at each other, embraced, thanked God for His protecting mercy, and then began to count their number, in order to ascertain whether any one was still missing.

"My daughter—my child! Where is my child?" cried Madame Noguez, running her haggard eye along the line of spectators who now encumbered the place. No one replied. Suddenly, the poor woman struck her forehead with her clenched hand, uttered a piercing cry of despair, and threw her arms wildly out in the direction of the burning house.

"To the pavilion to the left!" she screamed. "Run, run! my daughter is still asleep. Oh, my life, my fortune, everything, is his who will save my child! For pity's sake, kind friends, save my child!" and she fell on her knees before the spectators. But vain were all her impassioned entreaties—the danger was too real; and the flames had already broken out of the windows of the pavilion, enveloping the whole building with a rampart of fire.

Not far from this scene of grief, a solitary figure lay crouched in the grass, his features illumined at intervals by the pine-torches and the spreading conflagration. He was clad in a coarse red tunic, with a goose's leg traced on a patch of white cloth extending from his shoulder to his waist. He cast around a furtive glance, and then gazed with a bitter smile on the tableau before him—the burning sheaves

of corn waving in the wind, and the shower of fire pouring down from the roof, now almost ready to fall in. Then he approached nearer, and listened attentively. The voice of a child, sharp and terrified, now became faintly audible, soon rising to an acute scream. At this instant, the stranger, glancing around at the crowd, from which he was still separated by about a hundred feet, quickly bounded across the space. On recognizing the unfortunate Cagot traversing the limit imposed by the law which forbade his race from approaching within a certain distance of other men, the crowd recoiled in dismay. A cry of indignation and fear broke from the lips of the assembled multitude: "The Cagot! the Cagot! death to the Cagot!"

A hundred clubs were immediately raised, and dogs were let loose in pursuit of the stranger. Nevertheless, Yves did not relax his speed. Breathless, covered with blood and perspiration, he gained the scene of the devastation. The child's cries were still audible; and thrice had the poor half-dead mother, with sublime courage, thrown herself into the midst of the flames, and, thrice choked with the smoke, fallen senseless on the ground.

Pale as a corpse, and utterly prostrate, the unfortunate lady now distractedly drew her fingers through her dishevelled hair. Yves surveyed her for an instant, and then uttering a horrible cry, and measuring at a glance the height of the house, and the direction of the fire, he sprang forward with the alacrity of a panther, and disappeared amidst the flames.

Laughing, weeping, mad with joy and grief, Madame Noguez now fell on her knees, and offered up the first human prayer that had ever mounted to heaven on behalf of a Cagot! For a time, nothing was heard, nothing but the crash of falling timber and the crackling flames. All eyes were now fixed on the roof, which threatened every instant to fall in; and the villagers looked at each other, shook their heads, and gave up all for lost, when a cry suddenly burst from every side: "There they are! there they are!" and the spectators saw the Cagot—his clothes burnt off his back, his legs tottering, his features unrecognizable, his hair on fire, smiling triumphantly despite his sufferings—hand over to its mother, now delirious with joy, the child, whom he had preserved by pressing it close to his breast. Then

gazing on the now abashed crowd with a look of terrible reproach and bitter irony, he cried: "Allons donc! Death to the Cagot! death to the Cagot!"

Just at this instant, the burning roof broke down, scattering in all directions masses of fire and rubbish. Struck violently on the head by a heavy beam of wood, Yves fell dead on the spot, the child alone remaining perfectly unharmed.

"On your knees, girl!" said Dr. Noguez, leading his daughter up to the Cagot—"on your knees before this poor outcast of humanity. He has done that which none of us had the courage to attempt, and has thus proved the injustice of man, and restored to his race the lost dignity of human nature."

With these words, he beckoned to his daughter to come and kiss the proscribed hand that had saved her life. Horror-stricken at the spectacle of the black charred face of the corpse, the poor girl cast a look of agony and prayer on her father; but after a momentary struggle, she knelt slowly down, and kissed, with tears of gratitude, the hand of the unfortunate Cagot.

Dr. Noguez, one of the most enlightened savans of his age, obtained the permission of Gaston de Béarn and of the Bishop of Pau to have the body of the heroic Cagot decently interred in the public burial-ground, and also to have a mass performed for his soul. The coffin was, for the first time on record, introduced through the ordinary church portal, which no Cagot had ever yet passed; and his remains, instead of being thrown into the foul cemetery of the Cagotteries, were piously interred in the consecrated churchyard of Saint Pacôme. Dr. Noguez, in order to disabuse his neighbors of their unjust prejudices, performed several operations on the Cagots. He opened the veins of some of these unfortunates, and the memoirs of the period quaintly relate that their blood was found good and commendable (*bon et louable*).

Still, in spite of all these generous efforts in their behalf, perfect success did not crown the doctor's endeavors. The Cagots obtained only a sort of half measure of justice—an act of reparation, however, which extended not beyond the foot of the Pyrenees; and some time afterwards, the parliament of Bordeaux compelled them to resume their old badge of infamy. Thus for ages they continued to bear the

signs of that physical debility, their peculiar characteristic, which resulted from long years of proscription and misery, and, more especially, from being shut up in the unhealthy localities they were compelled to inhabit. The revolution of 1793 seemed to break their chains, by giving them the rights of citizens; but it is only gradually the laws can operate upon the prejudices of ages. Indeed, the traveller

may still occasionally find in Brittany *Cagots* designated by the peasantry under the name of *cacons*.

Towards the Pyrenees, and in the valleys of Béarn, every individual of a sickly constitution, with soft white skin, light blue eyes, and pale red hair, is, even to the present day, marked by a sign of reprobation, and secretly classed as one of the descendants of the *Cagots*.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THE DANES AND THE SWEDES.

BY COLONEL SZABO.

ANOTHER year has passed away, and the Allies are as far as ever from effectually humbling the pride of the foe in the Baltic. The finest fleets that ever left our shores have been employed in a harassing blockade service, which could equally well have been effected by gun-boats; and the only occasion upon which they displayed their prowess—the bombardment of Sweaborg—produced a result far from what we at home had anticipated. It was to be expected that, after a delay in taking active measures which only the most indulgent, and probably mistaken kindness induced us to pardon in our ministers, the result would have been different. Sweaborg was bombarded at a fearful expense; but with all our exertions to render our fleet worthy of our name and naval reputation, at the decisive moment we found ourselves deficient in the most important arm for a bombardment, and the consequence was that we were obliged to withdraw at the very crisis when a continuance of our fire would probably have produced the most important results.

Leaving out of the question whether this unexpected *dénouement* was the result of that lenity which has characterized our proceedings against the Russians since the

commencement of the war, we may lay it down as an established fact that the only possible way in which—supposing the war to be continued—we can conquer our obstinate foe in the north, is by drawing together an immense body of mortar and gun-boats, with which an incessant and exterminating guerilla warfare should be commenced. This, it is fully understood, has been at length satisfactorily provided for by government. But even such a provision, although tardily made, does not militate against another course which it is left to us to pursue, and that is, to continue that policy of subsidizing which has hitherto enabled us to maintain a military front, by applying the same system to our marine.

At a period when Russia was unknown as forming a unit of the great European family, a confederation was formed by the Semiramis of the North which placed upon her head the crowns of the three Scandinavian kingdoms. For a long while these kingdoms formed a powerful bulwark against Russian extension, and it was not until 1714 that Peter the Great struck the first blow against the power of the Swedes. From that epoch Russian history has only victories over their north-

ern neighbors to enrol; and the mistaken policy of the continental nations has only served to augment Russian influence in the Baltic. Still, the three nations contain an immense amount of vitality; and though not able to cope singly with their gigantic neighbor, they would furnish most valuable assistance to the Allies, could they be induced by prospective advantages to join our side.

By nature, and the law of self-preservation, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway are adversaries of Russia; the sympathies of their peoples are assuredly in accordance with a line of policy which regards the humiliation of Russia as the sole termination of the war. As to the governments, Sweden and Norway are not inclined to look favorably on the Czar's pretensions, and their inactivity in the present contest may be referred rather to their doubt of the sincerity of the contest than to a desire to see Russia aggrandized. With Denmark the case is different; the dynasty, actuated by a desire to consolidate its hold on the German duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, would not have been disinclined, probably, to join with Russia, although prudence prevented her, fortunately, from doing so. If, however, the scruples of the Northern Governments as to the final issue of the contest were pardonable, it may fairly be anticipated that the recent successes of the Allies, and the evident determination of Marshal Pelissier to carry on the war with energy, if not impeded by home influences, will not only have obliterated all such apprehensions and doubts, but may have inspired these nations with hopes, and a desire to share in the contest, which—as its result appears now undoubted—may exercise a very decisive influence over their own destinies.

Although the Baltic States are unable, either individually or collectively, to resist their overpowering neighbor, their junction with the Western Powers would render them a mighty factor in the impending struggle. Their alliance would render it possible to engage in operations of most menacing bearing and weighty result in the so-called Baltic provinces of Russia, and against Petersburg, the haughty modern capital of the Czars. The benefits accruing to the Western Powers from the alliance of the Baltic States would consist not only in the mere increase of the combined land and naval forces, but also in obtaining thereby a more convenient basis

for operations on a more extended scale in the northern parts of the Russian Empire.

Our readers, we think, therefore, will owe us thanks if we devote our present article to the consideration of the naval and military resources of the kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, as we have been able to derive them from the most recent modern works.\*

#### DENMARK.

The land forces of Denmark during peace are kept at a very weak standard, and consist of about 23,000 men, thus composed:

##### (a) GENERAL OFFICERS AND STAFF.—

There are at present 2 generals, 5 lieutenant-generals, and 3 major-generals on active service; while the staff of the army is made up of 1 general commanding in chief, 6 field-officers, and 5 captains.

##### (b) INFANTRY:

Guards.....	1 battalion
Infantry of the line.....	12 battalions
Light infantry.....	5 “
Chasseurs.....	5 “

The battalions are subdivided into 4 companies or brigades, each consisting of about 180 men, including 4 officers; 16 men of each company of the line are armed with the new pattern musket. The whole infantry force amounts, in time of peace, to 16,600 men.

##### (c) CAVALRY:

Guards.....	1 regiment of 3 squadrons.
Dragoons....	6 regiments of 24 squadrons.

The whole cavalry is formed into 3 brigades, and amounts to 3000 men. Each squadron consists of 130 men, including 4 officers.

(d) ARTILLERY.—This arm constitutes 1 brigade, composed of 4 regiments, the effective strength of each consisting of 1 general, 6 field officers, 24 officers, and 1272 non-commissioned officers and men; 6 batteries, each made up of 6 guns and 2 howitzers, commanded by four officers, and served by 208 men. The whole artil-

\* Among these we must not omit drawing particular attention to a charming little book, just published in Paris, “*La Baltique*. Par Leouzon le Duc,” which combines sound practical information with amusing anecdote. We are more particularly indebted to this work for the sections relating to Norway and Sweden.

lery force amounts to 2560 men, with 96 pieces.

(e) **ENGINEERS.**—1 general as chief, 1 colonel, 24 majors, 24 officers, two companies of engineers, and 1 of pioneers, each of 110 men, altogether yielding a force of 362 men.

(f) **CONTINGENT SUPPLIED TO THE GERMANIC CONFEDERATION.**—Infantry, 2790 men; cavalry, 514; artillery, 259, with 8 guns; sappers, 36; reserves and substitutes, 1800. Total, 5400 men.

These forces are very considerably augmented in time of war, by calling out the reserves, &c., which form 32 battalions of infantry, 24 squadrons of cavalry, and 6 batteries. The reserve may also be employed in increasing the effective strength of the permanent battalions and squadrons. In the late war with Germany about the duchies, Denmark raised her forces to the very large amount of nearly 70,000 men; namely, 49,000 infantry, 10,600 cavalry, 900 sappers, or technical troops, and 8000 artillery, with 144 field-pieces. Some authors even assert that Denmark would be able to raise her armies to a maximum of 90,000 men.

Military service is obligatory in Denmark, and the recruits are selected by lot from the conscripts. The military service commences with the twenty-second year, and the time of service is limited to eight years. After the expiration of that period, for another term of eight years the soldier is bound to serve in the first levy, and then, up to his forty-fifth year, in the reserve class.

The Danish navy, prior to the destruction of the fleet by the English in 1807, and the loss of Norway, was very much larger than it is at present. It now consists of—

5 Line-of-battle Ships, carrying 398 guns	
9 Frigates.....	416 "
4 Corvettes.....	88 "
4 Brigs.....	56 "
5 Schooners, Cutters, &c.....	34 "
6 Steamers (the largest of 260 h. p.).....	35 "
33 Vessels with.....	1027 guns

The flotilla of row-boats for the defence of the Danish coasts consists of 23 boats armed with howitzers, 47 with small mortars, and 47 with common guns: total, 117 boats.

The navy is commanded by 1 vice-admiral, 2 rear-admirals, 8 commodores, 10 lieutenant commodores, 17 captains, 26 first lieutenants, and 77 other officers. In addition to these there are on the staff 2 lieutenant-commodores and 10 captains. The crews constitute two divisions, each about 2000 men strong, including sailors, gunners, and artificers.

#### SWEDEN.

In ancient times the whole population of Sweden formed its army. Every free man enjoyed the privilege of bearing arms. When civilization was introduced into the country, and the social classes were established on permanent bases, the armed force assumed a different character. Then the service of the nobility, as well as the employment of permanent troops, were arranged. The latter were indispensably necessary for the kings, partly on account of the frequent rebellions of the nobility, and partly owing to their negligence in fulfilling their obligations. Gustavus Vasa maintained an army of 13,000 to 14,000 men, a portion Swedes, another Germans. Erik XIV., his son, augmented it more than twofold: he had 24,000 infantry and 5000 cavalry. At the expiration of the reign of John III., Sweden brought into the field, in her war with Russia, 40,000 men, the greater part of whom were raised by conscription. Gustavus Adolphus, the great captain, generally employed only small armies. In the battles of Breitenfeld and Lützen he had no more than 20,000 men; at Nuremberg, it is true, he was at the head of 58,000 men, but the Swedes formed the minority, the greater portion being formed of soldiers enrolled in Germany, or belonging to German princes.

Charles XI., in 1682, introduced many radical reforms into the army, which were carried out by his successors, and the Swedish army, according to the most recent returns, is composed as follows:

1. **GENERAL OFFICERS AND STAFF.**—The Swedish army counts at the present moment 24 generals (exclusive of 9 adjutants-general), of whom, however, only 10 are on actual service; the staff is composed of 60 officers of all grades, who have passed a careful examination.

**ENGINEERS.**—1 general as chief, 1 colonel, 1 lieutenant-colonel, 2 majors, 8-9 cap-

tains, 9 first-lieutenants, 6 lieutenants, several supernumerary lieutenants, and 12 non-commissioned officers.

The topographical department is managed by a special corps, consisting of 1 colonel (chief), 1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 major, 5-6 captains, and 3 first lieutenants, and is incorporated with the general staff.

As there are no engineers properly so called, the technical affairs are managed by troops of the line, detached for the purpose in time of war.

The composition of the Swedish army is so curious, that before entering into details we shall find it necessary to hazard a few remarks on its organization.

The Swedish army is composed of three distinct portions: the *Indelta*, the *Värfvade*, and the *Beväring*. We will explain in turn the meaning of these terms.

The institution of the *Indelta* was substituted for the former military conscription, the abuses of which in any great war weighed so heavily on the nation. It does not do away with the sacrifice of their sons to the service of their country; but instead of their being forcibly carried off, they are furnished proportionably to the number or importance of the *hemmans*, or rural properties. The estate which furnishes a soldier is called *rote*; and the obligation to furnish him, *rotering*. The soldier receives from the *rote* his undress uniform; from the state, full dress and accoutrements. Each *rote* is bound, in addition, to preserve and keep up these various objects, as well as those generally which form the equipment of its men. These regulations refer exclusively to infantry.

Cavalry recruiting emanates from another obligation, known by the name of *Rustning*. It presses on the domains tributary to the crown, and certain estates which were left by Charles XI., in 1680, on this condition, in the hands of their former owners. The *Rustning* consists in furnishing and supporting a horseman fully armed and equipped: the state in return gives the tenant who furnishes this horseman a portion of the claims which it has on the revenues of his estate.

Although the *Indelta* troops constitute a portion of the permanent army of Sweden, they are not bound down to a garrison life; they remain on the estates to which they belong, only leaving them once a year, during the month of June, in order to go through their *manceuvres*. The expenses

of the latter fall on the *rote* and *Rusthall*, who pay a settled sum on this account into the military chest. The maintenance of the *Indelta* only imposes on the state a very slight expense, for it has only to pay the officers.

The *Värfvade* is formed by means of voluntary enrolment, and when attached to the *Indelta* forms the standing army.

The institution of the *Beväring* dates back to the year 1808. It then bore the name of *Landtvärn*; but this name, so odious to the Swedes, as reminding them of an incapable administration, was changed into *Beväring's Manskap*, or *Beväring*, which signifies a corps of defence.

The *Beväring* is based on the principle of conscription. Every Swedish subject, from the age of twenty to twenty-five, is liable. Exempted are: old soldiers, pilots, postilions, workmen in government employ, and employes generally. The *Beväring* allows substitution, but only between persons belonging to the same province. The *Beväring* troops are divided into five classes, according to the annual progression of their age, after twenty-five is passed. Their effective strength is called out once a year for exercising. The *Beväring* is only composed of infantry.

We will now proceed to examine the statistics of the Swedish army.

#### (a) RECRUITED TROOPS (*Värfvade*):

INFANTRY.—1 regiment of guards of 2 battalions, or 6 companies; 1 chasseur regiment (*Wärmeland*) of 6 companies.

CAVALRY.—1 regiment of horse guards of 5 squadrons; 1 regiment of hussars (Crown Prince) of 8 squadrons.

ARTILLERY.—3 regiments, 2 mounted and foot artillery, and 1 regiment of horse artillery; 1 corps of firemen for the rocket brigade; 1 regiment "Swea artillery"—6 mounted and 1 foot battery, and 1 regiment "Götha artillery"—6 mounted and 1 foot battery, with 6 *dépôt* companies; 1 regiment "Wendes artillery"—4 horse batteries, with 2 *dépôt* companies.

Each of the two first regiments has 4 6-pounder batteries, 1 12-pounder, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  4-pounder battery.

The third regiment has 3 6-pounder batteries and 1 12-pounder battery; 1 6-pounder battery—6 6-pounder guns and 2 12-pounder howitzers; 1 12-pounder battery—8 12-pounder guns; 1 24-pounder

battery=8 24-pounder guns (8 guns per battery).

Strength of the Värfvade, 7692 men, with 136 guns.

(b) TROOPS IN CANTONMENTS (*Indelta*):

INFANTRY.—20 regiments of 2 battalions, or 8 companies, and 5 independent battalions. (The Smaland regiment has 1 battalion of 4 companies.)

CAVALRY.—6 regiments, varying in strength from 1 to 8 squadrons. (Each province furnishes 1 *Indelta* regiment, to which it gives its name.)

Strength of the *Indelta*, 33,400 men.

(c) RESERVE TROOPS (*Bevåring*):

Total strength 95,300 men.

(The whole reserve contains 404 officers.)

(d) THE GOTHLAND MILITIA:

The Island of Gothland has a special local militia, designed exclusively for its defence. It consists of 21 companies, of 90 officers, 70 non-commissioned officers, 63 bandsmen, 7621 rank and file (belonging to the standing army), and 16 guns.

The total strength of the Swedish army will, consequently, be about 144,000 men, with 152 guns.

The whole of the troops are armed with percussion muskets, and are stated to be excellent soldiers. The artillery have long enjoyed a well-deserved reputation, and can vie with any artillery in Europe.

THE SWEDISH NAVY.

As this branch of our subject is the one to which we attach the most importance, we may be allowed to examine it a little more closely; to do so will require some historical inquiry.

The very nature of Sweden's situation seemed to render it necessary that she should maintain a naval force; her numerous and secure ports, her forests of lofty pines and vigorous oaks, her abundant mines of copper and iron, all seemed to promise her maritime importance. Thus she makes her appearance in the earlier pages of history. Her whole primitive system of warfare was based on her naval strength, to the organization of which she devoted the greater part of her public revenues. At that period the inhabitants of Sweden were divided into naval, or port companies, and were forced to keep

up a certain number of vessels. The minimum was four to each district, excepting those of the province of Westmanland, which only furnished two, and the Island of Gothland, which only supplied one. The province of Wester-Norland was exempted, on condition that, in case of attack, they would defend themselves. An organization of this nature allowed Sweden to keep up a considerable naval force, as may be seen from the fact that Amrud Jacob had a fleet of 350 sail in 1026, when he declared war against Canute, King of Denmark.

This state of things, however, was not kept up, and the littoral of Sweden was plundered and devastated by the savage Esthonians almost with impunity until Gustavus Vasa mounted the throne, and turned his attention to the Swedish marine. The invention of gunpowder having revolutionized the art of war, this king ordered vessels to be built fit to be armed with guns. It is difficult to give any accurate account of the number of vessels, but we know that in 1558 there were 23 ships of war in the port of Stockholm, and 6 at Kalmar; the largest of them being the *Stora Krafvelen*, with a crew of 1300 men. Erik XIV. followed in the footsteps of Gustavus, and his reign may be regarded as the most glorious period in the annals of the Swedish marine. When Admiral Bagge set out, in 1564, on a great expedition against Russia, he commanded 35 ships, among which the *Makalös* carried 173 guns, 125 of them being bronze. In 1566 the Swedish fleet had 68 ships, with 979 guns, and 7328 sailors; more than 1500 guns forming the reserve. After the death of Erik, the navy continued in favor with the Swedish monarchs; but the great continental wars prevented them doing much for it.

During the minority of Charles XI., Denmark had so reduced the Swedish fleet, that it only consisted of 16 ships of the line, 4 frigates, and 6 smaller vessels, all unfit for service. By the talents of Hans Wachtmeister the navy was again restored to its proper footing, but the gradual increase of Russia proved a serious obstacle, although, until 1742, the Swedes maintained possession of the Baltic. About this period, Admiral Ehrenswärd, the founder of Sweaborg, introduced the system of a flotilla. It was approved of by the king, and the *Skärgårds flotta*, one of the most important elements of the



Northern navies, established. This system has since been kept up. It was seen that for the defence of the coasts of Sweden heavy ships of war were useless. Light vessels, easy to move, were required in the Baltic and Gulf of Finland, where the passages are so narrow, the waters so shallow. The discovery of steam was an immense auxiliary to the strength of this flotilla.

The personnel of the fleet :

1	Admiral
2	Vice-Admirals
5	Rear-Admirals
200	Captains and Lieutenants
1850	Marine Artillerymen
1540	Sailors, &c.
8200	Boatmen
1160	See Beväring (or Reserve)
34	Companies Marines (Royal Navy)
15	Companies Marines (Gun-boats)

In addition, there are 30 companies Indelta Marine, and the crews can be materially reinforced by means of the maritime conscription.

The whole strength amounts to about 24,000 men.

#### THE FLEET :

12	Ships of the Line	} Royal Navy
8	Frigates	
8	Brigs and Corvettes	
6	Schooners	
8	Mortar Vessels	
22	Transports	} Flotilla
256	Gunboats, &c.	
12	Steamers	
332	Vessels	

The royal navy is generally stationed at Carlscrona, the flotilla at Stockholm and Gothenburg. The navy is recruited in Sweden in the same manner as the army. It comprises Indelta sailors and conscription sailors. The former number about 8200 men, only 900 of whom are supplied by the towns. The principal districts wherein sailors are recruited are Wester-Norland, Bliking, Halland, the Island of Gothland, &c.

#### NORWAY.

The Norwegian army is not organized at all like the Swedish, but bears a closer resemblance to the other continental forces; hence it requires no special introductory remarks.

#### GENERAL OFFICERS :

2	Lieutenant-Generals
8	Major-Generals
1	Adjutant-General

#### GENERAL STAFF :

1	Chief (Colonel at least)	} Permanent Members
2	Lieutenant-Colonels	
1	Major	
3	Captains	
3	Lieutenants	} Attached

#### (a.) INFANTRY.—5 Brigades :

1st	.....	5	brigades
2d	.....	5	"
3d	.....	4	"
4th	.....	5	"
5th	.....	3	"

22 brigades, or 11,924 men

There is a peculiar corps in the Norwegian army, consisting of several companies of *Skietöbere*, or skaters, employed as light infantry, and armed with rifles and long sticks.

#### (b) CAVALRY :

1 Brigade of 3 Chasseur corps = 1070 men

#### (c) ARTILLERY.

1 Artillery Regiment, of the strength of = 1330 men

If we add the reserve of 9160 men, the total strength of the Norwegian army will amount to about 23,500 men.

#### THE NORWEGIAN NAVY.

During the period that Norway was reunited to Denmark she possessed no special navy, but on being incorporated with Sweden she consecrated her independence by establishing a very large fleet. This however, she was unable to keep up for any length of time, and at present it is reduced to—

2	Frigates	5	Schooners
4	Corvettes	4	Steamers
1	Brig	136	Gun-boats

The personnel of the fleet consists of—

1	Vice-Admiral	
1	Commander	
3	Commander Captains	
24	Captains	
48	Lieutenants	
350	Petty Officers and Marines	
180	Dockyard Men	
1	Company Artillery	} = 360 men
1	“ Sailors	
1	“ Artificers	

The whole strength amounts to about 30,000 enrolled seamen, between thirty and sixty years of age.

From the Edinburgh Review.

## THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF HENRI BEYLE.\*

THE literary career of Henri Beyle, who wrote under the pseudonym of M. De Stendhal, deserves to be commemorated, if only as a curious illustration of the caprice of criticism; or it may well be cited in proof of the occasional readiness of contemporaries to forestall the judgment of posterity, when there is no longer a living and sentient object for their jealousy. His habits were simple, his tastes were of a nature to be easily and cheaply gratified, and his pecuniary wants were consequently of the most modest description. He would have been content, he tells us, to rub on with 4000 francs a year at Paris; he would have thought himself rich with 6000; and in an autobiographical sketch he says, "The only thing I see clearly is, that for twenty years my *ideal* has been to live at Paris in a fourth story, writing a drama or a novel." This ideal was never realized,

because the booksellers and theatrical managers would not, or could not, bid high enough for dramas or novels from his pen; and he was eventually compelled to accept the consulship of Civita Vecchia, where the closing period of his life was shortened by the disease of the climate, as well as embittered by disappointment and ennui. There occurred, indeed, one striking exception to this general indifference. In the "Revue Parisienne" of September 23d, 1840, appeared a long and carefully written article, entitled an "Etude sur H. Beyle," by Balzac, in which "La Chartreuse de Parme" was declared to be a masterpiece, and its author was described as one of the finest observers and most original writers of the age. But although elaborately reasoned out, and largely supported by analysis and quotation, this honorable outburst of enthusiasm was commonly regarded as an extravagance into which Balzac had been hurried by an exaggeration of generosity towards a fancied rival; and Beyle's courteous letter of acknowledgment contains the following sentence, showing how little disposed he was to over-estimate his position or his hopes: "This astounding article, such as no writer ever before received from another, I have read, I now venture to own to you, with bursts of laughter. Every time I came to an eulogium a little exalted, and I encountered such at every step, I saw the expression of my friends' faces at reading it."

Could he awake from the dead and see his friends' faces now, his characteristic smile of irony, rather than loud laughter, would be the form in which his feelings might be most appropriately expressed; for those friends have not waited till 1880, the earliest era at which he expected to be read; they have barely exceeded the time prescribed by Horace—*nonnumquam prematur in annum*—for testing the soundness of a work. Beyle died in 1842,

\* *Bibliothèque Contemporaine*. 2<sup>e</sup> Série. DE STENDHAL. Œuvres complètes. Paris: 1844-55. En vente.

*Vies de Haydn et Mozart, et de Mélastase*. Nouvelle édition. 1 vol.

*Histoire de la Peinture en Italie*. Nouvelle édition, entièrement revue. 1 vol.

*Rome, Naples, et Florence*. Nouvelle édition. Préface inédite. 1 vol.

*De L'Amour*. Seule édition complète. Augmentée de Préfaces et de Fragments entièrement inédits. 1 vol.

*Vie de Rossini*. Nouvelle édition, entièrement revue. 1 vol.

*Racine et Shakespeare: Etudes sur Le Romantisme*. Nouvelle édition, entièrement revue et augmentée d'un grand nombre de Fragments inédits. 1 vol.

*Promenades dans Rome*. Nouvelle édition. 2 vols.

*Mémoires d'un Touriste*. Préface et la plus grande Partie d'un Volume inédite. 2 vols.

*Le Rouge et Le Noir*. *Chronique du XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle*. Nouvelle édition. 1 vol.

*La Chartreuse de Parme*. Nouvelle édition, entièrement revue. 1 vol.

*Romans et Nouvelles*. Précédés d'une Notice sur De Stendhal, par M. B. COLOMB. 1 vol.

*Correspondance Inédite*. Précédée d'une Introduction, par PROSPER MERIMÉE, de l'Académie Française; ornée d'un beau Portrait de Stendhal. 2 vols.

and few beyond the very limited circle of his intimates then seemed aware that a chosen spirit had departed, or that a well of valuable thought and a fountain of exquisite sensibility had been dried up. One solitary garland of *immortelles* was flung upon his grave. An essay on his life and character, by M. Auguste Bussi re, appeared in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for January, 1843; but the first paragraph was an avowal of the hazardous character of the attempt:

"We approach a task which is at the same time both embarrassing and seducing, that of appreciating a man of talent whose upright character and original qualities seemed to promise a greater extent of influence than he has exercised on his contemporaries. We shall encounter in this mind and in this character odd specialities, strange anomalies, contradictions which will explain how, after having been more vaunted than read, more read than relished, more decried than judged, more cited than known, he has lived, if the expression may be used, in a sort of clandestine celebrity, to die an obscure and unmarked death. Contemporary literature, it must be owned, has found before the tomb of one of its most distinguished cultivators, only silence, or words worse than silence. M. Beyle dead, all has been said for him. His remains have not seen their funeral attendance swelled by those regrets which delight in display, and which come to seek under the folds of the pall a reflection of the lustre shed by the living."

A noble English poet, after an ordinary night's sleep, awoke and found himself famous. Beyle must have slumbered thirteen years, dating from the commencement of his last long sleep, before he could have calculated on a similar surprise on waking. But his hour has come at last, and come sooner than he anticipated. We have now (1855) before us popular and cheap editions of almost all his books (thirteen volumes), in addition to two closely printed volumes of correspondence, and three volumes of novels from his unpublished MSS., bearing striking evidence of the assiduity with which every scrap of his composition has been hunted up. We have, moreover, a somewhat embarrassing superfluity of biographical notices from surviving friends, who, whatever their amount of agreement with Balzac in 1840, have no objection to respond

to the popular demand for Beyle testimonials in 1855. Prefixed to the "Correspondence" is a condensed and pithy series of clever, polished, highly illustrative, and by no means enthusiastic, notes and reminiscences by M. M rim e. M. Sainte-Beuve has devoted two papers, distinguished by his wonted refinement and penetration, to Stendhal, in the "Causeries du Lundi." An extremely interesting biographical notice, drawn up by M. Colomb, Beyle's most attached friend and testamentary executor, from private papers and other authentic sources of information, is prefixed to the "Romans et Nouvelles;" and by way of preface or introduction to the "Chartreuse de Parme," the publishers have judiciously reprinted the long-neglected * loge* of Balzac. As if to complicate the problem, Beyle's critics and biographers announce and claim him as "eminently French," although he systematically ridiculed the vanity of his countrymen, reviled their taste, disliked the greater part of their literature, and, deliberately repudiating his country as "le plus vilain pays du monde que les nigauds appellent la belle France," directed himself to be designated as Milanese on his tombstone. Here is enough, and more than enough, to justify us in devoting our best attention to the social and intellectual phenomenon thus presented—to say nothing of the interest we naturally take in the reputation of an author who, in straitened circumstances, ordered the complete collection of "*mon cher*" Edinburgh Review, and appealed to its extended circulation as an unanswerable proof that the English are more reasonable in politics than the French.

Marie-Henri Beyle was born at Grenoble, on the 23d of January, 1783, of a family which, without being noble, was classed and lived familiarly with the provincial aristocracy. One of his earliest preceptors was a priest, who appears to have sadly misunderstood and mismanaged his pupil. "Beyle," says M. M rim e, "was wont to relate with bitterness, after forty years, that one day, having torn his coat whilst at play, the Abb  intrusted with his education reprimanded him severely for this misdeed before his comrades, and told him he was a disgrace to religion and to his family. We laughed when he narrated this incident; but he saw in it simply an act of priestly tyranny and a horrible injustice, where there was nothing to laugh

at, and he felt as acutely as on the day of its occurrence the wound inflicted on his self-love." It was one of his aphorisms that our parents and our masters are our natural enemies when we enter the world; the simple matter of fact being, that his own character, tendencies, and aspirations had been invariably opposed to the plans, wishes, and modes of thinking of his family. They were clearly wrong in endeavoring to force him into uncongenial paths of study; nor was he likely to be cured of his inborn wilfulness, or his morbid sensibility, by harsh treatment. On the establishment of the *Ecole Centrale*, in 1795, they had no alternative but to send him there; and such was his quickness or diligence, that when the day arrived for the examinations in "*grammaire générale*," not one of the pupils could compete with him, and he received all the prizes that had been proposed.

During the four following years he sustained his reputation by carrying off all the first prizes in all the courses that he attended; and at the end of that time, in 1798, he concentrated his energies on mathematics for (according to M. Colomb) the strange reason that he had a horror for hypocrisy, and rightly judged that in mathematics it was impossible. A more intelligent and more likely motive was his laudable ambition to be admitted into the Polytechnic School, for which he was about to become a candidate after much anxious preparation, when a sudden change took place in his prospects; and we find him in 1800, at the age of seventeen, a supernumerary in the ministry of war. He was indebted for this employment to the Daru family, which was distantly related to his own; and when, early in the same year, the two brothers Daru were dispatched to Italy on public duty of an administrative kind, they invited Beyle to rejoin them there on the chance of some fitting occupation for him turning up. He made the journey from Geneva to Milan on horseback, following so close on the traces of the invading army, that he had to run the gauntlet before the fort of Bard, which, overlooked from its insignificance, had well nigh frustrated the most brilliant of Napoleon's early campaigns at starting. Our young adventurer entered Milan at the beginning of June, 1800; and on the 14th of the same month, had the good fortune to be present, as an amateur, at the battle of

Marengo. An armistice having been signed the next day, he took advantage of it to visit, in company with a son of General Melas, the Boromean Isles and the other remarkable objects in the vicinity. Hurried away, we suppose, by the military spirit which animated all around him, Beyle entered a regiment of dragoons as quartermaster; and, in the course of a month, received a commission as sub-lieutenant. He served for about half a year as aide-de-camp to General Michaud, and received the most flattering certificate of courage and conduct; but before the expiration of a year (on September 17th, 1801) he was ordered to rejoin his regiment, then in garrison at Savigliano, in Piedmont, in consequence of a regulation forbidding any officer under the rank of lieutenant to be employed as aide-de-camp.

His life in a provincial town differed widely from that of the brilliant staff-officer, which, divided between Brescia and Bergamo, with frequent excursions to Milan and the Isles, and thickly sown, says his biographer, with various and romantic sensations, realized his conceptions of perfect happiness. So soon as the treaty of Amiens afforded him an honorable pretext for quitting an inactive and unexciting course of life in the army, he flung up his commission very much to the disgust of his patrons, and went to reside with his parents at Grenoble. Of course this experiment failed, but he made himself sufficiently disagreeable to extort an allowance of 150 francs a month from his father with leave to live in Paris, where, in June, 1807, he took up his elevated abode (*au cinquième*) in the Rue d'Angivilliers, and without seeking for introductions or aiming at immediate distinction, calmly and resolutely set about educating himself anew. Montesquieu, Montaigne, Cabanis, Destutt de Tracy, Say, J.J. Rousseau, were his familiar authors. He also made a careful study of Alfieri's tragedies; and out of his five francs a day he contrived to pay masters in English and fencing. He got on tolerably well in English, although his instructor was an Irishman with a touch of the brogue; but his skill with the foil was of so equivocal a description, that Renouvier, the director of the Salle Fabien, is reported to have given him nearly the same advice which was addressed to a British peer by a celebrated French fencing master, when his lordship was settling account with him at the con-

clusion of a long series of lessons at a napoleon per hour: "Milord, je vous conseille décidément d'abandonner les armes."

Beyle's figure was ill adapted for active exercises; but his nerves, which grew tremulous at the slightest touch of emotion, were firm as steel in the presence of danger; his eye was good, and he attained to such a proficiency with the pistol as to be able once, when anxious to display his skill, to bring down a bird upon the wing at forty yards' distance. The reputation thus acquired (perhaps by a happy accident) was far from useless for a man of his character, who was then daily liable to be called to account for the indiscreet indulgence of his peculiar humor. Towards the conclusion of his career he writes: "I ought to have been killed a dozen times for epigrams or *mots piquants* that can not be forgotten; and yet I have received only three wounds—two of which are of little consequence, those in the hand and the left foot." One of his maxims was, to catch at the first occasion for a duel on entering life; and his receipt for a first duel, which he pronounced infallible, runs thus: "Whilst your adversary is taking aim, look at a tree, and begin counting the leaves. One preëccupation will distract from another of a graver kind. Whilst taking aim yourself, recite two Latin verses; this will prevent you from firing too quickly, and neutralize that five per cent. of emotion which has sent so many balls twenty feet above the mark."

About this time (1803), Beyle formed the curious project of writing a comedy, in one act and in prose, to confute the critical canons of the celebrated Geoffroy. It was to be called "*Quelle Horreur! ou l'ami du despotisme pervertisseur de l'opinion publique.*" He worked at it, from time to time, for ten or twelve years; and then definitely abandoned it. In 1805 he renewed the experiment of domestic life at Grenoble, which this time was curiously and characteristically interrupted. He fell in love with an actress; and, on her leaving Grenoble on a professional engagement for Marseilles, he pretended a sudden inclination for commerce, and became clerk to a Marseilles firm of dealers in colonial produce, with whom he remained a year, when the lady married a rich Russian magnate, and Beyle returned to Paris. Having contracted a fixed taste for intellectual pursuits, he was

with difficulty persuaded by his friends, the Darus, to attach himself once more to their fortunes. He complied, however, and rejoined them in Germany, where he was present, as a non-combatant, at the battle of Jena, and witnessed the triumphant entry of Napoleon into Berlin in 1806. A few days after this event, Count Daru (the father) procured for Beyle the place of *intendant* of the domains of the Emperor in Brunswick, which he held two years, profiting by his residence in the Duchy to study the German language and philosophy. Here, again, he gave signal proof of both moral and physical courage. He put down an insurrection in a town, the garrison of which had just quitted it, by the bold expedient of arming the invalid soldiers left behind in a hospital, and suddenly leading them against the crowd. An instance of his energy as an administrator is thus related by M. Mérimée:

"According to his wonted mode of showing himself worse than he was, he affected to despise the enthusiasm that made the men of his epoch do such great things. 'We had the sacred fire,' he observed, 'and I among the rest, though unworthy. I had been sent to Brunswick to levy an extraordinary contribution of five millions. I raised seven millions, and I narrowly escaped being torn in pieces by the populace, who were exasperated at the excess of my zeal. The Emperor inquired the name of the auditor who had so acted, and said, 'C'est bien.'"

It would have been difficult to discover another auditor similarly circumstanced, who would have refrained from putting into his own pocket one, at least, of the two extra millions; and it is far from clear that the Emperor would have trusted or respected him less on that account, so long as the imperial demands were fully answered. Napoleon commonly knew to a fraction the amount of the illicit gains of his functionaries, as the famous contractor Ouvrard discovered to his cost. This man was once foolish enough to bet that Mademoiselle Georges would sup with him instead of keeping her known engagement to sup, on a specified night, at the Tuileries. He overcame her scruples by a bribe of 200,000 francs, and won his wager. The day following he was ordered to attend the Emperor, and was thus quietly addressed:—"M. Ouvrard, you have gained five millions by your contracts for the supply of the army in Spain; you will pay two into the imperial

Treasury without delay." This state of things and tone of feeling must be kept in mind in appreciating a man like Beyle, who, after dealing with millions in times of commotion and confusion, died in exile because he could never muster capital enough to secure an annuity of 160*l.* a year.

In his capacity of auditor he was attached to the grand army during the invasion of Russia, and had his full share of the glories, dangers, and privations of the retreat. He was among the few, says M. Mérimée, who, on this trying occasion, never forfeited the respect of others. One day, not far from the Beresina, Beyle presented himself, shaved and carefully dressed, before his chief: "You have shaved as usual, I see," observed M. Daru; "you are a brave man (*un homme de cœur*)."

In a letter from Moscow he has given one of the most graphic and picturesque accounts we are acquainted with of the fire. It concludes thus:

"We left the city lighted up by the finest conflagration in the world, forming an immense pyramid, which, like the prayers of the faithful, had its base on earth and its summit in heaven. The moon appeared above this atmosphere of flame and smoke. It was an imposing spectacle, but one ought to have been alone, or surrounded by men of mind, to enjoy it. That which has spoilt the Russian campaign for me, is to have made it with people who would have commonplacéd the Colosseum and the Bay of Naples."

He said he had not suffered so very much from hunger during the retreat, but found it impossible to recall to memory how he had procured food, or what he had eaten, with the exception of a lump of tallow, for which he had paid twenty francs, and which he always recollected with delight. Before setting out on this expedition he deemed it prudent to take especial precautions against the want of ready money. His sister replaced all the buttons of a surtout by gold pieces of twenty and forty francs, covered with cloth. On his return she asked if this expedient had answered. He had never once thought of it since his departure. By dint of taxing his memory, he recalled a vague impression of having given the old surtout to the waiter of an inn near Wilna, with the gold buttons sewed up as at Paris. This incident, observes M. Colomb, is truly illustrative, for Beyle was excessively given to precaution, with-

out a parallel for forgetfulness, and reckless to the last degree.

He abided faithfully by the declining fortunes of Napoleon, and did good service in the crisis of 1814; but he was destined never to enjoy the reward of his devotion; and when the crash came, he bore his ruin with so philosophical an air, that many superficial observers openly accused him of ingratitude and tergiversation. The best answer to such charges was his refusal to apply or lay himself out for office under the restored monarchy, although a fair opening was managed for him by his friends.

In August, 1814, he left Paris for Milan, where he resided till 1821, with the exception of visits to Paris and London in 1817. At Milan he enjoyed in perfection the precise kind of life which suited him. The opera was a never-failing source of enjoyment; and there was no department of the fine arts from which he could not draw both instruction and amusement at will. The cosmopolite character of his tastes may be inferred from the manner in which he speaks in a letter, dated October, 1818, of Viganò, the composer of ballets:

"Every man who has an immense success in his own country is remarkable in the eyes of a philosopher. Viganò, I repeat, has had this success. For example, 4000 francs a year has been usually paid to the composers of ballets; he has 44,000 for 1819. A Parisian will exclaim, *Fi, l'horreur!* He may speak in good faith; only I shall add aside, so much the worse for him. If Viganò discovers the art of writing gestures and groups, I maintain, that in 1860 he will be more spoken of than Madame de Staël. Therefore, I have a right to call him a great man, or at least, a very remarkable man, and superior, like Rossini or Canova, to all that you have at Paris in the fine arts or literature."

In another letter, in which he repeats and justifies this opinion, he says, "I pass my evenings with Rossini and Monti: all things considered, I prefer extraordinary men to ordinary ones." Amongst the extraordinary men with whom he associated on familiar terms at Milan was Lord Byron, who thus alludes to the circumstance in a letter to Beyle in 1823:—"You have done me too much honor by what you have been so good as to say of me in your work; but that which has caused me as much pleasure as the praise is to learn at last (by accident) that I am indebted for it to one whose esteem I was

really ambitious to obtain. So many changes have taken place since this epoch in our Milan circle, that I hardly dare revive the memory of it. Death, exile, and Austrian prisons, have separated those we loved. Poor Pellico! I hope that in his cruel solitude his Muse consoles him sometimes, to charm us once again when her poet shall be restored again with herself to liberty."

Beyle's account of their introduction and dinner with Monti is quoted in Moore's "Life of Byron." In March, 1818, he writes thus to a friend who was anxious that he should become a candidate for office:

"Without hating any one, I have always been exquisitely abhorred by half of my official relations, etc., etc. To conclude, I like Italy. I pass from seven o'clock to midnight every evening in listening to music; the climate does the rest. Do you know that during the last six weeks we have been at 14° of Reanmur? Do you know that at Venice one lives like a gentleman for nine *lire* a day, and that the Venetian *lira* is fifty centimes? I shall live a year or two longer at Milan, then as much at Venice, and then, in 1821, pressed by misfortune, I shall go to Cularo; I shall sell the apartment, for which I was offered 100,000 francs this year, and I shall try my fortune at Paris."

By a strange coincidence of untoward events, which could not have been so much as guessed when this plan of life was sketched, he was eventually compelled to adhere to it. His father died in the course of the following year (June, 1819), and left him less than half of the 100,000 francs on which he had calculated; and in July, 1820, he writes to announce "the greatest misfortune that could happen to him,"—"the hardest blow he had ever received in his life." A report had got about, and was generally credited at Milan, that he was a secret agent of the French Government. "It has been circulating for six months. I observed that many persons tried to avoid saluting me: I cared little about this, when the kind Plana wrote me the letter which I inclose. I am not angry with him; yet here is a terrible blow. For, after all, what is this Frenchman doing here? Milanese simplicity will never be able to comprehend my philosophic life, and that I live here on five thousand francs, better than at Paris on twelve thousand." He had partly himself to blame for this disagreeable position; for he was fond of mystifying people by playing tricks with his name, or by

adopting odd names and signatures, as well as by giving counterfeit, shifting, and contradictory descriptions of his birth, rank, and profession.

"When," says M. Colomb, "he had to give his address to a tailor or bootmaker, it was rarely that he gave his real name. This led to *quid pro quos* which amused him. Thus, he was inquired for by turns under the names of Bel, Beil, Bell, Lebel, etc. As to his profession, it depended on the caprice of the moment. At Milan he gave himself out for a superior officer of dragoons who had obtained his discharge in 1814, and son of a general of artillery. All these little inventions were but jokes; he never derived any advantage from them beyond a little amusement."

This excuse might have been partially admissible if, in the aristocratic society of Milan, he had given himself out for an ex-corporal and the son of a tailor; but the assumption of a superior grade and higher birth savors strongly of a censurable amount of petty vanity; and such tricks were the height of folly in a town like Milan, where both the governing and the governed were naturally prone to suspect treachery.

Whilst he was yet hesitating what course to pursue, the police settled the matter by summarily ordering him to leave the Austrian territory, upon the gratuitous supposition that he was affiliated to the sect of Carbonari. From 1821 to 1830, he resided at Paris, where he was an established member of the circles which comprised the leading notabilities of the period, male and female, political, social, literary, and artistical.

"It is from this epoch," says M. Colomb, "that his reputation as *homme d'esprit*, and *conteur agréable* (both these terms are untranslatable) dates. Society listened with pleasure—with a sustained interest—to that multitude of anecdotes which his vast memory and his lively imagination produced under a graceful, colored, original form. People recognized in the narrator the man who had studied and seen much, and observed with acuteness. Across the profound changes undergone by the *salon* life since 1789, he recalled attention, to a limited degree, to the taste which reigned at that time amongst those who guided it; he succeeded in generalizing the conversation—a difficult and almost disused thing in our days, when, if three people are gathered together, there are two conversations proceeding simultaneously without any connection; when *roués* resemble public places open to all comers, and where about as much *esprit* is consumed as at a costume ball, composed of persons who see each other for the first time. Beyle's agreeability frequently enabled him

to triumph over all the dissolvents which tend to destroy French society.'

And a very great triumph it was, if we consider the period and the angry passions which then divided the company that he thus contrived to amalgamate by the introduction of well-chosen topics, by his felicitous mode of treating them, by his varied knowledge, his lively fancy and his tact. The reason why M. Colomb is obliged to go back to a period antecedent to 1789 for his model of drawing-room life, is, that the French thenceforth ceased to be the gay, laughing, pleasure-seeking nation of which we have read or heard traditionally. Serious practical politics are a sad drawback to lively and clever conversation, not merely because any dull fellow can bawl out the commonplaces of his party, but because the easy interchange of mind is impeded, and our thoughts are constantly reverting, in our own despite, to the absorbing and beaten questions of the hour. But the buoyant spirits and elastic energies of a rising generation cannot be kept down. The struggle of a new school of authors or artists with a declining or superannuated one, affords ample scope for the display of wit, taste, and acquirement; and the contest between classicism and romanticism, which raged furiously during the last years of the Restoration, was admirably adapted to the genius of a Beyle.

There can hardly be a fairer test of the position held by a man in his own country than the contemporary impression of an enlightened foreigner. In her "France in 1829—1830," Lady Morgan describes "the brilliant Beyle" as the central figure of a group of notabilities at her hotel; and his *nom de guerre* figures thus with her ladyship's name in one of Viennet's versified epistles:

"Stendhal, Morgan, Schlegel,—ne vous effrayez pas,  
Muses, ce sont des noms fameux dans nos climats,  
Chefs de la Propagande, ardens missionnaires,  
Parlant de Romantique, et prêchant ses mystères."

It is elsewhere recorded of him, that, besides talking well himself, he contributed largely to the social pleasures of the circles in which he mixed, by leading others to talk, and by bringing persons of congenial minds together.

"A party of eight or ten agreeable persons," he

writes, "where the conversation is gay and anecdotic, and where weak punch is handed round at half-past twelve, is the place in the world where I enjoy myself most. There, in my element, I infinitely prefer hearing others talk to talking myself. I readily sink back into the silence of happiness; and if I talk it is only to pay my ticket of admission."

He named half-past twelve at night because the steady, regular, formal people are wont to retire before that time, and the field is pretty sure to be left free to those who live for intellectual intercourse, and love it for its own sake, instead of hurrying to crowd after crowd to proclaim their importance, gratify their vanity, or parade their tiresomeness. He insisted on anecdotes, facts, and incidents, in contradistinction to the vague, the declamatory, and the abstract style of conversation—that trick of phrase-making, as he termed it, which (in common with Byron) he detected and detested in "Corinne." Madame Pasta happening to say one evening of love, "C'est une tuile qui vous tombe sur la tête;" "Add," said Beyle, "'comme vous passez dans la vie,' and then you will speak like Madame de Staël, and people will pay attention to your remark."

In an existence like Beyle's, as in a Rembrandt picture, the bright parts stand out in broad contrast to the surrounding intensity of shade:

"Dearly bought the hidden treasure  
Finer feelings can bestow;  
Hearts that vibrate sweetest pleasure!  
Thrill the deepest notes of woe."

"My sensibility," he writes shortly before his death, "has become too acute. What does but graze others, wounds me to the quick. Such was I in 1799; such I am still in 1840. But I have learnt to hide all this under irony imperceptible to the common herd." We suspect that this sensibility somewhat resembled that of Rousseau, who, whilst laying down rules for the education of children in "Emile," suffered his own offspring to be brought up at a foundling hospital; or that of Sterne, who, it is alleged, neglected a dying mother to indulge in pathos over a dead donkey. In the midst of his social triumphs, Beyle more than once meditated suicide; and on one occasion, in 1828, he appears to have been driven to despair by the remissness of an English publisher, who had omitted to pay him for some



articles which he had contributed to a London magazine. Under these circumstances, we can hardly wonder that the prospect of an independence induced him to accept the consulship of Trieste, which was obtained for him in September, 1830, by the friends who had thriven on the revolution of July. They have been censured for not doing more for him; but it should be remembered that a party is a combination of persons who unite their talents and resources upon an understanding that, in case of success, the power and patronage thereby acquired shall be shared amongst them. There is nothing necessarily wrong in such a league, because those forming it may fairly claim credit for confidence in one another's honesty and capacity as well as for having fixed principles of policy to carry out; and the leaders have no right to gratify their private feelings at the expense of their supporters. Now Beyle took no part in the proceedings which resulted in the temporary establishment of the Orleans dynasty upon the throne. He had encountered no danger, and was entitled to no reward. Nay, he had just before been in confidential communication with the Polignac ministry on the delicate subject of the Roman Conclave. He had made himself extremely useful, and was naturally looking forward to his reward from them. So far as his influence went, it had been exerted to depreciate and discourage the exertions of the Liberal party. "France," he had said some time before, "is on the high road to happiness. If they try to make her take the short cuts, they will upset the coach." The remark was prophetic, and does credit to his penetration.

He was supremely miserable at Trieste, and, fortunately for him, Prince Metternich refused to sanction the appointment; so he was transferred to Civita Vecchia, which was an improvement, as admitting of frequent excursions to Rome. But his letters are full as ever of longings for Parisian life.

"What a prospective," he exclaims, "not to see the intellectual people of Paris more than two or three times before I die! I was at a charming dinner yesterday, the finest place in the neighborhood, trees, a fresh breeze, and thirty-three guests, who felt honored by the presence of a consul; but not an idea, not a touch of depth or refinement. Am I destined to die surrounded by *bêtes*? It looks very like it. I am sought after; I enjoy some consideration; I have the best slice of a fish

weighing fourteen pounds, the best of its kind. I had an excellent horse, which did the five miles and a half in three quarters of an hour, yet I am perishing of ennui. How many cold characters, how many geometricians, would be happy, or, at least, tranquil and satisfied in my place! But my soul is a fire, which dies out if it does not flame up. I require three or four cubic feet of new ideas every day, as a steamboat requires coal."

The utmost indulgence he could obtain was leave of absence, purchased by the sacrifice of half his salary, from 1836 to 1839. In 1838 he came to London, and (according to M. Colomb) struck up a passing intimacy with Theodore Hook, at the Athenæum Club. In March, 1839, on the retirement of M. Molé from the Presidency of the Council and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Beyle reluctantly resumed his official duties at Civita Vecchia. His health began to break, and he returned to Paris for medical advice in 1841. On the 22d of March, 1842, he was struck with apoplexy in the Rue Neuve des Capucines, close to the door of the Foreign Office. He was carried to his lodging in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, where he expired at two o'clock the next morning, without having uttered a word, and apparently without pain, in the sixtieth year of his age. He was buried in the cemetery of Montmartre (du nord), and the following inscription was placed by his own express directions upon his monument: "Arrigo Beyle, Milanese, Scrisse, Amò, Visse, Ann. 59. M. 2. Mori 2. 23. Marzo, M.D.CCC.XLII. (Henry Beyle, Milanese, Wrote, Loved, Lived, 59 years and 2 months. He died at two A.M. on the 23rd March, 1842.)"

According to Beyle's own philosophical creed, which referred everything to self, he wrote, and loved, and lived in vain; for his writings were unprofitable, his loves were unprosperous, and his life was an unhappy one. It will not be uninteresting, nor beside the purpose, to trace and analyze the more recondite causes of these results.

Miss Edgeworth wrote the story of "Murad the Unlucky," to prove that what is popularly called ill-luck is simply another name for imprudence, and that we have commonly ourselves to thank for our success or ill-success in life. Beyle's career might be plausibly adduced either for or against her argument. It was undeniably ill-luck that two dynasties should be successively upset, just as he had establish-

ed a claim on each respectively. His acknowledged merits very far exceeded those of many by whom he was distanced in the race; and on five or six occasions he strikingly distinguished himself, yet his good hits did little or nothing for his advancement. Fortune, therefore, clearly had something to do with his disappointments; yet we are disposed to think that his avowed incapacity for biding his time was the main cause of most of them. In the worldly struggle, passive endurance is no less useful than active energy; and patience under annoyance, or perseverance in uncongenial employments, has again and again proved ambition's best ladder. Beyle was the most impatient and least tolerant of human beings. Whenever an occupation ceased to interest him, he abandoned it; the moment his acquaintance failed to amuse, he fled from them. He deemed ennui the greatest of earthly evils, and a bore the worst of criminals. Armed with medical and legal authorities to the effect that death might be produced by ennui, and that the means by which it was illegally inflicted were immaterial in a juridical point of view, the Duc de Laraguais formally prosecuted a famous Parisian bore for an attempt upon his life. If Beyle had been the judge, he would have broken the accused upon the wheel without mercy or compunction. He was not wholly without excuse, for when suffering from ennui he underwent a complete prostration of his moral and physical faculties.

Another of his confirmed antipathies, if more excusable, was not less formidable as an obstacle or dangerous as a stumbling block.

"Three or four times," he writes, in his fifty-sixth year, "fortune has knocked at my door. In 1814 it only rested with myself to be named Prefect of Mans, or Director-general of Corn Imports at Paris under the orders of Count Beugnot; but I was frightened at the number of platitudes and half-meannesses imposed daily on the public functionaries of all classes. . . . When I see a man strutting about in a room with a number of orders at his button-hole, I involuntarily reckon up the number of paltry actions, of degrading submissions, and often black treasons, that he must have accumulated to have received so many certificates of them."

This may remind the reader of Selwyn's remark on a silver dinner-service, at the sale of the effects of Mr. Pelham, the Minister: "How many toads have been eaten off these plates!"

Beyle rivalled or outdid Swift in his "hate of folly" and his "scorn of fools," and took no pains to conceal his aversion or contempt. At the same time (like Sydney Smith with his "foolometer") he fully appreciated the importance of this very numerous and very influential corporation. Thus, when maintaining the cause of the Romantic School against the Classicists, he says:

"Never, in the memory of historians, did nation undergo in its manners and its pleasures a more rapid and entire change than that from 1780 to 1823, and people wish to give us the same literature! Let our grave adversaries look round them; the fool(*sot*) of 1780 produced stupid and insipid pleasantries; he was always laughing; the fool of 1823 produces philosophic reasonings—vague, hackneyed, sleep-inspiring; his face is constantly elongated. Here is a notable revolution. A society in which an element so essential and so abundant as the fool is changed to this extent, cannot support either the same comic or the same pathetic; then everybody aimed at making his neighbor laugh; now everybody wishes to pick his neighbor's pocket."

We have already quoted his confession of an incurable tendency to produce enmity by his sarcasms. A man who habitually indulges in this mode of talking and writing may be esteemed for his manly spirit, his independent bearing, his moral and physical courage, or his uncompromising integrity, but he will rarely succeed as a place-hunter.

Beyle's irreligion is not offensively paraded in the works published under his own eye in his lifetime; but the lamentable state of his mind in this respect is most repulsively exhibited in three or four passages of the "*Correspondance Inédite*," where they have been inexcusably retained by the editor. His friend Mérimée describes him as a confirmed infidel and an "outrageous materialist;" nor, after fully allowing for his reckless habit of making himself appear worse than he was to shock grave people, can it be doubted that his entire mind and character were undermined and pervaded by a cold, hard, ingrained and ineradicable system of disbelief. In the false pride of his mistaken logic, he fearlessly pushed his creed, or no-creed, to its extreme consequences. Denying Providence, he denied moral responsibility, and he regarded human beings as puppets, meant for nothing higher or better than to play a sorry or ridiculous part on the stage of life, where all their motions are

regulated by the strings of egotism. According to Mérimée, he could never be persuaded that what he thought false could be deemed credible by others; and he put no faith in the sincerity of the devout. This extent of skepticism, assuming it to be genuine, implies a degree of blindness, of ignorance, of downright fatuity, that seems utterly irreconcilable with his proved strength of understanding, his varied commerce with the world, and his acknowledged sagacity. To borrow the language which would have been best adapted to his apprehensions, it was worse than a crime, it was a blunder. His assumed skill in penetrating to the springs of human action and his boasted logic, one or both of them, were at fault, and we need look no farther for the explanation of his disappointments or his despondency.

He is admitted on all hands to have been a man of strict honor and scrupulous integrity. M. Colomb adds, that few have had more devoted friends than Beyle, although he was culpably prone to neglect their interests as well as his own. This raises a fresh difficulty; for, generally speaking, no bad quality or vice carries its appropriate punishment along with it more surely than heartlessness. If we do not trust others, they will not trust us; and if we have no faith in friendship, we neither deserve nor acquire friends. What is worse, we forfeit our best source of consolation when we throw away hope; and we canker happiness in the bud when we kill enthusiasm:

"Like following life in creatures we dissect,  
We lose it in the moment we detect."

In one of Beyle's letters he speaks of himself as simultaneously conscious of two states of being,—the sentient and the observant or reasoning; and we can fancy him like the hero in "Used Up" (*L'Homme Blasé*), who, in momentary expectation of a strong excitement, takes out his watch to count the beatings of his pulse. This constant practice of mental analysis may refine the perceptive powers, or sharpen the logical faculty, or supply materials for psychological study, but it chills the imagination, and induces an undue preference for sensual pleasures as the most solid or the least evanescent sources of enjoyment. Such was one of its effects on Beyle, who combined pruriency of fancy with delicacy of thought, and (no very rare occurrence) was at the same time sen-

timental and what the late Lord Alvañy used to call *fleshy*. Another of its effects, not less marked, was to inspire him with a morbid dislike to poetry in verse, although he showed admirable discrimination in selecting beautiful passages from Shakspeare and Dante.

The reader will have observed that the combination of qualities which we have described in Beyle, belongs rather to the analytical than to the creative order of mind, and entitle their possessor to rank higher as a critic or metaphysician than as a writer of fiction. It is the very essence of sound criticism to trace impressions to their source; but the poet, the dramatist, and the novelist (or writer of prose epics) must be swept along by the glowing stream of their own composition, or the public will look on indifferently or not notice them at all. In the case of the author before us, precisely what we should have anticipated from *à priori* reasoning, has come to pass. The only works of his which acquired any share of popularity on their first appearance were "Rome, Naples, and Florence" (1817); "Racine et Shakspeare" (1823); and the "Life of Rossini" (1823). Beyle was passionately fond of music. When he wrote on it, he was hurried away by his subject; and the first of these three works may be described as a musical tour. The "Life of Rossini" speaks for itself; and "Racine and Shakspeare" was an exclusively critical production, thrown off upon the sudden impulse in the height of an exciting controversy. Such an occasion was eminently favorable to the display of his peculiar talents; and he was saved, in his own despite, from the fatal error of writing, or affecting to write, for a contemporary public of exceedingly narrow dimensions, or for a larger one that was to begin studying him in right earnest, and in a becoming spirit, about 1880.

It is stated in an English book of travels, printed for private circulation, that Manzoni, "half in earnest, avowed it to be his creed, that as society became more enlightened, it would tolerate no such thing as literature considered merely as a creation of art." Beyle too frequently acted on the hypothesis that this stage of progressive improvement had been reached already, or was sure to be reached very shortly; for he takes little pains to develop, or even to separate, his ideas, thoughts, and images, when they crowd upon him. When the expression is irre-

proachable in respect of clearness, the odds are that the arrangement is faulty, or that the form is such as to create an inadequate impression of the work. We hardly remember another instance in which so much curious information and masterly criticism, so much varied and valuable matter of all sorts, is presented in so loose, scattered, unpretending, and unattractive a shape as in his "Promenades dans Rome." His friends allege that it was his dislike to Madame Staël, and his horror of what he thought the sickly sentimentalities and pompous platitudes of "Corinne," that hurried him into the opposite extreme of putting forth two volumes of Notes.

"Whatever negligence may be found in his works," says M. Mérimée, "these were not the less laboriously worked up. All his books were copied several times before being delivered to the printer; but his corrections were not of style. He always wrote fast, changing his thought, and troubling himself little about the form. He had even a contempt for style, and maintained that an author had attained perfection when readers remembered his ideas without being able to recall his phrases." Just so it has been observed that the best dressed person is one who leaves a general impression of ease and elegance; or, as Brummell put it, if John Bull stops to look at you, you are not well dressed, but too stiff, too tight, or too fashionable. M. Thiers, again, in the eloquent Preface to his concluding volumes, compares a perfect style to glass which we look through without being conscious of its presence between the object and the eye. These respective points of excellence, however, are not attained when the dress conveys an impression of awkwardness, when the glass troubles the view, or when the style repels readers and degrades, instead of elevating, the thought. Nor are they often attained without labor; and it has been pointedly observed that the "Ramblers" of Dr. Johnson, elaborate as they appear, were written rapidly and seldom underwent revision; whilst the simple language of Rousseau, which seems to come flowing from the heart, was the slow production of painful toil, pausing on every word, and balancing every sentence. Balzac concludes his fervent eulogy of Beyle by protesting against his "habitudes de sphinx;" and says of the style of his best work, "He writes very much in the style of Diderot, who was not a writer;

but the conception is grand and powerful, the thought is original, and often well rendered. This system is not to be held up to imitation. It would be too dangerous to let authors believe themselves profound thinkers." It would certainly be too dangerous to let them set up for so many Bentham's, and depend upon a corresponding supply of Dumonts to translate or interpret them.

In a letter to M. Colomb, Balzac adds: "Beyle is one of the most remarkable spirits of the age; but he has not paid sufficient attention to form: he wrote as the birds sing, and our language is a sort of Madame Honesta, who finds no good in anything that is not irreproachable. I am deeply grieved at his sudden death; the pruning-knife should have been carried into the 'Chartreuse de Parme,' and a second edition would have made a complete and irreproachable work of it. In any case it is a wonderful production, *le livre des esprits distingués*."

Although not quite agreeing in this estimate, we concur with M. Balzac to the extent of thinking the "Chartreuse de Parme" a very remarkable book, which may be fairly taken as Beyle's masterpiece in the department of fiction. We shall, therefore, endeavor to convey some notion of it by a rude outline of the plot and a few extracts.

The time is the first quarter of the present century. The scene is laid at Milan and Parma. The heroine (Gina, the abbreviation of Angelina) is a Milanese of high birth, surpassing beauty, indomitable energy, and morals of that elastic and accommodating order that never stand in the way of her preferment or her caprice. The hero Fabricio, her nephew, is a good-looking, gallant, and gifted scapegrace, a sort of Italian Tom Jones, who is constantly getting himself and his patrons into difficulty by indulging the impulse of the moment. His aunt is attached to him with an intensity of affectionate interest that might have ended in a scandal of the worst kind, had it been reciprocated, which it is not; and she herself is represented as never wilfully cherishing an irregular or guilty wish. The most important of the *dramatis personæ*, after these two, are the reigning Prince of Parma, Ernest IV., and his prime minister, the Count Mosca della Rovere. More than a hundred pages are occupied in laying the train by details of Fabricio's youth-

ful adventures and the early life of Gina, of which a single incident may suffice. Her husband, the Count Pietranera, having been killed in a duel, she intimates to her principal adorer her sovereign will and pleasure that he should pursue the successful combatant and revenge the death of her lost lord. He hesitates, and she sends him the following billet :—

"Voulez-vous agir une fois en homme d'esprit ? Figurez-vous que vous ne m'avez jamais connue. Je suis, avec un peu de mépris peut-être, votre très humble servante, GINA PIETRANERA."

Refusing the most splendid offers, she takes up her abode in a fifth story, with the avowed intention of living on a pension of 1500 francs a year. The Count Mosca sees her at La Scala, and falls desperately in love with her. "He was then between forty and forty-five years of age: he had marked features, no appearance of pretension, and a gay, simple air, which predisposed in his favor. He would have been very good-looking still, if a whim of his prince had not obliged him to wear powder as a pledge of sound political opinions. He consoles himself for the advance of years by the reflection that age, after all, is but the inability to give oneself up to those delicious tremblings and emotions;" and, encouraged by the Countess's smiles, he at length makes his proposals, which are not exactly what the French ladies call *pour le bon motif*. Like a late lamented English statesman, he explains that there are three courses open. He would fling ambition to the winds, and live with her at Milan, Florence, or Naples, on the wreck of his fortune; or she might settle at Parma, where he could insure her a place about the Court:

"'But,' he continues, 'there is one capital objection. The prince is devout, and, as you are aware, it is my fate to be married. The result would be a million of annoyances. You are a widow; it is an excellent position which you must exchange for another, and this is the object of my third plan. A new and accommodating husband might be found. But it is essential that he should be of an advanced age, for why should you refuse me the hope of replacing him at some future day? Well, I have concluded this singular affair with the Duc Sanseverina-Taxis, who of course does not know the name of his future duchess. All he knows is that she is to make him ambassador, and confer on him a grand cross that his father had, and the want of which renders him the most miserable of mortals. Allowing for this weakness, the Duc is not too much of a simpleton. He has

his clothes and perukes from Paris. He is by no means the sort of man to commit intentional depravity; he seriously believes that honor consists in having a cross; and he is ashamed of his wealth. He came to me a year ago to propose to found a hospital to gain this cross. I laughed at him, but he did not laugh at me when I proposed a marriage; my first condition, I need hardly say, being that he should never set foot in Parma again.'

"'But are you aware,' interrupted the Countess, 'that what you are proposing to me is very immoral?'

"'Not more immoral than what has been done in our Court and twenty others. There is this convenience in absolute power, that it sanctifies everything in the eyes of the governed; and can that which is seen by no one be a blot? Our policy, for twenty years, bids fair to consist in the fear of Jacobinism; and what a fear! Every year we shall fancy ourselves on the era of '93. You will hear, I hope, the phrases I am in the habit of declaiming on that topic, at my receptions. They are grand. Everything that may diminish this fear a little will be supremely moral in the eyes of the noble and the devout. Now, at Parma, everything that is not noble or devout is in prison or preparing to go there; and you may be well assured that this marriage will not appear singular amongst us before the day of my disgrace.'"

Three months afterwards, the new Duchess Sanseverina-Taxis was the cynosure of every eye and the observed of all observers at the Court of Parma, where the Prince, whose portrait is a masterpiece, soon seeks to displace and replace his minister. On one of her Thursday receptions, he could not resist the temptation of going in defiance of etiquette, and the following colloquy arises:

"'But if I accept your Highness's attentions,' observed the Countess, laughing, 'with what face should I dare to reappear before the Count?' 'I should be almost as much out of confidence as you,' replied his Highness. 'The dear Count! my friend! But this is an embarrassment very easy to evade, and one on which I have been thinking,—the Count would be sent to the citadel for the remainder of his days.'"

She exerts her influence to make him pay a visit to his wife, an event which electrifies the Court:

"This prince was not a wicked man, whatever the liberals of Italy may say of him. To be sure, he had thrown a good many of them into prison; but it was from fear; and he sometimes repeated, as if to console himself for certain reminiscences, that it is better to kill the devil than for the devil to kill us. The day after the *soirée* of which we have been speaking, he was in the highest spirits; he had done two good actions—gone to the Duchess's Thursday and spoken to his wife."

This rivalry of their confiding master and friend a little disturbs the domestic felicity of this exemplary pair, but still their grand cause of anxiety is Fabricio; and it is at length resolved between them that the proper vocation for a young man of family, suspected of liberalism, and more than suspected of libertinism, is the Church. The young man refuses at first, but his scruples are overcome by an appeal to the example of his ancestors.

"What a mistake!" (he had thoughts of enlisting in the army of the United States,) remonstrates his aunt. "You will see no war, and you will relapse into the tavern-life, only without elegance, without music, without love. Trust me, American life would be dull work for you or me." She explained to him the worship of the god dollar, and the respect that must be shown for the workpeople in the streets, who decide everything by their votes. "Before turning yourself into a policeman in uniform, reflect well that we are not talking of your becoming a poor priest more or less virtuous and exemplary, like the Abbé Blanès (his tutor). Remember that your uncles were archbishops of Parma. Read over again the notices of their lives in the supplement to the genealogy. Above all, it becomes the bearer of an illustrious name to be *grand seigneur*, noble, generous, protector of justice, destined beforehand to find himself at the head of his order, and in all his life to be guilty of only one act of knavery, but that one very useful."

It was Talleyrand (whose choice of his original profession was probably influenced by similar considerations) who, when Rulhières said he had been guilty of only one wickedness in his life, asked, "When will it end?" There was more in this repartee than its readiness or its point; for there are mean, wicked, and degrading actions which never do end, and which color the entire current of a life. Fabricio, loose as he is, has a vague instinct that he is about to commit one of these, but his scruples are overcome by the Duchess, and he consents with a sigh to become a Monsignore.

The Count's parting advice to his *protégé* is not quite equal to that given by Polonius to Laertes, but is in strict keeping with the part.

"If we are dismissed," said the Duchess, "we will rejoin you at Naples. But since you accept, till the new order of things, the proposal of the violet stockings, the Count, who thoroughly understands Italy as it is, has charged me with an idea for you. Believe or disbelieve what you will be taught, but never raise an objection. Fancy to yourself that you are learning the rules of whist;

would you raise objections to the rules of whist? I have told the Count that you are a believer, and he is glad of it; this is useful both in this world and the next. But if you believe, do not fall into the vulgarity of speaking with horror of Voltaire, Diderot, Raynal, and all those crack-brained Frenchmen, precursors of the two Chambers. Let those names be ready in your mouth; but when you must speak of them, speak of them with a calm irony; they are people who have been refuted long since, and whose attacks are no longer of any consequence. Believe blindly whatever you are told at the Academy. Reflect that your least objections will be noted down; you will be pardoned a little intrigue of gallantry well managed, but not a doubt: *age suppresses intrigue and augments doubt.*"

"The second idea that the Count sends you is this—If you happen to think of a brilliant argument, a victorious repartee, which changes the course of the conversation, do not yield to the temptation of shining—be silent; people of discernment will see your mental superiority in your eyes. It will be time enough to have *esprit* when you are a bishop."

How far Fabricio had benefited by these instructions may be inferred from his first interview with the Prince on the completion of his Neapolitan training for the priesthood:

"Well, Monsignore," began the Prince, "are the people of Naples happy? Is the King beloved?" "Serene Highness," replied Fabricio, without an instant's hesitation, "I admired, in passing through the streets, the excellent bearing of the soldiers of the different regiments of His Majesty; the good society of Naples is respectful towards its masters, as it ought to be, but I will fairly own that in all my life I never suffered people of the lower classes to speak to me of anything but the work for which I paid them." "*Peste*," said the Prince to himself, "what unction! this is all in the Sanseverina style. Was it possible to repeat more closely the lessons of the aunt? I fancied I heard her speaking. If there was a revolution in my States, she would edit the 'Moniteur,' like the San-Felice at Naples. But the San-Felice, despite her beauty, and her twenty-five years, was hanged; a warning to over-clever ladies."

The Duchess narrowly escapes sharing the fate of La San-Felice. The nephew kills a man in self-defence. He is accused of murder; and henceforth the main interest of the plot turns on the struggles of the aunt to save him from his persecutors, who are secretly set on by the Prince, and to make him an archbishop in defiance of them. The most conspicuous among her adversaries is the minister of police, Rossi, and the least scrupulous of her tools is the

republican enthusiast, Palla Ferrante, who robs on the highway to pay for the printing of his democratic tracts, and, whilst daily risking his life for liberty, is made the slave of an aristocratic beauty by a smile. Palla Ferrante, says Balzac, "is the type of a family of Italian spirits, sincere but misled, full of talent but ignorant of the fatal effects of their doctrine. Send them, ye ministers of absolute princes, with plenty of money to France (*i. e.* in 1840) and to the United States. Instead of persecuting them, let them enlighten themselves. They will soon say, like Alfieri in 1793, 'The little at their work reconcile me to the great.'"

We agree with the same acute critic, that the commencement should have been abridged, and that the curtain should have fallen on the death of the Prince, although the loves of Fabricio and Clelia form one of the finest satires in the book. When the following interview takes place, Fabricio is Archbishop of Parma, a popular preacher, and supposed (as is the lady) to be living in the odor of sanctity. He is admitted into an orangery, and finds himself before a barred window. A hand is extended to meet him, and a soft voice announces, *C'est moi* :

" 'I have made a vow to the Madonna, as you know, never to see you ; this is the reason why I receive you in this profound darkness. I wish you to understand that if ever you force me to see you in broad daylight, everything between us will be at an end. But in the first place, I do not choose you to preach before Anetta Marini.'

" 'My angel, I will never preach again before any one. I only preached in the hope of seeing you.'

" 'Do not speak thus ; remember that it is not allowable for me to see you.'

[Here we request permission to overleap a space of three years.]

"The Marchioness had a charming little boy, about two years old, Sandrino, who was always with her, or on the knees of the Marquis, her husband. During the long hours of each day when she could not see her friend, the presence of Sandrino consoled her ; for we have to confess a thing which will seem odd north of the Alps, she had remained faithful to her vow ; she had promised the Madonna *never to see* Fabricio ; such had been her very words, consequently she never received him but at night, and there was never a light in the apartment."

Balzac insists that the Count Mosca is meant for Prince Metternich, and that for Parma we should read Modena. Beyle denied that he had copied any living or

contemporary original, male or female. He argues that his scene could not have been laid in one of the great courts on account of the details of administration. "There remained the little princes of Germany and Italy. But the Germans are so prostrate before a riband, they are so *bêtes*. I passed many years amongst them, and have forgotten their language from contempt. You will see that my personages could not be Germans. If you follow this idea, you will find that I have been led by the hand to an extinct dynasty, to a Farnese, the least obscure of these extincts, by reason of the General his grandfather." . . . "I have never seen Madame Belgioso. Rossi was a German. I have spoken to him a hundred times. I learnt 'The Prince' during my residences at St. Cloud in 1810 and 1811."

Schiller, in "Cabal und Liebe," and Lessing, in "Emila Galotti," have each painted a petty despot, with the resulting demoralization of all within his sphere, in still darker colors ; but they wrote before the Great Revolution of 1789, which permanently altered the tone and limited the social effects of despotism, great or small. Although oppression and corruption may be as rife as ever, and iniquitous sentences may be procured as easily in the actual Naples as in the Parma of the novelist, the modern tools and satellites of tyranny are more rogues than fools ; they are no unhesitating believers in right divine ; their reverence for white staves and gold sticks is founded rather on calculation than on faith ; and they no longer (except a few of the very silliest) talk of themselves, even amongst themselves, as privileged to indulge their vices at the expense of the non-noble classes with impunity. We doubt whether at any time since the commencement of the nineteenth century, a clever woman like the Duchess would have treated as an absurdity the notion of a del Dongo being prosecuted for killing a Gilletti, or whether any Pope within living memory would have been induced to sanction Fabricio's elevation to the archbishopric. Every objection of this sort, however, might have been obviated by carrying the plot back to the period when Dubois received his cardinal's hat, or even to that when Talleyrand was made a bishop, and when a gentleman was expected to suppress the insolence of the canaille by the infliction of instant death. Thus Edgeworth relates in his "Memoirs," that once

when he was riding with a lady in the south of France, some coarse expressions were addressed to her, or in her hearing, by a peasant, whom Edgeworth forthwith horsewhipped and rolled into the ditch. Shortly afterwards he found himself coldly received by the aristocracy of the neighborhood, and learnt, on inquiring the cause, that he was thought to have been wanting in proper spirit, and that it was his duty to run his sword through the fellow's body on the spot.

In the "Promenades dans Rome," and in the "Correspondance Inédite," may be found authentic examples by the dozen of crimes committed under the influence of jealousy, in which the criminal invariably had public opinion on his side. Beyle's experience of Italian society, as it existed in the first quarter of the present century, if not to the present day, had satisfied him that in Italy no offences against good feeling and morality were so unnatural as to lie altogether beyond the bounds of probability; and he constructed this singular tale from examples which had doubtless passed before his eyes. But he has caricatured Italian depravity. Although parallels should be found for every individual act of villany, meanness, or immorality, there is no getting over the improbability or the repulsiveness of the universal corruption of the *dramatis personæ* as a whole. Not one of them has the smallest consciousness of a principle, or of a well-defined difference between right and wrong. The best, or (more correctly speaking) the least bad, are mere creatures of impulse; and it may fairly be made a question whether such a society could have been held together under such a government, even with a friendly and powerful despot to prop it up. In fact, Beyle seems to have invented a race of men and women to square with his own theory of materialism, and to have shaped his story with an exclusive view to their idiosyncrasy. Much ingenuity has been displayed in contriving forced scenes for the development of their peculiarities, whilst strokes of refined irony, witty remarks, and clever sketches, are found in sufficient number to give a tempting flavor to the book; but the plot drags and bewilders, and the characters inspire no interest, because they want vitality, and because (like Swift's Yahoos) they are an outrage on nature and on truth. The in-

tended moral of the book is thus stated by the author:

"From all this, the moral to be drawn is, that the man who approaches the court, compromises his happiness, if he be happy, and in every case makes his future destiny depend on the intrigues of a *femme de chambre*. On the other side, in America, in the republic, one must bore oneself all day long with paying serious court to the shopkeepers of the street, and become as stupid as themselves; and there, no opera!"

In the concluding sentence spoke the true genius, the mocking, penetrating, and Epicurean spirit of the man.

It is one of the common whims or tricks of Fame to reward the pioneers and champions of progress in an inverse ratio to their deserts. When their victory over error or prejudice is complete, the struggle is speedily forgotten, and their services, sometimes their very names, are forgotten too. The rising generation, who have been wont to regard the presence of Victor Hugo and Scribe among the illustrious Forty as a thing of course, and who have crowded to the Français to see Rachel in *Angelo* or *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, will find it difficult to believe that less than forty years since the arm-chairs of the Academy would have been deemed desecrated by such occupants and the national theatre profaned by such performances. But the fact was so, and the complete change which public opinion in France has undergone on this class of subjects is owing in no slight degree to Beyle; who, in the first grand assault on classicism, led the forlorn hope, and made himself honorably conspicuous by the glitter of his weapon and the vigor of his stroke. Mérimée awards him the honor of having, so to speak, discovered Italian music for the Parisian amateurs. Saint Beuve, another high authority, says that Beyle, after having smoothed the way for the due appreciation of Cimarosa, Mozart, and Rossini by the French, was equally successful in clearing the horizon for the brilliant galaxy of writers who, during the last quarter of a century, have formed the pride and ornament of literature in France. When he came to the rescue, the Romanticists were out-numbered and hard-pressed. Whoever dared to transgress the unities of time and place, or to depart in the slightest degree from the prescriptive standards of orthodoxy in language, morals, manners, or dramatic



action, was hooted down or proscribed; whilst the Academicians, forming a compact body of literary policemen, and backed by the most influential journals, stood prepared to enforce or execute the decree. Their ground, however, was every way untenable, and they were soon thrown into confusion by the logic, sarcasms, and well-applied anecdotes of Beyle. At this distance of time from the controversy, a bare statement of the question will be enough.

"Romanticism," says Beyle, "is the art of presenting a people with the literary works which, in the actual condition of their habits and modes of faith, are capable of affording them the greatest possible amount of pleasure. Classicism, on the contrary, presents them with the literature which afforded the very greatest possible amount of pleasure to their great-grandfathers."

Then after showing that the very dramatists set up as models for the moderns by the classicists, were essentially romanticists in their day, he continues:

"The Abbé Delille was eminently romantic for the age of Louis XV. He was poetry made for the people, who at Fontenoy called, hat in hand, to the English, 'Gentlemen, fire first.' That is certainly very noble, but how can such persons have the effrontery to say that they admire Homer? The ancients would have laughed outright at our notion of honor. And this poetry is expected to please a Frenchman who was in the retreat from Moscow."

"The romanticists do not advise any one to imitate directly the dramas of Shakspeare. What should be imitated in this great man is, the manner of studying the world in the middle of which we live, and the art of giving our contemporaries precisely the kind of tragedy of which they are in want; but which they have not the audacity to claim, terrified as they are by the reputation of the great Racine. By accident, the new French tragedy would strangely resemble that of Shakspeare. But this would be merely because our circumstances (in 1823) are the same as those of England in 1590. We also have parties, executions, conspiracies. That man, who is laughing in a salon whilst reading this pamphlet, will be in prison in a week. The other, who is joking with him, will name the jury that will find him guilty."

It was by acting on this theory, by adroitly striking the chords in unison with the public mind, that, shortly afterwards, Alexandre Dumas attained the height of popularity by "Henri Trois," and "Anthony," in which not only all the old stage proprieties, but proprieties which can

never become obsolete, were systematically infringed.

The "Correspondance Inédite," on which we have already drawn largely for our biographical sketch, contains numerous specimens of criticism, observation, and description which go far towards justifying the estimate of the writer's intimate friends when they pronounce him to be better than his books. Unluckily, most of his letters, like his controversial writings, relate to bygone topics, or to publications which have fallen into oblivion or quietly settled down into their proper places, and either way have ceased to inspire interest enough to give zest to a commentary. The following passages, however, possess the double attraction of being both pointed and characteristic. He is mourning over the extinct race of *grand seigneurs*:

"I am not one of those philosophers who, when a heavy shower falls in the evening of a sultry day in June, are distressed by the rain, because it threatens injury to the crops, and, for example, to the blossoming of the vines. The rain, on such an evening, seems to me charming, because it relaxes the nerves, refreshes the air, and, in a word, makes me happy. I may quit the world to-morrow: I shall not drink of that wine, the blossoms of which embalm the hillocks of the Côte d'Or. All the philosophers of the eighteenth century have proved to me that the *grand seigneur* is a very immoral, very hurtful thing; to which I answer that I am passionately fond of a grand seigneur—high-bred and gay, like those I met in my family when I learnt to read. Society bereaved of these beings so gay, charming, amiable, taking nothing in the tragical vein, is, in my point of view, the year deprived of its spring."

"I seek for pleasure every day, for happiness as I can. I am fond of society, and I am grieved at the state of consumption and irritation to which it is reduced. Is it not very hard on me, who have but a day to pass in an apartment, to find it just then occupied by the masons, who are white-washing it; by the painters, who drive me away by the intolerable smell of their varnish; finally, by the carpenters, the noisiest of all, who are hammering away with all their might at the floor? All these vow that, but for them, the apartment would come down. Alas! gentlemen, why was it not my good luck to inhabit it the day before you set to work?"

Beyle's "History of Painting in Italy," which he transcribed seventeen times, fell still-born. His essay "De L'Amour," as we are candidly informed in the preface to the new edition, shared the same fate. Yet, despite his paradoxes and caprices, he must have been a very entertaining

and instructive cicerone; and, too frequently imbedded in masses of broken thought and incomplete theory, more than one specimen of his happiest manner will be found in this neglected volume upon Love. Take, for example, the introductory part of the story, entitled "Le Rameau de Salzbourg:"

"At the mines of Hallein, near Salzbourg, the miners throw into the pits that have been abandoned a bough stripped of its leaves: two or three months afterwards they find it entirely covered with brilliant crystallizations. The smallest branches, those which are not larger than the claw of a titmouse, are incrustated with an infinity of little glancing and glittering crystals. The primitive bough is no longer to be recognized. The miners never fail, when the sun is bright and the air perfectly dry, to offer these branches of diamonds to the travellers who are about to descend into the mine.

We omit the description of the party with whom the author visited these mines. All that it is necessary to know is, that one of his companions was a beautiful Italian.

"During our preparations for the descent, which were long, I amused myself with observing what was passing in the head of a good-looking, fair-complexioned Bavarian officer of hussars, who, although very handsome, had nothing of the coxcomb about him, and on the contrary appeared to be an *homme d'esprit*; it was Madame Gherardi (familiarly called the Ghita) who made the discovery. I saw him falling in love at first sight with the charming Italian, who was beside herself with pleasure at the thought of our soon finding ourselves five hundred feet under-ground, and was a thousand miles from the thought of making conquests. Before long I was astonished at the strange confidences which the officer made to me unconsciously. I warned Madame Gherardi, who, but for me, would have lost this spectacle to which perhaps a young woman is never insensible. What struck me most was the shade of insanity which unceasingly increased in his reflections. He kept finding in this woman perfections more and more invisible to my eyes. Every moment what he said painted with less resemblance the woman he was beginning to love. I said to myself, the Ghita cannot be the cause of all the transports of this poor German. For example, he began praising her hand, which had been affected in a singular manner by the small pox, and had remained very pitted and very brown.

"How to explain what I see? said I to myself. Where find a comparison to elucidate my thought? At this moment, Madame Gherardi was playing with the branch covered with crystals which the miners had just given her. There was a bright sunshine: it was the third of August, and the little saline prism shone as brilliantly as the finest diamonds in a well lighted ball-room. . . I told

the Ghita, 'The effect produced upon this young man by the nobleness of your Italian features, by those eyes such as he never saw before, is precisely similar to that which the crystallization has produced on the little branch which you hold in your hand and think so pretty. Stripped of its leaves by the winter, it was surely nothing less than dazzling. The crystallization of the salt has covered the blackened bough with these diamonds, so brilliant and so numerous, that except in a few places we can no longer see the branches as they are.'

"Well, and what is your conclusion?" said Madame Gherardi. 'That this bough,' I replied, 'faithfully represents the Ghita, such as she is seen in the imagination of this young officer.'

"That is to say, that you perceive as much difference between what I am in reality and the manner in which this amiable young man regards me, as between a little branch of dried elm and the pretty *aigrette* of diamonds which these miners have presented to me!

"Madame, the young officer discovers in you qualities that we, your old friends, have never seen. For example, we should never perceive an air of tender and compassionate *bonté*. As this young man is a German, the first quality of a woman in his eyes is *bonté*, and forthwith he reads the expression of it in your face. If he was an Englishman, he would endow you with the aristocratic and "lady-like" air of a duchess; but if he were I, he would see you such as you are, because for many a day, and to my misfortune, I can imagine nothing more fascinating."

The thought may have occurred to others, as when Congreve's Mirabel says to Millamant, "You are no longer handsome when you have lost your lover; your beauty dies upon the instant: for beauty is the lover's gift; 'tis he bestows your charms; your glass is all a cheat." But the theory was never so fully developed, or so gracefully expressed, and Beyle's carelessness, as well as his unreasonableness in complaining of not being understood, may be estimated from the fact that this story, which is the keynote of the book, was discovered amongst his papers, and first appeared in the posthumous edition. He has an odd theory to account for the alleged insensibility of English women:

"In England the wealthy classes, tired of staying at home, and under pretext of necessary exercise, complete their three or four leagues a day, as if man were created and placed on the globe to trot. In this manner they consume the nervous fluid by the legs and not by the heart. After which, forsooth, they presume to talk of feminine delicacy, and to despise Spain and Italy. Nothing, on the contrary, can be more free from

occupation than the young Italians; the motion which would deprive them of their sensibility is disagreeable to them. They may walk half a league occasionally as a painful security for health; as to the women, a Roman beauty does not take in a year as much exercise as a young *miss* in a week."

Beyle might have learnt that a young *miss* exercises her mind as well as her body; and it is a strange perversity of morals to claim the palm of "feminine delicacy" for women, who (if we may trust their eulogist) are trained to become languishing or capricious mistresses instead of faithful wives or intellectual companions, and taught that intrigue, not duty, is and ought to be the chief business and grand object of their lives. We shall conclude our extracts with an anecdote and a shrewd remark:

"Ought not the true pride of a woman to be placed in the energy of the sentiment she inspires? The courtiers of Francis the First were joking one of the queen-mother's maids of honor about the inconstancy of her lover, who, they said, had no real love for her. A short time afterwards this lover was taken ill, and reappeared at court dumb. One day, at the end of three years, when the same persons were expressing their astonishment at her loving him still, she said to him, 'Speak;' and he spoke."

"It not unfrequently happens that a clever man, in paying court to a woman, has done no more than make her think of love, and predispose her heart. She encourages this clever man, who gives her this pleasure. He conceives hopes. One fine day this woman meets the man who makes her feel what the other has described."

It is a redeeming feature in Beyle's character, to be set against a host of errors, that, in what he terms his affairs of the heart, he was remarkable for the delicacy and depth of his feelings, and the constancy of his attachment. "There was one woman," says *Mérimée*, "whose name he could never pronounce without trepidation in his voice. In 1836 (he was then fifty-three) he spoke to me of his love with

profound emotion. An affection, which dated very far back, was no longer returned. His mistress was growing reasonable, and he was as madly in love as at twenty. 'How can you still love me?' she asked; 'I am forty-five.' 'In my eyes,' said Beyle, 'she is as young as when we first met.' Then, with that spirit of observation which never left him, he detailed all the little symptoms of growing indifference that he had remarked. 'After all,' he said, 'her conduct is rational. She was fond of whist. She is fond of it no longer: so much the worse for me if I am still fond of whist. She is of a country where ridicule is the greatest of evils. To love at her age is ridiculous. During eighteen months she has risked this evil for my sake. This makes eighteen months of happiness that I have stolen from her.'"

Beyle, always too stout for elegance, grew corpulent as he advanced in years, and his portrait, as sketched by his friend M. Colomb, does not convey the impression of a lady-killer. But his brow was fine, his eye lively and penetrating, his mouth expressive, and his hand cast in so fine a mould that a celebrated sculptor applied for permission to take a cast of it for a statue of Mirabeau.

The utmost space we feel justified in devoting to this remarkable man is exhausted, and we cannot now notice any other of his works. We will merely add one observation which is equally applicable to all of them. They belong pre-eminently to what he calls the class of insolent works, which require and compel readers to think; and if (as many apprehend) the prevalent fashion for cheap literature should end by deteriorating the article and lowering the popular taste, there will be some comfort in reflecting that it has occasionally rescued from unmerited neglect the name and writings of a man of thought, observation and sensibility, like Beyle.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## MARRYAT'S SEA STORIES.

"LIST, ye landsmen, all to me!  
Messmates, hear a brother sailor  
Tell the dangers of the sea!"

UNDOUBTEDLY the most popular naval novelist Great Britain has yet produced is Captain Marryat, R.N. We are far from admitting that the popularity of an author is an impregnable certificate of his degree of merit. We could easily name popular living authors, in various departments of literature, who are arrant quacks, unblushing charlatans, whose pretensions are regarded with scorn and contempt by all honest and competent critics; and yet, by dint of puffery, cliqueism, business tact, and immeasurable impudence, they have wriggled their way into public favor, have got what is called a "Name," and their trashy books sell by thousands and tens of thousands, whilst works of incomparably greater merit don't even pay their expenses. This is a melancholy truth, much to be deplored by all right-thinking men who have the interests of literature at heart—for literature is the glory of a nation, and if it is in an unhealthy state (as it must ever be when quacks flourish and gullible readers abound), shame and discredit accrue to that nation. Of course, a few years suffice to consign these pretenders and their works to congenial obscurity, quickly followed by oblivion; but whilst their mushroom popularity endures, much mischief is done. Again, authors really of great ability in their peculiar line, will occasionally attain amazing temporary popularity, by dexterously humoring some whim of the day, some ephemeral literary fashion, and, by thus stimulating and catering for what is, as they well enough know, a false or morbid appetite, they, for a fleeting period, career triumphantly o'er the unstable billows of popular applause, and enjoy a fame and prosperity exceedingly pleasant—whilst it lasts. The reaction comes: the public has been gorged to repletion by high-spiced

artificial dishes, and it loathes its unwholesome banquet, and very penitently returns to honest roast-beef and plum-pudding. Then it is that these foolscap-crowned authors, who awoke one morning and found themselves famous, awake another morning and find themselves—dismissed, ignored, forgotten. They went up like rockets, they come down like sticks. There let them lie: we don't pity them; and we sincerely hope that a similar fate will speedily overtake certain literary mountebanks who are at this very moment capering and prancing, and spouting away, to the apparent delectation of immense audiences of gaping gomerals, but to the intense disgust of all sensible people.

But Captain Marryat was not in any way a charlatan, and he did not truckle to win temporary popularity; and yet he was, and continues to be, a preëminently popular author in his line. Now these facts—two negative, and one affirmative—point to the inevitable conclusion that Marryat must have produced works of genuine merit, and of a kind calculated to permanently command the sympathies, to interest and amuse, a very wide circle of readers. Such, indeed, is the simple general fact. He has not, in our opinion, written the best nautical fiction extant, but taking his works altogether, they place him at the very head of (British) naval novelists; the only other two who may be classed immediately after him being Michael Scott (author of "Tom Cringle," etc.), and Captain Chamier. Our other chief naval novelists, namely, Captain Glascock, H. M. Barker (the "Old Sailor"), Howard (best known as author of "Rattlin the Reefer," which is often erroneously attributed to Marryat himself, although he merely "edited" it), Johnson

Neale (author of "Cavendish," "Paul Periwinkle," etc.), and some others, must be rankled a long chalk (to use an expressive Americanism) below the above-named, notwithstanding they have all more or less distinctive merit.

"Peter Simple" was the work that first effectually introduced Captain Marryat to the public, and made his name famous. It was the most successful English naval fiction ever published. No work of the kind had such immense success before, nor has any whatever (even by Marryat himself) rivalled it in popularity since. The author, we believe, received in all the large sum of £2,000 for its copyright. Ah! what would we not give to enjoy "Peter Simple" now, as we did in our happy boyhood! When we turn over its familiar pages, we involuntarily sigh, and exclaim, in the words of Goethe:

"Give, oh give me back the days,  
The time when I myself was young!  
The longing for the true—the real,  
The pleasure in the bright ideal!"

'Twould be worth being young again, could we only feel the hilarious delight we experienced on first reading "Peter Simple," and others of Marryat's works. He received a "Good Service Pension" as a post-captain, and we think he also richly deserved another pension for good service of a different kind; and the reason it was not accorded probably may be attributed to the fact, that neither the Admiralty nor the Government are sufficiently enlightened and patriotic to appreciate the value of that man's services, who, by the magic influence of his writings, upholds the honor of the navy, and inspires spirited youths to enter it as cadets. No author, whomsoever, has sent so many young gentlemen to sea as Captain Marryat. We solemnly warn, advise, and conjure all tender and loving mammas, who wisely wish to keep their darlings safely at home, not to permit Marryat's sea-fictions to be read, devoured, gloated over, by their ingenuous boys, until the latter are well on to seventeen, for, by a recent regulation, youths are now allowed to enter even at sixteen years of age. Above all, guard against "Peter Simple," and "Mr. Midshipman Easy!" for the adventures of these model reefers exercise an irresistible fascination over all lads who have an innate predilection for the sea, and they are straight-

way seized with an almost unquenchable emulative thirst, which will too probably only be satiated when they have swung their hammocks in one of her Majesty's ships or vessels of war. So beware, mammas, say we!

Our conscience being materially lightened by the delivery of the above sage and sound piece of advice, we will now proceed, by no means oblivious of our own youthful reminiscences of Marryat's sea-stories, to pass them in review, and give our mature critical judgment of them in mass. Our old friend "Peter Simple," of course, heads the phalanx, or, we ought to say, fleet. The others we must enumerate, not in the order in which they were launched on the ocean of literature, but just as they now come to hand: "Jacob Faithful," "King's Own," "Frank Mildmay," "Japhet in search of a Father," "Masterman Ready," "Midshipman Easy," "Newton Forster," "Percival Keene," "Poor Jack," "Pirate and Three Cutters," "Snarleyow," "Privateersman." Most of them are well thumbed—the degree of *thumbing*, in fact, which a work of fiction has undergone, is often a tolerably correct indication of its merit. Your Public is, after all, the best critic! So thought my Lord Byron—so think we.

These books are of various degrees of merit, however. We should class four as being decidedly the best liners of the fleet: namely, "Peter Simple," "Frank Mildmay," "King's Own," and "Midshipman Easy." A good seaman, who was also well read in sea-fictions, once assured us that, in his own opinion, the last named work was the very best Marryat ever wrote; but we did not agree with him. As second-raters, we would class "Jacob Faithful," "Japhet," "Masterman Ready," and "Percival Keene." We propose to notice the above, more or less, in the course of this article, but not in separate detail, as that would be unnecessary, for a reason we shall hereafter give.

Five works of the thirteen are, comparatively, so inferior, that we shall, once for all, dismiss them here, each with a few lines of remark, which is all they can justly claim at our hands.

"Poor Jack" is, like all Marryat's works, amusing and humorous, and in some parts graphic and instructive; but as a whole, it is a strange jumble, and hardly worthy the illustrations with which our edition is embellished. The *title* is capital for a sea-

story, but the hero is a very different personage from what any one would reasonably anticipate. The best parts of the book are those descriptive of the life led by the old pensioners of Greenwich.

"Newton Forster; or, the Merchant Service," is mediocre, but contains a few striking scenes. Captain Marryat was not sufficiently *au fait* with the merchant service to do justice to his subject, and anything but a good idea of the service in question is conveyed in his veracious pages.

"The Pirate and the Three Cutters" is not, as its title would seemingly imply, a single story, but two in one volume. The "Pirate" is a bustling and thorough melodramatic sort of a yarn, exceedingly well adapted to please sentimental young ladies, and it is garnished with divers cut-throat corsair episodes, which Byronic youths will gloat over, although the aforesaid thrilling scenes are a great deal too much in the style of Holywell-street horrors to elicit anything but a feeling nigh akin to disgust from people of taste and judgment. We marvel that a man like Marryat should have condescended to scribble rawhead-and-bloody-bone clap-trap. (He did as bad, or worse, by the bye, in describing the doings of a pirate-schooner in "Percival Keene.") The pirate vessel is called the *Avengeur*—and this reminds us of the melancholy fate of the *Avengeur* frigate, which a few years ago was totally lost off the coast of Africa, and all on board, except four, perished. A son of Captain Marryat was first-lieutenant of this ill-fated ship, and bore a high character as a most gallant and popular officer. He had repeatedly saved men at the peril of his own life, and only a few weeks before he was lost, he leaped overboard and preserved a poor fellow. His death was a terrible shock to the veteran post-captain and author, who, it was said, never recovered the blow, and he certainly died in less than a year after the catastrophe. Not many months ago, the last surviving son of Captain Marryat, Frank, died at the early age of twenty-nine. He had served as a midshipman, and subsequently went to California. He was a clever writer, and an accomplished sketcher and draughtsman, and produced an interesting book on "Borneo," and also a lively account of his adventures in California, under the whimsical title of "Mountains and Mole-hills." To resume. The second part of the work we are noticing, "The Three Cutters," is

a mere spun-out magazine sketch, brisk enough, but outrageously improbable in its incidents. The book, however, is remarkable for having been published in a sumptuous edition, illustrated by twenty exquisite plates, from designs by that prince of marine artists, Clarkson Stanfield.

"Snarleyow; or the Dog Fiend," possesses no literary merit, but it is certainly a laughable book, though we suspect it will hardly bear to be twice read. It is all about a cutter, and smugglers, &c. The scenes ashore, at the sailors' Dutch drinking-houses (or "boozing-kens," to use flash English), are graphic, albeit coarse, and the dog Snarleyow figures prominently, though he is not quite so diabolical as the title of the book would imply.

"The Privateersman a Hundred Years Ago," is the very poorest fiction Marryat ever published. It is only fitted for the perusal of very good little boys, of from five to ten years of age—and it would not entertain them much, we believe. The only thing in it worth print and paper is a page or two wherein the author soundly denounces privateering as immoral and inexpedient.

The rubbish being cleared away, we have prepared a good foundation for our edifice. In other words, having summarily disposed of the chaff, we have eight grains of wheat—eight books more or less able—left as wholesome food to be masticated by our critical grinders. We have already said that we do not intend to review them in separate detail, and the reason is, there is such a family likeness—all so much resemble coins from the same mint—that it would be a work of supererogation. We shall, therefore, only refer to these works individually when we find occasion to seek for passages to illustrate our remarks on their characteristics as a group of sea-fictions.

Captain Marryat was not a man of *genius*. That is an important fact to commence with. Herein, we conceive, is the key to explain the immense difference between him and that mighty transatlantic sea-novelist, Fenimore Cooper. Marryat had great and versatile talent, and was full of genuine humor, but he lacked genius. His best books are all constructed on one system—a very simple and easy one for the writer, and one that no man could better succeed with than himself. They usually open with a richly humor-

ous chapter or two, introducing us to the hero and his family, and this hero is pretty sure to be a mischief-loving ne'er-do-well, who is sent to sea to learn good morals and manners, or else he personally elects to enter a man-o'-war from an innate conviction that he will be amazingly happy in a midshipman's berth. The books are mainly occupied by the escapades of these interesting young gentlemen, until they become lieutenants, commanders, and post-captains, and of course we have then details of their actions with French ships, Dutch corvettes, and Spanish gun-boats and feluccas, and their love-makings, intrigues, and marriages. As to plot, there is rarely one worth naming (but this is *not* a fault in a sea-fiction), nor is there any leading incident which strongly fixets our attention. Marryat could not powerfully excite our interest, neither in his individual ships, his leading characters, or his general story. We care little or nothing for the fate of either. We read only for amusement, for occasional recreation, and in that are never disappointed. He is, par excellence, the prince of nautical *gossippers*. We do not doubt that the majority of the innumerable anecdotes and little episodes introduced in his stories, are genuine; that is, they are not mere coinages of the brain, but actual facts which the author had either witnessed or heard at first or second hand; but no doubt he colored them to heighten effect and suit his purpose. He must have been a greedy picker-up of mess-table gossip, and of galley-yarns (but in full-length galley-yarns Captain Glascock decidedly excelled him), and his memory was either uncommonly tenacious, or else, which is highly probable, he jotted down in his note-book any tit-bit he heard.

Marryat's style is remarkably fluent and easy, but rather slovenly and slipshod; he never troubled himself to amend and correct his first draught, we will be bound. In one of his books he coolly tells us how he wrote it, at odd spells, and subject to all manner of interruptions, in his cabin at sea (whilst captain of the ship), on a cruise in sweltering latitudes; and he mentions this by way of explaining the random nature of the work, giving us a sort of impression that he privately exclaimed in reference to his readers—"There, take that, you dogs! and be thankful for what you can get. It isn't

every post-captain of His Majesty's navy who would condescend to scribble disjointed yarns in his leisure hours at sea to amuse a set of land-lubbers like you, who don't know the difference between a hand-spike and a marlingspike!" We don't recollect whether he quoted (as he very aptly might have done) the first stanzas of the Earl of Dorset's celebrated ballad:

"To all you ladies now on land,  
We men at sea indite;  
But first would have you understand  
How hard it is to write;  
The Muses now, and Neptune, too,  
We must implore to write to you.  
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la.

"For though the Muses should prove kind,  
And fill our empty brain;  
Yet if rough Neptune rose the wind,  
To wave the azure main,  
Our paper, pen, and ink, and me,  
Roll up and down in ships at sea.  
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la."

We have a vehement suspicion that Captain Marryat's readers are not a little indebted to the printer, and the printer's *reader*, for even as it is, we notice in his works many badly-constructed sentences, and grammatical errors. We dare say that the gallant captain's *copy* (as MS. is technically called) required a great deal of careful revision. Post-captains are not often very elegant and precise writers, and we all now know that even distinguished admirals write in utter defiance of all the ordinary rules of grammar, spelling, and punctuation. It was, by the bye, an ungenerous and cruel act of the *Times* to publish Sir Charles Napier's recent letter *verb. et lit.* Whatever the provocation, still, we say, the Leviathan of the press ought to have forborne, in consideration of the long roll of gallant services performed of yore by the old sea-king, and not have pilloried him, that every puny school-boy and Miss might laugh at blunders for which they themselves would have been soundly and deservedly whipt, had they been the perpetrators thereof. Setting aside Fighting Charley's lubberly spelling, etc., there was nothing to despise in his letter, for it contained much sound sense and manful remonstrance. We cry shame to the *Times*, and in spite of it yet exclaim—"Charley is *our* darling!" And we really should like to see an MS. of Captain Marryat's. Who knows whether it would be spelt and

punctuated a bit better than old Charley's letters?

Marryat abounds with humor—real, unaffected, buoyant, overflowing English humor. Many *bits* of his writings strongly remind us of Dickens, and we must bear in mind that most of them were written before Dickens became the bright star, “observed of all observers,” in our literary firmament. He is an incorrigible joker, and frequently relates such droll anecdotes and adventures, that the gloomiest hypochondriac could not read them without involuntarily indulging in the unwonted luxury of a hearty cachinnation. He is certainly a prosaic writer, yet his plain, matter-of-fact way has an especial charm for many readers; and his books abound in shrewd worldly remarks and valuable snatches of practical philosophy. Although it perhaps would not be unfair were we to assert that the adventures and misadventures, the doings and misdoings, the tricks, quips, pranks, and wanton wiles of middies, form the staple material of his writings, yet there are other prominent ingredients. A landsman will derive a good general idea of the navy (*as it was*), from Marryat's stories; and they also contain many interesting and graphic descriptive sketches of the scenery and manners of foreign countries, especially the West Indies. His writings are interspersed with much sound and excellent practical advice to young officers, and we should opine that the latter could hardly fail to derive professional benefit from a careful perusal of such passages. Marryat also clearly and ably details the manœuvres of ships, and his “Peter Simple” contains the very best description ever written of that delicate and momentous evolution, the *chub-hauling* of a ship. Of course, he also gives some occasional dashing pictures of minor naval exploits during the last war, but we should not be disposed to accept them as historically accurate; and in describing even imaginary actions at sea, it seems to us that Marryat was rather prone to exaggeration. In “Percival Keene,” he describes the capture of a Dutch 38-gun frigate by an English frigate, and gives the loss of the Dutchman at 147 killed, 151 wounded; total 298! It is true the Dutchman is said to have had a detachment of troops on board, and we all know how doggedly obstinate those broad-bottomed gentry are. Marryat nearly always makes his

actions desperately bloody; but in this case, the fight reminds us rather too much of the celebrated battle-royal between the two Kilkenny cats, who fought all night, and in the morning nothing remained of them but the tail of one, and a fore paw of the other! The cowardly old purser of the English frigate is represented as having, whilst stupefied with fear, presented *his* report of the killed and wounded to the captain, and it was found to read thus:—“Pieces of beef, 10; ditto, pork, 19; raisins, 17; marines, 10.” Bravo, Marryat! you never stick at a trifle, provided you could make your readers laugh. Poor old purser Culpepper might well be excused for entering raisins in his list of killed and wounded, for his store-room had recently been robbed by an illustrious young reefer, one Mr. Tommy Dott, who was detected in the very act, with his pockets stuffed full of juicy raisins. Mr. Culpepper solemnly predicted that he should live to see Mr. Tommy hanged; but he didn't, which must have been a sore disappointment to the vindictive old purser.

Although Captain Marryat was himself emphatically an officer of the old service, and deeply imbued with its spirit and traditions, we feel cordial pleasure in noting the fact that in more than one respect, he nobly rose superior to its prejudices, and manfully maintained opinions diametrically opposed to those doggedly upheld by the school in which he had been professionally educated. He not only drew some over true characters (especially a full-length portrait of a Captain G——, one of those demons incarnate, who too frequently disgraced and cursed the old service, but the like of whom, happily, cannot be found in the navy now-a-days), with a view to gibbet such diabolical sea-tyrants, and expose them to the abhorrence of the world; but he also strongly deprecated flogging, and said that he himself, in his capacity of a captain, never resorted to it except when absolutely compelled, and then ordered and witnessed (as in duty bound) its infliction, with profoundly painful feelings. He evinced a similarly liberal spirit on the *verata* question of press-gangs. In “Frank Mildmay,” speaking of press-gangs, he describes his hero as commanding a party of seamen at Quebec, thus employed in kidnapping men, and puts the following impressive words in his mouth—words, which the



few remaining advocates of press-gangs may ponder with profit:—"I became an enthusiast in man-hunting, although sober reflection has since convinced me of its cruelty, injustice, and inexpediency, tending to drive seamen from the country, more than any measure the government could adopt. I cared not one farthing about the liberty of the subject, as long as I got my ship well manned for the impending conflict; and as I gratified my love of adventure, I was as thoughtless of the consequences as when I rode over a farmer's turnips in England, or broke through his hedge in pursuit of a fox."

We have, ourselves, written strongly against press-gangs, and we need hardly add that we deeply sympathize with all that Captain Marryat said to advocate their permanent abolition. We regret to add that Captain Glascock (whose writings we otherwise hold in much esteem) wrote energetically in support of impressment. We believe that Captain Marryat wrote a pamphlet expressly against press-gangs. We have either read or heard that Marryat's humane and enlightened, ay, and just and wise, opinions on this subject were exceedingly unpalatable to our somewhat bigoted and not over gifted sailor-King, William the Fourth, who, it is said, on Captain Marryat's name being submitted to His Majesty as one deserving of a pension for good services (or some similar reward), exclaimed—"What! Marryat? Why, that's the fellow who wrote against impressment. He shall not have it!" (We quote the words from memory.) Even so, O most sapient monarch! and yet Captain Marryat *did* eventually receive the well-earned reward.

If the above anecdote be authentic (and for aught we know it is), we need not marvel if Captain Marryat chewed the cud of reflection thereon; and that he apparently did so, there is some curious evidence in more than one of his works. For example, in "Frank Mildmay," he writes a short passage, which we shall here quote (from the original edition, published in 1842), not only for its intrinsic significance, but also because it justifies our previous strictures relative to the slovenly style of writing too frequent in Marryat's books. He says: "Strange to say, for a succession of reigns, the navy never has been popular at Court. In that region, *where merit of any kind is seldom permitted to intrude*, the navy have [has]

generally been at a discount. Each succession of the House of Hanover has been hailed by its members [our careless author means the members of the navy, not those of the House of Hanover] with fresh hopes of a change in their favor, which hopes have ended in disappointment; but perhaps it is as well. The navy require [requires] no prophet to tell it, in the literal sense of the word, that one cannot touch pitch without being defiled; but there is a moral pitch, the meanness, the dishonesty, and servility of the Court, with which I trust our noble service will never be contaminated." We think the reader of this will exclaim with us—"By'r lady! but these be bitter words!" Ay, bitter enough, good sooth, but are they not also true? At any rate, they *were* true when Marryat wrote.

Captain Marryat rarely treated his readers to any but the briefest pictures of the phenomena of ocean, and of the manner in which ships are handled so as to battle with and triumph over imminent elemental dangers. "Frank Mildmay," however, contains a really capital (albeit concise) description of a ship overtaken by a hurricane in the West Indies. It is evidently truthful, and it is, we think, the most graphic and interesting passage of the kind in all Marryat's writings; yet we have only to compare it with similar pictures of a ship struggling with the elements, in Fenimore Cooper's greatest works, and we see at a glance the immeasurable superiority of the American author in that style of writing. Let the reader even refer to two of Cooper's latest sea-novels, "Homeward Bound" and "Afloat and Ashore," and he will perceive the truth of our allegation, although these two books are not to be named with Cooper's earlier works. In justice to Marryat, we will give the most material portions of his hurricane scene:

"The wind was from the north-west—the water, as it blew on board, and all over us, was warm as milk; the murkiness and close smell of the air was in a short time dispelled; but such was the violence of the wind, that on the moment of its striking the ship, she lay over on her side with her lee-guns under water. Every article that could move was danced to leeward; the shot flew out of the lockers, and the greatest confusion and dismay prevailed below, while above deck things went still worse; the mizenmast and the fore and main-topmast went over the side; but such was the noise of the wind that we could not hear them fall, nor did I, who was standing close to the

mizenmast at the moment, know it was gone until I turned round and saw the stump of the mast snapped in two like a carrot. The noise of the wind 'waxed louder and louder:' it was like one continued peal of thunder; and the enormous waves as they rose were instantly beheaded by its fury, and sent in foaming spray along the bosom of the deep; the storm-staysails flew to atoms: the captain, officers, and men stood aghast, looking at each other, and waiting the awful event in utter amazement.

"The ship lay over on her larboard side so heavily as to force in the gun-ports and the nettings of the waist hammocks, and seemed as if settling bodily down, while large masses of water, by the force of the wind, were whirled up into the air; and others were pouring down the hatchways, which we had not time to batten down, and before we had succeeded, the lower deck was half full, and the hammocks were all floating about in dreadful disorder. The sheep, cows, pigs, and poultry were all washed overboard, out of the waist, and drowned. ["And drowned!" What need to tell us that? Any living thing washed overboard in a hurricane *must* perish.] No voice could be heard, and no orders were given—all discipline was suspended—captain and sweeper clung alike to the same rope for security.

"The fore and mainmasts still stood, supporting the weight of rigging and wreck which hung to them, and which, like a powerful lever, pressed the laboring ship down on her side. To disengage this enormous top-hammer, was, to us, an object more to be desired than expected. Yet the case was desperate. . . . The danger of sending a man aloft was so imminent, that the captain would not order one on this service, but, calling the ship's company on the quarter-deck, pointed to the impending wreck; and by signs and gestures and hard bawling, convinced them, that unless the ship was immediately eased of her burden, she must go down.

"At this moment every wave seemed to make a deeper and more fatal impression on her. She descended rapidly in the hollows of the seas, and rose with a dull and exhausted motion, as if she could do no more. She was worn out in the contest, and about to surrender, like a noble and battered fortress, to the overwhelming power of her enemies. The men seemed stupefied with the danger; and, I have no doubt, could they have got at the spirits, would have made themselves drunk, and, in that state, have met their inevitable fate. At every lurch the mainmast appeared as if making the most violent efforts to disengage itself from the ship; the weather-shrouds became like taut bars of iron, while the lee-shrouds hung over in a semi-circle to leeward, or, with the weather-roll, banged against the mast, and threatened instant destruction, each moment, from the convulsive jerks. We expected to see the mast fall, and with it, the side of the ship to be beaten in. No man could be found daring enough, at the captain's request, to venture aloft and cut away the wreck of the main-topmast and the main-yard, which was hanging up and down, with the weight of the topsail-yard resting upon it. There was a

dead and stupid pause while the hurricane, if anything, increased in violence."

This is very good indeed (setting aside some loose and misty writing which the intelligent reader will easily discover without our aid), and we will honestly admit that if we had never read Cooper's grand and unrivalled pictures of storms and hurricanes, we should rate Marryat's much higher than we are now disposed to do.

The most valuable—perhaps the only permanently valuable quality of Marryat's writings, apart from their incidental instructive lessons to young officers, consists of his vivid pictures of life in the Old Service. Thoroughly at home was he on this (to him) genial topic. He was cognizant of the traditions of the old service to an extraordinary degree, and could minutely depict its ships, its captains and officers, and its gallant pigtailed tars, hitting off their several peculiarities with free yet firm and graphic touches. Marryat is rather too much an old service man himself in one or two respects—we allude to his not unfrequent coarseness of both language and ideas. The oaths and blasphemy which he puts in the mouths of many of his characters are quite indefensible. Nor is that the worst. He does not hesitate to relate the broadest jokes and anecdotes, which, even admitting them to be allowable at the mess-table (which we very much doubt), are certainly not fit for appearing in type. He never could let slip an opportunity to indulge in *double entendres* and indelicate innuendoes, and on this ground alone we distinctly state our opinion that certain of his works are not exactly proper to be placed in the hands of a modest youth or a pure-minded maiden. Look at "Frank Mildmay," too, as a specimen of the very questionable *incidents* which Marryat sometimes detailed. We object to Frank's criminal intrigues with Eugenia in England, and with Carlotta in the West Indies, as being, to say the least, in very bad taste. We really believe that Captain Marryat honestly intended to inculcate good lessons by showing what misery resulted from these intrigues, but we cannot conceive what good could result from detailing them. They *may* sully the innocent mind, but they can hardly reform the already guilty. Marryat's *intentions* generally were excellent, and in themselves praiseworthy, but like most officers of the old school he had

unconsciously contracted habits of speaking and writing with too much freedom and levity, and his notions of what is and is not permissible to be openly spoken of in reference to the sex, appear to have been cloudy and indistinct. Let us not be misunderstood. We by no means imply that Marryat was anything so coarse as Smollett, and sure are we that the gallant captain had not the remotest idea that he trespassed too much beyond the bounds of decorum and sound morality. His head was to blame, not his heart.

We have, however, another charge against him. He too often related stories of an irreverent tendency. We abhor cant, but we protest, far more in sorrow than in anger, against the shocking expressions which so many of his prominent characters indulge in. It is not to be expected that rough seamen, and old-school officers, should talk as correctly and devoutly as the Archbishop of Canterbury; but surely an author is not justified in making them utter blasphemies which cause us to shudder with horror; nor is he to be defended when he relates anecdotes which are intrinsically profane, although related in such a manner that the thoughtless will laugh. We nevertheless acquit Captain Marryat of *intentional* profanity; and innumerable brief passages throughout his writings also bear witness that at heart he was sincerely impressed with sound religious convictions and aspirations. We have deemed it our duty to refer to and deprecate the above grave faults of our old favorite, and now gladly turn to pleasanter parts of our task.

Captain Marryat's works contain quite a gallery of striking sketches of original characters. We can never forget his daguerreotype portraits of Captain G——, the brutal, infamous tyrant; of Captain Kearney, the good-natured and generous commanding officer, but such a consummate and unparalleled liar, that he never in his life spoke the truth, *unless by mistake*; of Captain Horton, young and brave as a lion, but so inordinately slothful, that he would not even get up from his cot when his ship was in imminent danger during a gale, preferring, apparently, to go to the bottom in his bed rather than be at the trouble to turn out on deck; of Captain Hawkins, the mean, spying, creeping coward; and of many other captains and officers whom we cannot enumerate. As a specimen, however, of the clever and hu-

morous way in which Marryat could exhibit, for our amusement, an officer remarkable for some idiosyncrasy, let us quote the description which O'Brien gives to Peter Simple of a captain aptly nicknamed "Avoirdupois:"

"What do you mean by a jackass frigate?" inquired I.

"I mean one of your twenty-eight gun ships, so called, because there is as much difference between them and a real frigate, like the one we are sailing in, as there is between a donkey and a race-horse. Well, the ship was no sooner brought down to the dockyard to have her ballast taken in, than our captain came down to her—a little, thin, spare man, but a man of weight nevertheless, for he brought a great pair of scales with him, and weighed every thing that was put on board. I forget his real name, but the sailors christened him Captain Avoirdupois. He had a large book, in which he inserted the weight of the ballast, and of the shot, water, provisions, coals, standing and running rigging, cables, and everything else. Then he weighed all the men, and all the midshipmen, and all the midshipmen's chests, and all the officers, with everything belonging to them; lastly, he weighed himself, which did not add much to the sum total. I don't exactly know what this was for; but he was always talking about centres of gravity, displacement of fluid, and nobody knows what. I believe it was to find out the longitude somehow or other, but I didn't remain long enough in her to know the end of it; for one day I brought on board a pair of new boots, which I forgot to report, that they might be put into the scales which swung on the gangway; and whether the captain thought they would sink his ship, or for what, I cannot tell, but he ordered me to quit her immediately—so there I was adrift again. I packed up my traps and went on shore, putting on my new boots out of spite, and trod into all the mud and mire I could meet, and walked up and down from Plymouth to Dock until I was tired, as a punishment to them, until I wore the scoundrels out in a fortnight."

The above paragraph is, as the French cook said of his chef d'œuvre, *impayable*—like a good many similar bits in Marryat's books. Ere quitting the subject of old service captains, we may remark that in speaking of Peter Simple when he passed his examination for lieutenant, Marryat says that most captains knew little or nothing of navigation, for they merely acquired it by *rote* when midshipmen, and forgot nearly all about it when lieutenants, and when captains could merely prick off the ship's position on a chart, the *master* being responsible for the reckoning. He broadly declares his opinion, that were captains themselves examined as to their knowledge of navigation, nineteen in twenty would

be disgracefully plucked! This might be true enough of the old service, but we should say not of the new. Captains, and all officers now-a-days, are required to possess more scientific knowledge. So far as thorough practical seamanship was concerned, however, we have little hesitation in expressing our opinion that the old service officers were superior to the majority of those of Queen Victoria's. Rely upon it, steam screw-liners are *not* the best possible schools for seamanship, neither for officers nor blue-jackets. But the progression of the navy—practical seamanship only excepted—since the close of the last war, has been truly immense. The ships are incomparably superior; the officers are more gentlemanly, and infinitely less cruel and tyrannical; navigation, and naval gunnery especially, have vastly improved; the men are treated now *as* men, and though brave and daring as ever, are better informed, and have more self-respect than the pig-tailed Jacks of past generations. Just let us hear what Captain Marryat has to say of a frigate half a century ago! He calls it "a ship crowded with 300 men, where oaths and blasphemy interlarded every sentence; where religion was wholly neglected, and *the only honor paid to the Almighty was a clean shirt on a Sunday*; where implicit obedience to the will of an officer was considered of more importance than the observance of the Decalogue; and the commandments of God were in a manner abrogated by the articles of war—for the first might be broken with impunity, and *even with applause*, while the most severe punishment awaited any infraction of the latter." There's an awful picture for you! Well might men-o'-war be called Floating Hells! And when we boast of the past triumphs of our navy, it would be well to bear in mind these fearful revelations of an eye-witness.

Great as Captain Marryat was on the subject of old service captains, he was yet greater on midshipmen. We suppose he himself must have been a prime specimen of a youngster—mischievous as a monkey, and continually in scrapes and dangers, but somehow always managing to alight on his feet again like a cat; for otherwise how *could* he describe mids and their doings in the way he has done? We always picture him to our mind's eye as a reefer, very like his own Percival Keene; and how he ever could find in his heart to punish midship-

men when he became a captain, is more than we can conceive—but his first lieutenant would save him any twinge of conscience. Marryat, as an author, intensely *enjoyed* describing the peccadilloes of middies. How he must have chuckled behind his pen when portraying Mr. Tommy Dott, and other demure young gentlemen of kindred genius! We are much afraid that a perusal of Post-captain Marryat's works has suggested many a naughty trick to modern reefers, though their own brains are certainly fertile enough in all matters of mischief. The medal has a graver side.

The life of a midshipman partook of the general coarseness and severity prevalent in every grade of the old service. The arrangements of the midshipmen's berths were not merely devoid of all personal comfort, but really were hardly consistent with common decency; and the license of conduct prevalent was such, that the characters of the "young gentlemen" inevitably became morally deteriorated to a melancholy degree. No matter how gentlemanly, and modest, and innocent a young lad might be when he first joined his ship, he could not resist the contagion of the berth. He was hourly habituated to blasphemous and obscene language; he was sworn at, cuffed, kicked, robbed, beaten, and maltreated in all manner of ways; he could not help beholding the vicious practices of his messmates, their brutality, drunkenness, and licentiousness; and what at first shocked, frightened, and revolted him, soon became fatally familiar. A few weeks, or at most a few months, were sure to be sufficient to make him just as bad as the rest. He must either become one of them in all respects, or else quit the service in disgust. There was no alternative. However morally and religiously a boy had been brought up at home, however anxious he might be to avoid evil and continue good, he could not overcome the contaminating influence of the midshipmen's berth. We cannot enter into unseemly details on this sad topic, but our assertions are based on incontrovertible testimonies. Of course there were some rare, very rare, exceptions, especially when the captain of the ship happened to be a good, moral, and religious man, who felt it his duty to look strictly after the personal conduct of his midshipmen. But alas! how few cap-

tains were of this class in the old service! We might count them upon the fingers of one hand, we verily believe!

Let us now hasten to say that the old service midshipmen were hard-worked fellows, and very rapidly learnt the arduous duties of their profession. They soon became enthusiastically attached to the service, and were exceedingly eager to distinguish themselves, which they had superabundant opportunities of doing. And although, as we have plainly intimated, they were permitted a shameful and degrading license in their berth, they were yet subjected to a severe discipline *on duty*. The youngest had to strictly keep watch, and were tautly looked after on deck. Little mercy was shown them when they had incurred punishment. Half-a-dozen mids were almost daily perched at the mast-heads of any ship of size, and we have somewhere read of a ship's crosstrees being so loaded with delinquent reefers, that the boatswain humorously suggested the propriety of setting up preventer-stays to save the topmasts from toppling overboard! Mast-heading is now nearly obsolete, and a very good thing too, for it was, in cold rough weather, rather too severe a punishment, and one marvels that frequent fatal accidents did not occur from the practice, especially when we recollect that some luckless youngsters actually spent one-half of their time at the cross-trees! Worse than mast-heading, youngsters were liable to be flogged in the cabin, with a cat (the midshipmites' cat!) solely dedicated to their private use, service, and benefit. A captain, moreover, could (and not unfrequently actually did) at his will and pleasure turn a poor mid forward to do duty before the mast, until his High Mightiness thought the peccant youngster sufficiently punished, and so permitted him to resume duty on the quarter-deck.

We have made the foregoing observations as preliminary to Marryat's pictures of life in the midshipmen's berth, which we shall now introduce to the notice of the reader. We intend to confine ourselves to a single work of our author—viz., "Frank Mildmay," one of the very best he produced. First let us have a glimpse of poor Frank on the eve of joining his dashing frigate at Plymouth. We think it is a capital and characteristic fragment:

"One of the red-letter days of my life was that on which I first mounted the uniform of a midshipman. My pride and ecstasy were beyond description. I had discarded the school and schoolboy's dress, and with them my almost stagnant existence. . . . I had arrayed myself in my uniform; my dirk was belted round my waist; a cocked hat, of an enormous size, stuck on my head; and perfectly satisfied with my own appearance, at the last survey which I had made in the glass, I rang for the chambermaid under pretence of telling her to make my room tidy, but, in reality, that she might admire and compliment me, which she very wisely did; and I was fool enough to give her half-a-crown and a kiss, for I felt myself quite a man. The waiter, to whom the chambermaid had in all probability communicated the circumstance, presented himself, and having made me a low bow, offered the same compliments, and received the same reward, save the kiss."

When Frank at length gets on board, and duly joins, we are favored with a description of a midshipman's berth (in 1803), very graphic, and we know it to be perfectly faithful—that is, it describes unexaggeratedly the miserable dog-hole in which young gentlemen were then berthed, like hogs in a sty. Marryat tells us how his hero descended from the half-deck to 'tween decks, and into the steerage:

"In the forepart of which, on the larboard side, a-breast of the mainmast, was my future residence—a small hole, which they called a berth; it was ten feet long by six, and about five feet four inches high: a small aperture, about nine inches by six, admitted a very scanty portion of that which we most needed—namely, fresh air, and daylight. A deal table occupied a very considerable extent of this small apartment, and on it stood a brass candlestick, with a dip candle, and a wick like a full-blown carnation. The table-cloth was spread, and the stains of port-wine and gravy too visibly indicated the near approach of Sunday."

We pass over Frank's reception by his messmates—which would be much more entertaining to the reader than it was to him, poor fellow!—and quote a graphic picture of the young gentlemen at their luxurious supper, on which interesting occasion they sat on their lockers round the table, almost as tightly jammed as Lochfine herrings in a barrel:

"The population here very far exceeded the limits usually allotted to human beings in any situation of life, except in a slave ship. The midshipmen, of whom there were eight full-grown, and four

youngsters, were without either jackets or waistcoats; some of them had their shirt-sleeves rolled up, either to prevent the reception or to conceal the absorption of dirt in the region of the wristbands. The repast on the table consisted of a can, or large black-jack, of small beer, and a japan breadbasket full of sea biscuit. To compensate for this simple fare, and at the same time to cool the atmosphere of the berth, the table was covered with a large green cloth with a yellow border, and many yellow spots withal, where the color had been discharged by slops of vinegar, hot tea, &c., &c.; a sack of potatoes stood in one corner, and the shelves all round, and close over our heads, were stuffed with plates, glasses, quadrants, knives and forks, loaves of sugar, dirty stockings and shirts, and still fouler tablecloths, smalltooth combs and ditto large, clothes brushes and shoe brushes, cocked hats, dirks, German flutes, mahogany writing desks, a plate of salt butter, and some two or three naval half-boots. A single candle served to make darkness visible, and the stench nearly overpowered me."

A pretty enumeration of the living occupants of a middy's berth, and the furniture and garnishing thereof! One would fancy this description quite enough to knock on the head all romantic notions of a reefer's life, or out of the head, rather, of any enthusiastic school-boy sighing to write R. N. after his name! And the doings in this little pandemonium—for such it was—and such was every midshipmen's berth in the old service! We repeat, that if a lad had a spark of modesty or self-respect, it would be inevitably stifled there in a few weeks at most. Fighting, swearing, obscene language, blackguard and cruel practical jokes, and immoral conduct, were the order of the day and night. Ah! poor, fond, tender-hearted, pious mother! You, who have sent your boy to sea, with fervent prayers that he might do his duty to his King and his country, and fear and honor his Maker—you, O mother! who sate in your widowed room, yearningly praying for that boy's welfare, and striving to fancy what he was then, at that moment, doing; oh! could you have beheld him amid his messmates! Ah, God amend us all. 'Tis oft a mercy unspeakable that we know not *what* the loved one may be in the act of doing at the instant we are picturing him to our mind's eye. We write with bitter earnestness.

With a sigh, and almost a tear—albeit we have grown unused to the melting mood—we return to Marryat's pages (magic pages they were *once* to us! Alas! for the days that will ne'er return). Cap-

tain Marryat tells us that the same language, the same manners, which prevailed among the superior officers of the old service, were to be found—*not* refined—in the midshipmen's berth. The only pursuits, he says, of the midshipmen when on shore (we fear we ought to put a note of sadly-significant interrogation after the word *only*?), were "intoxication to be gloried in and boasted of when returned on board. My captain said that everything found its level in a man-of-war. True, but in the midshipmen's berth it was the level of a savage, where corporeal strength was the *sine qua non*, and decided whether you were to act the part of a tyrant or a slave." We may add that Mr. Frank Mildmay felt soundly inculcated with his captain's sage observation that "everything and everybody finds its level in a man-of-war;" and so did he at length, as a matter of course, but it is at least satisfactory to know that he fought his way manfully, until he became cock of the berth, and caterer for the mess. There we will leave him, and the mids of the old service altogether.

How different is the midshipmen's berth of Queen Victoria's service to that of her grandfather's, George the Third! We hear old fogies—genuine relics of the old service, who are already nearly as scarce as bustards on Salisbury Plain, or as sovereigns in an author's purse, and who will soon be a species as extinct as the dodo—we occasionally hear these venerable vikings growling ominously, and swearing roundly against screw-liners and all modern innovations, for, as they tremulously tell us, they clearly perceive that the service *is* going headlong—whither it certainly has no business to go. It is hardly worth while to break a spear with these old growlaways, for if you were to argue with them from sunrise to sunset on the longest day of all the year, you would only render them yet more dogmatic (if possible) and impenetrable to conviction. Ever since we can remember, we have from time to time been startled and frightened by two awful predictions—that the Navy is going to the, &c., and, consequently, that the downfall of the British Empire was at hand. Whenever the first prediction is realized, we certainly *do* potently believe that the second will quickly ensue, and then certain people will doubtless be ineffably gratified by witnessing the interesting phenomenon of

the sun of England setting to rise no more. To resume. In no respect is the difference between the old and the new service more striking than in the midshipmen's berth. Modern midshipmen are gentlemanly fellows, and much bitter reason as there is to complain of the excessive degree of favor shown, in the shape of rapid promotion, to the scions of aristocracy who now swarm in the Navy, yet we will most cordially admit that we owe, in no slight degree, to their admission, the fact that the *tone* of the service has become so refined.

Our modern reefers are not the same race as their renowned predecessors. They are, as we have said, gentlemanly, and a majority of them are naval dandies to boot. They read reviews and belles lettres, they waltz and play on the piano, and are *au fait* in the latest systems of etiquette. They criticise operas, singers, dancers, actors, poets, parsons, legislators, and everything and everybody worth talking about. They bet knowingly on horse-races, and are much given to private gambling, and fashionable dissipation generally. They dress in tip-top style, and frequent the best society in which they can obtain admission. They mess luxuriously on board, and live extravagantly at first-rate hotels on shore. They are rarely out of debt, and spend thrice their proper allowance, to the dismay of their unhappy parents. They care comparatively little for the service, shirk their duties as much as possible, and don't think it the correct sort of thing to appear very zealous as officers. Can we marvel at this when we reflect how hopeless promotion is without interest, and how certain it is with friends at head-quarters? Moreover, until this Russian war broke out, most of our large ships lay hulking in harbor, nine months at least out of twelve, and their midshipmen were brought up in idleness and exposed to every temptation to dissipate. The old service midshipman was rough, coarse, and *low* in his manners, tastes, and habits; but he was a practical seaman every inch, and devoted heart and soul to his profession. The modern midshipman is refined in manners, and gentlemanly even in his vices; but he is not much of a seaman and officer, and does not care to be. Yet, after all, let us bear in mind that the modern midshipmen are of the same true British stuff as their predecessors, and they can, with proper opportunity and in-

clination, be not only gentlemen but good seamen to boot. And we have reason to hope and believe that the present war, by rousing up our Navy from its long apathy, will do much to secure this desirable result.

Perhaps the reader would not object to a picture of the modern midshipmen's mess, just by way of contrast to the dismal extracts we gave from Marryat? We can easily gratify him with the help of that clever writer, Mr. James Hannay, who drew from personal experience on the Mediterranean station. He tells us that, "on board the *Sovereign*, Brummell might have attired his person with all the care which it demanded." And now hear how he describes the mess-table! (we quote from his work, entitled "Sand and Shells:—")

"The mess-dinner of the *Sovereign* is laid out. Some twenty-five fellows sit down. The steward (elaborately attired) bows as he sees Fitz-Gubin seat himself with the knot at the head of the table—Riddel, Corbieton, Siddlington, &c. His satisfied eye welcomes the mild familiar glass, china, and silver, and the pleasant gleam of the huge decanters of iced wine. The dinner is the object of constant admiration, and Cuckles daily jokes on its splendor, as compared with that which he supposes to be the habitual fare of the mess (except, of course, those of our degree) at home. (Pleasant Cuckles! thou man of fine heart and fine taste!)

"The steward, with a profound bow, now hands to Lord Fitz-Gubin the *carte*. I say distinctly the *carte*. Shade of Lord Collingwood, shade of Benbow, wag your ghostly pigtails, and let us look at the items of the *carte*. (The cook of the *Sovereign* was a man of genius, and will probably die a baronet.) '*Cotelettes à la Trafalgar; Vol au vent, au maintop; Fricassée de gibier en pigtail antique; Brimbousky marine, &c., &c.*' These were the leading features of the entertainment that day, with sufficient substantials, of course; which, by-the-bye, were highly necessary to the youngsters,\* who could not always, if we are to believe some people, get any of the finer specimens of the *cuisine*. Bung, the master's assistant, made a democratic agitation on the subject, by bawling to the servants after some of the '*ong pigtail hontick*;' but the roar of laughter which his pronunciation justly raised, soon caused him to subside into silence and boiled beef. What was worse, he never heard the last of the matter. You don't, indeed, often hear the last of a joke in the service; and many a fellow who has got himself a nickname in the first week, retains it for life, carries it over the whole globe, and through every grade of rank, and dies in it. Accordingly,

\* By "youngsters," Mr. Hannay of course means the young naval cadets. The others of the mess are called "oldsters."

the youngsters were perpetually at Bung : ' Bung, any *hontick* to-day ? ' &c.

" ' Lord Alfred, a glass of wine,' said Cuckles, ordering champagne ; a luxury in which, to do him justice, he did not often indulge. They drank.

" ' I like the dinner,' said Fitz-Gubin, with his usual deliberation. ' The cook is really not bad. *He ranks, of course, as a petty officer ?* ' "

Now, reader, glance backward a few pages, and compare Hannay's midshipmen's mess with that of Marryat's, if you please ! Can any greater contrast be imagined ? One all refinement and splendor, the other all squalor, meanness, and brutality. And if we condemn the modern mess as being too luxurious and costly (thereby compelling *poor* midshipmen to spend beyond their means, and, perhaps, being sometimes the primary cause of their future ruin), yet we still ask, is it not far better, on the whole, than the miserable mess of the old service ? Where there is luxury, or even comfort (and reasonable comfort is all that *ought* to prevail in a mid's berth), there is sure to be refinement of manners in a corresponding degree ; and where there is refinement, there will be greater social morality—outwardly, at any rate, for perhaps it won't do to go too deep into the subject. Anyway, a youngster now-a-days is not exposed to open demoralization. He is not compelled to drink, and swear, and fight, and forget every good lesson he received at school. He may continue to be a gentleman, and keep a good conscience—if so he wills.

We must prepare to bid adieu to our subject. We have done justice to Captain Marryat ; impartially weighing his claims to distinction, cordially pointing out his excellences, and not sparing his faults. The majority of the extracts we have given from his writings not only illustrate our observations, but also are themselves specimens of his best style. We have previously alluded, incidentally, to his celebrated description (in "Peter Simple") of *club-hauling* a ship, and all naval men who have read it will admit that it is a wonderfully fine piece of writing, and perfectly accurate in a professional sense, and yet a man may pass his life at sea, and never have an opportunity to see a ship club-hauled ! On referring to the book, we perceive that we can give all the essential parts of the description in a moderate compass, and will therefore do so, by way of a parting extract :

" It really was a very awful sight. When the

ship was in the trough of the sea, you could distinguish nothing but a waste of tumultuous waters ; but when she was borne up on the summit of the enormous waves, you then looked down, as it were, upon a low sandy coast, close to you, and covered with foam and breakers."

The ship behaved nobly, but the wind suddenly headed her, and she broke off from her course a couple of points. The best bower cable was then double-bitted, and stoppered at thirty fathoms. We now resume from Marryat :

" The ship continued to hold her course good, and we were within half a mile of the point, and fully expecting to weather it, when again the wet and heavy sails flapped in the wind, and the ship broke off two points as before. The officers and seamen were aghast, for the ship's head was right on the breakers. ' Luff now, all you can, quartermaster,' cried the Captain. ' Send the men aft directly. My lads, there is no time for words ; I am going to *club-haul* the ship, for there is no room to wear. The only chance of safety you have is to be cool, watch my eye, and execute my orders with precision. Away to your stations for tacking ship. Hands by the best bower anchor. Mr. Wilson, attend below with the carpenter and his mates ready to cut away the cable at the moment that I give the order. Silence, there, fore and aft. Quartermaster, keep her full again for stays. Mind you ease the helm down when I tell you.' About a minute passed before the Captain gave any further orders. The ship had closed to within a quarter of a mile of the beach, and the waves curled and topped around us, bearing us down upon the shore, which presented one continuous surface of foam, extending to within half a cable's length of our position, at which distance the enormous waves culminated and fell with the report of thunder. The captain waved his hand in silence to the quartermaster at the wheel, and the helm was put down. The ship turned slowly to the wind, pitching and chopping as the sails were spilling. When she had lost her way, the Captain gave the order, ' Let go the anchor ! ' We will haul all at once, Mr. Falcon,' said the Captain. Not a word was spoken ; the men went to the fore-brace, which had not been manned ; most of them knew, although I did not, that if the ship's head did not go round the other way, we should be on shore, and among the breakers, in half a minute. I thought at the time that the Captain had said he should haul all the yards at once ; there appeared to be doubt or dissent on the countenance of Mr. Falcon, and I was afterwards told that he had not agreed with the Captain ; but he was too good an officer, and knew that there was no time for discussion, to make any remark ; and the event proved that the Captain was right. At last the ship was head to wind, and the captain gave the signal. The yards flew round with such a creaking noise, that I thought the masts had gone over the side, and the next moment the wind had caught the sails, and



the ship, which, for a moment or two, had been on an even keel, careened over to her gunnel [gunwale] with all its force. The captain, who stood upon the weather hammock-rails, holding on by the main-rigging, ordered the helm amidships, looked full at the sails and then at the cable, which grew broad on the weather bow, and held the ship from nearing the shore. At last he cried, 'Cut away the cable!' A few strokes of the axes were heard, and then the cable flew out of the hawse-hole in a blaze of fire, from the violence of the friction, and disappeared under a huge wave, which struck us on the chess-tree, and deluged us with water fore and aft. But we were now on the other tack, and the ship regained her way, and we had evidently increased our distance from the land."

Thus it was that the gallant frigate escaped her imminent danger by *club-hauling*. Her perils, however, were not over, for in a few hours she was in deadly jeopardy again, weathering a rocky point only by a few yards; thanks, under Providence, to the consummate seamanship of the Captain. The whole description is incomparably the finest and most thrilling piece of writing Captain Marryat ever produced, and it is really worthy of having been written by Cooper himself in his palmiest days. Higher praise than that we cannot possibly accord.

In the course of this article we have several times alluded to Fenimore Cooper, and it will not be objectionable if we conclude by instituting a searching parallel between the greatest American and the greatest English sea-novelist. Let it be clearly understood that our mature opinion here delivered is founded on the *best* works only of each author.

Cooper's style is beyond compare superior to Marryat's on the score of precision and accuracy of language, and his sentences are grave, sonorous, and majestic. Marryat writes in an off-hand, free-and-easy, conversational manner, which is certainly exactly adapted to the subject-matter of his works. Cooper's mind was essentially poetic; Marryat's essentially prosaic. Cooper constructed enthralling stories, which held us in breathless suspense, and made our brows alternately pallid with awe and terror, or flushed with powerful emotion; Marryat gleefully dashed off a reckless yarn, full of unconnected adventures and anecdotes. Cooper's books, when once taken up, are so fascinating that we must, perforce, read on from beginning to end, panting to arrive at the thrilling dénouement; Marry-

at's are just gossippy volumes for odd leisure hours, or half-hours, to be taken up, opened at random, lightly read, laughed at, and laid carelessly down again, as the humor suits. Cooper's writings are so subtle, that they must be studied, and read o'er and o'er again; Marryat's are merely surface reading. In Cooper's works our interest is irresistibly enlisted in the fate of the ship, and of the leading characters, whose fortunes we follow with absorbing anxiety; in Marryat's we don't care a straw for any particular ship, hero, or character, they amuse us for the moment, and that is all. Cooper can make us weep with sympathy, with pity, with yearning love and admiration; Marryat cannot excite any tears but those of laughter. Cooper created original characters so marvellously true to nature that they seem living beings present to our corporeal vision—witness Tom Coffin (of the dainty *Ariel*), and honest Dick Fid, and his friend the noble negro, Scipio (of the *Red Rover*);—Marryat never drew a single character worthy to be ranked alongside the above. Cooper (who was a man of sincere piety) never shocked us with blasphemy and immoral levity of language on the part of his characters; Marryat too frequently did. Cooper occasionally was richly humorous; but Marryat undoubtedly excelled him in broad comic fun and humor. (Neither of them had *wit*.) Cooper's works delight young and old, of all classes; and so do Marryat's in a lesser degree; and yet Marryat is relished more by *seamen* than Cooper, and we attribute this to the fact that seamen prefer entertaining professional anecdotes and mess-table gossip, in which line Marryat was unrivalled. Cooper's writings abound with the noblest conceptions of the terrors and sublimity of the hoary ocean; Marryat's rarely do more than hastily glance at the marvels and mysteries which Cooper delighted in expounding and exploring to their hidden depths. In two respects the authors are alike. Cooper's heroines generally are dead failures; so are Marryat's. Cooper's early works are his best; so are Marryat's. Both wrote worse when veterans than at the outset of their career of authorship. If we might hazard a simile, we should say that Cooper was a magnificent first-rater, moving majestically, 'mid cloud and storm, through the heaving billows; Marryat, a dashing frigate, bounding saucily along

from wave to wave, flaunting, all a-taunt-o with tackle trim, in the morning sunbeams. Finally—Marryat's works have been read by tens and by hundreds of thousands; Cooper's literally by millions and by tens of millions, for they have passed through numberless editions in America and England, and have been translated into almost every civilized language throughout the globe.

Such were Marryat and Cooper. If the

former was the *King* of the naval novelists of Great Britain, Cooper was the *EMPEROR* of the naval novelists of *all* countries; and there is this enormous difference between the King and the Emperor—the former was an estimable writer of versatile talent, and the latter a glorious prose-poet of the very loftiest genius. The gulf between the two is, and ever will be, impassable.

We have done.

W. H.

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From Tait's Magazine.

## A L E X A N D R E D U M A S .

### S E C O N D N O T I C E .

Few men have ever seen a change so speedily wrought in their fortunes as that which Dumas experienced during the four hours the representation of "Henri III." lasted. He is decidedly in the category of fortunate sleepers, who, awaking in the morning, have found themselves famous. Almost unknown in the evening, the next day he was the talk of Paris. By noon he had sold his manuscript for 6,000 francs; and the second performance, as brilliant as the first, inaugurated a series of repetitions that, in a short time, enriched his purse with 30,000 more. It was a perilous change; at one step he passed from the discipline of poverty to the luxury of wealth—in imagination boundless. Family necessities were speedily supplied, the mean abode forsaken for elegant apartments, and a career of prodigality commenced that has proved abundantly fertile in opportunities of display. "Henri III." brought him all the advantages, and to use his own phrase, all the *ennuis*, which accompany success. For the rest of the winter of 1829 he was the fashionable author. Invitations without number poured in upon him; free admission was given him to all the theatres; his portrait

hung in shop windows, and a medallion was struck to commemorate the occasion. Nothing was wanting—not even the petty ridicule that loves to fasten on a growing reputation. Strange stories alarmed the lovers of scandal. In cafés and salons it was told that fanatics had raised the cry of death, and demanded aloud the head of the Academy—how that, when the curtain had fallen and the lights were extinguished, by the glimmer of dying embers, funeral dancers around the venerated bust had made the burden of their song re-echo, "*Enfoncé Racine!*" The partisans of the classic and romantic schools arose in arms as at the sound of the tocsin. Another blow had been struck, by a strong though rude hand, and the enfeebled descendants of the old régime believed the sceptre dropping from their grasp. Complaints grew into controversies, and controversies collapsed into petitions. The Theatre Français, that national temple of the drama, was profaned, and the protestations of its hoary priests rang in the intruder's ears. As to the value of "Henri III." judged by its intrinsic merits—apart from that transition period of French literature which it so forcibly

illustrates—there can scarcely be two opinions. The plot, though developed with considerable vigor, involves too extended a machinery, and, by the diverse aims it seems to propose, destroys the sense of unity. To place its author by the side of Shakspeare, and to regard the two as son and sire, is simply to discredit both. Nowhere do we find the same insight into man and nature, or the same mastery of all material and spiritual elements, or the same splendor of imagery and grace of fancy, or the same purity and truth, chilling into awe the demons of sense and sin. Dumas has yielded to the stimulating force of Shakspeare; but it is as the weed springing up in the sunlight. Nor must it be forgotten, in the light of his whole career, even when we would do honor to this stalwart champion of the romantic host, that in supplanting conventional law, he has not unfrequently confounded the spirit of riotous innovation with the genius of modern art.

The supposed discovery of certain incendiary allusions—showing to what ridiculous excesses political suspicions can be carried—threw a momentary shadow over this brilliant dawning of fame. The play was interdicted, but the censure cancelled almost as soon as uttered. One of the first things for Dumas to do now was to visit his old companions at the Palais Royal, and, a temptation too strong to be resisted, retort upon them for past offences. Oudard, his superior originally, and his friend throughout, met him at the door with his compliments; but Alexandre was not to be easily propitiated, and determined to play the great man in the presence of his former patrons. After a little skilful fencing on either side, Oudard proposes his return to the establishment: "I know you would refuse to remain on the old conditions; we should not wish it, you must have time to work." "Proceed, Seigneur Mæcenas; in the name of Augustus, speak; I listen." "No, it is for you to say what you wish." "I? I wish for success. I have had it; I want nothing more." "Yes; but what can we do for you that would be agreeable? Is there no situation that you covet?" "I am not ambitious, but there is one that would suit me—that of colleague to Casimer Delavigne." Oudard shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, "You are *very* ambitious, my friend." Besides, a small library, with a librarian and sub-librarian alrea-

dy—the thing was not so easily done; but a promise was readily given to secure the place if possible. And secured it was; for in a few days he was nominated an assistant librarian, at a salary of 1,200 francs. The appointment left him free to pursue his studies, and gave him ample facilities in their prosecution.

Thus the impulses and desires of his youth are satisfied, and Dumas finds himself suddenly on an eminence whence a splendid career opens far before him. Energy has mastered circumstances. We accept the moral. Pity that the story should read like an elaborated hyperbole; still greater pity that the youthful achievements it records should lack their counterpart in maturer age, that this ambition—delusive as it may be, still, "the glorious fault of angels and of gods"—should degenerate into a vulgar egotistic thirst for notoriety alone. The steep ascended, we need not so minutely trace the course of our hero beyond; but from these interminable *Mémoires* we would string together a few curious jottings that may help us to an estimate of his character and works. It would form an interesting chapter in the study of mental phenomena, could we classify the innumerable anecdotes told of the habits of great thinkers, by which unconsciously they have seemed to stimulate or lull the mind in its hours of exertion. Dumas chronicles his own experiences in this particular, and we may take them as a contribution not without a singular significance. Sometimes, he complains, an author imagines that he can best concoct his plan in a particular place, sometimes that he can write but on a certain sort of paper. Having determined to remodel "Christine," he says: "As for me, I had got it into my head that I could only get a new 'Christine' out of the old one, by making a journey, and lulling myself by the motion of a carriage. As I was, not rich enough to take a post chaise, I chose a diligence. It mattered little in what direction the diligence went, provided that I found the coupé, the inside, or the rotunde empty." One was soon discovered with nobody in the coupé, starting for Havre—a long twenty hours' ride. "I got in, and as in works of art the imagination goes for much, my imagination once satisfied as to the mode began to work. When I reached Havre my piece was finished. The division of Stockholm, Fontainebleau, and Rome was fixed

on, and the part of Paula has suggested itself in connection with this new arrangement." With regard to these strange prepossessions, that impose certain conditions for the accomplishment of a work, M. Dumas assures us that, though nobody has less of the poet's *frenzy* than himself, or can labor with greater ease during longer periods, yet in two or three instances he has been absolutely obliged to yield to the caprice of the moment. "The first occasion has just been alluded to; the second was when I composed 'Don Juan de Marana;' the third when I wrote 'Capitaine Paul.' I imagined that I could only compose my fantastic drama within the sound of music. I asked my friend Zimmerman for an introduction to the conservatoire, and there, in the corner of a box where there were three strangers—with my eyes shut appearing to sleep, and lulled indeed into a half sleep by Beethoven and Weber—I composed the principal scenes in two hours. With 'Capitaine Paul' it was different. I wanted the sea, a vast horizon, clouds sweeping along the sky, winds whistling through the rigging. In the course of my travels in Sicily, I had my little vessel anchored for two days at the entrance of the straits of Messina; at the end of those two days 'Capitaine Paul' was finished." Shall we add another confession? "When I am engaged in a work which interests me, I must narrate; as I narrate, I invent, and at the end of some one of these narrations it comes to pass one fine morning that the piece is finished. But it often happens that this manner of composing, that is, of not commencing the piece till I have completed the plan, is very slow. In this way I carried 'Mademoiselle de Belle Isle' in my head for nearly five years, and since 1832, I have had the plan of a 'Wandering Jew' in my memory, on which I shall set to work my first leisure moment, and which will be one of my best works: so that I have only one fear—lest I should die before I have done it!" But to return to "Christine." Victor Hugo had just written his "Marion Delorme;" and Dumas, when he reached Paris again, was invited to hear it read. The melody of the verse, and the superiority of the style, strongly impressed him; and inspired with fresh energy, while its musical language was still ringing in his ears, he sat down, and put "Christine" to paper. This, his second drama, was con-

signed to the Odéon, but not played till some time after its reception, in consequence of the interference of the censorship. When at length produced, the performance was protracted till two o'clock in the morning. For a time success seemed doubtful, but the curtain fell amidst overwhelming applause, and successive representations confirmed the verdict of the first night. The cross of the Legion of Honor was talked of as the reward of the young dramatist, but it was not till 1836 that he received it.

Meanwhile the Revolution of 1830 broke upon the nation, disturbing students and poets as well as politicians, and calling all men to a sterner field of action. When the cry to arms was raised along the streets of Paris, Dumas, of course, could not be an unimpassioned spectator, but, seizing his musket, rushed out to take his share in the uncertain struggle. He paraded the streets at the head of a body of workmen, rendering service where it seemed most required; but his grand exploit was a descent on Soissons, after the first tumult had subsided, to secure more power in case of a fresh emergency. Accompanied by but one or two companions, and armed with the authority of La Fayette, he succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of the garrison, surprising the commandant into submission, and bringing back the coveted stores—an enterprise which he narrates in an exaggerated style, his energy, readiness, and resolution appearing so conspicuously as to leave no room for further eulogium. He was afterwards dispatched on a special mission to La Vendée, to inquire into the disposition of the inhabitants, and see how far the formation of a National Guard, to prevent any reactionary movement, was possible. The rapidity of events soon left his republicanism behind, and on his returning to Paris, after an absence of six weeks, he found the aspect of affairs greatly altered, and a monarch on the eve of ascending a throne he had hoped for ever abolished. The *Mémoires* of this period disclose the young dramatist in the new character of a politician, and exhibit in the strongest colors the disinterestedness of his principles. When he first quitted the *secretariat* of the Duke of Orleans, he had no desire to sever himself from the man who, while he assured him a livelihood, had permitted him to continue his studies, and to become what he was. The

Duke, the son of a regicide, then appeared to him, if he had not receded since 1783, to be more advanced in political opinions than himself, the son of a republican general. Now, the case stood otherwise. The Duke had been his patron, but had become a King. Future prospects shall be sacrificed to political consistency! Dumas' report on the condition of La Vendée, submitted to La Fayette, is transferred to Louis Philippe. He is sent for to the Palais Royal, and his old friend Oudard urges him to accept an interview with his Majesty. "Not," he asks, "if I was commissioned to appoint an hour of audience?" "You understand, I should not have the bad taste to refuse, but I don't believe you have received such a commission." "Well, you are mistaken, nevertheless; the King expects to see you to-morrow morning at eight o'clock." "Oh, my dear fellow, the King will find me a wretched companion." "How so?" "Because I am quite cross when I get up so early." Another hour, then, is ultimately fixed, and Dumas leaves his former "chef," assuring him that he will tell the King what he is not accustomed to hear—the truth! The interview follows, and he takes upon him to rebuke the policy of his Majesty, and to advocate the expediency of a foreign war. Afterwards he sends him a polite note, to the effect that his "political opinions not being in harmony with those which the King has a right to expect in the persons who constitute his household, he begs his Majesty to accept his resignation of the office of librarian;" and this missive miscarrying, he formally publishes his act of abdication, affirming, in ambitious words, that the literary, in his case, is but the preface to the political man. A visit of etiquette paid to the King on the following New Year's Day had a still more unfortunate ending. Dumas had been officially admitted into the artillery of the National Guard, and had risen to the rank of captain. To avoid all suspicion of disaffection, the officers of the regiment resolved to pay the usual complimentary visit of the new year, and an hour was fixed for them to go in a body to the Palais Royal. Dumas rose on the appointed morning, donned his uniform, and fearing he should be late, hurried to the spot. The courtyard was crowded with officers of every rank, but amidst the brilliant colors that shone in every direction, he sought in

vain the uniform of the artillery corps. They must then have gone on into the royal presence. But stop!—could he overtake them on the grand staircase, or in the apartments of the Palace?—and away he ran in pursuit of his associates. Still no artillery uniform! The regiment must have gone through; he would go, too, even though alone. To use his own words:

"If I had been less concerned about my lateness, I should have noticed the wondering looks of the bystanders; but as it was, I did not observe anything except that, when we came to the chamber of the King, the group of officers with whom I had mingled made simultaneously a movement from the centre to the circumference that left me as completely isolated as if I had been suspected of bringing the cholera with me. I attributed this sort of repulsion to the part that the artillery had played in the last émeutes, and as, on my own account, I was ready to take the responsibility of my acts, I entered boldly holding my head up. I must say that of the twenty-five forming the group of which I had the honor to make a part, I appeared to be the only one worthy the attention of the King. He looked at me with such astonishment that I cast my eyes around to see why he did so. Among those who were there some affected to smile disdainfully; others appeared astounded; some in their pantomime appeared to say, 'Seigneur, excuse me for having come with this man.' All this I confess was inexplicable. I passed before the King, who was so good as to speak to me. 'Ah, bon jour, Dumas,' said he, 'I know you.' I looked at the King, and would have given the world to know how he knew me. Then, as he began to laugh, and the good courtiers round him followed his example, not to be singular, I laughed too, and continued my way. In the room beyond I found Vatout, Oudard, Appert, Tallencourt, Casimir Delavigne—all my old comrades. They had seen me through the half-open door, and were laughing also."

Then came the explanation. The fact was that an order had been issued the preceding day dissolving the artillery corps, preparatory to its reorganization on another basis; the decree had appeared in the *Moniteur*, and Dumas had not seen it. Well might he be vexed at the oversight; his conduct was construed into an act of bravado, and in spite of his protestations of ignorance, the story went the round of Paris. "To this action," he adds, "I afterwards owed my being named a member of the committee on national recompenses, and of the decoration committee of July, and my being reelected as a lieutenant in the new artillery—honors which very naturally led to my taking part in

the 5th of June, 1832, and being obliged to make a tour of three months in Switzerland and two in Italy."

While political changes absorbed attention, the theatre strove to minister to the popular excitement. At the first outbreak of the Revolution, Harel, the director of the Odéon, had suggested "Napoleon" to Dumas as a good subject for a drama *apropos* of the times; and at every opportunity since he had so importunately pressed the matter as to make it a perfect bore. One day, however, Dumas received an invitation to the first performance of the "Mère et la Fille" of Mazères, with a request to join a midnight banquet at Harel's afterwards. The play over he presented himself as directed, and was received by Harel—who stood alternately rubbing his hands and taking snuff, in high glee at the success of the evening—without a word of "Napoleon." Mademoiselle Georges, the celebrated actress, presided at the supper table; the viands were abundant; so was the wit. At three o'clock the company still sat laughing together. Suddenly there are signs of conspiracy; smiles and furtive glances are exchanged, and a wink is given. Soon Mademoiselle Georges, rising from her seat, proposes to show M. Dumas some treasures collected in an adjoining apartment. The bait takes, the two remain absent for a few minutes, and Dumas, on returning, finds the company gone. He, too, takes his hat, and suggesting that it is high time to be off, proffers a friendly hand to his generous host. "No, no," answers Harel, "everybody's asleep now; come, follow me." And the unsuspecting Dumas following finds himself in an elegantly furnished bedroom; two candles are burning on a table covered with papers of all dimensions, and quills and pens of every sort. "Well," he interjects, "this is a capital room; one might very well sleep and work here." "I am glad you think so." "Why?" "Because it belongs to you—yes, and *you shall not go out of it till you have written 'Napoleon'!* So you ought to be satisfied, or you may get into a bad humor during your imprisonment." Dumas shivers—"Now, no foolery, Harel." "Just so, no foolery; you committed yourself by not doing the thing when I first asked you." "But I have not the least idea of a plan." "Never mind; you told me 'Christine' was re-made in a night." "But I want books—Bourrienne, Norvins, 'Victoires et Con-

quêtes'——" "Here is 'Victoires et Conquêtes' in this corner; there is Bourrienne in another, and here is Norvins on the table." "I must have the 'Mémorial de Sainte Hélène.'" "Here it is on the chimney-piece." In fact there is no escaping; and Dumas—as fairly vanquished as Sheridan, when he was locked in the green-room at Drury-lane till he finished the "Critic"—is obliged to confess himself a prisoner. "To-morrow, then, I will begin your 'Napoleon,' and in eight days you shall have it." The same evening, he tells us, or rather the same morning, he set to work. The plan was at once invented: history supplied a natural division. From Toulon to St. Helena! Harel had offered to expend 100,000 francs if necessary, and a broader margin could scarcely be left him. The next day he began to write, and by the time promised, the drama was finished. It consisted of twenty-four scenes, and extended to nine thousand lines; "it was thrice the size of an ordinary drama, five times that of 'Iphigenia,' six times that of 'Mérope.'" To arrange for its representation on the stage was a more difficult thing; there were eighty or ninety speakers. "*Je crois que j'eusse autant aimé mettre en scène la monde de la genèse que ce monde de Napoleon.*" But the difficulty was soon surmounted, and the drama, although unworthy of criticism as a work of art, was received with unbounded enthusiasm.

As a tragedian, Dumas would be judged by his drama of "Antony," which he still professes to prize as his masterpiece, and which, when "Napoleon" was written, had already been for some time composed. Received at the Théâtre Français, but for the intervention of the censorship it would have been immediately played. The altered condition of the political world now giving complete freedom to the theatre, "Antony" was again brought forward and put into rehearsal. But the principal actors were dissatisfied with their parts, and their objections mortified and discouraged him. At this juncture Victor Hugo came to him suggesting that, at best, they could be deemed usurpers only at the Théâtre Français—that on the other hand, the Porte St. Martin was not an Olympus; moreover, he added, he had made an engagement with Cornier the director, and "Marion Delorme" would be played there—in fine, had not Dumas better follow his example? Taking courage from Hugo's

advice, Dumas accordingly withdrew his drama from the Français, and transferred it bodily to the Porte St. Martin. Complete success resulted. From the sympathy of the actors, not yet accustomed to such patronage, the chief parts assumed new proportions, and a run of more than one hundred nights restored his self-love to its former equilibrium. As respects the play itself, we have no disposition to enter into the controversies provoked by its audacious violation of the laws of criticism and decorum. We cannot even attempt an analysis; but it is impossible to pass unnoticed the braggadocio tone with which M. Dumas claims the outlawed bantling as his own. "Not only is it my most original work, my most personal work—it is, also, one of those rare works which have an influence upon their age." As if the morality of a drama could be made to consist in its dénouement, the moral of "Antony" finds expression only in the last act and the last words of its hero—" *Elle me résistait: je l'ai assassinée.*" Certainly a most ambiguous moral. On one occasion the curtain fell before this sentence had been uttered; but a storm of hisses warned the manager of his mistake, and in the absence of her assassin, who had hurried from the stage, Madame Derval had to complete the horrid farce by varying the words as she lay wounded on her couch, "*Je lui résistais, il m'a assassinée.*" M. Dumas takes up the gauntlet against his accusers, and as a master of badinage, toys with the most serious charges. "What is there to complain of? Who would follow a vicious example, with the scaffold or the gaol to close his career? And as to your outcry against adultery, is it not simply this—that the abolition of the law of entail has made a crime in the nineteenth century of what in the seventeenth was but a pleasantry? You laugh at Molière—why blame me? You talk of the purity of the ancient drama—did not Sophocles select a still more delicate theme? And Aristophanes—have you read the following passages?" And in some such strain as this, with an affectation of seriousness that cannot mask the heartlessness of his words, he trifles with the public, his censors, and his own reputation, as if glory and infamy were twin sisters. Still more curious than this defence is the circumstantial avowal by which it is accompanied—summarized thus: "Antony" is not a drama; "Antony" is not a tragedy; "Antony" is not a theatrical

piece. "Antony" is a scene of love, of jealousy, of anger, in five acts. "Antony"—he was myself, without the assassination; Adèle (the heroine)—she was my mistress, without the flight."

A trip to the seaside, by the seclusion it conferred, next enabled Dumas to compose his "Charles VII. chez ses Grands Vassaux"—an imitation in its different parts of the "Cid," and certain other dramas that its author does not hesitate to name. Indeed, on the question of originality, Dumas displays his usual magnanimity, and frankly admits that he is largely indebted to the mighty dead—that, in fact, his works abound with direct imitations of particular passages—that, like Shakspeare, Molière, and many another illustrious genius, he has condescended to borrow an illustration or a hint, since the debt can be repaid with usury. But then, you must not question his theory of originality; you must allow, in your turn, that man does not *create*—that the temples of enchantment which genius rears do not spring up at the wave of its wand, but are hewn and piled by its inherent power out of common materials. Like the golden streams of summer climes, it sweeps its broad expanse majestically along, throwing to the shore the glittering *detritus* it collects in its course. Dumas serves up ideas as Cleopatra served up pearls. Thrown together and fused in the medium of his mind, they are presented as a costly and delicious dish. But structural and ornamental details apart, let us quote him here on the selection of a subject:

"My manner of proceeding with reference to history is strange. I begin by composing a story. I endeavor to make it romantic, tender, dramatic; and when I have determined the part that the affections and the imagination shall respectively play, I seek the framework in history. And history has invariably furnished me with this framework so precisely proportioned to my wants, and so well adapted to the subject, that the framework did not seem made for the picture, but the picture for the framework."

Elsewhere he lays it down as an axiom, in language too characteristic for transcription, that history may be violated at will if there be any specific object in view. So much for his pretensions to historical accuracy, or originality in treatment. To revert for a moment to chronological details. "Richard d'Arlington" and "Theresa," both written in conjunction with

others, completed the number of his works for 1831—a year which he describes in the retrospect as “disturbed by political émeutes, but as splendid for art. I had given to the world three pieces—a bad ‘Napoleon,’ a mediocre ‘Charles VII.,’ a good ‘Richard d’Arlington;’” and Victor Hugo had contributed his “Marion Delorme” and his “Notre Dame de Paris.” The minuteness of self-criticism thus peeping out, and that we have had occasion to remark before in these *Mémoires*, is so unique that we cannot forbear adding a specimen to these fragmentary notes—in which, rather than present an analysis, we have sought to group together such passages as shall most vividly suggest the *tout ensemble* of the man. Apropos of the last-named, “Theresa”—see how he can dissect his own offspring, and talk with the knife in his hand:

“Considered in itself, it is one of my worst works; written in conjunction with Anicet, it is one of my best. . . . Anicet had written out the plot of ‘Theresa.’ I began by putting his paper on one side, and begging him to tell me the piece. In a recital, there is something living which calls forth life. A written plan, on the contrary, is with me a corpse—something which has lived; it can be galvanized, not revived. Anicet’s plan embraced the greater part of the piece, such as it is now. I was sensible at once of two considerations, of which the second outweighed the first,—namely, that I should never make more than a medium piece of ‘Theresa,’ but that I might render a service to Brocage [the actor who contributed so greatly to the success of ‘Antony’]. . . . It is not that ‘Theresa’ is a work altogether without merit. If there are two false parts, there are also two excellent parts—Amelia and Delaunay. Amelia is a flower of the same forest as Miranda in the ‘Tempest,’ as the Thecla of ‘Wallenstein,’ as the Claire of ‘Count Egmont.’ She is young, chaste, and beautiful—at once natural and poetic. She passes with the orange bouquet in her hand and the bridal veil on her head, by the ignoble loves of Arthur and Theresa, without suspecting anything, without understanding anything. She is a statue of crystal; she does not see into others, and she lets them see into her. Delaunay is a beautiful character, a little too much resembling the Danville of the ‘Vieillard,’ and the Duresnel of the ‘Mère et la Fille.’ Yet—we must be just to everybody, even to ourselves—there are two scenes in his part not surpassed by anything in the drama. The first is that where he insults Arthur, when the secret of adultery is revealed to him; the second, that where, learning that his daughter is *enceinte*, and not wishing to render the mother a widow and the child an orphan, he apologizes to his son-in-law. The drama was begun and finished in three weeks or a month; only I made it

a condition with Anicet, as I have always done when I have worked with another, to write the piece alone.”

Let us, however, hasten from these regions of the theatre, where the heated atmosphere of passion stifles the breath of purity, and the forms of virtue and of truth are seen in the dim, uncertain outlines of a dizzy trance. We say nothing of “Catherine Howard”—of the “Tour de Nesle”—of “Edith of the Long Hairs,” that pitiful burlesque of Romeo and Juliet—of the “Mari de la Veuve,” the first comedy, nor of how it was written and played while the cholera daily smote down its victims by hundreds—of the innumerable smaller fry that followed—nor of those gigantic schemes that were developed at a later period, when, thanks to the Royal patronage, M. Dumas had a theatre of his own—how plays were written, the representation of which occupied several nights in succession, and at the expense of art, degraded the stage into the vehicle of his story-telling genius. We say nothing of all this, but we cannot take leave of our dramatic reformer, of this most loving son of the great Shakespeare, without remembering the repartee of the judge in a celebrated trial, who—M. Dumas answering when he was asked his profession, “Sir, I should say I was a dramatic author, if I was not in the country of Corneille”—replied, “*Oui, monsieur, il y a des degrés.*”

A new scene opens before us. The young provincial has become a notable citizen in the gayest capital of the world. It is suggested that he should give a ball to artistic Paris; what better consummation of the struggle and the victory than a grand reception to signalize his fame? The idea takes, it gets whispered abroad, is talked of far and wide, grows into the required proportions, and promises to become an accomplished fact. But a ball necessitates three or four hundred invitations, and how accommodate the guests in the modest apartments of a student-author? Happily, on the same floor, there is another suite of rooms unoccupied; so this difficulty is easily surmounted. But how decorate the naked walls? Eugene Delacroix, Louis and Clement Boulanger, and some eight or nine other professional friends of eminent skill, come next to assist him. Each chooses a subject from some living author, and in a few days the



rooms, so bare and uninviting, glow with the richest coloring of fancy, and for the nonce vie with the displays of Academies and Institutes. And what can we say of the ball itself? Time would fail us to tell of the artists, poetical, theatrical, musical, mechanical, of the men and the women, the philosophers and the fashionables, who arrived in throngs—nor can we describe how merrily the dance went on in the five apartments at the same time—nor how “three hundred bottles of Bordeaux cheered, three hundred bottles of Burgundy refreshed, and five hundred bottles of champagne cooled” the thirsty dancers. But as we glance down the long catalogue of names that, in itself, does infinite credit either to the diary or the memory of the generous host, we ought to chronicle one point at least as illustrative of the painstaking minuteness of these veracious *Mémoires*. The guests came attired in fancy costume, and the master of the ceremonies records in detail *what sixty-seven of the most illustrious of them wore!*

Pass we from the noisy ball room, down into the dark and quiet street; but as we tread musingly homeward we still linger in thought on Alexandre Dumas and his many friends. The subject stretches before us—a very wide and a very curious one. With what evident gusto does Dumas himself dwell on the names of his acquaintances, great and small—how his pages become a resplendent mirror, gleaming with the light of suns, and satellites, and stars, as though he were the natural focus of all created genius. As he commemorates the kindly deeds of those whose brush and pencil decorated his unfurnished walls, how unconsciously he swells into the historian of departed worth. Four hearts that once beat in unison with his are cold and still. “Sad and pleasing task,” he exclaims, “to speak of those we love! It is midnight, the hour of invocations. I am alone: no profane look glares in the shade to frighten your sepulchral modesty. Come, brothers, come. Relate to me in the language of the dead—with the gentle murmur of the stream caressing its banks, with the moaning of the forest leaves, or the soft sighing of the breeze weeping among the reeds—relate to me your life, your sorrows, your hopes, your triumphs; and let this world, ever indifferent when it is not ungrateful, know what you were, and more than all, what you

were worth.” The incantation finished, first comes the shade of Alfred Johannot—pale and sad, as when a living man. “Come, brother, come; in the language of the dead relate thy short and glorious life; I will translate it into the language of the living. Spirits of the night! hush the fluttering of your fairy wings, and let every one be still, even thou, nocturnal silence, the voiceless child of obscurity!” The dead responds, and tells the story in low, ghostly voice. “Is it so, brother; and have I translated thy words aright? But I see now only a white and vanishing vapor; I hear only a feeble sigh that dies away in the air, answering—*Oui*.” But lo! another shade, with quicker step. He bows his majestic form, and his breath touches his forehead like the kiss of a friend returning from long travel. Dumas interrogates him; a spark of light kindles in the hollow eyeballs of the phantom, and a smile passes over his pale lips. He speaks as if dead, yet not consciously dead—as if his last convulsion had been a sigh, and his last words a song. And the pen of the reverent listener transcribes at his bidding the joyous story of his earthly pilgrimage. Thus, “they come like shadows, so depart.” Happy the friends who are so gently handled; for Dumas’ praises, like the cloaks of Draco’s flatterers, are sufficient to smother an ordinary reputation. Who that has read them, can forget the eulogiums of the *Mousquetaire*? Or its proposals everywhere to raise the monumental tombstone over the grave of neglected genius? Or *à fortiori*, who can forget the suit of Honoré Balzac’s widow, who strove by law to compel this generous intruder to leave her husband’s ashes alone, but—monument making stands beyond the veto of the judge—had to grieve over a tomb erected by him more in honor of himself than the deceased?

Of Dumas the novelist, *in propria persona*, we have yet to speak. As early as 1832 the propriety of entirely devoting his energies to the theatre had become a question with him. Before “Henri III.” had made him famous, he had written, and printed at his own expense, a small volume of tales, six copies only of which were sold. One of these fell into the hands of M. Buloz, the editor of the “*Revue des Deux Mondes*,” who thought that, whatever their deficiencies, they displayed both power and promise. But let our chronicler be himself the spokesman,

since we have arrived at another turning point in his career :

"I have mentioned my profound ignorance of history, and my great desire to learn. I had heard much of the Dukes of Burgundy ; and I read the History of the Dukes of Burgundy by Augustine Thierry. For the first time, a French historian left its picturesque coloring to the chronicle, and its simplicity to the legend, untouched. The work commenced by the romances of Walter Scott was completed in my mind. I did not yet feel strong enough to attempt anything wholly a romance. But a species of literature was then in vogue that held a middle place between the romance and the drama, having something of the interest of the one, much of the striking character of the other, and in which the dialogue alternated with the narrative. This sort of literature went by the name of 'Historic Scenes.' With my decided aptitude for the theatre, I set myself to work, mingling narration and dialogue, on some historic scenes, extracted from the History of the Dukes of Burgundy. They were borrowed from one of the most dramatic epochs of France, the reign of Charles VI. . . . Then they offered me, already a *metteur en scène*, the further advantage of a well-known theatre on which to place my personages—for the events took place in the environs of Paris, and in Paris itself. I began to compose my book without knowing precisely what would turn up. 'Isabeau de Bavière' appeared. As I finished my pages I carried them to Buloz. Buloz carried them to the printing office and printed them, and every fifteen days the subscribers read them. My two principal excellences were thenceforward conspicuous in these essays—those which in the future will give some value to my books, and dramatic works ; dialogue, which is the substance of the drama ; narration, which is the substance of the romance. These excellences—everybody knows with what careless frankness I speak of myself—I have in a superior degree. At this time I had not yet discovered in myself two other qualities, mutually dependent, but not less important—vivacity and humor."

The gaiety of the age was, however, the gaiety of Manfred and Mephistopheles : but the same elements floating in the popular mind that had contributed to his auspicious début as a dramatic author, operated as favorably for him as a novelist. These "Historic Scenes," he says, were "the first success" of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and they decided him to continue his efforts. He determined to compose a succession of romances which should extend from the reign of Charles VII. to the present time.

"My first desire is always unbounded ; my first aspiration is always for the impossible. Only, as I grow obstinate, half from pride, half from love of art, I arrive at the impossible. How? I will

try to tell you, but I do not exactly understand it myself—by working as nobody works, by retrenching in the details of life, by shortening the hours of sleep. This desire once formed in my mind, I was only eager to put it into execution. Having found a golden vein in the shaft that I had sunk in the beginning of the fifteenth century, I did not doubt, so great was my confidence in myself, that in each shaft I opened in succeeding centuries I should find a vein, if not of gold, at least of platina or silver."

So M. Dumas began to dig ; and how he has worked his many mines now everybody knows. Why should we describe the success of the speculation ?—how the product of his indefatigable labor found a ready market ?—how gold, and platina, and silver, and not a little baser metal, and much, very much of positive refuse, all alike were offered for sale, and bought at a premium ? Or why should we take stock of the precious merchandise, or chronicle when each successive vein was opened ? The mere list of his published novels occupies pages in the catalogues of our circulating libraries. It is time we leave the successful merchant. He still clings to his desk ; let him number his three hundred volumes, and write his "last" (?) vaudeville there in peace ; we shall soon see if the ruling passion can be vanquished at last.

But what shall we say of the life-story thus vauntingly told ? Shall we read it as an idle jest, as the serious record of insane sincerity, or accept it as the deliberate insult of a selfish misanthrope ? We have viewed the capabilities, and tendencies, and tastes of the man from his own standpoint. Facts and sentiments of every kind—men, their actions and their principles—are grouped round *him*, as simple accessories to scenic effect ; the world of things and thoughts is but his *alter ego*. Explain this egotism on what theory you will—call it but the out-spoken expression of what others think but dare not say—let it be self-love or selfishness, bravado, vanity, ambition—it is idolatry of the worst kind. That unconsciousness which is the humble attendant of high genius, and the surest promise of great deeds, is for ever banished. Like that moody, morbid sentimentalism which—brooding over the abysses of its own nature, visionary, isolated, aimless in its activity, picturing shadows as it sits in the darkness, counting the pulses of its being, and watching the process of its own digestion—in Bacon's

forcible language, becomes self-cannibalism; so this immolation of all outward things on the altar of self, ends by making it the soul's funereal pyre, and the rich palatial temple of its fame falls to ruins around it, as fell the palaces of Nimrod and Semiramis "a mount of ashes" upon the voluptuous Sardanapalus. Neither is this exposure of the inmost heart, this so-called "frankness" of the *Mémoires*, to be at all commended. There is a "holy of holies" in our nature, where God dwells alone with the human spirit; and to throw open that innermost court, or expose its secrets to the idle gaze of an inquisitive multitude, is both a profanation and a sin. Enough of this idolatry. A man worshipping his shadow, or bowing down to his reflected image, could scarce do worse.

A word upon the works of our voluminous author. Alexandre Dumas claims to be, and is preëminently, the improvisatore of the age. The most important resolutions of his life, he assures us, have been formed in ten minutes; and the best as well as the worst of his books have been written with corresponding rapidity. But given a mind of all the talents, with the one quality of reflection struck from the list, and it is evident that the improviser can have but a limited claim upon our admiration. Just in proportion as he is true to himself, however startling the immediate effects, will he fail in permanent results, unless gifted with an insight rare amongst the rarest men. The greatest intellect will have its retrospective hours, as the most luxuriant tropical clime its returning seasons for both flower and fruitage. Dumas' powers of invention, his unceasing energy—sometimes blooming into beauty, usually imparting freshness and vivacity—do not protect him. His style is loose and verbose—most conveniently expensive when the cost of a novel is calculated by the number of lines in it; his characters are undefined, his philosophy of life is shallow, his sentiment mere froth, and there is a lack of consistency, and an unsatisfactory sketchiness, about most of his pictures.

To judge him by the highest laws, however, is unfair, for he does not aspire to the highest ends. "Lamartine," he says, "is a dreamer, Hugo a thinker, I a popularizer. I give body to the dream of the one; I give perspicacity to the thought of the other; I serve the public up the two-fold dish—a dish which, from the hand of the first, would not, from its excessive

lightness, have been sufficiently nutritious; from the hand of the second, owing to its excessive heaviness, would have given the public a surfeit; but which, seasoned and presented by mine, agrees with the generality of stomachs, the weakest as well as the strongest."

M. Dumas is careful not to represent himself as a man accustomed to religious acts—God forbid that he should do this!—but as one over whom "a deep tinge of religiosity has been thrown from childhood." His creed, as sketched *en passant*, would form a sombre pendant to the foregoing account of his mission as a literary man; but it is too darkly colored, too daringly impious, to contemplate calmly. It is sufficient to say that he recognizes a religious sentiment apart from all external observances—a sentiment that, "like a mysterious and hidden timbrel, vibrates perpetually, but really resounds only when struck by some vivid sensation of joy or grief;" that on such occasions, his first impulse is towards the Deity; that then he seeks the consecrated church, to visit which, like others, to satisfy the caprices of religion, would be to profane it; that there he becomes absorbed in the one thought of God, and silent and prayerless prostrates "his humility at the feet of His greatness." "*Mais tout cela n'est pas très orthodoxe, tout cela sent beaucoup son chrétien et très peu son catholique; aussi craignait-on je ne donnasse point un exemple de piété très édifiant. Aux qui craignaient cela ne comprenaient point que mon apparente irréligion me venait de mon trop religiosité!*" After this confession we need add little respecting the morality of his writings; their spirit too well accords with his general professions. To say nothing of unblushing improprieties, how frequently is a vicious principle unconsciously elevated to a virtue, and a virtue made a weakness. Selfishness is disguised as devotedness, and holy love sinks into a sensuous passion; the earthly predominates over the spiritual, and the ideal in form or thought is supplanted by a gross materialism.

Not the least serious aspect of our subject is the popularity of such a writer. We have not in our remarks forgotten that Alexandre Dumas is a Frenchman, and as such supposed to be entitled to a latitude that would not be tolerated on this side the channel; but we do not believe that he is the legitimate representative of Parisian morals; and however that may be,

most certainly the burden of individual responsibility cannot be shaken off, for—let us judge him by his age and country—as one who would place himself in the foremost rank of their illustrious men, it behooves him to be the guide and not the slave of national caprice. In so far, moreover, as his efforts have been ostensibly directed to, or absorbed in, the mere acquisition of pecuniary gain, he has wronged himself and his fellow workmen.

Any one whose conduct persistently tends to foster the vulgar notion that pounds, shillings, and pence are the proper equivalent to intellectual labor, sins against the commonwealth of letters. In this respect Alexandre Dumas may be truly deemed a representative man; he is the king of penny-a-liners—a pitiful end to so ambitious a career, yet only another proof that vaulting ambition “o’erleaps itself, and falls on the other side.”

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From the Quarterly Review.

## THE LONDON ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.\*

To furnish every possible link in the grand procession of organized life, is the aim of the science of zoology. Its professors have explored the wilds of Africa, and have penetrated far into the interior of South America; have endured the last extremities of hunger and thirst to catch some curious humming-bird; have been consumed by fevers to the very socket of life, in order to pin an unknown beetle, or to procure some rare and gorgeous-colored fly. The passion for this science seems to have long dwelt in the English race: our love of field-sports, and keen relish of rural life, coupled with a habit of minute observation, have all had a tendency to foster an acquaintance with the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and scarcely a village but boasts of some follower of White or Waterton. This taste we carry with us to our vast colonial possessions, and to that chain of military posts whose morning guns echo round

the world. With such splendid opportunities for observing and collecting animals, we have succeeded in gathering together a menagerie which is by far the first in existence, and which includes typical forms of most living things—from the chimpanzee, in whose face and structure we trace the last step but one of the highest form of mammal, to the zoophyte, which shakes hands with the vegetable world.

Ancient Rome, it is true, in her degenerate days witnessed vaster collections of animals, and saw hippopotami, ostriches, and giraffes, together with the fiercer carnivora, turned by hundreds into the arena. But how different the spirit with which they were collected! With the debased and profligate Roman emperors the only object of these bloody shows was to gratify the brutal appetite of their people for slaughter; with us the intention is to display the varying wonders of creation.

Most of our readers in the full flush of summer have leaned over the balustrade of the carnivora terrace. From this elevated situation the whole plan of the south side of the grounds is exposed. To his right, fringing a still pool whose translucent waters mirror them as they stand, the spectator sees the collection of storks and cranes; more immediately in front of him softly tread the llamas and

\* *Zoological Sketches, made for the Zoological Society of London, from Animals in their Vivarium in the Regent's Park.* By Joseph Wolf. Edited, with Notes, by D. W. Mitchell, B.A., F.L.S., Secretary to the Society. London. 1856.

*A Popular Guide to the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London.* By D. W. Mitchell. London. 1855.

*The Aquarium: an Unveiling of the Wonders of the Deep Sea.* By Philip Henry Gosse, A.L.S. London. 1854.

alpacas—the beasts of burthen of the New World; farther again, we see the deer in their paddocks, and beyond the sedgy pools of the water-fowl, set in the midst of graceful shrubberies which close the Gardens in from the landscape of the Regent's Park. Passing over to the northern side of the terrace he sees the eagle aviary, tenanted by its royal and solitary-looking occupants; the otters swimming their merry round, and perchance the seal flapping beside his pool; while the monkeys, with incredible rapidity and constant chatter, swing and leap about their wire inclosure. Immediately beneath him the Polar bears pace to and fro, or, swaying their heads, walk backwards with a firmness which a lord chamberlain might study with advantage; and close at hand the long neck of the "ship of the desert" is seen sailing out from the gateway of the pretty clock-house. That the dread monarch of the forest and the other "great cats" are beneath his feet, he is made aware by angry growls and the quivering sound of shaken iron bars, as the keeper goes round with his daily beef-barrow. No one can help feeling a certain sense of strangeness at seeing these creatures of all climes scattered amid a flourishing garden—to witness beasts, ensanguined in tooth and claw, impatiently pacing to and fro between banks of scarlet geraniums or beds brilliant with the countless blooms of early dahlias—or, still more oddly, to witness birds of prey which love to career in the storm, surrounded by monthly roses. Had it been possible to have given each class of bird and animal its appropriate vegetation, it would doubtless have been preferable; but such an arrangement was manifestly impossible.

Descending from this general survey, the long row of dens which run below the terrace on either side are the first to attract the visitor's attention. Before this terrace was constructed in 1840 the larger carnivora were cooped up in what is now the reptile-house. The early dens of the establishment form a good example of the difficulty Englishmen experience in suiting themselves to altered circumstances. On the first formation of the Gardens the Society seems to have taken for its model some roving menagerie, as many of the houses of the beasts were nothing better than caravans dismounted from their wheels, and the managers encamped their collection in a fashion little more perma-

nent than Wombwell would have done upon a village green. It was speedily found that the health of the felidæ suffered materially from their close confinement, which did not even admit of the change of air experienced in the travelling caravan. In fact, the lions, tigers, leopards, and pumas did not live on an average more than twenty-four months. To remedy this state of things the terrace dens were constructed, and, rushing from one extreme to the other, tropical animals were left exposed to the full rigor of winter. The drifting rain fell upon their hair, and they were exposed in cold, wet weather to a temperature which even man, who ranges from the torrid zone to the arctic circle, could not resist unprotected. The consequences were manifested in the increase of inflammatory lung diseases, and it is now found necessary to protect the dens by matting and artificial heat from the extreme cold and damp of the winter months. In the summer the exposure suits them admirably, and it must be confessed that the tigers look only too fat and comfortable. One of the most interesting cages is that which contains a family party, consisting of the mastiff with the lion and his mate. They were brought up together from cubhood, and agree to a marvel; though the dog would prove little more than a mouthful for either of his noble-looking companions. Visitors express a vast deal of sympathy for him, and fancy that the lion is only saving him up, as the Giant did Jack, for a future feast. But their sympathy, we believe, is thrown away. "Lion" has always maintained the ascendancy he assumed when a pup, and any rough handling on the part of his huge playfellows is immediately resented by his flying at their noses. Although the dog is allowed to come out of the den every morning, he shows a great disinclination to leave his old friends. It is, however, thought advisable to separate them at feeding-time. Both the lion and lioness are of English birth, and it is singular that out of the great number that have been born in the Society's Garden full fifty per cent have come into the world with cleft palates, and have perished in consequence of not being able to suck. If the keepers were to fill their nostrils with tow we fancy they could accomplish this act, as well at least as children who are suffering from cold in the head. Although the male is not yet fully grown,

he is sufficiently developed to show the difference between the African variety to which he belongs and the East Indian specimen at the other end of the terrace. Our young Cape friend has a fine mane and a tail but slightly bushed at the top, which droops towards the ground. The full-grown animal from Goojerat is, on the contrary, maneless, and his tail takes a short curl upwards at the end. The caudal extremity of both is furnished with a rudimentary claw. This little appendage was supposed by the ancients to be instrumental in lashing the lion into fury, and Mr. Gordon Cumming informs us that the natives of South Africa believe it to be the residence of an evil spirit which never evacuates its post until death overtakes the beast and gives it notice to quit. The Goojerat or maneless lion is supposed to be the original of the heraldic beast we regard with such respect as a national emblem, but which foreigners maintain is nothing better than a leopard.

But why do we coop these noble animals in such nutshell shells of cages? What a miserable sight to see them pace backwards and forwards in their box-like dens! Why should they, of all the beasts of the forest, be condemned to such imprisonment? The bear has its pole, the deer its paddock, the otter his pool, where at least they have enough liberty to keep them in health; but we stall our lions and tigers as we would oxen, till they grow lethargic, fat, and puffy, like city aldermen. With half an acre of inclosed ground, strewn with sand, we might see the king of beasts pace freely, as in his Libyan fastness, and with twenty feet of artificial rock might witness the tiger's bound. Such an arrangement would, we are convinced, attract thousands to the Gardens, and restore to the larger carnivora that place among the beasts from which they have been so unfairly degraded. We commend this idea to Mr. Mitchell, the able Secretary to the Society, who has shown by his system of "starring" how alive he is to the fact that it is to the sixpenny and shilling visitors who flock to the gardens by tens of thousands on holidays that he must look to support the wise and liberal expenditure he has lately adopted.

On the other side of the terrace, in addition to the leopards and hyænas, is to be found a splendid collection of bears, from the sharp-muzzled sun bear (who robs a bees'-hive in a hollow tree as artis-

tically as a London thief cuts a purse), to the enormous Russian Bruin, the largest perhaps ever exhibited. "Prince Menschikoff," as he is called by the keepers, grew into exceeding good condition in the gardens at Hull, where it appears he chiefly dieted upon his brethren, the cannibal having consumed no less than five bears; and they appear to have had the same effect upon him as cod-liver oil upon a human invalid. His neighbors, the white Polar bears, contrast with him strangely in physiognomy and form; their heads, sharp as polecats', seem fashioned like cutwaters to enable them to make their way in the sea, and if they would lift their huge paws we should see that they were clothed almost entirely with hair, to aid them in securing a firm footing on the ice. The largest of these beasts managed to get out of his inclosure before the top of it was barred in; but he was peaceably led back again. Indeed, even the wildest of the beasts, after a little confinement, seem so frightened at recovering their liberty that they easily allow themselves to be recaptured.

Last year the Felidæ alone consumed beef, mutton, and horse-flesh to the value of £1367 19s. 5d. This sum is entirely irrespective of the fish, snakes, frogs, and other "small deer" given to the birds and inferior carnivora. They all live here like gentlemen, emancipated from the drudgery of finding their daily food. They have their slaughter-houses close at hand in the Gardens, where sheep, oxen, and horses are weekly killed expressly for them. Some of them will only eat cooked meat. Soon after the establishment of the Gardens experiments were made as to the best manner of feeding them, which proved that, while they gained flesh and continued active upon one full meal a day, they lost weight and became drowsy on two half-meals. In the endeavor to follow nature still closer, they were dieted more sparsely, and even fasted at certain seasons. This treatment, however, resulted in a catastrophe—a female leopard and puma killing and eating their companions; a strong hint for fuller rations, which was not neglected.

Let us now cross over from the cages of the king of beasts to the aviary of the king of birds. The collection of eagles, vultures, and condors numbers upwards of twenty species, among which we recognized "the oldest inhabitant" of the Gar-

dens—the vulture, presented to the Society by Mr. Brooks, the surgeon, more than twenty-five years ago. Notwithstanding his age, he looks one of the finest birds in the collection. We question, however, if the last new comer of the same species will not “put his bill out,” arriving as it does from a distant shore to which thousands of anxious hearts are turned. We allude to the vulture lately sent from the Crimea. It was caught near the monastery of Saint George, and the proximity of his retreat to many a battle-field suggests reflections too painful to dwell upon. The prominent impression produced in glancing at this aviary is the perfect isolation which each bird maintains as he crowns the topmost pinnacle of the heap of rocks reared in the centre of his den, where he perches, motionless as a stone. There seems to be no recognition of fellow-prisoners—no interchange of either blows or courtesies between the iron netting. Each seems an enduring captive that will not be comforted or won over to the ways of men. Now and then unsheathing his piercing eye, we perceive the huge wings spread, and perchance, remembering the callow eaglets in some Alpine eyrie, the bird soars upwards for a moment, beats his pinions against the netting, and falls to earth again with the ignominious flop of a Christmas turkey. It is impossible to contemplate these birds without pity not unmixed with pain. Who can recognize, in the motionless bunch of feathers before us, Audubon’s magnificent description of the Bald Eagle as he swoops upon his prey:

“The next moment the wild trumpet-like sound of a yet distant but approaching swan is heard. . . . Now is the moment to witness a display of the eagle’s powers. He glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timorous quarry, which now, in agony and despair, seeks, by various manœuvres, to elude the grasp of his cruel talons. It mounts, doubles, and willingly would plunge into the stream were it not prevented by the eagle, which, long possessed of the knowledge that by such a stratagem the swan might escape him, forces it to remain in the air by attempting to strike it with its talons from beneath. The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. It has already become much weakened, and its strength fails at the sight of the courage and swiftness of its antagonist. Its last gasp is about to escape, when the ferocious eagle strikes with its talons the under side of his wing, and with unresisted power forces the bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore.”

This is the romance of the noble bird’s mode of obtaining food—here, as he marches off with a dead rat in his claw, or a piece of raw beef, we behold its prose. But however unpoetical this treatment, it cannot be said to disagree with him, as fine plumage and good condition prove. Pausing on our way to the monkey-house, the merry otters are seen playing “follow-my-leader” round their rock-house, now plunging headlong in search of the flat-fish which shine at the bottom of the water—now bringing it to shore, and crushing flesh, vertebrae, and all.

The admirably arranged, but vilely ventilated monkey-house is always a great source of attraction. The mixture of fun and solemnity, the odd attitudes and tricks, and the human expression of their countenances, all tend to attract, and at the same time to repel. Mr. Rogers used to say, that visiting them was like going to see one’s poor relations, and wondrous shabby old fellows some of them appear. We have only to look into their faces for a moment to see that they differ from each other as much as the faces of mankind. There is a large, long-haired, black-faced rascal, who looks as murderous as a Malay; a little way off we see another with great bushy whiskers and shaggy eyebrows (the mona), the very picture of a successful horse-dealer; a third, with his long nose and keen eye, has all the air of a crafty old lawyer. The contemplation of them brings involuntarily to the mind the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. The apes and baboons are indeed purely brutal, and only excite disgust; towards the latter the whole company of smaller monkeys express the utmost hatred—as may be seen when the keeper by way of fun takes one of them out of his cage and walks him down the room. The whole population rush to the front of their cages, and hoot, growl, and chatter at him, as only Eastern County shareholders can do when their chairman takes his seat. The vivacious little capuchin monkeys are evidently the favorites and bag most of the nuts; the brown capuchin appears to be particularly knowing, as he keeps a big pebble at hand, and, when he finds that his teeth are not equal to the task, he taps the nut with the stone with just sufficient force to break the shell without bruising the kernel. We have often seen this little fellow take a pinch of snuff, and assiduously rub his own and companion’s skin

with it, with a full knowledge, no doubt, of the old recipe for killing fleas. He will also make use of an onion for a similar purpose. Among the other quadrumana in this house, we find the lemurs, which look more like long-legged weasels than monkeys, and the bright-faced little marmosets, who cluster inquiringly to the front of their cage, looking in their cap-shaped headdress of fur like so many gossips quizzing you over the window-blinds.

At the present moment there is no specimen of either the uran or chimpanzee in the Gardens, but there have been at least half-a-dozen located here within the last ten years, one of which, "Jenny," maintained her health for five years. The damp, cold air of the Gardens at last brought on consumption, and the public must remember the poor, wheezing, dying brute, with a plaster on her chest and blankets around her, the very picture of a moribund woman. The only specimen now in Europe is in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. This animal, one of the finest ever seen, is in excellent health, and promises to maintain it in the bright air of la belle France. An accomplished naturalist has kindly furnished us with the following particulars of this brute, which clearly indicate that he is a very Doctor Busby among his fellows:

"He passed through London on his way to Paris, having landed at Plymouth. There were then two female Chims resident in the Gardens in the Regent's Park, and the French Chim was allowed to lodge in their hotel for a couple of nights. On his appearance both of these young ladies uttered cries of recognition, which however evinced more fear than anything else. Chim was put into a separate compartment or room with a double grille, to prevent the probable injuries which discordant apes will inflict on each other. He had scarcely felt the floor under his feet when he began to pay attention to his countrywomen thus suddenly and unexpectedly found. Their fear and surprise gradually subsided, and they stood watching him attentively, when he broke out into a characteristic *pas seul*, which he kept up for a considerable time, uttering cries scarcely more hideous than seem the notes of a Chinese singer, and not far out of unison with his loudly-beating feet. The owner, who was present, said that he was imitating a dance of the negroes which the animal had often seen while resident in his house in Africa. The animal was upwards of a year and a half old, and had spent one year of his life in this gentleman's house. The Chim maidens gradually relaxed their reserve as the vivacity of the dance increased, until at last, when it was over, each stealthily put a hand through the grille and welcomed their friend and brother

to their home in a farland. As the weather was severe—it was early in December—it is possible that their talk was of their native palm groves, and their never-ending summer. Chim thenceforth made himself as agreeable as possible, and when the time for his departure came, the maidens exhibited the liveliest regret, short of tears, at losing him. At Paris he increased rapidly in stature and intelligence. The climate, diet (he drinks his pint of Bordeaux daily), and lively society of the French seem to be more congenial to Chim's physique than our melancholy London. He makes acquaintance not only with the staff but with the habitués of the Garden. The last time I saw him (May, 1854) he came out to taste the morning air in the large circular inclosure in front of the Palais des Singes, which was built for 'our poor relations' by M. Thiers. Here Chim began his day by a leisurely promenade, casting pleased and thankful glances towards the sun, the beautiful sun of early summer. He had three satellites, *coati-mundis*, either by chance or to amuse him, and while making all manner of eyes at a young lady who supplies the *Singerie* with pastry and cakes, one of the *coati-mundis* came up stealthily behind and dealt him a small but malicious bite. Chim looked round with astonishment at this audacious outrage on his person, put his hand haughtily upon the wound, but without losing his temper in the least. He walked deliberately to the other side of the circle, and fetched a cane which he had dropped there in his promenade. He returned with majestic wrath upon his brow, mingled, I thought, with contempt; and, taking *Coati* by the tail, commenced punishment with his cane, administering such blows as his victim could bear without permanent injury, and applied with equal justice to the ribs on either side, in a direction always parallel to the spine. When he thought enough had been done he disposed of *Coati* without moving a muscle of his countenance, by a left-handed jerk which threw the delinquent high in air, head over heels. He came down a sadder and a better *Coati*, and retired with shame and fear to an outer corner. Having executed this act of justice, Chim betook himself to a tree. A large baboon, who had in the mean time made his appearance in the circle, thought this was a good opportunity of doing a civil thing, and accordingly mounted the tree and sat down smilingly, as baboons smile, upon the next fork. Chim slowly turned his head at this attempt at familiarity, measured the distance, raised his hind foot, and, as composedly as he had caned the *coati*, kicked the big baboon off his perch into the arena below. This abasement seemed to do the baboon good, for he also retired like the *coati*, and took up his station on the other side. To what perfection of manners and development of thought the last year and a half may have brought him I can scarcely guess; but one day doubtless some one will say of him, as an Oriental prince once said to me, after long looking at the uran 'Peter,'—'Does he speak English yet?'"

The monkeys before they were trans-



ferred to this house suffered a great mortality, and indeed, on taking possession of their new apartment, the keepers used to remove the dead by the barrowful in the morning. This extreme mortality was produced by want of ventilation and a system of heating which burnt the air and induced inflammation of the lungs. Dr. Marshall Hall and Dr. Arnott, upon being consulted, directed the substitution of an open stove, when the deaths ceased.

As we pass towards the small building once used as the parrot house, but now dedicated to the smaller felidæ, we go by the seal-pond, and see that strange beast which resembles a Danish carriage-dog with his legs amputated. He is an epicure as regards his regular meals, and turns up his nose at any fish less *recherché* than whiting, of which expensive delicacy he consumes ten pounds weight daily. Meanwhile, however, he is "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," and we see him, as the visitors circulate round his inclosure flop, flop, around the margin of his pond keeping a sharp look-out above the railings for stray favors. The house of the smaller carnivora is generally overlooked, but it is worthy of a visit, if only to see the beautiful clouded tigers, as they are misnamed, for they more resemble hunting leopards both in size and skin-markings. These elegant creatures are quite tame, and permit the utmost familiarities of their keeper; but their neighbor, the caracal or lynx, never seems tired of making the most ferocious rushes at the bars, accompanied by a vindictive and incessant spitting, which impresses us with the idea that it possesses the very quintessence of catlike nature. There is one little cage in this apartment which is deserving of especial inspection—that containing a specimen of the indigenous black rat, which according to Mr. Waterton was entirely eaten out of the country by the gray rats of Hanover, which came over in the same ship with Dutch William, and which are, according to that hearty naturalist, the very emblems of "Protestant rapacity." Those who have read his delightful essays know well with what perseverance the author hunts the gray rodent through every chapter of his book.

If we now retrace our steps along the border of the plantation, which forms a deep green background for countless dahlias, and moreover screens the garden from the biting east, we shall, by turning

to the right hand, come upon the Aquarium, the latest and most attractive sight in the Gardens. How cool and delicious! Around us we perceive slices of the deep sea-bed and the rapid river. Were we mermen we could not examine more at ease the rich pavement of the ocean set with strange and living flowers. In the midst of the green walls of water which surround us, mimic caves, waving with sea-weed and other marine plants, afford shelter and lurking holes for bright fish which stare and dart, or for shambling crustaceæ which creep over the pebbly bottom. Against the dark verdure of these submerged rocks, the sea-anemone rears its orange base tipped with flower-like fans, or hangs its snake-like tentacles, writhing as the head-dress of Medusa. But we must look narrowly into each nook and under every stone, if we wish to realize the amount of animal life which here puts on such strange vegetable forms. Let us consider well for a few minutes one of the tanks running down the middle of the building. For months all the minute animal and vegetable life has been multiplying and decaying, and yet the water remains pure and bright. The explanation of this phenomenon affords one of the most beautiful examples of the manner in which nature on a grand scale holds the balance true between her powers. If we were to put these little bright-eyed fish alive into the crystal tank, in a week's time they would die, because they would have withdrawn all the oxygen it originally contained, and contaminated it with the poisonous carbonic acid gas exhaled from their lungs. To prevent this, the philosopher hangs these mimic caves with verdant sea-weed, and plants the bottom with graceful marine grasses. If the spectator looks narrowly at the latter, he finds them fringed with bright silver bells: these bells contain oxygen, which the plants have eliminated from their tissues under the action of light, having previously consumed the carbonic acid gas thrown out by the fishes and zoophytes. Thus plants and animals are indispensable to the preservation of each other's life. But even now we have not told the entire causes which produce the crystal clearness of the water. The vegetable element grows too fast, and, if left to itself, the sides of the tank would be covered with a confervoid growth, which would speedily obscure its inmates from our view. We want scaven-

gers to clear away the superfluous vegetation, and we find them in the periwinkles which we see attached by their foot-stalk to the glass. These little mollusca do their work well; Mr. Gosse, who has watched them feeding with a pocket glass, perceived that their saw-like tongues moved backwards and forwards with a crescentic motion, and thus, as the animal advances, he leaves a slight swarth-like mark upon the glass, as the mower does upon the field. But it is clear that there are not enough laborers in the tank we are inspecting to accomplish their task, as the lobster, who comes straggling over the stones in such an ungainly manner, is more like a moving salad than any living thing, so thickly are back, tail, feelers, and claws, infested with a dense vegetable growth. A few more black mowers are imperatively called for. The fish, the weed, and the mollusc, having secured to us a clear view of the inhabitants of the tank, let us inspect them one by one. Here we see the parasitic anemone. Like the old man of the sea, it fixes itself upon some poor Sinbad in the shape of a whelk, and rides about at its ease in search of food. Another interesting variety of this zoophyte is the plumose sea-anemone, a more stay-at-home animal, who generally fixes himself upon a flat rock or an oyster shell, and waits for the food to come to it, as your London housewife expects the butcher and baker to call in the morning.

The pure white body of the neighboring actinia renders it more observable. Its tentacles, displayed in plumes over the central mouth, which is marked with yellow, give it the exact appearance of a chrysanthemum, and should be much in favor with the mermaids to adorn their hair. A still more extraordinary creature is the *Tabella ventilabrum*. The tube of this strange animal is perfectly straight, and its large brown silk-like radiating fans, whilst in search of food, revolve just as the old-fashioned whirling ventilators did in our windows. The instant this fan is touched it is retracted into the tube, the ends just appearing outside, and giving it the appearance of a camel's hair brush.

We shall not attempt to describe the different species of zoophytes and annelides, amounting to hundreds—indeed, they are not all familiar to scientific men. We have little more to say of the crustacea that go scrambling about, yet it would

be impossible to overlook that peripatetic whelk-shell which climbs about the stones with such marvellous activity. On a narrower inspection we perceive that it moves by a foreign agency. Those sprawling legs protruding from its mouth discover the hermit crab, which is obliged to dress its soft body in the first defensible armor it can pick up. A deserted whelk or common spiral shell is his favorite resort, but, like many bipeds, he has a love of changing his house; and those who have narrowly watched his habits state that he will deliberately turn over the empty shells upon the beach, and, after examining them carefully with his claws, pop his body out of one habitation into another, in order to obtain the best possible fit. But there are still stranger facts connected with this intelligent little crustacean. We have before observed that the parasitic sea-anemone invariably fixes himself when possible upon this movable house, perfectly regardless of the many bumps and rubs which necessarily fall to its lot. Another warm friend, the cloak-anemone, clings still closer, for it perfectly envelops the lip of his shell with its living mantle. He has still a third intimate acquaintance, who sponges upon him for bed and board, in the shape of a beautiful worm, *Nereis bilineata*, which stows itself behind the crab in the attic of the whelk-shell, and, the moment its protector by his motions indicates that he has procured food, glides between the two left-foot jaws, and drags a portion of the morsel from his mouth, the crab appearing to evince no more animosity at the seizure than the Quaker who suddenly finds his spoons taken for church-rates. The interesting specimens we have dwelt upon are confined to the sea-water tanks, which line the Aquarium on the side opposite the door, and those which run down the centre of the apartment. Vis-à-vis are the fresh-water tanks, in which we may watch the habits of British fishes. There is a noble pike lying as still as a stone—a model sitter for the photographer who lately took his portrait. The barbel, bream, dace, and gudgeon are seen going about their daily duties as though they were at the bottom of the Thames, instead of sandwiched between two panes of glass, and inspected on either side by curious eyes. Those who go early in the morning will have a chance of seeing the lampreys hanging like leeches from the glass by their circular

mouths, and breathing by the seven holes which run beside their pectoral fins. The marine fish should also be studied—strange forms with vicious-looking jaws, the dog-fish for example, which is a young fry as yet, but which will grow a yard or two in length.

At the east end of the building the alligators' pool discovers here and there a floating reptile's head, the outline of which reminds us of the hippopotamus. In both cases the habit of resting in the water with the head and body almost entirely submerged necessitates a raised form of the nostril and eye-socket, in order to allow the animal to see and breathe. A similar formation of the face is observable in the wart hog (in another portion of the Gardens), which wallows up to its eyes in slush and mire. The alligators have the tank to themselves, with the exception of a couple of turtles, which are too hard nuts for even them to crack.

The Council has scarcely established the Aquarium two years, and already it is well stocked with specimens of British zoophytes and annelides, for the most part dredged from the neighborhood of Weymouth. If these are so beautiful, what must be the wonders of the deep sea in tropical climates? Who knows what strange things a bold adventurer might pick up, who, like Schiller's diver, would penetrate the horrid depths of the whirlpool, not for the jewelled cup of the monarch, but for the hidden living treasures nature has planted there? Doubtless, among the rusty anchors and weed-clung ribs of long-lost armadas, there nestle gigantic zoophytes and enormous star-fish, which would make the fortune of the Gardens in a single season. At all events we hope to see the Aquarium greatly extended, as it will afford the means of studying a department of natural history of which we have hitherto been almost wholly in the dark.

If we pursue our walk down the broad path which skirts the paddocks inclosing the deer and llamas, we cannot help being struck with the fact that the finest half of the Gardens—that which is open to the setting sun—is not yet built on, whilst the more exposed portion is inconveniently crowded. The reason is, that the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests will not allow any permanent buildings to be erected on these parts, for what cause we cannot tell. We trust the prohibition

will be withdrawn, and that we shall see constructed here an inclosed exercising-ground for the poor confined inhabitants of the terrace dens. At the northern extremity of the path we have been following we come upon the paddock and pool dedicated to cranes and storks. What spectre-birds have we got among? See yonder, on the very edge of the pool, the gaunt adjutant, his head muffled up in his shoulders, looking like some traveller attempting to keep his nose warm in the east wind. They say every man has his likeness among the lower animals, and we have seen plenty of adjutants waiting on a winter's night for the last omnibus. What an elegant gentleman seems the Stanley crane beside him! There is as much difference between the two as between a young guardsman in full dress at the Opera and the night cabman huddled up in the multitudinous capes of his great-coat. A third claimant for our admiration steps forward like a dancing-master, now bending low, now with the aid of his wings lifting himself on the light fantastic toe, now advancing, now poussetting, and all the time calling attention to his grotesque but not altogether inelegant attitudes by a peculiar cry. We defy the gravest spectator to watch the beautiful crowned crane at his antics without laughing. But we hear the lady beside us exclaiming, "Is it possible that the Maraboo feathers which so often gracefully sway in obeisance before the Queen, were ever portions of such ugly birds as these?" Unlikely as it may seem, it is verily from these dirty ill-favored looking Maraboo storks that this fashionable plumage is procured. Close by, sitting upon a stone, we see the melancholy looking heron, and the audacious sparrows hop within a foot of his legs, so inanimate he seems. Ah! it is the vile deceit of the bird: in an instant he has stricken the intruder with his bill, and the next he has disappeared down his throat. That elegant gray crane is the "native companion" from Australia, so called from his love of consorting with man in that country. We all know what familiars cranes and storks are in Holland and in the East, where they build on the chimney-pots without the slightest fear, and we are glad to find that they possess the same confidence in the savages of the New World. They are handsome birds, but not so richly plumed as the European crane, with his black and white

feathers and full-clustered tail. Once these cranes were common here, when "England was merrie England"—that is, before windmills and steam-engines were set to work to rescue many counties from a state of marsh. With civilization they utterly disappeared from the land, and with civilization we once more find them amongst us—a sight to gaze at. Not long since the odd population of this paddock embraced a secretary-bird, whose velvet breeches, light stockings, and reserved air, gave him an official appearance worthy of Somerset House in the last century. Take care, little girl, how you feed them; a charge with fixed bayonets is scarcely more formidable than the rush of sharp long bills through the railings which immediately follows a display of provisions.

A few steps take us to the magnificent aviary, 170 feet in length, constructed in 1851, through the 19 divisions of which a pure stream of water is constantly flowing, and the space inclosed by iron netting is so spacious that the birds have room freely to use their wings. The first compartment contains two of the rarities of the Gardens—the satin-bower bird and the Tallagulla or brush-turkey. The former, a bird of a shining blue-black color, is the only remaining one of three brought to this country in 1849. Immediately upon their arriving in the Gardens they commenced the construction of one of their bowers or "runs," which, according to Mr. Mitchell, has been constantly added to and re-arranged from that period to the present time. The bower is perhaps one of the most extraordinary things in bird architecture, as it is constructed not for the useful purpose of containing the young, but purely as a playing place—a decorated ball-room, in fact, wherein the young couple flirt and make love previous to entering upon connubial life. The bower is constructed, in the present instance, from the twigs of an old besom, in the shape of a horse-shoe, or perhaps we should convey a better idea of it by stating that the sticks are bent into a shape like the ribs of a man-of-war, the top being open, and the length varying from six to twelve inches. Against the sides, and at the entrance of the bower, the bird, in a state of nature, places bright feathers, snail-shells, bleached bones, any thing, in fact, containing color. When it is remembered that Australia is the very

paradise of parrots and gaudy-plumaged birds, it will be seen that the little artist cannot lack materials to satisfy his taste for ornament; nevertheless, we are told that he goes to a considerable distance for some of his decorations. When the structure is completed he sits in it to entice the female, fully aware, no doubt, that the fair are attracted by a handsome establishment. Be that as it may, the couple speedily commence running in and out of it, with as much sense, and probably with as much enjoyment, as light-heeled bipeds perform a galop. At the present moment, however, the male bird, bereft of his companions, seems careless of his bower, which is in a most forlorn condition—a ball-room, in fact, a day after a fête. May a new companion speedily arrive, and induce him to put his house once more in order! The satin bower-bird, like the magpie, is well known by the natives to be a terrible thief; and they always search his abode for any object they may have lost. "I myself," says Mr. Gould, in his account of these birds, "found at the entrance of one of them a small neatly-worked stone tomahawk of an inch and a half in length, together with some slips of blue cotton rags, which the birds had doubtless picked up at a deserted encampment of the natives."

Scarcely a less interesting bird is the brush-turkey. In appearance it is very like the common black turkey, but is not quite so large; the extraordinary manner in which its eggs are hatched constitutes its singularity. It makes no nest, in the usual acceptation of the term, but scratches decayed vegetable matter into a pyramid with its feet. It then carefully dibbles in its eggs at regular intervals, with the small end downward, and covers them over with the warm fermenting gatherings. The pair in the Gardens, shortly after they were received from Australia, commenced making one of these hatching-mounds, which, by the time it was finished, contained upwards of four cart-loads of leaves and other vegetable matter. After the female had deposited sixteen eggs, each measuring not less than four inches in length—an enormous size, considering the bulk of the bird—the male began to keep watch over this natural Eccaleobion, and every now and then scratched away the rubbish to inspect them. After six weeks of burial, the eggs, in succession, and without any warning, gave up their chicks

—not feeble, but full-fledged and strong; an intelligent keeper told us that he had seen one fly up out of the ground at least five feet high. At night the chicks scraped holes for themselves, and, lying down therein, were covered over by the old birds, and thus remained until morning. The extraordinary strength of the newly-hatched bird is accounted for by the size of the shell, which contains sufficient nutriment to nourish it until it is lusty. Unfortunately all the young but one have perished through various accidents quite independently of temperature; and the next brood will probably be reared. As both the flesh and the eggs of these birds are delicious, Mr. Mitchell is anxious to naturalize them among us. In fact, one of the objects of the Gardens under the enlightened management of the Secretary is to make it what Bacon calls, in his "Atlantis," "A tryal place for beasts and fishes." For centuries a system of extermination has been adopted towards many indigenous animals; the wolf and buzzard have quite disappeared, and the eagle is fast being swept away even from the Highlands of Scotland—so rapidly indeed, that Mr. Gordon Cumming is anxious, we hear, for the formation of a society for the protection of its eggs. Noxious animals have been replaced by the acclimatization of many of the foreign fauna, which are either distinguished for their beauty or valuable for their flesh. This transfer, which adds so much to the richness of the country, can be vastly accelerated through the agency of these Gardens, which are a kind of "tryal ground" for beasts, as the fields of some of our rich agriculturists are for foreign roots and grasses, in which those likely to be of service can be discovered, and afterwards distributed throughout the land.

If we may quote the brush-turkeys as instances of birds capable of affording a new kind of delicate and easily-reared food, the splendid Impegan pheasants, close at hand, bred here from a pair belonging to her Majesty, and which bore, in the open air, the rigor of last winter, may be looked upon as "things of beauty," which may be produced among us to charm the eye. The elands again, on the north side of the Garden, which have bred so prolifically, and made flesh so rapidly, may with advantage be turned out into our parks, where their beautiful forms would prove as attractive to the eye as

their venison, of the finest quality, would to the taste.

But we can no longer tarry to speculate further on the riches of this aviary, which contains rare specimens of birds from all parts of the world. Passing along the path which takes us by the north entrance, we reach the pelicans' paddock, in which we see half a dozen of these ungainly creatures, white and gray, with pouches beneath their bills as capacious as the bag of a lady's work-table. The visitor may sometimes have an opportunity of witnessing an explanation of the popular myth that the old bird feeds its young from the blood of its own breast. This idea evidently arose from the fact that it can only empty the contents of its pouch into the mouths of its young by pressing it against its breast, in the act of doing which the feathers often became ensanguined from the blood of the mangled fish within it. The close observance of birds and beasts in zoological collections has tended to reduce many fabulous tales to sober reason. On the other side of the walk may be seen in immature plumage one of the red flamingoes from South America, which are said to simulate so closely a regiment of our soldiers, as they stand in rows fishing beside the banks of rivers; and here, too, are the delicate rose-color specimens of the Mediterranean, which are likewise exceedingly beautiful. Those accustomed to navigate the Red Sea frequently witness vast flights of these birds passing and repassing from Arabia to Egypt; and we are informed by a traveller that on one occasion, when he had a good opportunity of measuring the column, he convinced himself that it was upwards of a mile in length! What a splendid spectacle to see the pure eastern sky barred by this moving streak of brilliant color.

But we have not yet explored the north side of the grounds, where the huge pachydermatous animals are lodged. The difficulty caused by the carriage-drive running between the two gardens has been vanquished by means of the tunnel, the ascent from which on the opposite side, flanked as it is with graceful ferns, is one of the most charming portions of the grounds on a hot summer's day. If after passing through the subterranean passage we turn to the right, we come immediately upon the reptile-house. Unless the visitor selects his time, he will generally find little

to amuse him here. The great snakes have either retired from public life under their blankets, or lie coiled upon the branches of the trees in their dens. The reptiles are offered food once a week, but will not always feed even at this interval. One huge python fasted the almost incredible time of twenty-two months, having probably prepared himself for his abstinence by a splendid gorge. After a fast of seven days, however, the majority of the serpents regain their appetites. Three o'clock is the feeding time, and the reptiles which are on the look-out seem to know full well the errand of the man who enters with the basket, against the side of which they hear the fluttering wings of the feathered victims, and the short stamp of the doomed rabbits. The keeper opens the door at the back of the den of the voluminous serpents on our right—for of these there is no fear—takes off their blanket, and drops in upon the clattering pebbles a scampering rabbit, who hops from side to side, curious to inspect his new habitation; presently satisfied, he sits on his haunches, and leisurely begins to wash his face. Silently the rock-snake glides over the stones, uncurling his huge folds, which like a cable seem to move as though by some agency from without, looks for an instant upon his unconscious victim, and the next has seized him with his cruel jaws. His constricting folds are twisted as swiftly as a whip-lash round his shrieking prey, and for ten minutes the serpent lies still, maintaining his mortal knot until his prey is dead, when, seizing him by the ears, he draws him through his vice-like grip, crushing every bone, and elongating the body preparatory to devouring it. The boa and the rock-snake always swallow their prey head foremost. How is that fine neck and delicate head to make room for that bulky rabbit? thinks the inspector. Presently he sees the jaws gape, and slowly the reptile *draws himself over*, rather than swallows, his prey, as you draw a stocking upon your leg. The huge lump descends lower and lower beneath the speckled scales, which seem to stare with distension, and the monster coils himself up once more to digest his meal in quiet. Rabbits and pigeons form the food of the pythons in these Gardens. While the smaller birds are preyed upon in the reptile-house, their big brothers, the storks in the paddock, are reciprocating the law by eating snakes. As we pass to

the opposite side of the serpent-room, where the venomous kinds are kept, we perceive that a more cautious arrangement is made for feeding. The door opens at the top instead of at the sides of their dens, and with good reason, for no sooner does the keeper remove with a crooked iron rod the blanket from the cobra, than the reptile springs, with an inflated hood, into an S-like attitude, and darts literally at his enemy. It seems incapable of striking well any object above or below its level: watch, for instance, that guinea-pig; again and again he dashes at it, but misses his aim; now he hits it, but only to drive the poor frightened creature with a score of flying pebbles before him: when at last he succeeds in piercing the sides of his victim, tetanic spasms immediately commence, and it dies convulsed in a few seconds. It is said by those who have watched the venomous snakes, that the manner of dying exhibited by their stricken prey discloses the nature of the reptile that inflicted the poisoned wound. It is scarcely necessary to state that the popular idea that the tongue darts forth the venom is a fallacy. The poison is contained in glands which lie at the root of the fangs on either side, and, by the compression of the powerful muscles which make the head appear so broad and flat, it is forced into the fine tube which runs at the sides of the fang, and finds its exit near the point by a minute opening. The cobra at present in the collection, with its skin a glossy black and yellow, its eye black and angry, its motions agile and graceful, seems to be the very personification of India. As we watch it when ready to spring, we suddenly remember that only a film of glass stands between us and "pure death." But there is nothing to fear; the python in the adjoining room, which weighs a hundred and twenty pounds, being incensed on his first arrival at being removed from his box, darted with all his force at a spectator. Yet the pane of glass had strength enough to bring him up, and he fell back so bruised about the head and muzzle by the collision, that he could not feed well for several months. The cobra that we see is the same that destroyed its keeper. In a fit of drunkenness, the man, against express orders, took the reptile out, and, placing its head inside his waistcoat, allowed it to glide round his body. When it had emerged from

under his clothes from the other side, apparently in good humor, he squeezed its tail, when it struck him between his eyes; in twenty minutes his consciousness was gone, and in less than three hours he was dead. Before we leave this reptile-room, let us peep for a moment into the little apartment opening from the corner, where hanging from the wall we see all the cast-off dresses of the serpents. If the keeper will allow us to handle one of them for a moment, we shall see that it is indeed an entire suit of light brown color and of gauzy texture, which covered not only the body and head, but the very eyeballs of the wearer.

The Python-house on the other side of the Museum contains two enormous serpents. The adventures of one of them—the *Python reticulatus*—deserve to be written: when small enough to be placed in the pocket, he was, with a companion now no more, taken from Ceylon to Brazil by American sailors; they were then exhibited in most of the maritime towns of South America, and were publicly sold for a high price at Callao to the captain of a ship, who brought them to the Gardens, and demanded £600 for the pair; fully persuaded of their enormous value, he had paid £30 to insure them on the voyage, and it was not until he had long and painfully cogitated that he agreed to sell them for £40. We have before referred to the extraordinary length of time a python has been known to fast without injury. Their fancies as well as their fastings are rather eccentric. Every one has heard of the snake who swallowed his blanket, a meal which ultimately killed him. A python who had lived for years in a friendly manner with a brother nearly as large as himself, was found one morning solus. As the cage was secure, the keepers were puzzled to know how the serpent had escaped; at last it was observed that the remaining inmate had swollen remarkably during the night, when the horrid fact became plain enough; the fratricide had succeeded in swallowing the entire person of his brother: it was his last meal, however, for in some months he died. A friend informs us that he once saw in these Gardens a rat-snake of Ceylon devour a common coluber natrix. The rat-snake, however, had not taken the measure of his victim, as by no effort could he dispose of the last four inches of his tail, which stuck out rather jauntily

from the side of his mouth, with very much the look of a cigar. After a quarter of an hour, the tail began to exhibit a retrograde motion, and the swallowed snake was disgorged, nothing the worse from his living sepulchre, with the exception of the wound made by his partner when first he seized him. The ant-eater, who lately inhabited the room leading out of the Python apartment, has died of a want of ants.

As we issue again into the open air, we have before us the whole length of the avenue, arched with lime-trees, in summer a veritable isle of verdure. What a charming picture it used to be to see the docile elephant pacing towards us with ponderous and majestic steps, whilst in the scarlet howdha happy children swayed from side to side as she marched. She, who was our delight for so many years, died in July last of a storm of thunder and lightning. Such indeed was what may seem at first the singular verdict of the medical man, who made his *post-mortem*. The terror, however, inspired by the storm appears to have produced some nervous disease, under which she succumbed. There is a suspicion that the carcase, five thousand pounds and upwards in weight, which was disposed of to the nackers, ultimately found its way to the sausage-makers. Do not start, good reader; elephant's flesh is considered excellent eating by the tribes of South Africa, and the lion-slayer tells us that the feet are a true delicacy. He used to eat them as we do Stilton cheese, scooping out the interior and leaving the rind; he shows his audience some of these relics, which look like huge leather fire-buckets. And now we have only the young animal left that used to suck his huge mother, to the delight of the crowd of children, and to the disgust of the rhinoceros, who is the sworn enemy to all elephants. The little one is growing apace, however, and we hope soon to see him promoted to carry the deserted howdha. The rhinoceros, close at hand, is the successor of the fine old fellow purchased in 1836 for £1,050, the largest sum ever given by the Society for a single animal. The specimen now in the Gardens cost only £350 in 1850—so much do these commodities fluctuate in value. His predecessor, who departed this life full of years, was constantly forced upon his belly by a pugnacious elephant who pressed his tusks upon the

back of his neighbor when he came near the palings which separated their inclosures. This rough treatment appears to have led to his death, as Professor Owen found, on dissecting the massive brute, which weighed upwards of two tons, that the seventh rib had been fractured at the bend near the vertebral end, and had wounded the left lung.

Not far from the picturesque house built by Decimus Burton, in one of the cages fronting the office of the superintendent of the Gardens, is to be seen a beaver. The wonderful instinct of this little animal is certainly not inferior to that of the huge elephant. As yet he has not been placed in circumstances to enable the public to witness his building capacities, but it is the intention, we understand, of the Council to give him a stream of running water and the requisite materials to construct one of those extraordinary dams for which this animal is so famous. In Canada, where he used to flourish, the backwoodsmen often came upon hill-sides completely cleared of good-sized trees by colonies of these little creatures, who employed the felled timber to construct their dams—dams, not of a few feet in length, but sometimes of a hundred and fifty feet, built according to the best engineering formula for resisting the pressure of water, namely, in an angle with its apex pointed up the stream, and gradually narrowing from base to summit. In short, Mr. Brunel himself could not outdo your beaver in his engineering operations. Even in confinement this sagacious Rodent loves to display his skill, as we may learn from Mr. Broderip's account of his pet Binney:

"Its building instinct," says that accomplished naturalist, "showed itself immediately it was let out of its cage, and materials were placed in its way, and this before it had been a week in its new quarters. Its strength, even before it was half-grown, was great. It would drag along a large sweeping brush, or a warming-pan, grasping the handle with its teeth, so that the load came over its shoulder, and advancing in an oblique direction till it arrived at the part where it wished to place it. The long and large materials were always taken first; and two of the longest were generally laid crosswise, with one of the ends of each touching the wall, and their other ends projecting out into the room. The area caused by the cross-brushes and the wall he would fill up with hand-brushes, rush-baskets, books, boots, sticks, cloths, dried turf, or anything portable. As the work grew high, he supported

himself on his tail, which propped him up admirably; and he would often, after laying on one of his building materials, sit up over against it, appearing to consider his work, or, as the country people say, 'judge it.' This pause was sometimes followed by changing the position of the materials, and sometimes they were left in their place. After he had piled up his materials in one part of the room (for he generally chose the same place), he proceeded to wall up the space between the feet of a chest of drawers which stood at a little distance from it, high enough on its legs to make the bottom a roof for him, using for this purpose dried turf and sticks, which he laid very even, and filling up the interstices with bits of coal, hay, cloth, or anything he could pick up; the last place he seemed to appropriate for his dwelling, the former work seemed to be intended for a dam. When he had walled up the space between the feet of the chest of drawers, he proceeded to carry in sticks, cloths, hay, cotton, and to make a nest; and when he had done he would sit up under the drawers, and comb himself with the nails of his hind feet."

Well done, Binney! If the beaver in the Garden will only work out his natural instincts as perfectly, we may expect some amusement. Up to a late period the beaver had become rather a scarce animal, the exigencies of fashion having nearly exterminated him. When silk hats came in, however, the annual slaughter of hundreds of thousands of his race, for the sake of the fur, gradually slackened, and now he is beginning to increase in his native retreats—a singular instance this of the fashions of Paris and London affecting the very existence of a prolific race of animals in the New World! In the very next compartment is a hare, who for years played the tambourine in the streets of the metropolis, but his master, finding that his performances did not draw, exchanged him at these Gardens for a monkey; and now, whilst he eats his greens in peace, poor Jacko, in a red cloak and a feathered cap, has probably to earn his daily bread by mimicking humanity on the top of a barrel-organ. But the hippopotamus surges into his bath in the inclosure as we pause, and there is a rush of visitors to see the mighty brute performing his ablutions. He no longer gives audience to all the fair and fashionable folks of the town. Alas for the greatness of this world! the soldier-crab and the Esop prawn now draw better "houses." Whether or no this desertion has embittered his temper, we cannot say, but he has certainly lost his amiability, notwithstanding that he still retains the



to a large amount are annually made. The system of exchanges which exists between the various British and Continental Societies helps to supply the Garden with deficient specimens in place of duplicates. Very rare, and consequently expensive animals, are generally purchased. Thus, the first rhinoceros cost 1000*l*.; the four giraffes, 700*l*. and their carriage an additional 700*l*. The elephant and calf were bought in 1851 for 800*l*.; and the hippopotamus, although a gift, was not brought home and housed at less than 1000*l*.—a sum which he more than realized in the famous Exhibition season, when the receipts were 10,000*l*. above the previous year. The lion Albert was purchased for 140*l*.; a tiger in 1852 for 200*l*. The value of some of the smaller birds will appear, however, more startling: thus, the pair of black-necked swans were purchased for 80*l*. (they are now to be seen in the three-island pond); a pair of crowned pigeons and two maleos, 60*l*.; a pair of Victoria pigeons, 35*l*.; four mandarin ducks, 70*l*. Most of these rare birds (now in the great aviary) came from the Knowsley collection, at the sale of which, in 1851, purchases were made to the extent of 985*l*. It would be impossible from these prices, however, to judge of the present value of the animals. Take the rhinoceros, for example: the first specimen cost 1000*l*., the second, quite as fine a brute, only 350*l*. Lions range again from 40*l*. to 180*l*., and tigers from 40*l*. to 200*l*. The price is generally ruled by the state of the wild-beast market and by the intrinsic rarity of the creature. A first appearance in Europe of course is likely to draw, and is therefore at the top price; but it is wonderful how demand produces supply. Let any rare animal bring a crowd to the Gardens, and in a twelvemonth numbers of his brethren will be generally in the market. The ignorance displayed by some persons as to the value of well-known objects is something marvellous. We have already spoken of the sea-captain who demanded 600*l*. for a pair of pythons, and at last took 40*l*.! On another occasion an American offered the Society a grisly bear for 2000*l*., to be delivered in the United States; and more laughable still, a moribund walrus, which had been fed for nine weeks on salt pork and meal, was offered for the trifling sum of 700*l*.!

We could go on multiplying *ad nauseam* instances of this kind, but must conclude the catalogue of absurdities by stating

that there is a firm belief on the part of many persons that it is the Zoological Society which has proposed the large reward, which every one has heard of, for the tortoise-shell Tom. "The only one ever known" has been offered accordingly at the exceedingly low figure of 250*l*. On one occasion a communication was received from some person of consideration in Thuringia, requesting to be informed of the amount of the proffered prize which he was about to claim. This was shortly followed by a letter from another person evidently written in a fury, cautioning the Society against giving the prize to the previous writer, as he was not the breeder of the cat, but was only trying to buy it for less than its value, "in which he would never succeed so long as the true breeder lived." To prevent further applications on the behalf of growers of this unique animal, we may as well state that tortoise-shell Toms may be had in many quarters. There is one\* for sale at the present moment at Dudley for a very moderate price, if any of our maiden lady readers should wish to possess an animal which "everybody says" is so exceedingly rare.

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animal—among the quadrupeds. Mr. Gould remarks, that nature affords an appropriate vegetation to each class of animal life. Our universal mother seems to have matched her Flora to her Fauna in this portion of the globe; at least, the paradoxical creatures we have mentioned seem in happy accord with Australian vegetation, where the stones grow outside the cherries, and the pear-shaped fruits depend from the branch with their small ends downwards! The apteryx is entirely nocturnal in its habits, pursuing its prey in the ground by smell rather than by sight, to enable it to do which, the olfactory openings are placed near the point of the beak. Thus the bird scents the worm on which it feeds far below the surface of the ground. We must not regard the apteryx as an exceptional creature, but rather as the type of a large class of birds peculiar to the islands of New Zealand, which have been destroyed, like the dodo in the Mauritius, since the arrival of man. Professor Owen, long before the apteryx arrived in England, pronounced that a single bone found in some New Zealand watercourse had belonged to a wingless, tailless bird, that stood at least twelve feet high.\* This scientific conjecture has lately been transformed into a certainty by the discovery of a number of bones, which demonstrate that several species of Moas once roamed among the fern-clad islands which stud the bright Polynesian Ocean. These bones have been found mixed with those of the apteryx, which thus becomes linked to a race of mysterious creatures which, it is supposed, have long passed away, although a tale is told—an American one, it is true—of an Englishman having come across a dinosaur, whilst out on its nocturnal rambles, and of his having fled from it with as much terror as though it had been a griffin of old.

Our walk through the Gardens has only enabled us to take a cursory glance at a few of the 1300 mammals, birds, and reptiles at present located there; but the duty of the zoologist is to dwell minutely on each. To such these Gardens have, for the last twenty-six years, been a very

fountain-head of information. During that time a grand procession of animal life, savage and wild, has streamed through them, and far the major part have gone to that "bourne from which no traveller returns." Let us rank them, and pass them before us:—

Quadrumana . . . . .	1069
Carnivora . . . . .	1509
Rodentia . . . . .	1025
Pachydermata . . . . .	204
Ruminantia . . . . .	1098
Marsupialia . . . . .	219
Reptilia . . . . .	1861
Aves . . . . .	7320

—making a total of 14,205. Out of this large number many curious animals have doubtless left no trace; but through the care of Mr. Mitchell, no rare specimen has died within these five years at least, without previously sitting for his portrait. The first part of the valuable collection of colored drawings, from the inimitable pencil of Mr. Wolf, accompanied by a description from the pen of Mr. Mitchell, the editor of the work, is just published, under the title of "Zoological Sketches, &c." and the others will speedily follow. The work, when completed, will be unique in the annals of zoology, both for the extreme beauty of the drawings, which may be said to daguerreotype the subjects in their most characteristic attitudes, and for the nature of the letter-press, which proves that the editor has written from the life.

This splendid collection has been got together by presents, purchase, breeding, and exchanges. Out of the 14,205 specimens, however, which have been in the possession of the Society, scarcely a tithe were bought. The Queen, especially, has been most generous in her presents, and the stream of barbaric offerings in the shape of lions, tigers, leopards, &c., which is continually flowing from tropical princes to the fair Chief of the nation, is poured into these Gardens. Her Majesty evidently pays no heed to the superstition once common among the people, that a dynasty was only safe as long as the lions flourished in the royal fortress. In fact, the Gardens are a convenience to our gracious Monarch as well as to her subjects; for wild animals are awkward things to have in one's back premises. Neither must we overlook the reproduction which has taken place in the Gardens; to such an extent, indeed, has the stock increased, that sales

\* The great merit of this inference may be judged from the circumstance that several eminent naturalists, out of an honest regard to the reputation of Professor Owen, endeavored to prevent the publication of the paper in which, with the sure sagacity of scientific genius, he confidently announced the fact.

to a large amount are annually made. The system of exchanges which exists between the various British and Continental Societies helps to supply the Garden with deficient specimens in place of duplicates. Very rare, and consequently expensive animals, are generally purchased. Thus, the first rhinoceros cost 1000*l.*; the four giraffes, 700*l.* and their carriage an additional 700*l.* The elephant and calf were bought in 1851 for 800*l.*; and the hippopotamus, although a gift, was not brought home and housed at less than 1000*l.*—a sum which he more than realized in the famous Exhibition season, when the receipts were 10,000*l.* above the previous year. The lion Albert was purchased for 140*l.*; a tiger in 1852 for 200*l.* The value of some of the smaller birds will appear, however, more startling: thus, the pair of black-necked swans were purchased for 80*l.* (they are now to be seen in the three-island pond); a pair of crowned pigeons and two maleos, 60*l.*; a pair of Victoria pigeons, 35*l.*; four mandarin ducks, 70*l.* Most of these rare birds (now in the great aviary) came from the Knowsley collection, at the sale of which, in 1851, purchases were made to the extent of 985*l.* It would be impossible from these prices, however, to judge of the present value of the animals. Take the rhinoceros, for example: the first specimen cost 1000*l.*, the second, quite as fine a brute, only 350*l.* Lions range again from 40*l.* to 180*l.*, and tigers from 40*l.* to 200*l.* The price is generally ruled by the state of the wild-beast market and by the intrinsic rarity of the creature. A first appearance in Europe of course is likely to draw, and is therefore at the top price; but it is wonderful how demand produces supply. Let any rare animal bring a crowd to the Gardens, and in a twelvemonth numbers of his brethren will be generally in the market. The ignorance displayed by some persons as to the value of well-known objects is something marvellous. We have already spoken of the sea-captain who demanded 600*l.* for a pair of pythons, and at last took 40*l.*! On another occasion an American offered the Society a grisly bear for 2000*l.*, to be delivered in the United States; and more laughable still, a moribund walrus, which had been fed for nine weeks on salt pork and meal, was offered for the trifling sum of 700*l.*!

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stance, informed us that one night he was awakened by his wife, who drew his attention to a noise in the back-yard, where he had placed two lions on the previous evening. On putting his head out of the window—his room was on the ground-floor—there were the lions, loose, and, with their paws on the window sill, looking grimly in upon him. A good whip and a determined air consigned Leo to his cage again without further trouble. On another occasion this same man, hearing a noise in his back premises, found to his horror that an elephant, with his pick-lock trunk, had let out a hyæna and a nyghau from their cages, and was busy undoing the fastenings of a den full of lions! The same resolute spirit, however, soon restored order. Amateurs have not always the same courage or self-possession, and they immediately have recourse to the Garden folks to get them out of their difficulties, as a housekeeper would send to the station-house on finding a burglar secreted in his cellar. On one occasion a gentleman, who had offered a rattlesnake and its young to the Gardens at a high price, sent suddenly to the superintendent to implore immediate assistance, as the said snake, with half a score venomous offspring, had escaped from their box and scattered themselves in his nursery. The possessor, to avoid worse losses, was only too glad to be rid of his guests at any pecuniary sacrifice.

We cannot close our survey without touching upon the cost of the commissariat. The slaughtered beasts appropriated to the carnivora, we have before stated, cost in the year 1854 no less a sum than 1367*l.* 1*9s.* 5*d.* If we go through the other items of food, we shall give some notion of the expense and the variety of the banquet to which the animals daily sat down during that year. Thus we see hay figures for 912*l.* 14*s.*; corn, seeds, &c., 700*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*; bread, buns, &c. (for the monkeys), 150*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*; eggs, 87*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.* (for the ant-eater principally); milk, 69*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.*; mangold-wurzel, carrots, and turnips, 22*l.* 6*s.*; dog-biscuit, 135*l.* 1*9s.* 10*d.* (for the bears and wolves and dogs chiefly); fish (for the otters, seal, pelicans, &c.),

214*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*; green tares, 23*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*; rabbits and pigeons (for the snakes), 33*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.*; rice and oil-cake, 66*l.* 15*s.*; sundries, including fruit, vegetables, grasshoppers, snakes, mealworms, figs, sugar, &c. (for the birds principally), 157*l.* 1*s.* 11*d.*: making a total of 3942*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.*; a great increase on the food bill of 1853, and which is caused entirely by the advance of prices.

The pitch of excellence to which the Gardens have arrived has naturally resulted in drawing the increased attention of the public towards them. We have only to contrast, for instance, the number of people who entered in the year 1848—the first in which a more liberal system of management came into play—with those who passed in in 1854, to see that the establishment flourishes under the auspices of the new Secretary; for while in the former year only 142,456 persons passed through the turnstiles, the number had risen in the latter to 407,676. It is interesting to observe that, although an increase of full 100 per cent. took place upon the privileged and ordinary shilling visitors during that interval, yet that the reduction of the admittance-charge to sixpence on Mondays and holidays was the main cause of the gradual influx of visitors—the year 1848 showing only 60,566 admittances of these holiday folks and working-people to 196,278 in 1854. Here, then, we have an increase of 135,712 persons, many of whom were, no doubt, rescued, on those days at least, from the fascinations of the public-house. With all this flood of life, the greater portion of it undoubtedly belonging to the laboring classes, not the slightest injury has been done to the Gardens. A flower or two may have been picked, but not by that class of Englishmen who were once thought too brutal to be allowed access unwatched to any public exhibition. Every year that passes over our heads proves that such shows as these are splendid examples of the method of teaching introduced by Bell and Lancaster; that they furnish instruction of a nature which is never forgotten, and which refines at the same time that it delights.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## THE ACADEMIC CAREER OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

IN the autumn of 1787, Wilhelm and Alexander von Humboldt entered together the University of Frankfort-on-the-Oder.

The desire to have her sons as near her as possible, was no doubt the reason which induced the Baroness von Humboldt to select Frankfort in preference to other universities which seemed much more eligible, particularly Königsberg, where Kant was at that time reading his celebrated lectures. Halle and Göttingen also afforded very superior facilities.

The Frankfort University, which was subsequently removed to Breslau, was always extremely deficient in scientific institutions—it had no anatomical or natural museum, no observatory, no botanic gardens, no library of importance, scarcely one good publisher, and only one very bad printing establishment. Coupled with these deficiencies, Frankfort was notorious for preserving to the last superannuated forms, rude social habits, and narrow-minded pedantry. Amongst the professors there was not a single one who exercised the least influence upon any single science.

Wilhelm von Humboldt devoted himself particularly to the study of the law; Alexander to the various departments of political economy. The science of political economy, as such, was at that time scarcely in its infancy; indeed its poverty was so proverbial, that it used to be said of any one who did not learn anything—he studies political economy.

Leopold Krug, who wrote the first "Observations on the Natural Wealth of the Prussian States," complains as late as 1805 of the then condition of the study of political economy. He says, they are instructed as to the cost of erecting a spirit or tar distillery, or a flour mill, they learn how many threads of yarn or silk are required for the warp or weft, how cheese is made, and iron smelted, and how caterpillars or cockchafers are destroyed, but they have not the remotest notion that

higher principles of state economics exist or have any thing to do with the subject."

Frankfort was, in fact, looked upon simply as furnishing the legal qualifications required for entering the service of the state, and imparting such accomplishments as were then required. Probably the Baroness only aimed at obtaining the necessary qualifications for her sons from the university; but to satisfy the love of knowledge of both the brothers, something more was required, and it is, therefore, no wonder that they felt disgusted, and left the university at Easter, 1788. Wilhelm went at once to Göttingen, but Alexander remained the succeeding summer and winter at Berlin in order, as he says, "to study technology, as applied to manufactures," and following the example of his more assiduous brother, he endeavored to make himself more thoroughly acquainted with the Greek language.

During this period Alexander contracted an intimate and very tender friendship for the young, but then already celebrated botanist, Willdenow, and showed an especial partiality for the study of the cryptogami, and the many families of grasses; his chief attention was, however, devoted to the study of pure and applied mathematics, in which he was instructed by Fischer, professor at the gymnasium—"zum grauen Kloster."

We are fortunate in being able to publish here perhaps the oldest document in which the natural talents of the youth, Alexander von Humboldt, were properly estimated, and the later importance of the *man* prognosticated, viz., when Alexander von Humboldt went to Göttingen, in 1788, he took with him a letter of recommendation from his before-named master, Fischer, to the then celebrated mathematician, Johann Friedrich Pfaff, whom he visited at the little Hanoverian town of Helm, which possessed at that time also a university. The contents of the letter are as follow:

"The bearer of this letter, Herr von Humboldt, is the younger of two brothers, in whose instruction in mathematics and the old languages I have for some years past taken a share. Perhaps you may remember my speaking to you in Berlin about this gentleman. The elder brother is already at Göttingen, and the younger now follows him there. He desires to make your acquaintance, and I hope that you also will not find his acquaintance disagreeable. Both brothers have the most admirable gifts of head and heart, and with it they have been excellently (not fashionably) brought up. This, the younger, is properly a political economist, and has already acquired very considerable knowledge in the various branches bearing on this subject. If he could have occupied himself entirely, or chiefly, with mathematics, I am convinced that I could have made him a very eminent mathematician, yet I hope that he will, with the mathematical knowledge which he really possesses, be able to maintain his position every where in all practical matters. I lose in him not only a pupil whose instruction affords me great delight, but also a friend whose society I shall regret."

A mathematical amateur exercise of Humboldt's at that time was to find out a peculiar system of logarithms, a labor which was subsequently accomplished by Gauss. Only in scattered letters have detached fragments of these calculations been preserved, because from some unknown motive he concealed these efforts entirely from his instructor, Fischer.

The University of Göttingen had then attained the culminating point of its celebrity. This reputation was mainly connected with the culture of classical philology and political economy, which last study was here first (connected with its chief element, publicity) made the bridge which led from the lessons of the past to the practice of the present; and this was the source of the high position which Göttingen occupied in relation to the development of the German mind.

The Göttingen philosophy did not lead to abstract speculations or political changes, but rather confined itself to ancient and modern historic studies and to practical experiments of natural science. Thus did Heyne convert philology, which was up to that time merely a study of languages, into a philosophy of antiquity applied to the practical affairs of life.

Schlœzer gave, in the same way, a new aspect and meaning to history, inasmuch as he brought into it politics, and placed inventions and discoveries, the progress of civilization, constitutionalism, and legislation, above the changes of thrones, dynasties, and warlike exploits or occurrences. His "Göttingen Journal," his "Correspondence," his "State Intelligencer," became not only the most important historical registers; but they became also a political tribunal, which even caused Maria Theresa frequently to ask herself, "But what will Schlœzer say to it?" In jurisprudence Göttingen stood also very high, but it was above all the high school of all mathematical, physical, and medical sciences, which had nothing in common with revolutionary theories or idle metaphysics, but only sought after that which might be rendered practically useful.

It is not to be expected that the English reader should be familiar with the names of all the great men who taught at Göttingen; a few, however, may be mentioned, as having European reputation: thus, Gauss, Kaestner, and Lichtenberg were distinguished for their acquirements in mathematics and natural history; Albrecht von Haller, in medicine; Wrisberg, in anatomy; Richter, as teacher in surgery; Gmelin, through his history of chemistry; Oslander, as accoucheur and collector of curiosities. The chief amongst all was, however, Blumenbach; he was the first who established for natural history its position as a science connected with the history of men and the world; his works are translated into almost all European languages; he established comparative anatomy as a branch of instruction, and long before Cuvier (in 1785) did he embody the same as personal instruction in a complete course of lectures. Alexander, as already stated, arrived at Göttingen one year after his brother Wilhelm; he found his brother on his arrival already on terms of intimacy and friendly intercourse with the most distinguished personages, and himself expected with the most kindly welcome. Thus did he soon become intimate with Heyne, and assisted him in a history of weaving by the ancients, which remained, however, unprinted. In Heyne's house, he also made the acquaintance of George Forster, Heyne's son-in-law.

Thus did his lucky star bring him early

together with the man who sympathized most with his wishes and inclinations, and who exercised the greatest influence upon his studies, his fancy, and upon the great plan of his whole life. In George Forster we see, in a measure, the prototype of Alexander von Humboldt.

George Forster, then thirty-six years of age, had already accompanied Cook on his second voyage round the world, and described the same most admirably; he had studied all branches of natural science, including physics and chemistry; he was an admirable draughtsman of plants and animals, possessed of great knowledge in philosophy, literature, and the fine arts, and devoted himself with all the powers of his mind, and the inclination of his heart, particularly to geography, history, and politics. He wrote Latin and understood Greek; he spoke and wrote, with extreme facility, French and English; his German writings are classic patterns; he read Dutch and Italian, and was no stranger to the Swedish, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, and Polish languages; and with all this, he was a witty, modest, and amiable companion.

Humboldt frequently refers to Forster in grateful acknowledgment and reverence; he calls him his "celebrated tutor and friend," and describes him as the author, who in the German literature has most powerfully and successfully given the direction to the descriptions of modern travellers in opposition to the dogmatic compositions of the Middle Ages. "Through him," he says in the "Kosmos" (II. p. 72), "commenced a new era in scientific travels, whose object is comparative information of nations and countries. Endowed with a fine æsthetic feeling, preserving within himself vivid pictures, with which Tahiti and other then happier islands of the South Sea had inspired his fancy, George Forster delineated with grace the changing stages of vegetation, the circumstances of climate, the description of food with reference to the civilization of the people, according to the variety of their original abodes and descent. Everything which can impart truth, individuality, and contemplativeness to the view of exotic nature, is to be found combined in his works, and this by no means exclusively in his exquisite description of Captain Cook's second voyage, but still more in his lesser writings: in them lies the germ of much greatness which a later

period brought to maturity." In face of his "Geography of Plants," Humboldt says, "Since my earliest youth I had collected the ideas for such a work (a natural picture, which should embrace all the appearances which the surface of our planet and the atmosphere present). The first draft of my 'Geography of Plants' I laid before my friend George Forster, whose name I never utter without the utmost feeling of gratitude." This quotation is characteristic; it is not only a fine expression of grateful reminiscences, but it affords, above all, evidence how long and carefully Humboldt carried and nourished within him the ideas necessary to his works; and that he was already in those days occupied with ideas of the "Kosmos."

Not compelled to choose any profession, not attracted by honors of the higher ranks, not animated by any false ambition, Alexander von Humboldt had, in the independence of his position, sufficient time and means to live for his favorite studies, to satisfy his love of travel, to incite his mind still more through the contemplation of nature, and to prepare himself by observation for the most interesting inquiries and discoveries. Thus he commenced, as early as Easter, 1790, a journey to the Rhine, Holland, and England, accompanied by George Forster, and the astronomer Von Geuns. A portion of the results of this voyage Humboldt published under the title "Mineralogische Beobachtungen" (Mineralogical Observations on several Basalts on the Rhine). Brunswick, 1790. This is the literary first-fruit of the youth of twenty-one.

In the "Scattered Remarks about the Basalts in the Ancient and Modern Authors," which precede the "Personal Observations," it is demonstrated with a great display of philological erudition that there exists no reason in the classics for confounding the basalt of Pliny with Syenites and Basanites (*lapis lydius* and *lapis æthiopicus*). In the work itself, Humboldt exhibits rare powers of observation, of description, and an all-embracing literary knowledge. Forster says: "All my allusions to our supposed volcanoes on the Rhine, I find already confirmed in the two quartos of Dr. Rose, and in the condensed observations of our sagacious friend Alexander von Humboldt."

Humboldt, however, devoted his ingenuity particularly to maintain the er-

rors of the existing school, where the Neptunic theory about the origin of the basalts was generally accepted; and his labors exercised such permanent influence that they were referred to in proof of Neptunism long after he himself had declared in favor of the volcanic theory.

It must, however, be borne in mind that the origin of the basalts was a matter about which the disputes of the learned were more severe and lasting than about the origin of any other kind of mountainous formation; and that in spite of his original error, Humboldt was, after Leopold von Buch, the first who detected the errors of that school, and who demonstrated beyond a doubt the volcanic origin of this kind of rock. As an illustration of the low position then occupied by geognostic science, and especially of the ridiculous opinions relative to the basalt, we would quote from a controversial treatise by the learned Mecklenburg chamberlain and Professor Witte\* of Rostock. He maintains that the Pyramids are the remains of a volcanic eruption, "which had pressed upwards with a certain, solemn slowness." Their hieroglyphics he describes as crystal formations; the "*Möris-See*" for a broken-down crater of an extinguished volcano; the sarcophagus of Cheops in the great Pyramid, for lava pieces, which, before their total cooling, had, "like two biscuits" lying on each other, "assumed their coffin-like shape;" and not less romantic are the opinions of A. Giraud-Soulavie, who attempts to prove the psychological and social influences which the mineral formations of a country exercise upon the character of its inhabitants. "The inhabitants of basaltic districts," he says, "are difficult to be governed; they are restless and irreligious. The basalts appear as long unknown causes for the speedy extension of the Reformation." Against such opinions had Alexander von Humboldt to bring to bear all the vigor and talent of a scientific dispute. His stay at Göttingen, after his return from his journey with Forster, was not a prolonged one. Little is known of his life while there; and his intercourse with the great men of that place must be rather assumed than narrated in its details. That Blumenbach had attracted him and exercised a considerable influence over

him may be inferred from the fact that Humboldt at a later period communicated his experiments on the sensibility of the nerves and muscles, first in his letters to him, which were then published in "*Gren's Journal*." At the secular celebration of that university in 1837, Humboldt expressed grateful acknowledgments "that he had received the nobler part of his cultivation at this celebrated high school." Through Forster he became acquainted with Sömmering. A correspondence soon ensued between them, especially about psychological subjects, and the experiments about the irritated muscular and nervous fibres are "dedicated with grateful reverence and love to the great anatomist Sömmering."

Forster's practical mind no doubt suggested to Humboldt the advisability of discontinuing his present studies, and to visiting the Mercantile Academy at Hamburg, where he remained until the spring of 1791, and which was then, under Büsch and Ebeling, very much in repute. This deviation from the usual road of academic studies is so unusual and strange, that even in it we may recognize the genius and the early striving after universality in his acquirements, and see in it an indication how early Humboldt endeavored to bring mercantile affairs within the circle of his scientific investigations. About this time Forster writes to Jacobi: "Both the Humboldts are well; but each in a perfectly different way. The eldest is counsellor of legation (*legationsrath*) and at the same time assessor of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Berlin, where he is keeping his trial term. When his year is over, he desires to be appointed to Halberstadt, and will no doubt marry. The younger is with Büsch in Hamburg, studies the practical counting-house routine, '*morphondises*' amongst the distinguished minds of Hamburg; he has visited Christian Stolberg, and is full of his praise. He occasionally rambles for the purpose of gathering such mosses as bloom in the winter, and writes droll letters full of humor, good nature, and sentimentality." Of these letters we have not been able to find any traces. Humboldt preserves up to the present moment the most pleasant recollections of his Hamburg days, and particularly of the social circles which met at Sieveking's house.

This rich merchant belonged to the most distinguished men of his town; he

\* On the Origin of the Pyramids in Egypt and the Ruins of Persopolis. Leipzig: 1789.



filled some of the most important posts, and stood in intimate relation with the most celebrated men in the scientific and political world. His wife was the grandchild of the (in his time) celebrated Reimarus; her father was also a most eminent naturalist, and she was possessed of great amiability and superior accomplishments. Her house was the resort of the best society. Here Humboldt became acquainted with Claudius, Voss, and Voigt, which last proved most valuable, he being the possessor of the great gardens at Flodbeck, distinguished for possessing a great number of the rarest plants. About this time, Werner had elevated the little Saxon town of Freiberg to the most celebrated mining academy. Werner was then a very renowned mineralogist, and the founder of this science. Mineralogists, miners, &c., came from all parts of the world to Freiberg, and amongst the rest, Alexander von Humboldt entered the Freiberg Academy on the 4th of June, 1791. His reputation as an interesting young scholar had already preceded him, and his observations about the Rhenish basalts had insured for him with Werner the most friendly reception. On the very next day he commenced his mining studies by ascending the "*Kurprinz*," in company with Freyesleben, and the surrounding objects attracted them so much, that both commenced an excursion the very next week amongst the Bohemian mountains, the results of which are contained in the "*Bergmännische Journal*" (Mining Journal), under the guidance of Werner and Charpentier. Humboldt now commenced to study with true inspiration the scientific and practical departments of mining. The "*Flora Subterranea Freibergensis*" shows the extent of the excursions which Humboldt and Freyesleben made more than sixty years ago, under the direction of Werner, in that wide subterranean labyrinth, animated by the enthusiasm which mining never fails to infuse into young and happy temperaments.

Even while thus occupied, he originated new branches of study. As chemistry at Freiberg had no professorship, he exerted himself in friendly union with Franz Bader to study the works of Lavoisier and Berthollet. In wandering through the immense subterranean avenues, he not only devoted his best attention to the study of fossils, but he conceived at the

same time the happy idea of illuminating the vegetation of the nether world on which no daylight shines with the light of his own investigation: his experiments and observations about the green color of subterranean vegetables which grew in his "little subterranean garden," where no single ray of light could penetrate, may be found amongst his other treatises on botany, mineralogy, physics, chemistry, and salines, in the periodicals of *Delametherie*, *Gren*, *Crell*, *Usteri*, *Köhler*, and *Hofmann*.

In his congratulatory letter on the celebration of Werner's hundredth birth-day (25th September, 1830), Humboldt expresses the grateful acknowledgment, that he owed an important part of his education and of the direction of his efforts to the comprehensive; systematizing mind of Werner. He also says, that the glorification of his name and performances (the latter of which had in modern times been much misjudged) was most dear to him; that he exclusively devoted several years to practical mining; that he feels proud to have occupied the position of mining captain in the Franconian mountains; that his most pleasant youthful reminiscences are connected with the debt he owes to that admirable institution, the Freiberg Mining Academy, which had exercised, especially in Werner's time, such important influence upon the rest of Europe, as also upon Spanish and Portuguese America; and last, what he owes to the encouraging friendliness of Saxon mining officials, and to the instructive association of his fellow-pupil and fellow-laborer Carl Freyesleben.

His school-fellows were the celebrated Leopold von Buch, the Norwegian Es-march, Mitchell the Englishman, the Mexican Elhyal, and the Brazilian Andrada.

A poem dedicated to him on leaving the academy, on 26th February, 1792, by his fellow-pupils, was signed Böhme, Börner, von Buch, Count von Einsedel, Freyesleben, Hofmann, Monsky, von Schlottheim, von Seckendorf, Z. M. Sieghardt, Soymanow, Vollmar, and the two von Ziemens—how many since distinguished names! To them, also, belongs the Russian counsellor of state, Fischer von Waldheim, who honored the departing friend in a special Latin farewell.

A most touching recollection of those days was expressed by Humboldt in a letter written on the 8th of February, 1847,

to the last-named friend on his doctor's jubilee: "Receive from me, who have had the good fortune, with our already departed Freyesleben, to have been the first to acknowledge your fine talents and the grace of your character—receive my most hearty and fervent felicitations. Do you remember the garden behind the church at Freiberg?—our stay at Dresden with Reinhard von Haften?—Paris, where you instructed Caroline von Humboldt?—the high regard which my brother and Cuvier entertained for you?—*reminiscences of the world of shades*, but to me dear and affecting."

At Freiberg, Humboldt closed, if the expression is applicable to such a man, his real educational period; and thus we

close the chapter with a description of him as he then appeared, given by Freyesleben: "The prominent features of his amiable character are a quiet, exhaustless good humor—a benevolent, charitable, polite, disinterested, obliging, good nature; warm sympathies for friendship and a love of nature; he is open, simple, and unassuming in his whole bearing; he possesses an ever lively and entertaining communicativeness, has a happy, humorous, and occasionally even playful disposition." These characteristics assisted him in after times to tame and attract the savages amongst whom he lived for years, and aroused in the civilized world, wherever he made his appearance, admiration and sympathy.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

It is now some six or eight months ago since, in this journal, there was published an account of Sir George Grey's very interesting book on the mythology of Polynesia. About the same time with Sir George Grey's book, there was another publication on the same subject, entitled "Superstitions and Traditions of New Zealand," by Mr. Shortland. And we now have from Mr. Taylor, who was for many years a missionary in New Zealand, a volume which he entitles "TE IKA A MAUI; or, New Zealand and its Inhabitants," in which he gives a very full account of whatever the island presents of peculiar interest. His account is not confined to the social circumstances of the people among whom he was placed, but embraces an account of the geology and natural history of the country. These latter are subjects which demand a separate consideration, on which we do not now propose to enter; nor shall we, with our author, at this moment discuss the peculiar position of the natives as respects Christianity. What Christianity

has done in uprooting and utterly destroying an old system of idolatry, is the subject which we wish at present to force upon our readers' minds. What it is doing among the New Zealanders, in common with the natives of all other lands where it is faithfully preached, and the ultimate triumph which it is destined to attain over everything that interrupts its progress, is no part of our present theme. What is due to true religion, in gradually clearing the earth of ancestral superstitions, is too apt to be forgotten; and of these superstitions themselves we are apt to form an inaccurate and most unjustly favorable account, from our knowledge of them for the most part being derived, in any way that it blends with our habits of thinking, from descriptions in the classical poets. Enough of horror—enough of cruelty and obscenity—is in these descriptions to shock every thoughtful man's feelings; enough, perhaps, to exhibit the evil that was at the root of all that they called religion; but how utterly imperfect any knowledge de-

rived from this source must be, is, perhaps, in no way more distinctly exhibited than by the poets themselves. Pindar, in a remarkable passage, tells us the popular legend which connected the story of the house of Tantalus with the gods, but adds, that he cannot credit it. "It is," he says, "inconsistent with all just notions of the Divine nature;" and he then proceeds to make such alterations in the mode of telling the legend as will remove the objection. Of the utter abominations of the heathenism of Greece and Rome, did our knowledge depend only on what we learn from the poets—evil, essentially evil, as it is, even seen through that medium—we should know comparatively nothing. Through the writings of the poets and the philosophers there are always traces of high, and true, and honorable feeling, which seem, in contrast with the popular religion, in its early stages, polluted with blood, at all times with lasciviousness. Literature was more pure than Art, and the character of ancient idolatry, and the way in which it affected the imaginations of the people subjected to it, may be better learned from the remains of vertu found in the disinterred cities of Italy, than from anything in the written works of the period.

Whatever, however, may be thought on this subject, there is no one who will not rejoice, that while it was yet possible, our English residents in New Zealand have labored to preserve a record of the superstitions of the country, and that we have, chiefly through Sir George Grey's exertions, secured to us, not alone in translation but in the original language, much of the traditional history of the MAORI. If these had not been thus placed upon permanent record now, even all memory of them must have soon altogether perished. The old religion is passing away; none but old people, whose number Death every year diminishes, remember the poems which Sir George Grey has had transcribed from their recitations. The prayers or spells often contain words, the meaning of which is unknown to any but the priests, and by them probably disregarded—the effect of a charm consisting not in the signification, but in the mere sound of what is uttered. Of the younger generations, it is probable that scarcely an individual thinks of the traditions of his country, as all the thoughts of both natives and settlers are directed, not to the

development of old systems of belief, but a civilization founded on the total exclusion of the elements out of which the former state of society through the island depended. The structure of society which had prevailed is wholly broken up. We speak not alone of the religion of the people; but, as the ownership or possession of land depended on laws of inheritance, supported by genealogical tables, and preserved in old poems, it is plain that when these records, not written but trusted alone to memory, ceased to be useful in questions of property, that they would be gradually disregarded, and could not but wholly pass away.

In Mr. Taylor's book\* we have as good an account as perhaps it is possible to obtain, of the religion of the people. Of one Supreme Being it would appear that they have no belief or, perhaps, conception. When the idea was suggested, it was met with a burst of ridicule. "Is there," said the chieftain, to whom it was stated that there is one God, the Creator of all things, "Is there one maker of all things among you Europeans? Is not one a carpenter, another a blacksmith, another a ship-builder, another a house-builder? Even so has it been in the beginning with the gods. Tano made trees—Ru made mountains—Tangaroa made fishes." The thought, as expressed by them, is generation rather than creation. Tano is the father of trees—Ru the father of mountains, and so forth. The gods whom they worship are, in the same mode of thinking, the spirits of their own ancestors. The gods are thought of, not as creators, but as created, and in reading the accounts of their system, if it can be so called, we feel in pretty much the same state of mind as when we have been looking over Taylor's translations of "Plotinus," thinking it probable that there may be some meaning in the original, but striving in vain to guess what his translator can be at. They begin, we are told, with *nothing*, which produced *something*, that brought forth *something more*, and generated a power of increasing. *Spirit*, subtler than *Matter*, arose before it. *Thought* is subtler than *Spirit*, and the commencement dates with the birth of *Thought*. The epoch of thought is thus described:

\* "Te Ika a Maui." By the Rev. Richard Taylor, A.M., F.G.S. London, 1855.

"From the conception the increase;  
 From the increase the thought;  
 From the thought the remembrance;  
 From the remembrance the consciousness;  
 From the consciousness the desire."

The second epoch is that of night:

"The word became fruitful,  
 It dwelt with the feeble glimmering;  
 It brought forth night,  
 The great night, the long night,  
 The lowest night, the loftiest night,  
 The thick night, to be felt,  
 The night to be touched,  
 The night not to be seen—  
 The night of death."

Successive periods follow. In the third light is created. The sun and the moon, "the chief eyes of heaven," are the birth of this epoch. In the fourth period, "the sky above dwelt with Hawaika and produced land." Hawaika is the island from which the Maori people trace the origin of their race; and Hawaika is represented by them in this fourth period as the parent of other islands. In the fifth period were produced the gods. In the sixth, men were produced. There were two orders of gods—the more ancient the children of the Night, the younger the offspring of the Day. Of the younger gods, Heaven and Earth, Rangi and Papu, were the parents. Heaven was a solid body spread out upon the earth—a flat surface. This is the meaning of the word Papu. There were ten or eleven heavens; between the lowest and the earth is placed a solid transparent substance, like ice or crystal, and on the side of this nearest the earth, the sun and moon were supposed to glide. Above this crystal pavement is the reservoir of the rains, and above the reservoir of the rain is the habitation of the winds. Their gods were of many shapes: lizards and sharks seem to have predominated, but some were of the human form. Of Tawaki there are a thousand stories; but we are, at the moment, only concerned with one. His anger, when provoked, was the anger of a god; and the crystal pavement of which we have spoken was often endangered by his violence. On one occasion he danced upon it with such vehemence as to crack it, and so let the water through and thus deluged the earth. Entire consistency cannot be expected in any account of their theogony; and it is not impossible that

the accounts we have of it, being taken down by Europeans from the lips of natives, may be in some respects affected by European habits of thought. Some of the poems relied on as of ancient authority, may not improbably be a rapid fabrication of the reciter, and suggested by the questions asked of him by the inquirer, who may easily yield assent to such imposition. Our investigators of Indian antiquities have been pretty often tricked, and there are cases of the kind in the evidence produced by the Highland Society, on the subject of Celtic poetry. Every now and then, some passage falling in with modern sentiment, would gleam out from the midst of a poem consisting chiefly of names of persons and places. This would obtain some praise from the person to whom the whole was recited, as a translation of verses preserved by memory alone, and then the modest reciter would acknowledge that this was an interpolation of his own. In deducing inferences from the resemblance which the Maori traditions have, either to the Hebrew scriptural accounts of the creation, or to Hesiod's theogony, we must remember the possibility that something may have in this way crept in, and that we may be wrong in thinking we are dealing with the unmingled legends of the original New Zealand tribes. The traditions preserved by Mr. Taylor were collected long before those of Sir George Grey; and, while there is nothing inconsistent in the two works, each contains a vast deal of which there is little or no trace in the other. We have in both the circumstance of the heaven, or lower sky, lying like a solid pavement upon the earth, and the mode by which they were detached. While the earth was thus oppressed, there was no room for anything to grow upon its surface but a few insignificant shrubs. "The earth's skin was the tutu—her covering was the bramble—her covering was the nettle." The first fruit of earth—the offspring of earth and heaven—was the Kumara, or sweet potato; then came the fern-root. The first being endowed with more than vegetable life, was Tane—whether god or man, or what he was, does not clearly appear. From him proceeded trees and birds. The second birth was Tiki, and from him Man proceeded. The first woman was not born, but formed from the earth by the heat of the sun and the echo; the creator of woman is personified, and bears the euphonious name of

Arohi rohi. The first woman herself bore a name, which, being interpreted, means Twilight. The third son of Heaven and Earth was the author of evil; their fourth was Tahu, the author of all good; the fifth is the father of the winds; the sixth is Tangaroa, the father of all fish and the god of the ocean. The father of fish in New Zealand is regarded as "the revealer of secrets." It would seem that the silence of the people of the deep does not interfere with the power of in some way communicating what they learn. Tangaroa is an eavesdropper. He listens unperceived to what men are saying, and he is sure to make mischief of it.

The same legends prevail through all the Polynesian islands. It is not surprising that, in thinking over any system of false theology, an observer educated in Christian feelings from so early a period of life, that what is true in morals is recognized by him as if it were a part of his proper nature, and falsehood regarded as something altogether alien, should regard the gods of the heathen as actual demons, so much of malignity to man seems embodied in the conception which a savage forms of the Divine nature. In Sir George Grey's "Polynesian Mythology" we have translations of native poems so literal as to present very often even the precise idioms of the original language. "For the first time"—we quote Sir George's own words—"for the first time, I believe, an European reader will find it in his power to place himself in the position of one who listens to a heathen and savage high priest explaining to him, in his own words, and in his own energetic manner, the traditions in which he earnestly believes, and unfolding the religious opinions upon which the faith and the hopes of his race rest." Mr. Taylor narrates many of the same stories, verifying his accounts of the traditions of the Maori by frequent references to their poems, but for the most part telling them in his own words, and anxious to point out resemblances between the customs of the people among whom he had been for a great many years a missionary, and those which his familiarity with the Scriptures forced upon his constant notice. Each book is, in its way, very valuable, and each illustrative of the other. While we mention these books, and Mr. Shortland's "Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders," as the most lately published

books, from which much information is to be derived on a subject greatly more important than the details of wars, or even the first efforts of colonization—as without a perfect knowledge of their previous manners and modes of thinking, little can be done for the real civilization of a people—we wish to call our readers' attention to a little book, published some eighteen or twenty years ago, by Professor Craik, which brings together all then known of this people, and suggests some considerations on the subject of colonization, which have been adopted and made the foundation of a good deal of speculation by writers of high authority. Civilization, among a people circumstanced as the New Zealanders, "could," he says, "only be introduced by their being brought into communication with other nations already civilized;" and, in a lecture by the Archbishop of Dublin to the Young Men's Christian Association, an argument is founded upon there being no example of the contrary in the history of mankind.

The traditions which, among the Greeks, ascribed to Prometheus, "a supposed superhuman being," the introduction of the use of fire, and those which represented Triptolemus, Cadmus, and other strangers from distant countries, as introducing agriculture and letters; the Peruvian tradition of a white man, whom they believed to be the offspring of the sun, and which perhaps was meant to express, in figurative language, that this first instructor was of a different family of mankind, and came from the east, are referred to by the Archbishop in support of this view, and he adds:

"But there is no need to inquire, even if we could do so with any hope of success, what mixture there may be of truth and fable in any of these traditions. For our present purpose it is enough to have pointed out that they all agree in one thing, in representing civilization as having been introduced (whenever it *has* been introduced) not from *within*, but from *without*.

"We have, therefore, in this case, all the proof that a negative admits of. In all the few instances in which there is any record or tradition of a savage people becoming civilized, we have a corresponding record or tradition of their having been aided by instructors; and in all the (very numerous) cases we know of in which savages have been left to themselves, they appear never to have advanced one step. The experiment, as it may be called, has been going on in various regions for many ages; and it appears to have never once succeeded."

The first of the legends which we find in the Polynesian Mythology, is one called "The Children of Heaven and Earth." On the flat surface of the earth is outspread the heaven. Their children, who would seem to have been identical in nature and daring with the Titans of Hesiod, but whom Polynesian legend represents as more successful in their enterprise than the beings of Grecian fable, found themselves straitened for room; above the lower surface of heaven they could not force a way; and if the caverns of earth gave them a place of refuge, it was, in the language of MacPherson, "dark and unlovely." To remove the inconvenience was their first object. The author of evil suggested slaying them. This was resisted by the others. "Let us tear them apart," was the language of the father of forests; "let the sky become as a stranger to us. Let the earth remain to close us as our nursing mother." Five brothers agreed to this. There was one—the Adversary—who opposed.

The god and father of the cultivated food of man rises up that he may rend them asunder. He fails. The father of fish and reptiles has no better success. The father of such food for man as springs up spontaneously, sinks in the effort. The god and father of savage men tries, and his strength is found wanting. At last arrived Tane-Mahuta, the god and father of forests. He, by violent efforts, at last succeeds. Light is now introduced, and the fair world, which it seems had lain concealed, becomes visible. Tauheremateu, the father of winds, resents the separation. He sends one of his children to the east, one to the south, one to the west, and one to the north. The earth is strewn with the boughs and branches of the trees of Tane-Mahuta, the father of forests. After destroying the forests, this fierce demon, who would seem to be the very prince of the powers of the air, directed his rage against the ocean. The god of ocean flies through his seas. In every mythology man seeks to represent to himself his deities as with human attributes, and so we have ocean wedded, and with his children about him. In their contest with the father of tempests, the children of ocean learn that their fate is hereafter to be cooked and fried. This seems to have been a prophecy of man, and what he would do.

The legend is told somewhat differently in Sir George Grey's book and Mr. Tay-

lor's. When the heaven and the earth are divided it is necessary to keep them asunder; and in Mr. Taylor's legend we have the father of forests—himself in shape a gigantic tree, with his roots planted in heaven, and his head resting in earth, a sort of inverted Atlas—placed at his full length between them—a picturesque object. How long Tane-Mahuta remained in this rather uneasy posture we know not—perhaps for ages—for time never presents a difficulty to the builders of worlds.

"Nine centuries bounce they from cavern to rock,"

and it is but as a moment. He separated heaven and earth, or rather kept them apart at first; but, after a time, we find their continued separation otherwise provided for. Lofty trees rise up from the earth, and are the pillars which support the heaven.

The father of the winds, after dashing the ocean into spray, and tearing up the trees of the forest, next attacked the gods of cultivated and uncultivated food respectively; but here he fortunately failed. Man, *fierce man*, as the native word is interpreted, now appears on the scene. He conquers all his brothers and eats them. This at first looks like cannibalism, but is not quite so bad, as the brothers with long names turn out to be, when interpreted, sweet-potatoes, fern-roots, birds, &c.; and the legend only expresses that all such things became the food of man—of man in that stage in which he is designated as fierce man.

Of *Tiki*, the father or creator of man, little is told. He is described as having made man in his own image. He took red clay, kneaded it with his own blood, formed the eyes and limbs, and then gave the image breath. The word *Tiki* is said, in some of the Polynesian languages, to mean an image. A new-born child is described as a gift of Tiki from the unseen world. The crown of a chieftain's head, the most sacred part of his person, is called by the name of Tiki. In one account, we find woman described as made of one of the man's ribs; and "their general term for bone is *hevee*, or as Professor Lee gives it, *iwi*, a sound bearing a singular resemblance to the Hebrew name of our first mother." \*

\* Craik, "New Zealanders," p. 325. Professor Craik quotes "Nicholas's Voyage," vol. 1, p. 69, and "Lee's New Zealand Grammar," p. 140.

The great hero of the New Zealand mythology is Maui. Of him a hundred stories are told. He can scarcely be called a god. If a god, he most resembles the Hermes of the Greek poets—if man, ascending to the rank of god, Hercules is not unlike the conception. He is known not alone in New Zealand, but in several of the islands. He is one of six brothers, but destined to be the greatest of all. His brothers are called “the forgetful,” or “the absent.” The youngest is known by many names, each name expressing some one of his attributes. He is, however, most often called by the endearing name given to the infant child of a chieftain—Potiki, or the gift of Tiki from the unseen world. Legends, many of them as playful as those in Homer’s Hymn to Hermes, are told of him and his early wiles, in which there is often quite as much of malice as of fun. A good many of them are told in Sir George Grey’s book, and are exceedingly amusing; a good many more are given by Mr. Taylor. Maui is a great fisherman, and he actually fishes up the northern island of New Zealand from the depths of the sea. The shape of the land proves the truth of the story. The hills and valleys, and all the irregularities of the surface of the land, arose from the fact, that his brothers crimped the fish with their tuatini—the tuatini is the ancient Maori knife, an instrument bordered with a row of shark’s teeth. The shape and appearance of the land vouches for the truth of the story. The salt-water eye of the fish is Wanganui-a-tera (Port Nicholson); the fresh-water eye is Wairarapa; the upper jaw is Rongo-Rongo (the north head of Port Nicholson); the lower jaw is Te Rimurapa (south head of ditto). The head of this land-fish of Maui lies at Turakirae (a mountain on the coast near Wairarapa); the tail is the spirits’ flying place (Cape Maria Van Diemen); the belly is Taupo and Tongariro.

Maui waxes ambitious. He lays snares for the sun and moon, but the sun’s rays bite his traps in two. This is hot work, and he calls for water. He calls to the birds—some refuse to obey, some fail in the effort to get it. One he throws into the fire—hence its yellow color through all after ages; another he streaks with white near the beak; he pulls the legs of a third, to enable it to move freely in the water. Maui is said also, on another oc-

casion, to have tattooed the lips of the native dog—hence its black muzzle.

Maui seeks immortality. He thinks to conquer death. The sun and moon, he sees, do not perish, because they bathe in the living fountain. He will do the same. He will descend into the Hades—into the unseen land—there the living stream is. The success of his adventure depended on his entering the unseen world and returning before the Goddess of Death, whom he found sleeping, should awake. All the birds of the air were his companions, and he charged them to be silent. All were silent with expectation. Then the Piwaka-waka began to laugh. “Hell’s jaws closed,” and this was the end of Maui. “Had not the Piwaka-waka laughed, Maui would have drunk of the living stream, and man would never have died.”

We are disposed rather to refer to a review of Sir George Grey’s *Polynesian Mythology*, by a fellow-laborer of ours, which appeared in the last July number of this journal, than ourselves relate the stories of the other mythological heroes of the Maori legends. Mr. Taylor’s accounts and Sir George’s differ, but not essentially. To a person interested in the subject, it would be desirable to read both.

The gods of the Maori seem, for the most part, to have been deified men. The chief thought connected with spiritual matters is, that their ancestors are divinities—most often jealous and malignant. They are thought of as enemies to be propitiated. The spirits of children who have died soon after birth, are regarded with peculiar fear. They are supposed to wish to lessen to others the enjoyment of life, of which they have been defrauded; and they are also thought of as having passed away from earth too soon to have formed such attachments to their families as would make the spirits of grown persons kindly disposed. If a future state is presented to the mind of a New Zealander, it would seem to be only as if life was lengthened out indefinitely, the unseen world being the scene of the same kind of enjoyments and troubles as occupy men on earth. The gods were more often heard than seen. A low, whistling sound was recognized as the voice of a spirit or a god—the whirlwind and the thunder were also divine. To the eye, a deity was manifested in the

rainbow—the stars were heroes who had passed from earth.

"The following account was given by a Chief, who was in a war expedition against the Ngatiawa, at Otaki. They were endeavoring to storm the powerful pa Kakutu, at Rangi-uru. At noon, when encamped opposite the beleaguered place, Puta, the Priest of Taupo, who was in their party, stood and prayed to Rongo-mai, the great god of his tribe, that he would manifest himself in their favor, and give the pa into their hands. Immediately a great noise was heard in the heavens, and they saw Rongo-mai rushing through the air, his form, which is that of a whale, was of fire, with a great head; he flew straight into the pa, which he entered with his head downwards, knocking up the dust, which arose in a cloud with a crash like thunder. The Priest said, in two days the place would be taken, which accordingly came to pass. My informant, a very sensible Christian Chief, believed it was actually the god who appeared, bid him draw his form, which he did; it was evidently a meteor, and a very bright one, to have been thus apparent at noon. It is remarkable that it should have been seen at the very moment the Priest was praying for his god to appear, and further, that it should have fallen into the very pa they were attacking. It was natural that it should have been regarded as a favorable omen by one, and as the contrary by the others; but had the besieged not been intimidated, and fought courageously and conquered, then it would doubtless have been considered as a favorable omen for them. It is according to the result that these sights are estimated, and as many are seen without anything remarkable occurring, so nothing is thought of them, but only of the few which are attended with a particular result, as in this instance. A similar case occurred to me during a journey into the interior of the Island. I was preaching from the words, 'Behold I saw Satan like lightning fall from heaven.' I had no sooner concluded, than the chapel, a dark building of raupo, with the only door and a small aperture to admit the light, was suddenly illuminated; we all rushed out and saw a splendid meteor, like a drawn sword. My congregation, with almost one voice, exclaimed, 'There is Satan falling from heaven.' My son once saw a brilliant meteor in the middle of the day; he immediately ran into the house to tell us, but we were only just in time to see its receding rays. Some few years ago, four or five meteoric stones were seen at Wanganui, during the day, rushing with great noise and brightness through the air; they flew in a crescent form, and appeared to fall so near, that some Europeans who were there went in search of them. Meteors are very frequently seen in New Zealand."—Pp. 42, 43.

The strange institution of Tapu, or Taboo, is discussed in a very valuable essay by Mr. Taylor. He says, it may perhaps be most correctly defined as a "religious observance established for political

purposes." The definition will do less to make the matter understood than the exemplifications given. In Dieffenbach's Glossary, he interprets the word "tapu" by the English words, "sacred, invisible, forbidden;" and in discussing the subject, he says that "in its sacred and rigorous character it has the double meaning in New Zealand of religious worship and civil law." Religion and law are never separate in early periods of society; and among people circumstanced as the Maui were, where nothing that could be called a central power existed—where, in truth, there was nothing to represent, or even suggest the organization of a State, religion was necessarily the sole bond of union. The simplest cases of the Tapu are nothing more than the assertion of property in any object not before appropriated. The severities of religion, or the dread of punishment from the unseen world, would protect a house, which its owner had left for a season—secure his canoe from being plundered, or form an invisible fence round his kumara field. In the same way the tree which an individual claims as his for any purpose is secured. A married woman or a girl betrothed is "tapu." Places are "tapu" for certain reasons—rivers, with reference to times of fishing—cultivated lands till planting or reaping was completed, and the like. Breaking the tapu in this world is punished by the Atuas, or spirits of the dead, who punish the crime by the infliction of disease. Such are some of the simplest cases, but they would be far from giving an adequate representation of a custom that extends to every relation and incident of life, and that connects itself with the whole system of society.

The "tapu" consisted in making persons, places, or things "sacred," or separated. A person under the "tapu" could not be touched by any one, or even raise his hand to his head. He was fed by another. In drinking, water was poured from a calabash into his mouth. When poured upon his hands, in washing, he could not touch the vessel from which it was poured.

A person became "tapu" by touching a dead body, or by suffering from serious disease.

The clothes that had been worn by an aviki or chief, were "tapu." If worn by another, the belief was that the act would be punished by death. The tinder-box of



a chief was lost or mislaid. Some persons were rash enough to light their pipes at it, but are said to have died of actual fright when they found who had been the owner, and what a powerful "tapu" they had violated. The sanctity of the owner in some way rendered whatever had been used by him sacred. It partook of his nature—became, as it were, a part of him. How much more would this be the case, for in this superstition considerations of more and less arose, if the *blood* of the chieftain touched any object. A party of natives visited one of the great chiefs in a new canoe. While at his place, he went out with them in the canoe, a short distance. While getting to the boat he hurt his foot, and blood flowed from the wound. The owner of the boat, knowing that this "tapued" the boat to the chief, dragged it on shore and left it for him opposite his house. Mr. Taylor had an escape of losing his house from a similar accident. A native gentleman struck his head against a beam and cut it. The custom of the country would in former times have given the house to him. The inconvenience of applying native customs to strangers resident in the country appears, however, to have been felt, and, long before this incident, it is probable that this precise consequence would have been unlikely to follow in such a case. The punishment incurred by a violation of the "tapu" was supposed to be inflicted by "atuas," who were the spirits of ancestors, who were often very capricious in their resentments, and who were quite as likely, if not more so, to visit the crime on their relative who suffered the wrong, as on those whom mere human laws would regard as the offender. The sacred place where a chieftain ate his food could not be allowed to be polluted by the clothes of a slave, "for the clothes having become sacred the instant they entered the precincts of the 'tapued' place, would ever after be useless in the ordinary business of his life, since they would be liable to be brought frequently in contact with food intended for the use of the family." "Hence," adds Mr. Shortland, from whom we have quoted the last sentence, "we cease to wonder that a chief should have been moved in anger, even to kill a slave who, through carelessness, caused him to offend the dreaded spirits by such an act as that of leaving any article of his dress within the limits of the family cookhouse,

although, while ignorant of the peculiarity of the New Zealander's superstitious belief, we must have regarded his doing so as wanton barbarity."\*

As the support of the people depended, before New Zealand had become a colony, on the cultivation of the kumara and taro, all employed in such work were made "tapu," and could undertake no other work till this was completed. The grounds themselves were in the same way interdicted to all not so occupied. The karakias, or solemn spells, by which persons and places were thus devoted, remind us of the strange ritual language of the Zenda Vesta; and through this whole subject it is impossible not to think of the old eastern solemnities, in which law and religion were united. The great ruling power, however, was the human imagination. Disregard the spell, and its power was at an end, so far as the Atuas were concerned. Other sanctions, no doubt, there were, not of law, but of that in which all law has its support, opinion. And an offender against the feelings of a people, while public opinion had undergone no change, was not unlikely to meet his fate from those who were more quick to anger than dead ancestors, however deep their interest in the fortunes of their race. But even before Christianity had gained an ascendant over the natives, public opinion was changing upon this subject. The rank of the person imposing the "tapu" was looked to; and the powerful man disregarded the "tapu" of an inferior. "In the early days of the mission it was a great annoyance." The missionaries at last determined to disregard it, and the natives then said the "tapu" did not apply to Europeans, as being of a different religion. This was soon extended to their converts, and the "tapu" may be described as ceasing to exist.

There were some persons and places always sacred, as arikis and tohungas, and their houses, in which—such was the force of the tapu—even the owners could not eat, but took their meals in the open air; women could not eat with the men. The sacred character of the man was such, that thus communicated it was feared it would be death. If a covetous chief took a fancy to anything belonging to an inferior, he called it by his own name, said it

\* Shortland's Southern Districts of New Zealand, 294.

was a part of himself—his backbone was the favorite phrase—and it became his. The head was the most sacred part of the person, that which the chieftain could not himself even touch. "D— your eyes," from an English sailor, is not to any one a very polite phrase, but we can form no conception of how it wounds Maori feeling. "I'll plug your ears with tobacco," roused one of their old chiefs into actual madness. To hear any one talk of placing food in his ear, a part of his head, without avenging the insult, would be to a chief to incur the anger of the spirits of the dead, and the consequent punishment. To a "missionary" native it would be of less moment, from his belief that the God preached by the Pakepa had power over the malignant spirits of the dead, and would protect him. In the disputes with the English Government, the natives tapued the woods and the sea-coast, and great inconvenience arose from the wish to respect their superstitions. In many cases a small sum of money, or a trifling present, was enough to have all difficulties from the tapu removed, as its duration depended on the will of the person imposing it:

"It is evident therefore that the tapu arises from the will of the chief; that by it he laid a ban upon whatever he felt disposed. It was a great power, which could at all times be exercised for his own advantage, and the maintenance of his power; frequently making some trifling circumstance the reason of putting a whole community to great inconvenience, rendering a road to the pa, perhaps the most direct and frequented, or a grove, or a fountain, or anything else, tapu, by his arbitrary will. Without the tapu, he was only 'he tangata noa,' or common man, and this is what long deterred many high chiefs from embracing Christianity, lest they should lose this main support of their power.

"Few but ariki, or great tohungas, claimed the power of the tapu; inferior ones, indeed, occasionally used it, but the observance of it was chiefly confined to his own retainers, and was often violated with impunity, or by giving a small utu or payment. But he who presumed to violate the tapu of an ariki, did it at the risk of his life and property.

"The tapu in many instances was beneficial, considering the state of society, the absence of law, and the fierce character of the people; it formed no bad substitute for a dictatorial form of government, and made the nearest approach to an organized state of society, or rather it may be regarded as the last remaining trace of a more civilized policy, possessed by their remote ancestors. In it we discern somewhat of the ancient dignity and power of the high chief or ariki, and a remnant of the sovereign authority they once

possessed, with the remarkable union of the kingly and sacerdotal character in their persons. It rendered them a distinct race; more nearly allied to gods than men; their persons, garments, houses, and everything belonging to them, being so sacred, that to touch or meddle with them was alone sufficient to occasion death.

"Their gods being no more than deceased chiefs, they were regarded as living ones, and thus were not to be killed by inferior men, but only by those who had more powerful atua in them. The victorious chief who had slain numbers, and had swallowed their eyes, and drank their blood, was supposed to have added the spirits of his victims to his own; and thus increased the power of his spirit. To keep up this idea, and hinder the lower orders from trying whether it were possible to kill such corporeal and living gods, was the grand work of the tapu; and it did succeed in doing so; during by-gone ages it has had a wide-spread sway, and exercised a fearful power over benighted races of men, until the stone cut without hands smote this mighty image of cruelty on its feet, caused it to fall, and like the chaff of the summer's threshing floor, the wind of God's word has swept it away!"—Taylor's "Te Ika a Maui; or, New Zealand and its Inhabitants," pp. 63, 64.

Slavery existed through Polynesia; and while their superstitions, which we have mentioned, continued, it was almost impossible it should ever have been done away. On this subject we transcribe a sentence from Mr. Shortland:

"In relation to the subject under consideration, it may be here stated that the 'atua' of one tribe are not believed to meddle with the members of another tribe; and that, when a person was taken prisoner, his connection with his own tribe was severed, and its 'atua' ceased to care for him. Hence, as a captive had no dread of offending the 'atua' of his own or of his adopted tribe by cooking or by carrying food on his back, every sort of work having to do with cooking was performed by this class of persons, aided by those females of the tribe who were not supposed to be regarded with peculiar interest by the 'atua,' and were therefore unworthy to be ranked among the sacred.

"Slavery was, in New Zealand, a necessary consequence of the superstitious belief of its inhabitants. The captive was, however, in some respects more free than his master; he entered into conversation with him fearlessly, he fed well, was not expected to overwork himself, and seldom cared to return to his own tribe—which circumstance in itself is a satisfactory proof of his being generally well treated; and if eventually he obtained a wife from the females of his adopted tribe, his children inherited their mother's position, and became objects of care to the spirits of her ancestors. Any one, therefore, would be led into error, were he to form an idea of the condition of this class of persons from a knowledge of what slavery has

been generally, or is now, in other countries."—Shortland's "Southern Districts of New Zealand," pp. 296, 297.

Without some knowledge of their legendary history, and of their peculiar customs, it is impossible to understand any narrative from the natives; worse than this, the narrative will mislead, as metaphorical language will be mistaken for literal. Mr. Shortland, who, in 1843, was acting in New Zealand in the double capacity of protector of native interests and interpreter to Land Commissioners sent out by the British Government, gives us a curious instance of his being nearly misled in an important case by not knowing, or not at the moment remembering, the import of figurative language. The whole story is so illustrative of native character, or rather, perhaps, of the vicious shrewdness of individual natives wishing to use English laws and English power to carry out their object, that we may as well relate it in a few words.

An old chief, Pokeni, lived near Mr. Shortland's residence. He was always accompanied by a child, the great-grandson of a brother of his wife. Pokeni called on Mr. Shortland, to tell him, that not long before the arrival of Mr. Shortland's party the child's father had been murdered by a chief whom he named. Karetai was willing to meet the accusation, and the case was heard in the presence of all concerned, except Taiaroa, who, it will appear, was an important actor in the case. Kohi, the deceased man, was joint owner of a boat with Karetai, Matahara, and others. Kohi fell ill, and thought himself at the point of death. He feared that his son, the boy whom Pokeni adopted, would by his death be deprived of the chance of getting any benefit from the boat, and he determined to burn it. His wife, Piro, endeavored in vain to dissuade him, and even placed the child on the dry brushwood, which he had got heaped into the boat that it might be more easily set on fire. All in vain. Kohi was too ill to walk, but he had himself carried to the beach, where he lay looking at the boat burning.

Karetai came next morning, but did no more than scold. Matahara and the rest appeared on the following day. Matahara was the most furious. He kicked him, "and struck the ground repeatedly, naming different parts of Kohi's body at each

blow." He then set his house on fire, stripped him of all his clothes but his shirt, and left him on the beach. Under his shirt he contrived to conceal a "raka-pounamu," a weapon made of the stone, pounamu, which belonged jointly to him and Taiaroa. He gave this to his wife, bid her conceal it from Taiaroa, and keep it for their child. Taiaroa is told that it has been lost when the house was burnt, and believes, or affects to believe, this account of it. The dying man is removed to Taiaroa's house. On the day after his arrival it is suggested to him, by Taiaroa and his wife, that if his death occurs soon, they will be able to refer it to the violence offered him by Matahara, and that it is better for him, with this view, to allow himself to be strangled. He consents. A slave watches at the door during this scene of the tragedy. He takes the rope, ties a slip-knot, and adjusts the cord round his neck. "Piro," his wife, "sat at his feet, while Taiaroa pulls the rope tight, till he was dead."

Taiaroa now ties crape round his hat, calls on a Wesleyan missionary, and tells in minute detail how Matahara has murdered Kohi, by jumping on his breast and back. The missionary writes to the police magistrate, and Matahara is apprehended, charged with the murder, and Karetai as being an accomplice. Piro, in the meanwhile, goes to live with a European, and confides the "raka-pounamu" to his care. Some of the natives saw it, and inquiries about it led Piro to reveal the whole story.

Mr. Shortland tells that the witnesses, when telling of Matahara's striking the ground, cursing at the same time the different parts of Kohi's body, used language which led him to believe at first that Kohi, and not the ground, received each blow. A chief will sometimes complain of being shot at, when he is only shot at in effigy. This is not an unfrequent form of insult.

The despicable shrewdness by which these people sought to carry out their own objects through the instrumentality of our laws, is not unlike what might happen in parts of Queen Victoria's dominions nearer home. We remember a case where a man's ears were cropped off with the assistance of his sisters, and the crime charged on persons in his neighborhood—the object being, as far as it could be ascertained, to appear as a witness in a

case of brutal outrage—to obtain in this way his support for a while—and finally to be enabled to emigrate at the expense of the Government. We transcribe from Mr. Shortland an account of the price of the boat, which would seem almost to describe a purchase made in Galway. The very names look not unlike some rustic spelling of such names as Carthy, Mat. O'Hara, &c. :

"The following statement of the amount of property contributed by each of the natives, ten in number, who had a share in the boat, was made during the investigation of the case :

		Baskets Potatoes.	Pigs.
Karetai, Te Matahara, } and two others .. }	contributed	300	21
Kohi .. .. .	"	100	6
Pohata .. .. .	"	200	5
Taheke .. .. .	"	100	5
Three others .. .. .	"	—	4
		700	41

If we suppose the potatoes worth sixpence per basket of 35 lbs., and the pigs twelve shillings each, which is a moderate estimate, the sum paid was at least £42, a very handsome price for a second-hand boat."—P. 19.

The "tapu" was imposed by uttering a karakia, or charm. It was removed by a counter-spell. The Maori, before the introduction of Christianity, never did anything without uttering a karakia. They had charms for success in hunting, fishing, and war. They never went a journey without committing themselves to the care of friendly Atuas, or seeking to overpower the hostility of enemies among their ancestors in Hades. When they planted the kumara, they had incantations. The natives will not, without great reluctance, repeat their karakias. The heathen natives regard the spells as sacred; hence their reluctance. Those who have embraced Christianity regard them as invocations to evil spirits, and on this account shrink from the utterance. In the heathen times, an infant was baptized when eight days old, and at this baptism received his name. The baptism was sometimes performed by immersion in a running stream, at times by sprinkling. The following is one of the karakias used on the occasion :

"Sprinkle this boy—  
Let him flame with anger;  
The hail will fall;  
Dedicate him to the god of war;  
Ward, ward off the spears, let them pass off.

Be nimble to jump about;  
Shield off the blow, shield off the spear;  
Let the brave man jump about—  
Dedicate him to the god of war."

After the baptism comes this charm :

"Clear the land for food, and be strong to work :  
You be angry and industrious;  
You be courageous;  
You must work—  
You must work before the dew is off the ground."

There followed, after some interval of time, a rite, which Mr. Taylor says resembled confirmation. It would appear that this second rite was a formal dedication of the child to Tu, the god of war. The following incantation was then uttered by the priest, while he and his attendants stood naked in the water, which they splashed and sprinkled about :

"This is the spirit; the spirit is present—  
The spirit of this tapu.  
The boy will be angry; the boy will flame;  
The boy will be brave; the boy will possess thought.  
Name ye the boy,  
That he may be angry, that he may flame—  
To make the hail fall.  
Dedicate him to fight for Tu;  
Ward off the blow, that he may fight for Tu.  
The man of war jumps, and wards off the blows."

When war was declared, the warriors of a tribe were placed under a tapu; after the war had ceased, the tapu was removed. In both cases ritual verse was used. We pass over what Mr. Taylor says of their witchcraft. It does not essentially differ from that of every other people in the same stage of barbarism. He has a striking chapter on the ceremonies and customs relating to the dead. When a chief dies, the event is communicated to a district by howling, by firing of guns, by all manner of noise that can be made. Of silent grief there is no thought. The body, until interment, is placed in a sitting posture, dressed out in mats, and adorned with feathers; the mere, or war-club, the gun and the spear, rest beside the deceased. The body is dressed in the best garments; and such part of the property of the deceased as he has last used is burned with him. The earlier customs of the island were, that one or more of the chief's wives would

strangle themselves, to wait upon him in the other world. Slaves, too, were killed, that he might not be without attendants. Milder usages have since prevailed; but a widow will sometimes insist on spreading her mat over a husband's grave, and sleeping there. Sometimes the widow will console herself by cutting off her husband's head, having it dried, and then sleeping with it by her side. There were funeral feasts and disinterments—the last probably for the purpose of having the tapu removed, and the ornaments and implements which had been buried with him rendered again available for use, which, without the removal of the tapu, they could not have been.

They have as many heavens as the Hindoos—as many compartments in Hades as Quevedo himself. The lowest are the worst. There the spirits fed upon nothing but flies, and this food is not sufficient to sustain spiritual life, so that those who had their lodgings on the ground-floor faded into shadow, and from that into blank nothing-at-all. Something better off were those spirits who fed upon the spirits of kumaros and taroes. The keeper of the place will sometimes drive back a dying man, and not suffer him to cross over the plank which leads from the end of the earth to the unseen world. A curious superstition, identical with one that we find in the Greek mythology, makes them believe that if one does not eat of the fruit of the Reinga he may return again to the earth. A story, such as we find everywhere, of a person while in a trance visiting the world of the dead, was told Mr. Taylor. An old woman said she visited the other world—was offered food, which she declined—was permitted by the authorities there to return to earth, but was interrupted by spirits, whom she propitiated by throwing to them a kumara given her by a relative whom she met in the course of her journey.

The entrance to the other world is supposed to be at the Reinga, literally the leaping-place, which is situated to the east of Cape Maria Van Diemen. "Reinga," says Mr. Dieffenbach, "is the extremity of a cliff of conglomerate rock, which cannot be approached from the sea-side, and which lines the coast for about six miles." It is the limit of the known world to the New Zealanders. Sands everywhere encroach upon this part of the island. Hills

once covered by the kauri pine are now stripped of the trees which at one time were a protection against the sands, and nothing is seen growing there but a few stunted trees, with the manuka and the fern. It is probable that a forest, such as in the old classical mythology, and in Dante's, led to the world of the unseen, was, at the time the Reinga was thought of as the entrance to Hades, in the imagination of the fablers of the Maori; but we know not whether the desolation of its present aspect does not better fall in with the thought of a separation from earth and its enjoyments. At death, man's spirit, according to Maori belief, leaves the body, and, like a meteor, shoots down to the Reinga. An ancient pohutucana tree is there, upon the branches of which the spirit then makes its way. The place is looked upon with fear, and even Christian natives refused to accompany Dieffenbach thither. Of late the spell is in some degree broken, as a missionary is said to have cut off one of the branches by which the spirit was supposed to descend. A fanciful thought is blended with this superstition. The spirit of a person who resided in the interior brought with it a leaf of the palm-tree to tell of its home—that of a person from the coast brought with it a kind of grass which grows by the sea-side. We are reminded of that beautiful passage in Moore's *Veiled Prophet of Korassan*, where a number of young girls are described as gathering chaplets:

"—Sweet, though mournful 'tis to see '  
How each prefers a garland from that tree '  
Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,  
And the dear fields and friendships far away."

Before the spirit of an ariki or chieftain descends into the Reinga, he first ascends to the visible heaven, where his left eye becomes 'a star. From the Reinga the spirits of the dead can communicate through the Tohunga, who hears them, and can interpret their language. They speak in the whistling of the wind, and often in dreams. When they speak in dreams, it is to the priest or the ariki, who then communicates what is thus commanded or counselled.

The natives are great believers in dreams. In dreams the soul is supposed by them to visit the Reinga and converse with the deceased. Dreams go by con-

traries. To see a friend in your dream dying is a sure sign of his being in good health. If he appear well, it is a sign of his death. To dream of seeing the dead is of evil omen. Several cases of dreams are stated by Mr. Taylor, with their interpretation. The belief is so firm in these dreams, and in the received interpretation of them, that recovery from serious illness would seem often to occur from the effect of the imagination. One case is told where a dying native dreamed of a missionary's wife meeting him and shaking him by the hand. He was so cheered by the dream that recovery commenced, and when he was able to go about, the first thing he did was to visit the lady whose appearance in the dream was of such good omen.

We are told that there is no such thing among the Maori as a marriage ceremony. They had their karakias and incantation for everything else. Here there were none.

¶ ["The ancient and most general way of obtaining a wife was for the gentleman to summon his friends, and make a regular *taua*, or fight, to carry off the lady by force, and oftentimes with great violence. Even when a girl was bestowed in marriage by her parents, frequently some distant relatives would feel aggrieved, and fancy they had a greater right to her, as a wife of one of their tribe; or, if the girl had eloped with some one on whom she had placed her affections, then her father or brothers would refuse their consent, and in either case would carry a *taua* against the husband and his friends, to regain possession of the girl, either by persuasion or force. If confined in a house, they would pull it down, and if they gained access, then a fearful contest would ensue. The unfortunate female thus placed between two contending parties, would soon be divested of every rag of clothing, and thus would be seized by her head, hair, or limbs, and as those who contended for her became tired with the struggle, fresh combatants would supply their places from the rear, climbing over the shoulders of their friends, and so edge themselves into the mass immediately round the woman, whose cries and shrieks would be unheeded by her savage friends; in this way, the poor creature was often nearly torn to pieces. These savage contests sometimes ended in the strongest party bearing off in triumph the naked person of the bride; in some cases, after a long season of suffering, she recovered, to be given to a person for whom she had no affection; in others, to die within a few hours or days from the injuries she had received. But it was not uncommon for the weaker party, when they found they could not prevail, for one of them to put an end to the contest by suddenly plunging his spear into the woman's bosom, to hinder her from becoming the property of another.

"Even in the case when all was agreeable, it was still customary for the bridegroom to go with a party, and appear to take her away by force, her friends yielding her up after a feigned struggle. A few days afterwards the parents of the lady, with all her relatives, came to the bridegroom for his pretended abduction; after much speaking and apparent anger, the bridegroom generally made a handsome present of fine mats, &c., giving the party an abundant feast."—Pp. 163, 164.

Mr. Taylor has brought together, in his valuable book, all that he has learned of the country during a life passed there. We must, in our account of his work, confine ourselves to a few topics. There is a good deal on the subject of emigration well worth attention. We can give but a sentence:

"There is a party strongly opposed to cheap land, from the fear that it will make all proprietors, and destroy the laboring class. This is especially the fear of the gentleman settler, and the successful speculator: the one fears the want of labor, the other the depreciation of his property.

"There can be no doubt that, whether the price of land be high or low, all will be landholders, and labor will be high; it is neither possible nor desirable to hinder this. The industrious will get on, and possess land. Even in New Zealand, large land proprietors have been compelled to pay their butcher's and baker's bills with land. Mr. Peel, the founder of the Swan River settlement, found little benefit from his monster grant, many as his acres were; they were soon paid away for labor, and his servants became the chief men. In fact, all those fanciful theories of transplanting society, in all its artificial relations and integrity, to a remote wilderness, is about as feasible as the removing of an aged oak, with all its roots and branches, from its native forest to the antipodes. The colony must pass through its varied stages before such can be expected. The gentleman who leaves England, with his servants, male and female, must not be surprised if, before many years have gone by, he should sit at the same table with them, and hear his former footman, now the influential member or superintendent of his province, request the pleasure of taking wine with his lady; and he being obliged to ask his lady's waiting maid, now converted into the wealthy Mrs. So-and-so, to take wine with him. It is surprising to see what a difference a few years make in the relative positions of colonists: how many of the lowly are exalted, and some of the high brought down. Mind, in some respects, has more play in the colony, and more probability of getting forward, whatever external difficulties it may have to contend with. In fact, the colonist is the man stripped of the garb of artificial society. Man is there equal to his fellow-man; it is mind that draws the true line of distinction; and there is a freedom and charm in such a state, which more than compensates for the loss of fancied dig-

nity; and few who have lived many years in a colony, will find the artificial state of society at home so congenial to their feelings as the freedom from it in the colony.

"There is one great want felt in all these infant settlements, and that is of roads and bridges, and other public works. Labor being high, and the colonial resources small, there is little chance of these necessary works being completed without aid. Few colonies can boast of so many public works, and such good roads, bridges, hospitals, &c., as New South Wales, and in this respect there is a marked difference between that country and Victoria, where all these are wanting. The former is indebted for them to the convict; who supplies an amount of labor which could not otherwise have been procured. When the home Government proposed to continue sending its convicts, there was a general outcry, lest such an influx of crime should have swamped the morality and virtue of their society, which would not perhaps have been very difficult to be done, and therefore their fears were just. Neither was the plan proposed by Government one likely to answer. It might have made the convict hypocritically good for a short time, in order to obtain power to be bad hereafter; but it would not have effected any radical change for the better. Yet it is evident that, under a modified system, the convict might be sent with great advantage to the colony, and with little fear of moral danger.

"If some were sent out for long periods, and those in detachments, suited to the wants of the different provinces, under proper surveillance, there could be then no more reason to fear their presence, than there is of them whilst in their hulks or jails. If each colonial town had its convict gang, how many public works might be made, which otherwise cannot be hoped for. This is actually what is now being done by the Colonial Government with their own prisoners; they are thus employed, and it is very proper they should be, as the most likely way to reform them. At any rate, the view here taken may perhaps be worth further thought and consideration."—Pp. 266-268.

There is a chapter on the subject of the native chiefs, and the mode in which they should be treated. It seems plain that their power to oppose the Government is increased by their being held at arm's-length. Mr. Taylor suggests confiding to them the duties of magistrates; members of local boards; and military officers. In principle, there can be little doubt he is right; but there must be a good deal of difficulty in carrying out the practical arrangements of such a course. A considerable portion of the work is occupied with the geology, botany, and natural history of the country. There is a discussion on the position of the Church in the colony into which we shall not enter. The tenure of land among the natives, a very im-

portant question, is discussed, but we cannot say that a person seeking accurate information about it will find it here. On this subject much more is to be learned from Mr. Shortland. "Land," Mr. Taylor tells us, "is held in three ways by the natives—either by the tribe, by some family of it, or by a single individual." This is easily intelligible, but when he comes to deduce any inferences from it as to rights of purchasers, or of devolution of title, he seems to have forgotten what he has said. We assume, that, on such a subject, none but a lawyer would be able to speak with such strict accuracy as not to have his language likely to mislead; and with such an interest in not exhibiting a true state of facts as one or other of the parties must have in any investigation of title, there would be a good chance of even a person educated in lawyer-craft going wrong. Individuals, no doubt, had their distinguishable lands, marked with one boundary designation or another; but the question remains, were their rights absolute? did they close at the death of the possessor, or were they inherited? If inherited, whether by all their children or by one—by brothers, and in what proportions? Suppose such questions answered, did such rights in any way depend on the chief? Had the chief of a district any, and what, power over its inhabitants? Could he by any act of "tapu," or otherwise, deprive a man of his land? Could he by any act sell or transfer it? The class of inquiries which the law of tanistry rendered necessary among the Celtic tribes, did they never arise here? Was the chief's own power hereditary, or elective, through all the islands? Many of such questions arose and had to be determined in the courts of law—claims at which Mr. Shortland assisted. He mentions, with amazement, the accuracy with which the natives were enabled to exhibit all the links of their descent for some fifteen or sixteen generations. He was enabled to test this accuracy by comparing the statements of persons tracing to the same ancestor through distinct lines of descent. The circumstance that where the line passes through a female, her husband's name is always given, presented an undesigned connexion between statements derived from independent sources. The narratives were, for the most part, given in the same form of words as if repeated from old poems—as no doubt

was the case in the earlier links of such pedigree. An old chief, when questioned as to the ground of his belief in the traditions of his tribe, replied that he had learned them from his grandfather, and taught them to his grandchild—so that he could speak as to the transmission for five generations. Why then distrust their earlier transmission in the same way? They have persons educated in a knowledge of their laws, which, as we have

said, are with them not regarded as separated or separable from religion. These persons preserve the old traditions, and in case of any dispute, are referred to. "They are their books of reference and their lawyers."

We have exceeded our space. Some topics connected with the language and with the poetry of this remarkable people, we hope at a future time to bring before our readers.

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From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

## T H E C O U R T B A L L .

THE splendid city of St. Petersburg wore an air of unusual gaiety and excitement on the morning of the 8th December, 18—. In the immediate neighborhood of the Winter Palace, this excitement and bustle of preparation was manifest. Servants clad in the imperial livery were to be seen running to and fro in all directions; some assisting to lift into their places the most fragrant exotics, destined to decorate the sumptuous halls; others laden with some of the choicest flowers, looking gayer and more beautiful because of the contrast they presented to the dead winter-season out of doors; whilst to a third set of careful hands was intrusted the transport of the large light handboxes containing the ball-dresses of her Majesty's maids of honor.

All these signs of preparation for the coming festivity belonged especially to that day; for had not the Empress Alexandrine issued her invitations, commanding those so honored as to receive them to attend her annual ball, given in celebration of his Majesty the Emperor Nicholas's name-day?

Already, at daybreak, some honest prayers for his health and happiness had been offered up, and some warm, heartfelt good wishes for his prosperity breathed from the twelve prisoners for political

offences pardoned and liberated, in honor of that occasion, from the fortress; but, indeed, though doubtless their emotions might surpass in enthusiasm and intensity those of the mass of the people, still there was pretty generally spread in those days a very warm and loyal-hearted feeling of personal attachment to the Czar, which, of course, signalized itself on this his saint's day.

At noon, Nicholas reviewed his noble regiment of the Chevalier Guards in the Champ de Mars, taking occasion to commend, with a few well-chosen words, his most efficient officers; on whom, also, he bestowed more tangible marks of his favor, by presenting them with medals of gold, bearing his likeness. From thence he drove to the ice-mountains, where the young cadets were amusing themselves after partaking of a splendid collation, provided for them by their imperial master. Ay, and right royal and noble did he look as he leaped from his sledge on arriving on the ground; and right glad and welcome rose the cheer from two hundred young voices, clear and shrill in the frosty air, greeting his presence among them.

Thus passed the hours of the fête-day. At ten o'clock at night, the windows of the Winter Palace presented one blaze of



light; and the string of carriages drawn up to deposit the guests at the great doors, betokened that the crowning festivities of the day were about to begin. By eleven o'clock, the Emperor and Empress had entered the ball-room, and walked through the first *Polonaise*, when two very elegantly dressed ladies passed through the crowds of decorated uniforms that obstructed their progress, and made their way up to the far end of the magnificent saloons, to the dais occupied by the Empress. As they will play rather an important part in this little narrative, I will describe their position in life and their personal appearance.

Although of Polish extraction, the elder of the two sisters—for such was their relationship—possessed the style of beauty most admired in Russia. She might have been about twenty-five years of age, and was fair, fresh-complexioned, and of middling stature; well formed, but with that full figure which gives promise in after-life of *embonpoint*. Dressed with extreme taste, and blazing with jewels, she attracted many eyes as she floated through the room. Six or seven years earlier, she had married the Prince Gagarine, a noble well known to stand high in favor at court, but supposed to be so exclusively occupied with his military duties as to have but small sympathy with the wife so many years younger than himself. They had no children, and the interest and amusements of the Princess Gagarine centred in the world of gaiety, where she filled a prominent place, and of which she was esteemed a most distinguished ornament.

On the evening in question, her look and whole manner denoted some especial cause of pride and pleasure, and it arose from the very legitimate circumstance that it was the first occasion of her sister's appearance in the highest society of the capital; and I call this pride and pleasure legitimate, for she filled in some degree the place of a mother to the young girl who accompanied her.

It may seem strange that this evening should have been the first introduction of that sister to the court, but it was the consequence of a train of circumstances somewhat unusual. Owing to the feeble health of their mother, she had been brought up in great retirement; and it was only on the death of this lady, some time before, that the duty of finishing her education, and presenting her to the

world, had devolved on the Princess. For this reason, a mixed feeling of curiosity and admiration pervaded the courtly crowd, who turned to gaze on the fair young companion the Princess led so triumphantly to the foot of the throne.

Natalie Polensky was barely seventeen, and presented a great but charming contrast to her elder sister. Tall, slight, with masses of the darkest hair, glossy and beautiful, folded simply round her head in thick braids, with a more lofty, refined, spiritual style of beauty in her features, and a more sweet and earnest expression in her dark eyes, well might she excite the envy of some, and gratify the admiration of others of the gazers who turned so inquiringly towards her; and above all, well might she justify the conscious air of undisguised pleasure with which the Princess presented her to her imperial mistress. As to Natalie, her manner, shy and yet dignified, expressed in graceful contrast the gratification so young a girl must have felt in so splendid a scene, and somewhat of bewilderment at the crowd and confusion around her.

As they retired from making their obeisance to their imperial host, the kind eyes of the Empress followed them with some interest; and she smiled slightly to see how many aspirants pressed forward to solicit the hand of Natalie for the dance about to begin. But ere she could make a selection, the Grand Duke Alexander, the present Emperor of All the Russias, passed through the crowd, and led her out from the midst of the many competitors for the first waltz. Nor were Natalie's triumphs destined to end here; the Emperor himself congratulated the Princess on her sister's rare attractions; and the Empress hinted that, on the first occasion, she would decorate her with the *chiffre*, and appoint her maid of honor.

Never had a ball seemed so delightful, and never did the Princess return to her home more gratified than she did on that memorable night; and, indeed, it was but the commencement of a series of conquests; and this might account for the fair Natalie refusing many brilliant and unexceptionable offers of marriage. Possibly, young as she was, she shrunk from surrendering her liberty so soon—possibly she nursed some girlish dream of greater love and more faithful devotion than these courtly suitors seemed likely to bestow upon her. Her sister left her undisturbed,

and made no remonstrances on account of those many rejections; perhaps she did not wish so soon to relinquish the pleasure of her society, or the share of popularity that Natalie's success reflected upon herself. In the mean time, as had been expected, the younger sister was created maid of honor to her Majesty; and the first separation between them occurred when she went with the court to spend the summer season quietly at Peterhof, in the happy domestic circle of her imperial mistress.

There, the attraction the Empress had felt towards her from the very first ripened into warm interest; for during the many hours of quiet life, rendered imperative by her feeble health, Natalie's beautiful voice and great musical talents contributed much to cheer and soothe her; and in the humbler occupation of reading aloud, the maid of honor spent many hours of most pleasurable retirement with the family of one she learned to love as a friend, while she revered and honored her as a mistress.

So passed the brief bright summer-days at Peterhof. In the mean time, people began to wonder why the heir-apparent of the throne did not marry. His father more than once spoke to him seriously on the duty that lay before him, and questioned him respecting his feelings towards the various German princesses whose families alone could be honored by his choice. The Grand Duke answered lightly enough, that there was plenty of time before him; and with a significant shrug of the shoulders, that made even his father's face relax into a smile, dismissed the topic.

By and by, the Empress also addressed her son on the same subject, telling him openly how anxious she felt about it. He answered her as he had done his father; but it is not so easy to deceive a mother's eye; she well knew this assumed indifference veiled some deeper feeling in her son's heart. She determined to watch him narrowly. Judge, then, of the mingled consternation and pain with which she became convinced her favorite Natalie was the object of his affections, and when she could not but believe that the feeling was warmly reciprocated.

The Princess Gagarine was immediately commanded to a private interview; wherein, to her extreme surprise, the Empress, with heightened color and nervous trembling of the voice, accosted her by de-

manding abruptly what she knew about her sister's audacious attachment. The Princess, of course, denied all knowledge, all suspicion of the fact imputed, and endeavored to reassure the Empress by declaring that she must be mistaken; but when she was dismissed, and could question Natalie in private, she found that such was by no means the case. In vain did she argue with her that it was impossible the Grand Duke should really love her; in vain represent to her that he only assumed the appearance of affection to amuse himself at her expense; and urged upon her, by every consideration of pride, of self-respect, and womanly feeling, to rouse herself from so dangerous, so fatal a delusion. To all this, Natalie only made reply by confessing the most entire faith in her lover's protestations. After a prolonged and painful discussion, the Princess sought her husband's advice upon the matter. He took it up most seriously, and threw himself upon his sister-in-law's compassion, imploring her, for all their sakes, to combat and control her unfortunate passion; adding, "If once it reach the ears of his Majesty, we are all ruined."

Next day the Princess besought an interview with her Majesty, which was immediately granted; and throwing herself at the Empress's feet, she implored her to pardon what she called her guilty negligence in not having foreseen such a possibility, and warned her sister against yielding to it, declaring her own and her husband's perfect innocence in other respects. "Command us, madame, and how gladly and implicitly shall you be obeyed! I will watch over my unfortunate sister night and day: never shall they meet again; never shall any messages or correspondence pass between them; only, I entreat your Majesty, keep what has transpired a secret from the Emperor, or we are all lost."

The Empress, mollified by her candor and submission, promised to think over it, and see her again. Three days from that time, the two sisters were on their way to Italy, as the rumor ran, to cultivate to the utmost the great musical talent of the younger lady, which had so recommended her to her imperial mistress's favor. In itself, this would have excited no surprise; but the downcast looks, ill health, and evident depression of spirits under which the Grand Duke labored, gave rise to many whispered hints, that took form and shape gradually—and which did not escape the

eagle observation of the Czar ; therefore it was with more authority of manner than in his first discussion with his son, that he commanded him to prepare for a tour into Germany, for the express purpose of selecting his future consort.

Three years passed away, and the short and brilliant reign of Natalie Polensky had been almost forgotten in the triumphs of later and more fortunate beauties ; the Grand Duke Alexander had recovered his usual health and spirits, and even the likelihood of his approaching nuptials with the Princess Mary of Darmstadt began to be currently reported. In the mean time, Natalie had gradually faded away like a flower transplanted to some uncongenial soil, and with the heat of the noonday sun pouring down unsheltered upon its head. She had altered day by day, wasting and fretting away to a pale, delicate, spiritless girl. Her medical men pronounced her illness to be a decline ; there seemed not so much of actual disease, as utter prostration of strength, and an overwhelming lassitude and languor, from which nothing could arouse her ; and they suggested that as a last resource, revisiting her native land might be beneficial, as indeed it seemed to offer the only hope of recovery.

Then, for the first time, the Princess Gagarine ventured to forward a petition to the Emperor, stating her sister's case, and soliciting most humbly permission to return to Russia. On the first presentation of the request, it was refused most peremptorily ; but the Empress hearing how pale, and feeble, and altered her old favorite had become, interfered with such success, that not only were they recalled to the capital, but on the first anniversary, after their return, of the day of St. Nicholas, their names again appeared among those honored by an invitation to the court ball.

On that evening, let us enter the boudoir of the Princess an hour or two before the time appointed for their attendance. It was the first time Natalie had ventured to appear in public ; and on this occasion she lay back on her sofa, propped up with pillows, so weak and exhausted, that the most uninterested spectator would have dreaded for her the excitement and fatigue of such an exertion. But it is needless to say that neither of them for a moment hesitated to obey the flattering command which summoned them once more within

the orbit of the court. I have said Natalie lay resting quietly on her sofa ; the Princess sat opposite to her, buried in thought, anxious and nervous about the fate of the evening. She did not speak to her, not daring to ask even how she felt, and far less venturing to make the slightest allusion to past events. Indeed, by tacit consent, the one topic had never once been touched upon since they left Russia.

There was a strange contrast between the crimson velvet cushions and the white transparent face, pale and pure, with every feature sharpened and refined by her wasting and undefined illness. The large dark eyes looked larger than ever, now that they seemed to usurp more than their due proportion of the face, and the thick masses of dark hair fell loose and disarranged round her shoulders. Never had her sister seen her look so touchingly beautiful.

Her dress for the evening, of white lace, lay on a chair near her, and with it the wreath of lilies of the valley, one of the commonest of the Russian wild-flowers, which she had selected to wear. She lay back abstracted, turning round and round her thin finger a simple little enamelled ring she had worn night and day for the last three years—a ring she most jealously refused to take off, and which she confessed had words engraved inside it which none but herself and the giver knew of ; but who that giver was, or what the motto, the Princess never could ascertain. So they stayed to the last moment, Natalie murmuring to herself the *refrain* of a little German song, an especial favorite of the Empress's—an adieu, full of unshed tears. At last, the Princess Gagarine entering, with some remark on the lateness of the hour, broke the spell of sorrowful recollections, and they rose to prepare for the court ball.

But under what different auspices did they again enter that splendid saloon ! With what slow and faltering steps did they advance to pay their respects to their imperial hosts ! The eyes of the Empress turned sadly away as Natalie withdrew from the presence ; but while she had stood before her, her lips had uttered only cold and common-place regrets for her illness. Beside her had stood the Emperor and the Grand Duke ; and every shade of color faded away while she felt what scrutinizing eyes were noting, with

merciless exactness, every point of difference in her appearance since she stood there last.

The ordeal was soon over; and, pale, careworn, and neglected, she sat as an uninterested spectator, gazing on a scene in which she once would have taken a distinguished part. But as the evening wore on, she seemed to rally, and the warmth and excitement brought a glow brighter than health to her cheek. She had constantly refused to dance; and it was not until quite late in the evening that she consented to stand up and take part in a quadrille. Her partner was one of her old admirers, who still loved her with the same warmth he had expressed years before.

I have said she had already met face to face the heir-apparent of the throne. Then, not the sharpest observation could have detected, beyond her extreme pallor, any sign of emotion or embarrassment. The Grand Duke had behaved with the most princely courtesy, and she, on her side, with reserve and respect. But who shall describe her confusion when Alexander took his place opposite her in the dance? It was too late to retreat—all eyes were fixed upon them—and above all predominant, she knew the Emperor's gaze was concentrated on them alone.

In the figure where their hands met for a moment, to the astonishment of everybody, the Grand Duke retained Natalie's hand so long in his grasp, that she lost all self-possession; the room seemed to swim round her, the music to become an indistinct murmur; the coldness of death crept over her limbs, and she was on the point of falling, when the Emperor stepped forward, and, without saying a word, drew her arm within his, and carried rather than led her out of the room; and while some hastened to order round her carriage, to facilitate her departure, he wrapped her in her furred mantle, and, after seeing her safe in her sister's care, returned to the ball-room without changing a muscle of his face.

What a world of emotion and struggle there may be in the heart at the very time when we seem most placidly occupied with simply external things! The quadrille was not over when the Emperor returned to the room; but those who knew what grave interests were concerned in this little scene, that took not half the time to enact it has taken to describe, were not

deceived by the expression of his marble face.

Early next morning, to the surprise of the whole household at Natalie's home, the Emperor was announced, desiring to speak with her alone. With a beating heart she descended to the interview, and awaited the first word. Conceive, then, her feelings when he addressed her as follows:

"Natalie Polensky, you know I have always taken the greatest possible interest in your welfare—tell me, now, what are your prospects for the future?"

"Sire," she replied, "I can answer you without a moment's hesitation, since to-morrow I leave St. Petersburg for Varenège, where I enter the convent, never to leave it again"—she stopped, exhausted, leaning for support against the edge of a table.

"Sit down, Natalie, and listen to me," resumed her interrogator in a kindlier tone. "This must not be—I have in store for you pleasanter prospects. You danced last night with Count Maurenssoff; if I mistake not, he still loves you, and is anxious to renew his proposals for your hand. If such be the case, I shall give you away myself, and your wedding shall be celebrated at the Winter Palace."

Natalie knew too well what this meant, the kind calm tone, and the unmistakable expression of those steadfast, determined eyes; yet she felt at the moment she could dare anything rather than consent to a union which, under other circumstances, might have gratified many a womanly weakness. In her desperation, however, she took courage, and sank at the feet of the Czar:

"Sire," she murmured, "hear me but once more, and you will relent. I love and was beloved by one to whom I swore more than once never to be another's. Let me—oh! let me only remain faithful to that oath—I ask no more!" The stern, impenetrable Nicholas seemed touched by her appeal, but, taking her by the hand, he said:

"My child, listen to a father. The oath you tell me of was a childish one. I doubt not *he* also bound himself by the like. Remember, Natalie—remember he is heir to my throne, and therefore must not, and cannot follow his own wishes and impulses. I sacrifice mine a hundred times a day for my country's welfare. All rests with you, and I cannot doubt

what your decision will be. While you hold to your word, think you he will consent to break his? So, for the sake of your sovereign, of your country, of him you profess so to love, I demand of you this sacrifice, bitter as it is!"

The poor girl hid her face in her hands, and almost inaudibly said: "Sire, I am your Majesty's slave."

It was true what he had said—it was no high-sounding speech of merely worldly policy; for those who knew Nicholas best do believe him, however mistaken, to have been a conscientious man, who actually did daily and hourly sacrifice his private feelings to what he believed his duty. He had done so even in the present instance. By one word of imperative command, he could have attained his object; but the Autocrat had stooped to argument and solicitation with the young girl, who bent like a reed before him.

At the betrothal, which took place immediately, and during the whole time of the splendid preparations for the wedding, Natalie lived and moved as in a dream—nothing gave her pleasure, nothing pain. On the evening appointed for the religious ceremony, when all the guests were assembled, and the bridesmaids, thirty-six in number, and mustering among them the highest rank and beauty of the young nobility of Russia, were assembled in the magnificently lighted and decorated church—when the bridegroom Maurenosoff stood, looking, in spite of all the repulses he had received at Natalie's hands,

proud, contented, and almost happy—all eyes were turned towards the church-doors, when presently the bells began noisily to announce the approach of the bride, and in another instant, leaning on the Emperor's arm, she appeared.

Never shall I forget that scene—never lose from my memory the impression of that marble face and utterly unresisting manner. If she had been in her coffin, she would have looked less deathlike there, than when she stood shrouded in lace and glittering with jewels staring at vacancy, hearing nothing, understanding nothing, answering as if the words and their meaning were alike indifferent. After the ceremony was concluded, she received the congratulations of her friends, and even the kiss of the Empress, as if so many condolences had been offered her. But nature broke down under the forced composure of the moment, and she entered her new home, borne across the threshold in a state of insensibility. I need add nothing more. The Emperor had judged rightly; and the marriage of the Grand Duke with the present Empress took place very shortly afterwards.

Within a year after marriage, I saw the Countess Maurenosoff in her coffin: she had died giving birth to twin-daughters.

The incidents of this little narrative are well known in St. Petersburg, and will be recognized by many who will appreciate the reasons that have made me alter the names of all but the principal actors.

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From the *Athenæum*.

## WAS GEORGE IV. MARRIED TO MRS. FITZHERBERT?\*

THE story runs that Queen Caroline of Brunswick, on being asked if she had ever violated her marriage vow, replied, very vehemently, "No;" but added, after some hesitation, "Well, if I ever did, it was with Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband." The volume before us is written to show not

only who that husband was, but also that Mrs. Fitzherbert was really and truly his wife.

The lady thus named was born exactly a century ago. She was the daughter of a Hampshire gentleman, Walter Smythe, Esq., and was yet a child when, on seeing Louis the Fifteenth dining in public at Versailles, she laughed aloud at the King's awkwardness in pulling a chicken to pieces.

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\* *Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert*. By the Hon. Charles Langdale. London.

At the age of nineteen, in the very spring-time of a beauty which she retained almost to her latest years, Mary Smythe married Mr. Weld, of Lulworth Castle. Mr. Weld died in a few months. Three years later the young widow contracted a second marriage with a Staffordshire gentleman, Mr. Fitzherbert. But her wedded life was subject to sudden breaks. Mr. Fitzherbert died, in consequence of bathing when in an overheated state from his exertions in the Gordon riots. At twenty-five, the lady was again a widow, with an independent property of £2,000 a-year, a charming disposition, and considerable personal attractions. She kept her widowhood at Richmond, and might have been the heroine of that once popular ballad (which Prince Florizel himself might have written):

"I would crowns resign to call her mine,  
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill."

The "Lass of Richmond Hill" nearly had a crown brought to her feet. George, the fat and fair young Prince, already wearied with his poor Perdita, saw the brilliant young beauty. His heart was, as he said, seriously affected; the fair widow divided his affection with the bottle, and he became an assiduous wooer, whom Mrs. Fitzherbert as assiduously endeavored to avoid. The coyness of the nymph only the more inflamed the swain. But the lady was obdurate, and remained deaf to all entreaty, till "Keit, the surgeon, Lord Onslow, Lord Southampton, and Mr. Edward Bouverie, arrived at her house in the utmost consternation, informing her that the life of the Prince was in imminent danger—that he had stabbed himself, and that only *her* immediate presence could save him." There probably never was a man so ridiculous when playing the part of a lover as the Prince of Wales. To have himself bled, in order that he might look pale and interesting in the eyes of the Cynthia of the minute, was with him no unusual trick. On this occasion, however, it was positively declared that he had stabbed himself, and the four male emissaries of Love besought the young widow to hasten and heal the wound. After some decent resistance, she proceeded to Carlton House. She went thither under the very proper guardianship of the Duchess of Devonshire. When she reached the Palace, "she found the Prince pale and covered with blood. The sight," we are

told, "so overpowered her faculties that she was deprived almost of all consciousness. The Prince told her that nothing could induce him to live unless she promised to become his wife, and permitted him to put a ring round her finger. It is believed that the Duchess of Devonshire supplied the ring that was to be the solemn pledge of love, and so, for the moment, ended a ceremony which will remind the reader of "Les Noces de Gamache."

Some of Mrs. Fitzherbert's friends, to whom the character and the manners of Prince Florizel were well known, seem to have had small faith in the sanguinary legend. Lord Stourton asked her "whether she did not believe that some trick had been practised, and that it was not really the blood of His Royal Highness?" The lady, however, had faith in both the lover and the legend. She believed all she was told, and all she saw; and, moreover, to maintain her faith, "she had frequently seen the scar." She added, with amazing simplicity for a young lady who had buried two husbands, as a piece of corroborative evidence, "that some brandy-and-water was near his bedside when she was called to him on the day he wounded himself."

However satisfied the Prince may have been with his trick, the lady speedily grew frightened, and repented. A narrative was drawn up of what had passed, the persons present signed it as witnesses, the young widow entered her protest against the whole proceeding, declared that she had not been a free agent, and forthwith fled beyond sea, to Aix-la-Chapelle, and subsequently to Holland. The wounded Prince "went down into the country, to Lord Southampton's, for change of air."

The romance, of course, did not end here—the plot only thickened. In Holland the fugitive lady became intimate with the Princess of Orange, "who at that very time was the object of negotiation with the Royal Family of England, for the heir-apparent." The Princess, all unconscious that "her most dangerous rival" was her very dear friend, questioned her closely touching the princely lover in whom she contemplated her future husband. What Mrs. Fitzherbert reported upon the matter we are not told; but she informed her friends that "she was often placed in circumstances of considerable embarrassment; but her object being," as

we are directed to observe, "to break through her own engagements, she was not the hypocrite she might have appeared afterwards, as she would have been very happy to have furthered this alliance."

She remained a year on the Continent, endeavoring, in her own phrase, to "fight off" the perilous honors that continued to be offered to, nay, pressed upon, her. She traversed France and Switzerland, whither couriers, bearing ardent dispatches, followed her with such speed, and in such numbers, that the suspicious French Government at last caught three of them, and very unceremoniously clapped them into prison. But what can not lovers, and especially princely lovers, effect? The strongest proof we can name of the depth and strength of the attachment of the English heir-apparent, is the fact that he once wrote a love-letter of seven-and-thirty pages, in which long letter he asserted that George the Third would connive at the union. We have a less satisfactory incident in the circumstance that the notorious Egalité, Duke of Orleans, was the love agent for the Prince. Between principal and agent the lady softened. She was "fearful of the desperation" of her royal lover; and she finally consented to return to England and become his wife. Immediately after her arrival she was married to the Prince, we are told, "according to the rites of the Catholic Church in this country"—a statement which does not very clearly agree with what is stated in a subsequent sentence. "Her uncle, Harry Errington, and her brother, Jack Smythe, being witnesses to the contract, along with the Protestant clergyman who officiated at the ceremony. *No Roman Catholic priest officiated.* A certificate of this marriage is extant, in the handwriting of the Prince, and with his signature and that of Mary Fitzherbert. The witnesses' names were added; but, at the earnest request of the parties in a time of danger, they were afterwards cut out by Mrs. Fitzherbert herself with her own scissors, to save them from the peril of the law."

Our readers know how the public and parliamentary attention was directed to this illegal marriage; how Fox directly addressed himself to the Prince; how the latter boldly denied the fact of the marriage; and how his "dear Charles" was made the mouthpiece of his denial, in the face of the House of Commons. Mrs.

Fitzherbert was indignant, but her indignation was softened by "repeated assurances" given by her mendacious husband that Fox had never been authorized to make the declaration. The "wife and no wife" seems to have been sorely perplexed, but her "friends" informed her that "she was bound to accept the word of her husband." "The public supported her by their conduct on this occasion; for at no period of her life were their visits so numerous at her house as on the day which followed Mr. Fox's memorable speech; and, to use her own expression, the knocker was never still during the whole day."

To Sheridan, who had informed her that Parliament would probably take up the matter, she observed "that they knew she was like a dog with a log round its neck, and they must protect her." Fox she never forgave; and when he was in power, "and made some overtures to her in order to recover her good-will, she refused, though the attainment of the rank of Duchess was to be the fruit of their reconciliation. On naming this circumstance to me," says Lord Stourton, "she observed that she did not wish to be another Duchess of Kendal."

"The effort made by the Prince to persuade Mrs. Fitzherbert that he was not a party to Mr. Fox's denial of the marriage between them, is curiously illustrated by the following anecdote, which I have on the authority of Mr. Bodenham, the brother-in-law of Lord Stourton, who received this account from Lord Stourton: Mrs. Fitzherbert was on a visit with the Hon. Mrs. Butler, her friend and relative, and at whose house the Prince frequently met Mrs. Fitzherbert. The Prince called the morning after the denial of the marriage in the House of Commons by Mr. Fox. He went up to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and taking hold of both her hands and caressing her, said, 'Only conceive, Maria, what Fox did yesterday. He went down to the House and denied that you and I were man and wife! Did you ever hear of such a thing?' Mrs. Fitzherbert made no reply, but changed countenance and turned pale."

Mr. Langdale is perhaps rather too zealous a champion in behalf of Mrs. Fitzherbert. His object in publishing a Memoir, of which Lord Stourton is really the author, is to prove that the lady in question was the most virtuous of women; one who "avoided the attempts made upon her honor by a prince, who had, indeed, but little experience of the power exercised by religion over the conduct of a Catholic lady." Mr. Langdale maintains that the

Memoirs "prove that her principles had taught her to resist all the fascinations of the most accomplished gentleman, united, in her devoted admirer, to the highest princely rank." Lord Holland, in *his* Memoirs, had stated that the lady was very easy upon the whole matter, and considered the marriage ceremony as a subject of very secondary consideration. Mr. Langdale is indignant at this statement, and he proves that it is ill founded. On the other hand, Mrs. Fitzherbert and all the parties concerned must have been aware that the ceremony no more constituted a *legal* marriage than if it had never been performed at all. Society generally, perhaps, looked upon it in another light. Even Queen Charlotte herself is said (by Mr. Weld of Lulworth Castle) to have remarked when the Prince expressed, or exhibited, his marked aversion to a union with the Princess of Brunswick, that he himself best knew whether there was, or was not, any serious obstacle to such a marriage. "It is for you, George, to see whether you can marry the Princess or not." On this delicate part of the subject Mr. Langdale makes some remarks, which will probably surprise most readers:

"Mrs. Fitzherbert was a Catholic, and educated in the principles of the Catholic religion, whose doctrines could admit no distinction between a prince and a peasant, condemning alike the criminal indulgences of either, and maintaining in both the indissoluble sacredness of the marriage contract. But what does this additional proof of no Catholic priest, and therefore no marriage, amount to? Why, to just as much as the whole story of the asseverations of Lord Holland's 'man of strict veracity.' In this case, as in every other, every circumstance proves the exact reverse of his statements, and of Lord Holland's deductions therefrom. The presence of a Catholic priest would not, in any way, have added to the validity of the marriage in the eyes of the Catholic Church; and, therefore, it is fair to conclude, would not have added to them in those of Mrs. Fitzherbert, a well-educated Catholic, especially likely to be well-informed on the mode of conducting the marriage ceremony so as to fulfil the forms and conditions required by her own Church, returning as she was from the Catholic continent with the special intention of fulfilling those conditions, the absence of which had driven her abroad. \* \* What the Prince of Wales might have thought of the marriage I am not called upon to say or prove; but without adopting either the supposition of Lord Holland or his friend, that it was 'at his repeated and earnest solicitation the ceremony was resorted to,' I can imagine no interpretation but one, by an upright and honorable mind, of a solemn pledge, whether according to

the form of law or not, to take a woman for his wife. Certainly this ceremony having been gone through before a clergyman of the Established Church might naturally have been supposed by Mrs. Fitzherbert to add to its authenticity, if not its legality, in the eyes of those, whether the Prince himself, her family, or the country, who professed the same religion. To himself, as witness to the marriage, and as such signing the certificate, it was equally obligatory, as if performed in the presence of a Catholic priest."

To *herself*, no doubt. Her contemporaries were universally inclined to look upon the union as a real compact. The lovers of romance, especially, gave both parties credit for honest attachment. Yet Mr. Langdale alludes to "attempts made upon her honor by the Prince." This may or may not be romantic; but the question is, was a marriage really celebrated? If the sanction of the Church of England, in the person of one of its ministers, be required, we have it in the declaration of Horne Tooke, who, "treating the statute of 12 George III. with not unusual contempt," spoke of Mrs. Fitzherbert as "both legally, really, worthily, and happily for this country, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales." So thought the famous "bathing woman" at Brighton, Mrs. Gunn, who never saw Mrs. Fitzherbert without hailing her as "Mrs. Prince." Even Dr. Doran, who, as Mr. Langdale seems to think, has equally offended with Lord Holland, by describing the Prince of Wales as standing between Mrs. Crouch and Mrs. Fitzherbert, like Macheath between Lucy and Polly, probably had no idea of conveying the imputation which Mr. Langdale discovers in the statement. *Polly*, it will be remembered, was not the loose lady that *Lucy* was. The illustration, after all, was possibly drawn only to represent the faithlessness of the Prince, not to cast an aspersion on either the lady or the actress.

The pecuniary difficulties of the Prince produced the first coolness between the married pair; but the "*iræ amantium*" seem to have had the ordinary result. "We must look to the present and the future, and not think of the past," was the comment of the reconciled lover to his wife.

"Her first separation from the Prince was preceded by no quarrel or even coolness, and came upon her quite unexpectedly. She received when sitting down to dinner at the table of William the Fourth, then Duke of Clarence, the first inti-



mation of the loss of her ascendancy over the affections of the Prince; having only the preceding day received a note from His Royal Highness, written in his usual strain of friendship, and speaking of their appointed engagement to dine at the house of the Duke of Clarence. The Prince's letter was written from Brighton, where he had met Lady Jersey. *From that time she never saw the Prince*, and this interruption of their intimacy was followed by his marriage with Queen Caroline; brought about, as Mrs. Fitzherbert conceived, under the twofold influence of the pressure of his debts on the mind of the Prince, and a wish on the part of Lady Jersey to enlarge the royal establishment, in which she was to have an important situation."

The words in italics in the above extract are surely erroneous, as will appear from a portion of the extract below, referring to the period just previous to the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Caroline, and also to a subsequent period:

"One of her great friends and advisers, Lady Claremont, supported her on this trying occasion, and counselled her to rise above her own feelings, and to open her house to the town of London. She adopted the advice, much as it cost her to do so; and all the fashionable world, including all the royal dukes, attended her parties. Upon this, as upon all other occasions, she was principally supported by the Duke of York, with whom, through life, she was always united in the most friendly and confidential relations. Indeed, she frequently assured me, that there was not one of the Royal Family who had not acted with kindness to her. She particularly instanced the Queen; and, as for George the Third, from the time she set foot in England till he ceased to reign, had he been her own father he could not have acted towards her with greater tenderness and affection. She had made it her constant rule to have no secrets of which the Royal Family were not informed by frequent messages, of which the Duke of York was generally the organ of communication, and to that rule she attributed at all periods much of her own contentment and ease in extricating herself from embarrassments which would otherwise have been insurmountable. When she had thought that her connexion with the Prince was broken off for ever by his second union, she was soon placed by him in difficulties from the same earnest and almost desperate pursuit as she had been exposed to during the first interval of his attachment. Numbers of the Royal Family, both male and female, urged a reconciliation, even upon a principle of duty. However, as she was, by his marriage with Queen Caroline, placed in a situation of much difficulty, involving her own conscience, and making it doubtful whether public scandal might not interfere with her own engagements, she determined to resort to the highest authorities of her own church upon a case of such extraordinary in-

tricacy. The Rev. Mr. Nassau, one of the chaplains of Warwick Street Chapel, was, therefore, selected to go to Rome and lay the case before that tribunal, upon the express understanding that, if the answer should be favorable, she would again join the Prince; if otherwise, she was determined to abandon the country. In the mean time, whilst the negotiation was pending, she obtained a promise from his Royal Highness that he would not follow her into her retreat in Wales, where she went to a small bathing-place. The reply from Rome, in a brief which in a moment of panic she destroyed, fearful of the consequences during Mr. Percival's administration, was favorable to the wishes of the Prince; and, faithful to her own determination to act as much as possible in the face of the public, she resisted all importunities to meet him clandestinely. The day on which she joined him again at her own house was the same on which she gave a public breakfast to the whole town of London, and to which he was invited. She told me she hardly knew how she could summon resolution to pass that severe ordeal, but she thanked God she had the courage to do so. The next eight years were, she said, the happiest of her connexion with the Prince. She used to say that they were extremely poor, but as merry as crickets; and, as a proof of their poverty, she told me that once, on their returning to Brighton from London, they mustered their common means, and could not raise £5 between them. Upon this, or some such occasion, she related to me that an old and faithful servant endeavored to force them to accept £60, which he said he had accumulated in the service of the best of masters and mistresses. She added, however, that even this period, the happiest of their lives, was much embittered by the numerous political difficulties which frequently surrounded the Prince, and she particularly alluded to what has been termed 'the delicate investigation,' in which Queen Caroline and His Royal Highness had been concerned."

The final cause of separation, strangely enough, arose out of the exercise of a good principle. Mrs. Fitzherbert had under her care the daughter of an old and absent friend, Lady Horatia Seymour. Of this child the Prince was as fond as Mrs. Fitzherbert herself—and when a relative of the little ward endeavored to withdraw her from the guardianship of the last-named lady, the Prince earnestly appealed to Lord Hertford, as head of the family to which Miss Seymour belonged, to interfere in Mrs. Fitzherbert's favor. While thus engaged, His Royal Highness became intimately acquainted with the Marchioness of Hertford, and from that time the influence of Mrs. Fitzherbert declined. The health of the latter lady was seriously affected by the severe trials to which her rival exposed her:

"Attentions were required from her towards Lady Hertford herself, even when most aware of her superior influence over the Prince, and these attentions were extorted by the menace of taking away her child. To diminish her apparent influence in public as well as private was now the object. When at Brighton, the Prince, who had passed part of his mornings with Mrs. Fitzherbert on friendly terms at her own house, did not even notice her in the slightest manner at the Pavilion on the same evenings, and she afterwards understood that such attentions would have been reported to her rival. She was frequently on the point of that separation which afterwards took place, but was prevented by the influence of the Royal Family from carrying her resolution into effect. \* \* \*

A dinner, however, given to Louis XVIII., brought matters at last to a conclusion; and satisfied of a systematic intention to degrade her before the public, she then at last attained the reluctant assent of some of the members of the Royal Family to her determination of finally closing her connexion with the Prince, to whom, in furtherance of this decision, she never afterwards opened the doors of her house. Upon all former occasions, to avoid etiquette in circumstances of such delicacy as regarded her own situation with reference to the Prince, it had been customary to sit at table without regard to rank. Upon the present occasion this plan was to be altered, and Mrs. Fitzherbert was informed through her friends at Court, that at the Royal table the individuals invited were to sit according to their rank. When assured of this novel arrangement, she asked the Prince, who had invited her with the rest of his company, where she was to sit. He said, 'You know, Madame, you have no place.' 'None, sir,' she replied, 'but such as you choose to give me.' Upon this she informed the Royal Family that she would not go. The Duke of York and others endeavored to alter the preconcerted arrangement, but the Prince was inflexible; and aware of the peculiar circumstances of her case, and the distressing nature of her general situation, they no longer hesitated to agree with her, that no advantage was to be obtained by further postponement of her own anxious desire to close her connexion with the Prince, and to retire once more into private life. She told me she often looked back with wonder that she had not sunk under the trials of those two years. Having come to this resolution, she was obliged, on the very evening, or on that which followed the Royal dinner, to attend an assembly at Devonshire House, which was the last evening she saw the Prince previously to their final separation. The Duchess of Devonshire, taking her by the arm, said to her, 'You must come and see the Duke in his own room, as he is suffering from a fit of the gout, but he will be glad to see an old friend.' In passing through the rooms, she saw the Prince and Lady Hertford in a *tête-à-tête* conversation, and nearly fainted under all the impressions which then rushed upon her mind, but, taking a glass of water, she recovered and passed on. Thus terminated this fatal, ill-starred connexion,

so unfortunate, probably, for both the parties concerned."

After the death of Queen Caroline, the King announced to Mrs. Fitzherbert his intention to marry again—an announcement to which she simply replied with a "Very well, Sir." The Duke of York, who was always the warm friend of Mrs. Fitzherbert, in alluding to the possible political consequences of her union with the Prince, remarked: "Thank God, he could never wish to raise any claim in contravention of the rights of his brother." In conjunction with Queen Charlotte, the Duke obtained for her £8,000 a year, "in a mortgage deed, which they procured for her, on the Palace at Brighton." King George and his consort treated her with marked respect, and her influence was so great over the former that when he was not on speaking terms with the Prince, she obtained from him a promise to treat his son with kindness; and the Prince "returned from Court in the highest spirits, unaware of the person to whom he was indebted!" The Prince himself showed in what degree he esteemed her judgment by sending for her to Brighton, after their separation, to consult her upon the expediency of breaking with his old political friends. She gave him excellent advice—to act honestly; he, of course, did exactly the reverse. At the time too when, despite his affection for children, he treated his own daughter with extraordinary harshness, the Princess Charlotte flung herself on the neck of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and implored her to beseech her father to treat her with more kindness. The lady weepingly performed the mission assigned her, and told the Prince what evil results might follow if he did not bestow on his daughter the marks of affection which she so well deserved. "That is *your* opinion, madam," was his only reply.

Some regard for the deceived lady, however, evidently clung by Prince Florizel long after he had become King, and when no particle of romance remained. On his death-bed, Maria Fitzherbert addressed to him some touching lines, as from a wife offering her service to a sick husband, which he did not peruse without emotion; and he is said to have attached great value to a portrait of her, taken when she had first attracted his variable fancy. With this portrait round his neck

he is believed to have been entombed. Such was the belief, the probably pleasant belief, of Mrs. Fitzherbert herself, and it is in some degree confirmed by Dr. Carr, Bishop of Worcester, who, on being questioned on the subject by Mr. Bodenham, replied, "Yes, it is very true what you have heard. I remained by the body of the King when they wrapped it round in the cercloth; but before that was done, I saw a portrait suspended round his neck—it was attached to a little silver chain."

William the Fourth readily granted an interview, for which Mrs. Fitzherbert applied after the death of her late husband, the King. At this interview, His Majesty perused all the documents submitted to him by the lady. He "was moved to tears by the perusal, and expressed his surprise at so much forbearance, with such documents in her possession, and under the pressure of such long and severe trials." The King offered to make her some amends, by creating her a Duchess, but "she replied that she did not wish for any rank; that she had borne through life the name of Mrs. Fitzherbert, that she had never disgraced it, and did not wish to change it." The King, thereupon, authorized her to assume the royal livery, and to wear widow's weeds for his predecessor. On another occasion, he invited her to the Pavilion, where he "handed her out of her carriage, and introduced her to his family, one after another, as one of themselves."

"Mrs. Fitzherbert told me that the first day, when, in compliance with the commands of the King, she went to the Pavilion, and was presented by him to the Queen and the Royal Family, she was herself much surprised at the great composure with which she was able to sustain a trial of fortitude which appeared so alarming at a distance; but she believed the excitement had sustained her. It was not so the next dinner at which she was present in the same family circle; and the many reflections which then oppressed her mind very nearly overpowered her. Afterwards she frequently attended the King's small Sunday parties at Brighton, and then, as upon all other occasions, she was received with uniform kindness and consideration."

She was treated with similar distinction by the French royal family. In one of her letters, dated "Paris, Dec. 7, 1833," there is the following passage:

"I have taken a very quiet apartment and live

very retired, seeing occasionally some friends. The Duke of Orleans came to see me the moment I arrived, with a thousand kind messages from the King and Queen, desiring me to go to them, which I accordingly have done. Nothing could exceed the kindness of their reception of me: they are both old acquaintances of mine. I have declined all their *fêtes*, and they have given me a general invitation to go there every evening whenever I like it, in a quiet family way, which suits me very much. I really think I never saw a more amiable family; so happy and so united. The King seems worn to death with business all day and all night; but he assured me that things were going on much better, though there were a great many wicked people trying to make mischief. I told him that I was afraid he had sent many of them to make a disturbance in our country. He is very much attached to England, and hopes we shall always be friends."

It is a matter of regret that Mrs. Fitzherbert destroyed her correspondence with the Duke of York. After the Duke's death, Sir Herbert Taylor gave up to her her own letters. She expressed her delight at recovering them, as "she had been almost afraid that they would have got those papers from him." "Not all the kings on the earth should have obtained them," was the reply of Sir Herbert. The extent of the correspondence may be judged of by the fact, that Mrs. Fitzherbert "was for two years employed in the perusal and burning of these letters." So much the worse, as far as the holocaust is concerned, for she says, after avowing that had she been mercenary, "she might have obtained any price she had chosen to ask for the correspondence," she adds that "she could have given the best private and public history of all the transactions of the country, from the close of the American War down to the death of the Duke of York, either from her communications with the Duke, or her own connexions with the opposite party, through the Prince and his friends."

The burning of the correspondence between Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Duke of York was not the only act of cremation over which the lovers of private history have to mourn. On the death of George the Fourth, the following paper was drawn up and signed by the respective parties named therein:

"It is agreed by Mrs. Fitzherbert on the one part, and the executors of the late King on the other, that each will destroy all papers and documents (with the exception of those hereafter mentioned) in the possession of either, signed or writ-

ten by Mrs. Fitzherbert, or by her directions, or signed or written by the late King, when Prince of Wales, or King of Great Britain, &c., or by his command. The two parties agree, that in case any papers signed or written by either of the parties above mentioned, or by the authority of either, shall ever hereafter be found among the papers of the other, they shall be given up as the property of the writer or signer thereof, or of the person who authorized the writing or signature thereof. Such papers and documents as Mrs. Fitzherbert shall wish to keep, shall be sealed up in a cover under the seals of the Duke of Wellington and Sir William Knighton, and of the Earl of Albemarle and Lord Stourton, and be lodged in the bank of Messrs. Coutts, at the disposition of the Earl of Albemarle and of Lord Stourton. The seals not to be broken without the knowledge of the Duke of Wellington and Sir William Knighton. It is understood that no copy of any paper or document is to be taken or kept on either side. Here follows a list of the papers and documents retained by Mrs. Fitzherbert:—1. The mortgage on the Palace at Brighton.—2. The certificate of the marriage, dated Dec. 21st, 1785.—3. Letter from the late King, relating to the marriage, signed [George the Fourth].—4. Will written by the late King [George the Fourth].—5. Memorandum written by Mrs. Fitzherbert, attached to a letter written by the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony.”

The scene of the burning must have been one of some interest. It is thus described by Lord Albemarle in a letter to Lord Stourton:

“I am happy in being able to inform you that the business is now completely arranged, and, I believe I may add, to the satisfaction of all parties. Yesterday, the Duke of Wellington, Mrs. Fitzherbert and myself were busily engaged in burning all the letters, on either side, with the exception of those which Mrs. Fitzherbert chose to keep. It would be unjust to the Duke of Wellington if I did not say that his conduct was gentlemanly and friendly to Mrs. Fitzherbert in every respect, and I know that she is perfectly satisfied. After our great work of burning was over, I went to Messrs. Coutts's and delivered into Mr. Dickie's hands (by Mrs. Fitzherbert's desire) the parcel containing the documents and letters reserved, signed and sealed by the Duke of Wellington and myself. Whenever your Lordship returns to London you will have the goodness to add your name and seal. It is satisfactory to me to add that amongst the papers brought and destroyed by the Duke of Wellington, were the letters which Mrs. Fitzherbert had missed, and which she supposed to have been obtained by Sir William Knighton, and kept by him. I believe the letters were of no consequence, but I clearly saw that this circumstance was an additional relief to Mrs. Fitzherbert's mind. I am sure that we both cordially agree in the hope, and I trust I may add in the confidence, that her anxiety on this

most delicate subject may now be set at rest. She expresses most feelingly her gratitude to your Lordship for your useful and zealous assistance.”

Mr. Langdale has in vain applied to the guardians of these documents, asking for their publication, in order to help him to prove his case, as defender of Mrs. Fitzherbert's character. He has been altogether unsuccessful. In February, 1855, the Hon. Edward Keppel conveyed to him, by letter, the opinion of the executors of the late Mrs. Fitzherbert—Sir G. Seymour and Mr. Forster. They are strongly against the production of these papers. “The revival of the subject,” adds Mr. Keppel, “would, if it attracted interest, only pander to the bad feelings or curiosity of the great world, without doing good where it is sincerely intended.” The document at Coutts's which would probably prove of real interest is the letter signed by George the Fourth, and described as relating to the marriage. Mr. Langdale, however, cites a letter addressed by Lord Stourton to Lord Albemarle, in which reference is made to another document, undoubtedly of some importance, and also to a subject of some delicacy, seeing that there has not been wanting a personage who described himself as the issue of the union between Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Prince of Wales. That lady, it may be observed, “assigned her reasons to me [Lord Stourton] for not placing them [the papers] under the custody of the Damers of the Jerninghams.”

“I do not feel satisfied that we have done every thing required, till I am cognizant of the nature of the document signed 5 in our Memorandum, said to contain a memorandum written by Mrs. Fitzherbert attached to a letter written by the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony. Of all the documentary papers, I consider this probably the most important; particularly if I am correct in the notion that this memorandum contains Mrs. Fitzherbert's testimony that no issue arose from this marriage. At all events, the clergyman's letter is, in itself (particularly as the certificate is a mutilated instrument), a valuable record in favor of our friend's reputation. I had myself, previously to this arrangement, taken the liberty to counsel Mrs. Fitzherbert to leave some evidence in her own handwriting as to the circumstances of no issue arising from this connexion, and had advised its being noted with her own signature at the back of the certificate. To this she smilingly objected, on the score of delicacy, and I only state it at present in justification of my expectation that the memorandum I

have alluded to is to this effect. Be it as it may, I cannot rest satisfied that I have entirely fulfilled my duty towards my relative and friend, while I remain in entire ignorance of the exact purport of this clergyman's letter and the attached memorandum."

In one of the replies made by the Duke of Wellington to the repeated applications of his co-trustee, the Duke, after alluding to the burning of papers and letters relating to the late King George the Fourth and Mrs. Fitzherbert, thus writes :

"Mrs. Fitzherbert expressed a strong desire to retain undestroyed particular papers in which she felt a strong interest. I considered it my duty to consent to these papers remaining undestroyed, if means could be devised of keeping them as secret and confidential papers as they had been up to that moment. Mrs. Fitzherbert expressed an anxiety at least equal to that which I felt, that those papers, although preserved, should not be made public. It was agreed, therefore, that they should be deposited in a packet, and be sealed up under the seals of the Earl of Albemarle, your Lordship and myself, and lodged at Messrs. Coutts's, the bankers. Circumstances have, in some degree, changed since the death of Mrs. Fitzherbert; but it is still very desirable to avoid drawing public attention to, and re-awakening the subject by public discussion of the narrations to which the papers relate, which are deposited in the packet sealed up, to which I have above referred. And I am convinced that neither I nor any of the survivors of the royal family, of those who lived in the days in which these transactions occurred, could view with more pain any publication or discussion of them than would the late Mrs. Fitzherbert when alive. Under these circumstances, having acted conscientiously and upon honor throughout the affairs detailed in this letter, I cannot but consider it my duty to protest, and I do protest most solemnly against the measure proposed by your Lordship, that of breaking the seals affixed to the packet of papers belonging to the late Mrs. Fitzherbert, deposited at Messrs. Coutts, the bankers, under the several seals of the Earl of Albemarle, your Lordship and myself."

The last years of this lady, who is destined to hold a place both in romance and history, were passed almost entirely at

Brighton. There she died, in March, 1837, and over her remains a monument has been erected by Mrs. Lionel Dawson Damer, the Miss Seymour who so innocently caused Mrs. Fitzherbert to make way for a very different personage—the Marchioness of Hertford. The monument is simply raised to the memory of "Maria Fitzherbert," by "one to whom she was more than a parent." The only allusion to her equivocal greatness is made under a symbol. "The hand of the figure had (*sic*) the singular addition of three rings on the fingers, thus bearing the evidence of the affectionate lady who erected it to the triple marriage of her departed friend."

It will probably be seen by the above analysis and extracts that Mr. Langdale has made an acceptable contribution to the History of England. He has been impelled thereto by a desire to rescue the name and memory of Mrs. Fitzherbert from reproach. Such championship was hardly necessary; for no living man thinks of casting reproach upon either. Lord Holland's idle words could not do it, and the writer whom Mr. Langdale quotes, we are very certain, from the words quoted, could not intend it. Mr. Langdale still asks, or rather hopes, for the publication of the documents locked up at Coutts's bank. These business papers may throw some, but, perhaps, not much more light on this chapter of romantic history than Mr. Langdale has given by printing the narrative of his kinsman, Lord Stourton, and adding thereto what he knew personally. His volume will neither raise nor depress Mrs. Fitzherbert in the judgment and estimation of the public. On George the Fourth it will only heap an additional measure of contempt, and it will gratify the Church of England by showing how that Church was recognized by the Pope, when the Pontiff acknowledged the validity of its marriage ceremony, performed (without license, for anything we are told to the contrary) by an English clergyman, in Mrs. Fitzherbert's own drawing-room.

From Chambers's Journal.

## THE YOUNG FRENCH HEIR.

At the present moment, when all France, or may we not rather say, all Europe, is awaiting with interest that event which will probably give an heir to the empire of France, the mind instinctively reverts to the past, and looks back, through the vista of nearly half a century, to that moment when the reverberation of cannon, together with the silent voice of telegraphic dispatches, and the hasty messages of imperial couriers, announced to all Europe that a son was born to Napoleon the Great. Never, perhaps, was Napoleon more worthy of this cogemon than at that moment when, on hearing that Maria Louisa's life was in peril, he silenced the voice of selfish ambition within his breast, and in answer to the inquiry of her physician, uttered these memorable words: "Save the mother—it is her right." The sacrifice which he so promptly consented to make was not demanded of him. A son was given into his arms; and at that moment of satisfied ambition, the voice of the father spoke still more forcibly within his heart than that of the sovereign, for it is said that he was seen to shed tears of joy over the helpless babe which lay within his arms.

The King of Rome was born on the morning of March 20, 1811. He was so feeble at the time of his birth, that it was deemed advisable that he should receive the rite of baptism without delay. On the evening of that day was he, therefore, borne to the chapel of the Tuileries, whither he was accompanied by his father and the whole imperial family. Upon a white velvet carpet, embroidered with golden bees, stood a granite pedestal, sustaining a richly chased vase of silver gilt. This was destined to be the baptismal font. The Emperor placed himself at his *prie-dieu*, which stood beneath a dais in the centre of the chapel. When he approached the font to present his son to be baptized, there was a moment of deep silence. The conqueror seemed to be sub-

dued into the father. Who can guess what deep emotions, what shadowy anticipations filled the heart of Napoleon the Great at that solemn moment! All within the chapel was perfectly still, while the acclamations of the multitude without bespoke the tumult of popular joy at the birth of an heir to the throne. A moment it was of vivid contrast, and so living in its historic importance, that its memory is as fresh as ever among men, while the actors of that scene are one and all passed away from the busy stage of this world's drama:

"Their parts enacted, and the curtain fallen!"

On his return to his own apartments, Napoleon's countenance beamed with pleasure, and he was heard to hum some favorite operatic air, as he often did, when in particular good-humor: although the falsity of his musical tones made these performances by no means agreeable to the hearer. On meeting some of his courtiers, he said to them playfully: "Well, gentlemen, we have, I think, got a fine handsome boy. He made us wait a little, to be sure; but here he is at last!"

It was many months later when the royal infant was presented with great ceremony at the church of Notre Dame, and received the names of Napoleon-Francis-Charles-Joseph. These were the names of his godfathers. They may still be found in his baptismal register, and found also engraved upon the tomb which closed above his uncrowned head at the early age of twenty-one years.

Napoleon idolized his son. His mode of playing with him was occasionally rather too rough for so young a child; and then, if the infant shed tears, his father would say to him: "What, sire! you are crying? O fie, fie! A king should never cry." The little fellow was usually brought to see his father at breakfast-time; and then the Emperor would dip his finger into a glass of claret, and make him suck it; or occa-

sionally he would dip his finger into some sauce, and put it on his son's cheeks or on the tip of his little nose. This delighted the child greatly; and once he marked his desire very emphatically that the same should be done to "Maman Quion," as he called his governess, Madame de Montesquieu. The Emperor had shown his usual discernment in the selection of this lady as his son's *gouvernante*. Noble by nature as by birth, she united firmness of principle and dignity of manners with all the gentle tenderness of a loving woman's heart. Her management of her pupil was admirable. He was good-tempered and affectionate, but often also wilful and passionate. One day, when he had given way to a violent fit of passion, Madame de Montesquieu ordered all the window-shutters in his apartment to be closed. It was at noon, and the child was astonished at the sudden and unexpected darkness. He asked his governess what was the reason of it. "In order that no one should hear you cry, sire. Frenchmen never would have you for their king if they knew that you were naughty."

"But they could not hear me, could they?"

"I fear they must, sire; you were crying so loud just now."

"Ah, Maman Quion," said the little king, throwing himself into her arms, while he sobbed aloud, "I will not do so any more. Forgive me this time, and I will be good." The kindly *gouvernante* needed not to be urged to pardon her pupil, for she never even spoke a severe word to him but with the view to make him more worthy of the noble heritage which then seemed to await him.

The young Prince's delight was to make his way to the *grands appartements*, where he always expected to find his father; and, in his impatience to reach them, he would often run on before Madame de Montesquieu. One day, on his arriving alone at the door of the Emperor's cabinet, the fair-haired boy looked up to the gentleman-usher who was in attendance there, and with his little silvery voice said to him, rather imperatively: "Open the door: I want to see papa."

"Sire, I cannot open to your Majesty."

"Why not? I am the little King."

"But your Majesty is alone."

It was the Emperor's command that his son should not be admitted without his governess. He wished to give the child

a high idea of her authority, and also to check, in this quiet way, the natural wilfulness of his disposition. On receiving this answer, his eyes filled with tears. He said nothing, but gazed steadfastly at the usher, and remained perfectly still for about a minute, until Madame de Montesquieu had reached the spot; then, catching hold of her hand, and looking proudly at the usher, he said to him: "Open the door now—the little King commands it!" ("Le petit roi le veut!") Immediately the door was opened, and the usher announced "His Majesty the King of Rome!" The little Prince, who was passionately fond of his father, flew into his arms, without taking notice of some of the ministers who were in the Emperor's cabinet, where they had just been attending a council. Napoleon, although pleased at these marks of his son's affection, checked him immediately by saying: "You have not saluted any one, sire. Come, salute these gentlemen, if you please." Little Napoleon, turning towards the ministerial group, and bending slightly towards them, sent them a kiss with his hand. The Emperor, raising him in his arms, said to the ministers: "Well, gentlemen, no one, I hope, will say that I neglect my son's education. You see how he does his manners."\*

Napoleon had commanded that his son should early become accessible to persons in distress who wished to solicit his aid; and this was a desire in which he was cordially seconded by Madame de Montesquieu. One day, when the court was residing at St. Cloud, the little King of Rome was gazing out of a window, as he was very fond of doing, at all the people going to and coming from the château. He perceived at a little distance a young woman, dressed in deep mourning, and holding by the hand a little boy of about his own age, also clad in black. This child held in his hand a large sheet of paper, which he frequently raised up towards the King of Rome, as if desirous to attract his attention.

"Why is that little boy dressed all in black?" inquired the King of his governess.

"Probably because he has lost his

\* The original words are untranslatable: "Il sait très bien sa *civilité puérile et honnête*." This was a favorite expression of Napoleon's when he was in good-humor.

father. Would you like to know what he wants?"

Her pupil answering in the affirmative, Madame de Montesquieu sent for the woman and her little boy. They proved to be the widow and orphan of an officer who had recently died of wounds received in Spain. The widow wished to solicit a pension; and she thought that a petition, presented to the King of Rome by her son, might prove more successful than if sent through any other channel. Nor was she mistaken. The little King was quite moved by the appearance of a child of his own age who looked so unhappy. He took the petition, and put it carefully by, as his father was out hunting, and he could not speak to him on that day.

The next morning, he was quite impatient to reach the Emperor's apartment. "Here, papa," said he, "is a petition from a little boy who was dressed all in black. His papa was killed for you; and his poor mamma wants a pension, because she is very poor, and looks so unhappy."

"Ha! ha!" said the Emperor smiling, as he drew his son towards him; "so you are giving away pensions already! *Diable!* you are beginning early. Come, let us see who is your *protégé*."

The widow's claim proved to be a valid one, and would doubtless have been recognized at a later time; but, thanks to the King of Rome's application, the warrant for her pension was forwarded to her on the very same day, together with the amount of a year's pension added to the order. It may be that the widow and her son are yet alive, and remember with gratitude the boyish interest of the little King, as well as the prompt assistance of his imperial father.

Never, perhaps, was Napoleon's paternal heart more full of pride and hope than when, upon a later occasion, he presented his son to the army at a grand review on the Champ de Mars. His countenance

beamed with happiness as he witnessed the enthusiasm of his troops, and heard their shouts of delight. The Old Guards especially, "the bravest of the brave," were almost delirious with joy on seeing the King of Rome in the arms of their beloved chief and Emperor.

"Was he afraid?" inquired Maria Louisa afterwards of her husband.

"Afraid! no, indeed: he knew very well that he was in the midst of his father's friends."

After the review, Napoleon spoke for some time with M. Fontaine about the palace which he proposed building for the King of Rome, opposite the Ecole Militaire and the Champ de Mars. He talked also of Rome to M. Fontaine, who was a true artist, and understood the subject well. Napoleon expressed his regret at never having reached the gates of that queenly city—he whose name was so closely identified with that of Italy. "But I will assuredly go there some day or other," said he to M. Fontaine; "for it is the city of *my little King*."

How soon these sunlit visions of future happiness faded away into gloom and darkness, it lies not within our province to tell. It remains for us here only to say, that when the infant King found himself uncrowned, expatriated, forgotten or despised by many who had once been servile in their adulation, there were two hearts at least which beat for him as fondly and as truly as in the palmy days of his early childhood. Still was he the idol of his exiled father; and still was he surrounded by the tender care of Madame de Montesquieu, who, abandoning for his sake her country, her family, her friends, accompanied the Duke of Reichstadt to an ungenial land, where she devoted herself as assiduously to his education and happiness as if he still bore upon his brow the crown of imperial Rome, and still was the world-honored heir of Napoleon the Great.



From Dickens' Household Words.

## TWO COLLEGE FRIENDS.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER I.

IN the year seventeen hundred and seventy-three, two young men took possession of the only habitable rooms of the old tumble-down rectory-house of Combe-Warleigh, in one of the wildest parts of one of the western counties, then chiefly notable for miles upon miles of totally uncultivated moor and hill. The rooms were not many; consisting only of two wretched little bed-chambers and a parlor of diminutive size. A small building which leaned against the outer wall served as a kitchen to the establishment; and the cook, an old woman of sixty years of age, retired every night to a cottage about a quarter of a mile from the parsonage, where she had occupied a garret for many years. The house had originally been built of lath and plaster, and in some places revealed the skeleton walls where the weather had peeled off the outer coating, and given the building an appearance of ruin and desolation which comported with the bleakness of the surrounding scenery. With the exception of the already-named cottage and a small collection of huts around the deserted mansion of the landlord of the estate, there were no houses in the parish. How it had ever come to the honor of possessing a church and rectory no one could discover; for there were no records or traditions of its ever having been more wealthy or populous than it then was;—but it was in fact only nominally a parish, for no clergyman had been resident for a hundred years; the living was held by the fortunate possessor of a vicarage about fifteen miles to the north, and with the tithes of the united cures made up a stately income of nearly ninety pounds a year. No wonder there were no repairs on the rectory—nor frequent visits to his parishioners. It was only on the first Sunday of each month he rode over from his dwell-

ing-place and read the service to the few persons who happened to remember it was the Sabbath, or understood the invitation conveyed to them by the one broken bell swayed to and fro by the drunken shoemaker (who also officiated as clerk) the moment he saw the parson's shovel hat appear on the ascent of the Vaird hill. And great accordingly was the surprise of the population, and pleased the heart of the rector, when two young gentlemen from Oxford hired the apartments I have described—fitted them up with a cart load of furniture from Hawsleigh, and gave out that they were going to spend the long vacation in that quiet neighborhood for the convenience of study. Nor did their conduct belie their statement. Their table was covered with books and maps and dictionaries; and after their frugal breakfast, the whole day was devoted to reading. Two handsome, intelligent-looking young men as ever you saw—both about the same age and height; with a contrast both in look and disposition that probably formed the first link in the close friendship that existed between them.

Arthur Hayning, a month or two the senior, was of a more self-relying nature and firmer character than the other. In uninterrupted effort he pursued his work, never looking up, never making a remark, seldom even answering a stray observation of his friend. But when the hour assigned for the close of his studies had arrived, a change took place in his manner. He was gayer, more active and inquiring than his volatile companion. The books were packed away, the writing-desk locked up; with a stout stick in his hand, a strong hammer in his pocket, and a canvas-bag slung over his shoulders, he started off on an exploring expedition among the neighboring hills; while Winnington Harvey, arming himself with a green gauze net, and his coat-sleeve glittering with a mul-

titude of pins, accompanied him in his walk—diverging for long spaces in search of butterflies, which he brought back in triumph, scientifically transfixed on the leaves of his pocket-book. On their return home, their after-dinner employment consisted in arranging their specimens. Arthur spread out on the clay floor of the passage the different rocks he had gathered up in his walk. He broke them into minute fragments, examined them through his magnifying glass, sometimes dissolved a portion of them in aquafortis, tasted them, smelt to them, and finally threw them away; not so the more fortunate naturalist: with him the mere pursuit was a delight, and the victims of his net a perpetual source of rejoicing. He fitted them into a tray, wrote their names and families on narrow slips of paper in the neatest possible hand, and laid away his box of treasures as if they were choicest specimens of diamonds and rubies.

"What a dull occupation yours is!" said Winnington one night, "compared to mine. You go thumping old stones and gathering up lumps of clay, grubbing for ever among mud or sand, and never lifting up your eyes from this dirty spot of earth. Whereas I go merrily over valley and hill, keep my eyes open to the first flutter of a beautiful butterfly's wing, follow it in its meandering, happy flight—"

"And kill it—with torture," interposed Arthur Hayning, coldly.

"But it's for the sake of science. Nay, as I am going to be a doctor, it's perhaps for the sake of fortune——"

"And that justifies you in putting it to death?"

"There you go with your absurd German philanthropies; though, by the bye, love for a butterfly scarcely deserves the name. But think of the inducement, think of the glory of verifying with your own eyes the identity of a creature described in books; think of the interests at stake; and, above all, and this ought to be a settling argument to you, think of the enjoyment it will give my cousin Lucy to have her specimen-chest quite filled; and when you are married to her——"

"Dear Winnington, do hold your tongue. How can I venture to look forward to that for many years? I have only a hundred a year. She has nothing," Arthur sighed as he spoke.

"How much do you require? When do you expect to be rich enough?"

"When I have three times my present fortune—and that will be—who can tell? I may suddenly discover a treasure like Aladdin's, and then, Winnington, my happiness will be perfect."

"I think you should have made acquaintance with the magician, or even got possession of the ring, before you asked her hand," said Winnington Harvey with a changed tone. "She is the nicest girl in the world, and loves you with all her heart; but if you have to wait till fortune comes——"

"She will wait also, willingly and happily. She has told me so. I love her with the freshness of a heart that has never loved anything else. I love you too, Winnington, for her sake; and we had better not talk any more on the subject, for I don't like your perpetual objections to the engagement."

Winnington, as usual, yielded to the superiority of his friend, and was more affectionate in his manner to him than ever, as if to blot out the remembrance of what he had recently said. They went on in silence with their respective works, and chipped stones and impaled butterflies till a late hour.

"Don't be alarmed, Winnington," said Arthur, with a smile, as he lighted his bed-candle that night. "I am twenty-one and Lucy not nineteen. The genii of the lamp will be at our bidding before we are very old, and you shall have apartments in the palace, and be appointed resident physician to the princess."

"With a salary of ten thousand a year, and my board and washing."

"A seat on my right hand, whenever I sit down to my banquets."

"Good. That's a bargain," said Winnington, laughing, and they parted to their rooms.

Geology was not at that time a recognized science—in England. But Arthur Hayning had been resident for some years in Germany, where it had long been established as one of the principal branches of a useful education. There were chairs of metallurgy, supported by government grants, and schools of mining, both theoretic and practical, established wherever the nature of the soil was indicative of mineral wealth. Hayning was an orphan, the son of a country

surgeon, who had managed to amass the sum of two thousand pounds. He was left in charge of a friend of his father, engaged in the Hamburg trade, and by him had been early sent to the care of a Protestant clergyman in Prussia, who devoted himself to the improvement of his pupil. His extraordinary talents were so dwelt on by this excellent man, in his letters to the guardian, that it was resolved to give him a better field for their display than the University of Jena could afford, and he had been sent to one of the public schools in England, and from it, two years before this period, been transferred, with the highest possible expectations of friends and teachers, to — College, Oxford. Here he had made acquaintance with Winnington Harvey; and through him, having visited him one vacation at his home in Warwickshire, had become known to Lucy Mainfield, the only daughter of a widowed aunt of his friend's, with no fortune but her unequalled beauty, and a fine, honest, open, and loving disposition, which made an impression on Arthur, perhaps, because it was in so many respects in contrast with his own.

For some weeks their mode of life continued unaltered. Study all the day, geology and natural history in the evening. Their path led very seldom through the village of Combe-Warleigh; but, on one occasion, having been a distant range among the wilds, and being belated, they took a nearer course homeward, and passed in front of the dwelling-house of the squire. There was a light in the windows of the drawing-room floor, and the poetic Winnington was attracted by the sight.

"I've read of people," he said, "seeing the shadows of beautiful girls on window-blinds, and dying of their love, though never knowing more of them—wouldn't it be strange if Squire Warleigh had returned, and with a daughter young and beautiful, and if I saw her form thrown clearly like a portrait on the curtain, and—"

"But there's no curtain," interrupted Arthur. "Come along."

"Ha, stop!" cried Winnington, laying his hand on Arthur's shoulder. "Look there!"

They looked, and saw a girl who came between them and the light, with long hair falling over her shoulders, while she held a straw hat in her hand; her dress was close-fitting to her shape, a light pelisse

of green silk, edged with red ribbons, such as we see as the dress of young pedestrians in Sir Joshua's early pictures.

"How beautiful," said Winnington, in a whisper. "She has been walking out. What is she doing? Who is she? What is her name?"

The apparition turned half round, and revealed her features in profile. Her lips seemed to move, she smiled very sweetly, and then suddenly moved out of the sphere of vision, and left Winnington still open-mouthed, open-eyed, gazing towards the window.

"A nice enough girl," said Arthur, coldly: "but come along; the old woman will be anxious to get home; and besides, I am very hungry."

"I shall never be hungry again," said Winnington, still transfixed and immovable. "You may go if you like. Here I stay in hopes of another view."

"Good night, then," replied Arthur, and rapidly walked away.

How long the astonished Winnington remained I cannot tell. It was late when he arrived at the rectory. The old woman, as Arthur had warned him, had gone home. Arthur let him in.

"Well!" he inquired, "have you found out the unknown?"

"All about her—but for heaven's sake some bread and cheese. Is there any here?"

"I thought you were never to be hungry again."

"It is the body only which has these requirements. My soul is satiated for ever. Here's to Ellen Warleigh!"—he emptied the cup at a draught.

"The Squire's daughter?"

"His only child. They have been abroad for some years; returned a fortnight ago. Her father and she live in that desolate house."

"He will set about repairing it, I suppose," said Arthur.

"He can't. They are as poor as we are. And I am glad of it," replied Winnington, going on with his bread and cheese.

"He has an immense estate," said Arthur, almost to himself. "Combe-Warleigh must consist of thousands of acres."

"Of heath and hill. Not worth three hundred a year. Besides, he was extravagant in his youth. I met the shoemaker at the gate, and he told me all about them. I wonder if she's fond of butter-

flies," he added: "it would be so delightful for us to hunt them together."

"Nonsense, boy; finish your supper and go to bed. Never trouble yourself about whether a girl cares for butterflies or not whose father has only three hundred a year, and has been extravagant in his youth."

"What a wise fellow you are," said Winnington, "about other people's affairs. How many hundreds a year had Lucy's father? Nothing but his curacy and a thousand pounds he got with aunt Jane."

"But Lucy's very fond of butterflies, you know, and that makes up for poverty," said Arthur, with a laugh. "The only thing I see valuable about them is their golden wings."

The companions were not now so constantly together as before. Their studies underwent no change; but their evening occupations were different. The geologist continued his investigations among the hills; the naturalist seemed to believe that the Papilio had become a gregarious insect, and inhabited the village. He was silent as to the result of his pursuits, and brought very few specimens home. But his disposition grew sweeter than ever. His kindness to the drunken shoemaker was extraordinary. His visits to several old women in the hamlet were frequent and long. What a good young man he was! How attentive to the sick!—and he to be only twenty-one! On the first Sunday of the month he was in waiting at the door to receive the rector. He took his horse from him, and put it into the heap of ruins, which was called the stable, with his own hands. He went with him into the church. He looked all the time of service at the Squire's pew, but it was empty. He walked alongside the rector on his return; he accompanied him as far as the village, and told him, quite in a careless manner, of the family's return.

"I have done it," he said, when he got home again, late at night. "I know them both. The father is a delightful old man. He kept me and the clergyman to dinner—and Ellen! there never was so charming a creature before; and, Arthur, she's fond of butterflies, and catches them in a green gauze net, and has a very good collection—particularly of night-hawks. That's the reason she was out so late the night we saw her at the window. They were very kind; they knew all about our being here, and

Ellen thanked me so for being good to her poor people. I felt quite ashamed."

The young man's eyes were flashing with delight; his voice trembled; he caught the cold gaze of his friend fixed upon him, and blushed.

"You look very much ashamed of yourself," said Arthur, "and I am sorry you have made their acquaintance. It will interfere with our object in coming here."

"Ah! and I told her you were a perfect German; and she understands the language, and I said you would lend her any of your books she chose."

"What!" exclaimed Arthur, starting up excited to sudden anger; "what right had you, sir, to make any offer of the kind? I wouldn't lend her a volume to save her life, or yours, or any one's in the world. She shan't have one—I'll burn them first."

"Arthur!" said Winnington, astonished. "What is it that puts you in such a passion? I'm sure I didn't mean to offend you. I will tell her you don't like to lend your books; I'm sorry I mentioned it to her—but I will apologize, and never ask you again."

"I was foolish to be so hot about a trifle," said Arthur, resuming his self-command. "I'm very sorry to disappoint your friend; but I really can't spare a single volume—beside," he said, with a faint laugh, "they are all about metallurgy and mining."

"I told her so," said Winnington, "and she has a great curiosity to see them."

"You did!" again exclaimed Arthur, flushing with wrath. "You have behaved like a fool or a villain—one or both, I care not which. You should have known, without my telling, that these books are sacred. If the girl knows German, let her read old Gotsched's plays. She shall not see a page of any book of mine."

Winnington continued silent under this outbreak; he was partly overcome with surprise, but grief was uppermost.

"I've known you for two years, I think, Hayning," he said; "from the first time we met I admired and liked you. I acknowledge your superiority in everything; your energy, your talent, your acquirements. I felt a pleasure in measuring your height, and was proud to be your friend. I know you despise me, for I am a weak, impulsive, womanly-natured fellow; but I did not know you disliked me. I shall leave you to-morrow, and we shall never meet again." He was going out of the room.

"I did not mean what I said," said Arthur, in a subdued voice. "I don't despise you. I don't dislike you. I beg your pardon—will you forgive me, Winnington?"

"Ay, if you killed me!" sobbed Winnington, taking hold of Arthur's scarcely extended hand. "I know I am very foolish; but I love Ellen Warleigh, and would give her all I have in the world."

"That's not much," said Arthur, still moodily brooding over the incident; "and never will be, if you wear your heart so perpetually on your sleeve."

"You forget that I don't need to have any riches of my own," said Winnington, gaily. "I am to be physician to the Prince and Princess in Aladdin's palace, and shall sit always on your right hand when you entertain the nobility. So, shake hands, and good night."

"But Ellen is not to have my books," said Arthur, sitting down to the table, and spreading a volume before him. "I wouldn't lend you for an hour," he said, when he was alone, cherishing the book, "no, not to Lucy Mainfield herself."

## CHAPTER II.

August and September passed away, and October had now begun. Arthur avoided the Warleighs as much as he could; Winnington was constantly at their house. The friends grew estranged. But, with the younger, the estrangement made no difference in the feeling of affection he always had entertained for Arthur. He was hurt, however, by the change he perceived in his manner. He was hurt at his manifest avoidance of the society of the squire and his daughter. He was hurt, also, at the total silence Arthur now maintained on the subject of his cousin Lucy. He saw her letters left unopened, sometimes for a whole day, upon the table, instead of being greedily torn open the moment the straggling and uncertain post had achieved their delivery at the door. He was hurt at some other things besides, too minute to be recorded; too minute, perhaps, to be put into language, even by himself, but all perceptible to the sensitive heart of friendship such as his. With no visible improvement in Arthur's fortune or prospects, it was evident that his ideas were constantly on the rise. A strange sort of contempt of poverty mingled with his aspirations after wealth. An amount

of income which, at one time, would have satisfied his desires, was looked on with disdain, and the possessors of it almost with hatred. The last words Winnington had heard him speak about Lucy were, that marriage was impossible under a thousand a year. And where was that sum to come from? The extent of Lucy's expectations was fifty—his own, a hundred, and yet he sneered at the Warleighs as if they had been paupers; although in that cheap country, and at that cheap time, a revenue of three hundred pounds enabled them to live in comfort, almost in luxury.

Winnington took no thought of to-morrow, but loved Ellen Warleigh, with no consideration of whether she was rich or poor. It is probable that Ellen had no more calculating disposition than Winnington; for it is certain her sentiments towards him were not regulated by the extent of his worldly wealth—perhaps she did not even know what her sentiments towards him were—but she thought him delightful, and wandered over the solitary heaths with him, in search of specimens. They very often found none, in the course of their four hours' ramble, and yet came home as contented as if they had discovered an Emperor of Morocco on every bush. Balked in their natural history studies by the perverse absence of moth and butterfly, they began—by way of having something to do—to take up the science of botany. The searches they made for heath of a particular kind! The joy that filled them when they came on a group of wild flowers, and gathered them into a little basket they carried with them, and took them back to the manor, and astonished Mr. Warleigh with the sound of their Latin names! What new dignity the commonest things took under that sonorous nomenclature! How respectable a nettle grew when called an *urtica*, and how suggestive of happiness and *Gretna Green* when a flower could be declared to be cryptogamic.

"See what a curious root this piece of broom has," said Winnington, one night, on his return from the manor, and laid his specimen on the table.

Arthur hardly looked up from his book, and made some short reply.

"It took Ellen and me ten minutes, with all our force, to pull it up by the roots. We had no knife, or I should merely have cut off the stalk; but see, now that the light falls on it, what curious shining earth

it grows in; with odd little stones twisted up between the fibres! Did you ever see anything like it?" Arthur had fixed his eyes on the shrub during this speech—he stretched forth his hand and touched the soil still clinging to the roots—he put a small portion to his lips—his face grew deadly pale.

"Where did you get this?" he said.

"Down near the waterfall—not a hundred yards from this."

"On whose land?—on the glebe?" said Arthur, speaking with parched mouth, and still gazing on the broom.

"Does Warleigh know of this?" he went on, "or the clergyman? Winnington! no one must be told, tell Ellen to be silent; but she is not aware, perhaps. Does she suspect?"

"What? what is there to suspect, my dear Arthur? Don't you think you work too much?" he added, looking compassionately on the dilated eye and pale cheek of his companion. "You must give up your studies for a day or two. Come with us on an exploring expedition to the Outer fell to-morrow; Mr. Warleigh is going."

"And give him the fruits of all my reading," Arthur muttered angrily, "of all I learned at the Hartz; tell him how to proceed, and leave myself a beggar. No!" he said, "I will never see him. As to this miserable little weed," he continued, tearing the broom to pieces, and casting the fragments contemptuously into the fire, "it is nothing; you are mad to have given up your butterflies to betake yourself to such a ridiculous pursuit as this. Don't go there any more—there!" (here he stamped on it with his foot.) "How damp it is! the fire has little power."

"You never take any interest, Arthur, in anything I do. I don't know, I'm sure, how I've offended you. As to the broom, I know it's a poor common thing, but I thought the way its roots were loaded rather odd. Ellen will perhaps be disappointed, for we intended to plant it in her garden, and I only asked her to let me show it to you, it struck me as being so very curious. Come, give up your books and learning for a day. We must leave this for Oxford in a week, and I wish you to know more of the Warleighs before we go."

"I am not going back to Oxford," said Arthur. "I shall take my name off the books."

Winnington was astonished. He was

also displeased. "We promised to visit my aunt," he said, "on our way back to college—Lucy will be grieved and disappointed."

"I will send a letter by you—I shall explain it all—I owe her a letter already."

"Have you not answered that letter yet? it came a month ago," said Winnington. "Oh! if Ellen Warleigh would write a note to me, and let me write to her, how I would wait for her letters! how I would answer them from morn to night."

"She would find you a rather troublesome correspondent," said Arthur, watching the disappearance of the last particle of the broom as it leaped merrily in sparkles up the chimney. "Lucy knows that I am better employed than telling her ten times over, that I love her better than anything else—and that I long for wealth principally that it may enable me to call her mine. I shall have it soon. Tell her to be sure of that. I shall be of age in three days, then the wretched dribblet my guardian now has charge of comes into my hands; I will multiply it a thousand-fold—and then——"

"The palace will be built," said Winnington, who could not keep anger longer, "and the place at your right hand will be got ready for the resident physician—who in the mean time recommends you to go quietly to bed, for you have overstrung your mind with work, and your health, dear Arthur, is not at all secure."

For a moment, a touch of the old kindness came to Arthur's heart. He shook Winnington's hand. "Thank you, thank you," he said, "I will do as you advise. Your voice is very like Lucy's, and so are your eyes—good night, dear Winnington." And Winnington left the room; so did Arthur, but not for bed. A short time before this, a package had arrived from Hawsleigh, and had been placed away in a dark closet under the stairs. He looked for a moment out into the night. The moon was in a cloud, and the wind was howling with a desolate sound over the bare moor. He took down the package, and from it extracted a spade and a pickaxe; and, gently opening the front door, went out. He walked quickly till he came to the waterfall; he looked carefully round and saw a clump of broom. The ground from the rectory to this place formed a gentle declivity; where the river flowed there were high banks, for the stream had not yet been swelled by the rains, and he

first descended into the bed, and examined the denuded cliffs. He then hurried towards the broom, and began to dig. He dug and struck with the pickaxe, and shovelled up the soil—weighing, smelling, tasting it, as he descended foot by foot. He dug to the depth of a yard; he jumped into the hole and pursued his work—breathless, hot, untiring. The moon for a moment came out from the clouds that obscured her. He availed himself of her light and held up a particle of soil and stone; it glittered for an instant in the moonbeam. With an almost audible cry he threw it to the bottom of the excavation, and was scrambling out when he heard a voice. It was the drunken shoemaker returning from some distant merry-making. He lay down at the bottom of the hole, watching for the approaching footsteps. At a little distance from the waterfall the singer changed his path, and diverged towards the village. The song died off in the distance.

"That danger's past," said Arthur, "both for him and me. I would have killed him if he had come nearer. Back, back," he continued, while he filled up the hole he had made, carefully shovelling in the soil—"No eye shall detect that you have been moved." He replaced the straggling turf where it had been disturbed; stamped it down smooth with his feet, and beat it smooth with his spade. And then went home.

"Hallo! who's there?" cried Winnington, hearing the door open and shut. "Is that you, Arthur?"

"Yes; are you not asleep yet?"

"I've been asleep for hours. How late you are. Weren't you out of the house just now?"

"I felt hot, and went out for a minute to see the moon."

"Hot?" said Winnington. "I wish I had another blanket—good night." Arthur passed on to his own room.

"If he had opened his door," he said, "and seen my dirty clothes, these yellow stains on my knees, these dabbled hands, what could I have done?" He saw himself in the glass as he said this; there was something in the expression of his face that alarmed him. He drew back.

"He is very like Lucy," he muttered to himself, "and I'm glad he didn't get out of bed."

Meantime Winnington had a dream. He was on board a beautiful boat on the

Isis. It seemed to move by its own force, as if it were a silver swan; and the ripple as it went on took the form of music, and he thought it was an old tune that he had listened to in his youth. He sat beside Ellen Warleigh, with his hand locked in hers, and they watched the beautiful scenery through which the boat was gliding—past the pretty Cherwell, past the level meadows, past the Newnham woods—and still the melody went on. Then they were in a country he did not know; there were tents of gaudy colors on the shore; and wild-eyed men in turbans and loose tunics looked out upon them. One came on board; he was a tall dark Emir, with golden-sheathed scimitar, which clanked as he stepped on the seat. Winnington stood up and asked what the stranger wanted: the chief answered in Arabic, but Winnington understood him perfectly. He said he had come to put him to death for having dared to look upon his bride. He laid his grasp on him as he spoke, and tore him from Ellen's side. In the struggle Winnington fell over, and found himself many feet in front of the fairy boat. The Arab sat down beside Ellen, and put his arm round her waist, and then he suddenly took the shape of Arthur Hayning. The boat seemed to flutter its wings, and come faster on. Winnington tried to swim to one side, but could not. On came the boat, its glittering bows flashed before his eyes—they touched him—pressed him down; he felt the keel pass over his head; and down, down, still downward he went, and, on looking up, saw nothing but the boat above him; all was dark where he was, for the keel seemed constantly between him and the surface, and yet he heard the old tune still going on. It was a tune his cousin Lucy used to play; but at last, in his descent through the darkened water, he got out of hearing, and all was silent. The music had died away—and suddenly he heard a scream, and saw Ellen struggling in the water. He made a dart towards her with arms stretched out—and overturned the candle he had left on the table at the side of his bed.

#### CHAPTER III.

Winnington's visits to the manor grew more constant as the day of his departure drew near. Early in the morning he passed through the village, and entered the

dilapidated house, and only issued from it again, accompanied by Ellen, to pursue their botanical pursuits upon the hills. Had he ever told her of any other pursuit in which he was engaged? Had he gone in a formal manner, as recommended in the *True Lover's Guide*, to the father, and demanded his permission to pay his addresses to his daughter? Had he displayed to that careful gentleman the state of his affairs, and agreed on the sum to be settled during the marriage upon Ellen as pin-money, and as jointure in case of his death? No; he had never mentioned the state of his heart to Ellen, or of his affairs to Mr. Warleigh. He had spoken, to be sure, a good deal about the future; his plans when he had taken his degree; the very street he should live in when he entered into practice, and somehow all these projects had reference to some one else. He never seemed to limit the view to himself; but in all his counsellings about the years to come, he was like the editor of a newspaper, or the writer of a ponderous history, and used the dignified "we." We shall have such a pretty drawing-room, with a great many roses on the paper, a splendid mirror over the mantelpiece, and a piano, such a piano! against the wall. Who was included in the We? Ah! that was a secret between him and Ellen; and I am not going to play the spy, and then let all the world know what I have discovered. It seemed as if the father was included too; for there was a charming little room laid aside for a third individual, with a nice low fender and a nice warm fire, and a nice pipe laid all ready for him after dinner, and some delicious tobacco procured from a patient of Winnington, a distinguished merchant in the Turkey trade, and kept in a beautiful bag of blue silk, which Ellen had sewed up with her own hands, with gold tassels, astonishing to behold.

"And we must have a spare bed-room," he said; "it needn't be very large for my sister—she's not very tall yet, and a little crib would do."

"But Dulcibel will grow," said Ellen; "she's now seven, and by the time she requires the room, she will be—who can tell how old she will be then, Winnington?"

"I can. She will be ten at most."

"I think," said Mr. Warleigh, "you had better bring her here: we can get Joe Walters to patch up another room; and, with a prop or two under the floor,

even the ball-room might be safe to occupy."

"Oh! no, father; the floor is entirely fallen in; and, besides, the ceiling is just coming down."

"And London is such a noble field for exertion," said Winnington; "and if I have a chance, I will so work and toil, and write and make myself known, that I shall be disappointed if I am not a baronet in ten years—Sir Winnington Harvey, Bart."

"A very modern title," said Mr. Warleigh, "which I hope no one I care for will ever condescend to accept. My ancestors had been knights of Combe-Warleigh for six hundred years before baronetcies were heard of; besides, as those pinchbeck baronies are only given to millionaires, where are you to get a fortune sufficient to support the dignity?"

A sudden flush came to Winnington's face. "I should like to owe everything to you, sir; and, perhaps—perhaps, there will be enough for any rank the King can give."

"It strikes me," said Mr. Warleigh, with a laugh, "you are a great deal more hopeful even than I was at your time of life. Ah! I remember what day-dreams we had, Ellen's mother and I—how we expected to restore the old name, and build up the old house——"

"I'll do both, sir!" cried Winnington, standing up. "I feel sure there is a way of doing so; I have thought much over this for a week past, and before I go I'll prove to you——"

"What? Has a ghost come from the grave to point out some hidden treasure?"

Winnington was still standing up in the excitement of the new idea which filled his heart. He was just going to reply, when a sudden crash alarmed them. Ellen screamed, and fled to Winnington for safety. The sound shook the whole house. At first they thought some of the outer wall had tumbled down. A cloud of dust soon filled the room, and nearly blinded them.

"It is the ball-room ceiling," said Mr. Warleigh, as if struck with the omen. "The house is ruined beyond repair, and some time or other will bury us all in its fall. Young man, I advise you to get out of its way; for it will crush whatever stands near it."

The interruption gave Winnington time



to think, and he resolved not to make Mr. Warleigh the confidant of his hopes. That night he took his leave. It was the last night of his residence in the rectory, but he was to return next short vacation. The parting was long, and it was late when he got home. Arthur was busy writing. He had given up his geology for the last week, and seldom moved out of the house; he looked up as Winnington came in, but said nothing in welcome.

"I'm glad to find you up," said Winnington, "for I want to talk to you, Arthur, and take your advice, if you are not busy."

Arthur laid aside the pen, and covered the sheet he was writing with blotting-paper.

"About Ellen, I suppose?" he said; "love in a cottage, and no money to pay the butcher. Go on!"

"It is about Ellen," said Winnington; "it is about love—a cottage also, probably—but not about poverty, but wealth, rank, magnificence!"

"Ha! let us hear. You speak with sense at last—you'll give up this penniless fancy—you'll hate her in a month when you find yourself tied to penury and obscurity."

"But I shan't be tied to penury and obscurity; I tell you she is the greatest heiress in England, and it is I who will put her in possession of her wealth. It is this right hand which will lift up the veil that keeps her treasures concealed! It is I who will hang pearls about the neck that would buy a kingdom, and plant the diamonds of India among her hair—and all from her own soil!"

It is impossible to describe the effect of this speech upon the listener. He sat upright upon his chair; his lips partly open, his face as pale as ashes, and his eye fixed on the enthusiastic boy.

"And you! you, dear Arthur, you shall help me in this—for your German residence gave you a knowledge of the appearances of a mineral bed—you have studied the subject here, for I have watched your experiments. I know this estate is filled with ore; but how to work it, Arthur—how to begin—how to smelt—to clear—to cast! these are the things you must help me in; Ellen will be grateful, and so shall I."

"Shall you? You be grateful for what?"

"For your aid in bringing into practi-

cal effect the discovery I have made of the vast mineral resources with which all Combe-Warleigh is filled. You'll help us, Arthur—for Lucy's sake! for my sake! for all our sakes! won't you?"

"How have you made this discovery?" said Arthur in a calm voice.

"Do you remember the night you burned the broom-plant? I thought nothing of it at the time, but in the morning when I came down, the old woman was clearing out the grate. I stooped her, and grubbed about among the ashes; and see what I found! a piece of solid metal, perfectly free from earth! See, here it is! How lucky I was to make the discovery! It will make Mr. Warleigh richer than if his lands were filled with gold."

The face of Arthur grew almost black.

"I was of age," he said, "four days ago, and made an offer to Mr. Warleigh's agent for the manorial rights and heathlands of his estate—which he is bound to accept, for I give the sum they ask."

"Arthur!" exclaimed Winnington, starting up, "have you the heart to ruin the right owners of the soil?"

"By this time they have sold it; they are deep in debt."

"But they shall not! No; this very moment I will go back to the manor and tell Mr. Warleigh what I know; he will not fulfil the bargain made by his attorney."

"Oh! no, you won't," said Arthur, knitting his brows; "I have toiled and struggled for many years for this, and you think I will now submit to beggary and disgrace, to see the wealth I have worked for, formed into shape, called out of nothing into glittering existence, heaped upon another, and that other a dotard whose fathers for a thousand years have been treading on countless riches, and never heard the sound—the sound that reached my ears the moment I trod the soil. It shall not be."

Winnington looked at the wild eye of his companion. A suspicion again came into his mind of the state of Arthur's brain. He tried to soothe him.

"But perhaps, after all," he said, "we may be both mistaken. It is very likely the friendliest thing I could do to hinder you from buying these unprofitable acres. If your expectations are deceived, you will be utterly ruined, and what will you do?"

"A man can always die," replied Arthur, sitting down; "and better that than live in poverty."

"And Lucy?"

"For ever Lucy! I tell you, Winnington, that when you look at me you grow so like her, that I almost hate the girl as if the blow you strike me with just now, were struck by her."

"I strike no blow. I merely say that Lucy would give you the same advice I do. She would not wish to grow rich by the concealment of a treasure, and the impoverishment of the rightful owner."

"The rightful owner is the man to whom the treasure belongs," said Arthur, not bursting forth into a fresh explosion as Winnington expected, the moment his speech was uttered. "And if the bargain is concluded, the lands are mine."

"Not all?"

"No. I leave them the rich fields, the pasture ground in the valley, the farm upon the slope. I am modest, and content myself with the useless waste! the dreary moor, the desert hill. It is, in fact, making Mr. Warleigh a free gift of fifteen hundred pounds, and with that he can give his daughter a portion, and rebuild his old ruin, with a wing in it for his son-in-law; and the remaining five hundred of my stately fortune (that wretches should be found so low as to exist on two thousand pounds!) will erect a crushing-mill, and dig to the first lode. Then—then," he continued, as the picture rose to his imagination, "the land will grow alive with labor. There will be a town where the present hamlet shivers in solitude upon the wild. There will be the music of a thousand wheels, all disengaging millions from the earth. There will be a mansion such as kings might live in, and I—and I—"

"And Lucy?" again interposed Winnington.

"Ay! and Lucy—when I have raised the annual income to ten thousand pounds—I could not occupy the house with less."

Winnington looked upon his friend with pity. He sat down, and was silent for some time. There was no use in continuing the conversation. "You seem to forget," he said at last, "that I go to-morrow to Oxford."

"So soon?" said Arthur, with a scrutinizing look. "You didn't intend to go till Saturday."

"I shall have a few days longer with my family. I want to see Dulcibel, who is home from school; and besides," he added, with some embarrassment, "I don't find our residence here so pleasant as it used to be. There was a time," he said, after a pause, "when it would have broken my heart to leave you; but now——"

There was a tremble in his voice, and he stopped.

"And why?" said Arthur. "Whose fault is it that there is a change?"

"Ah! mine, I dare say. I don't blame any one," replied Winnington, checked in the flow of feeling by the coolness of Arthur's voice. "You will have your letter for Lucy ready. I shall start before you are up; so you had better let me have it to-night."

"There is plenty of time. I don't go to bed till late. I will walk ten or twelve miles with you on your way to the post wagon. The exercise will do me good."

"I start very early; for the wagon leaves for Exeter at ten in the morning. I have sent on my trunk by the shoemaker's cart. I have taken leave of—of people who have been kind to me, and shall walk merrily across the moor. It is only fifteen miles."

"I shall see you as far as Hawaleigh Brook," said Arthur; "that is, if you don't object to the company of a friend. And why should we quarrel?"

Winnington took the offered hand. "I knew your heart could not be really so changed," he said, "as you tried to make it appear. You are ill, Arthur, your brain is too much excited. I will not let you get up so early, or take such exercise. It will put you into a fever. Let me feel your pulse, and you can owe me my first fee."

The pulse was galloping; the cheek alternately flushed and paled.

"This is beyond my present skill," said Winnington, shaking his head. "You must apply to the nearest doctor for advice."

"You are very kind, my dear Winnington, as you always are; but I don't think medicine will be of much avail."

"But you will see the doctor?"

"Whatever you like," replied Arthur, now quite submissive to his friend's directions.

"And you will write to Lucy, quietly, soberly. She'll be alarmed if you give

way to your dreams of wealth," said Winington.

"And Aladdin's palace and the salary?" replied Arthur, with a smile. "Well, I will be as subdued as I can, and the note shall be ready for you in time."

He took the pen as he spoke, and commenced a letter. Winington looked at him, but more in sorrow than in anger. There was something in the pertinacious offer of Arthur to accompany him which displeased him. "He watches me," he said, "as if afraid of my whispering a word of what I know to the Warleighs. I shall reach London in time, and carry a specimen of the ore with me." The clock struck one. "You don't seem very quick in writing, Arthur. Perhaps you will leave the letter on the table. I am going to bed."

"No—just five minutes—and tell her, Winington—tell her that I am unchanged; that riches, rank, position—nothing will alter my affection—"

"And that you will come to see her soon?"

"Yes; when I have been to London."

Winington started. "And when do you go there?"

"In two days. I will come to Warwickshire on my return—perhaps before you have gone back to Oxford."

"Ah! that will put all right! That will be a renewal of the old time."

"Here's the letter; put it carefully away. I have told her I am unchanged. You must tell her so too."

Winington shook his head, but said nothing. They joined hands.

"And now," said Winington, "farewell. I didn't think our parting would be like this. But remember, if we should never meet again, that I never changed, no, not for a moment, in my affection to you."

"Why shouldn't we meet again? Do you think me so very ill?" inquired Arthur.

"I don't know. There are thoughts that come upon us, we don't know why. It wasn't of your health I was thinking. But there are many unexpected chances in life. Farewell. You shan't get up in the morning."

They parted for the night. Arthur, instead of going to bed, looked out upon the moor. A wild and desolate scene it was, which seemed to have some attraction for him, for which it was difficult to account. When he had sat an hour—

perhaps two hours, for he took no note of time—in perfect stillness, observing the stars, which threw a strange light upon the heath, he thought he heard a creaking on the rickety old stairs, as of some one slipping on tiptoe down. He stood up at his window, which commanded a view of the top of the wooden porch. Stealthily looking round, as if in fear of observation, he saw a man with a lanthorn cautiously held before him emerge from the house and walk rapidly away. He turned off towards the left. Over his shoulder he carried a pickaxe and a spade. They shone fitfully in the light. He passed down the declivity towards the waterfall, and then disappeared.

Next morning, at six o'clock, the old woman, on coming to her daily work, found the door on the latch. On the table she saw a note, and took it up-stairs. She knocked at Arthur's door.

"Come in," he said. "Is that you, Winington? I shall get up in a moment."

"No, zur, the young gentleman be gone, and I thought this here letter might be of consequence."

Arthur took the letter, and, by the gray light of dawn, read as follows:

"I am going to leave you, dear Arthur, and feel that I did not part from you so kindly as I wished. I don't like to show my feelings; for in fact I have so little command of them, that I am always afraid you will despise me for my weakness. I will give your messages and your letter to Lucy. I will tell her you are coming soon. Even now the dawn is not far off, and I am going before the hour I told you; for I will not allow you, in your present state of health, to accompany me to Hawsleigh. It is to London I am going. Oh! pardon me for going. I think it my duty to go. You will think so too, when you reflect. If they are surprised at my absence (for I may be detained), explain to them where I have gone. I should have told you this last night, but did not dare. Dear Arthur, think kindly of me. I always think affectionately of you.—W. H."

"He should have signed his name in full," said Arthur, and laid the letter under his pillow. "To London—to the attorney—with specimens of the ore. I shall get to town before him, in spite of his early rising."

There was a smile upon his face, and he got up in a hurry.

"He can't have been long gone," he said to the old woman; "for the ink he wrote with was not dry."

"I thought I saw him as I came," she replied, "a long way across the heath; but p'raps it was a bush, or maybe a cow. I don't know, but it was very like him."

After breakfast he hurried to the village. The drunken shoemaker was earning a farther title to that designation, and was speechless in bed, with a bandage over his head, which some one had broken the night before. The money Winington had paid him for carting his luggage was answerable for his helpless condition. There was no other horse or vehicle in the place. So, moody and discontented, Arthur returned, put a shirt in each pocket of his coat, and proceeded on foot to Hawsleigh. He arrived there at one o'clock. The post-wagon had started at ten. The shoemaker had carefully instructed the driver to convey Winington's luggage to Exeter; and as he only jogged on at the rate of four miles an hour, and loitered besides on the way, he was not to wait for his passenger, who would probably walk on a few miles, and take his seat when he was tired.

There was no conveyance in Hawsleigh rapid enough to overtake a vehicle which travelled even at so slow a pace as four miles an hour with the advantage of three hours' start; and once in the coach at Exeter, there was no possibility of contending with such rapidity of locomotion. It would take him to London in little more than five days.

Arthur, however, discovered that a carrier's cart started at three o'clock for the village of Oakfield, twelve miles onward on the Exeter road. He was in such a state of excitement and anxiety to get on, that rest in one place was intolerable; and though he knew he was not a yard advanced in reality by availing himself of this chance, as after all he would have to wait somewhere or other for the next morning's post-wagon, he paid a small fee for the carriage of a few articles he hastily bought and tied up in a bundle, and set off with the carrier. He seemed to be relieved more and more as he felt nearer to the object of his journey. With knitted brow and prest lips he sat in the clumsy cart or walked alongside. The driver, after some attempts at conversation, gave him up to his own reflections.

"A proud fellow as ever I see," he

muttered, "and looks like a lord. Well, he shouldn't travel by a cart if he didn't speak to cart's company."

The cart's company increased as they got on. Women with poultry baskets, returning from the neighboring hamlets and farms; stray friends of the proprietor of the vehicle who were on their way to Oakfield; and at last little village children, who had come out to meet the cart, and were already fighting as to who should have the privilege of riding the old horse to the water when he was taken out of the shafts; it was a cavalcade of ten or a dozen persons when the spire of the church came into view. Arthur still walked beside them, but took no part in the conversation. There seemed something unusual going on in the main street as they drew near. There was a crowd of anxious-faced peasantry opposite the door of the Woodman's Arms; they were talking in whispers and expecting some one's arrival.

"Have ye seen him coming, Luke Waters?" said two or three at a time to the carrier.

"Noa—who, then?"

"The crowner; he ha' been sent for a hour or more."

"What's happened then? Woa, horse!"

"Summat bad. He's there!" said a man, pointing to the upper window of the inn, and turning paler than before; "he was found in Parson's Meadow—dead—with such a slash!" The man touched his throat, and was silent.

Arthur began to listen. "Who is it? Does any one know the corpse?"

"Noa; he were a stranger, stript naked all to the drawers—and murdered; but here's the crowner. He'll explain it all."

The coroner came, a man of business mind, who seemed no more impressed with the solemnity of the scene than a butcher in a shop surrounded by dead sheep. A jury was summoned and proceeded upstairs. A few of the bystanders were admitted. Among others Arthur. He was dreadfully calm; evidently by an effort which concealed his agitation. "I have never looked on death," he said, "and this first experience is very terrible."

The inquest went on. Arthur, though in the room, kept his eyes perfectly closed; but through shut lids he conjured up to himself the ghastly sight, the stark body, the gaping wound. He thought of hurrying down stairs without waiting the result,

but there was a fascination in the scene that detained him.

"The corpse was found in this state," said the coroner: "It needs no proof more than the wounds upon it to show that it was by violence the man died. But by whose hands it is impossible to say. Can no one identify the body?"

There was a long pause. Each of the spectators looked on the piteous spectacle, but could give no answer to the question. At last Arthur, by an immense exertion of self-command, opened his eyes and fixed them on the body. He staggered and nearly fell. His cheek became deadly pale. His eyeballs were fixed. "I—I know him!" he cried, and knelt beside his bed. "I parted from him last night; he was to come by the wagon from Hawsleigh on his way to Exeter, but left word that he was going to walk on before. He was my brother—my friend."

"And his name?" said the coroner. "This is very satisfactory."

Arthur looked upon the cold brow of the murdered man, and said, with a sob of despair:

"Winnington Harvey!"

The coroner took the depositions, went through the legal forms, and gave the proper verdict—"Murdered; but by some person or persons unknown."

It was a lawless time, and deeds of violence were very frequent. Some years after the perpetrators of the deed were detected in some other crime, and confessed their guilt. They had robbed and murdered the unoffending traveller, and were scared away by the approach of the post-wagon from Hawsleigh. Arthur caused a small headstone to be raised over his friend's grave with the inscription of his name and fate. Callous as he sometimes appeared, he could not personally convey the sad news to Winnington's relations, but forwarded them the full certificate of the sad occurrence. It is needless to tell what tears were shed by the unhappy mother and sister, or how often their fancy travelled to the small monument and fresh turf grave in the churchyard of Oakfield.

#### CHAPTER IV.

When thirty years had elapsed, great changes had taken place in Combe-Warleigh. It was no longer a desolate village, straggling in the midst of an interminable

heath, but a populous town—busy, dirty, and rich. There were many thousands of workmen engaged in mining and smelting. Furnaces were blazing night and day, and there were two or three churches and a town hall. The neighborhood had grown populous as well as the town; and a person standing on the tower of Sir Arthur Hayning's castle, near the Warleigh waterfall, could see at great distances, over the level expanse, the juttings of columns of smoke from many tall chimneys which he had erected on other parts of his estate. He had stewards and overseers, an army of carters and wagoners, and regiments of clerks, and sat in the great house; and from his richly furnished library commanded, ruled, and organized all. Little was known of his early life, for the growth of a town where a man lives is like the lapse of years in other places. New people come, old inhabitants die out, or are lost in the crowd; and very recent events take the enlarged and confused outline of remote traditions. The date of Sir Arthur's settlement at Warleigh was as uncertain to most of the inhabitants as that of the siege of Troy. It was only reported that at some period infinitely distant, he had bought the estate, had lived the life of a miser—saving, working, heaping up, buying where land was to be had; digging down into the soil, always by some inconceivable faculty hitting upon the richest lodes, till he was owner of incalculable extents of country and sole proprietor of the town and mills of Combe-Warleigh. No one knew if he had ever been married or not. When first the population began to assemble, they saw nothing of him but in the strict execution of their respective duties; he finding capital and employment, and they obedience and industry. No social intercourse existed between him and any of his neighbors; and yet fabulous things were reported of the magnificence of his rooms, the quantity of his plate, the number of his domestic servants. His patriotism had been so great that he had subscribed an immense sum to the Loyalty Loan, and was rewarded by the friendship of the King, and the title that adorned his name. And when fifteen more years of this seclusion and grandeur—this accumulation of wealth and preservation of dignity—had accustomed the public ear to the sound of the millionaire's surname, it was thought a natural result of these surpassing merits that he

should be elevated to the peerage. He was now Lord Warleigh of Combe-Warleigh, and had a coat of arms on the panels of his carriage, which it was supposed his ancestors had worn on their shields at the battle of Hastings. All men of fifty thousand a year can trace up to the Norman conquest. Though their fathers were hedgers and ditchers, and their grandfathers inhabitants of the poor-house, it is always consolatory to their pride to reflect that the family was as old as ever; that extravagance, politics, tyranny, had reduced it to that low condition; and that it was left for them to restore the ancient name to its former glory, and to re-knit in the reign of George or William the line that was ruthlessly broken on Bosworth field. Lord Warleigh, it was stated in one of the invaluable records of hereditary descent, (for which subscriptions were respectfully solicited by the distinguished editor, Slaver Lick, Esquire,) was lineally descended from one of the peerages which became extinct in the unhappy wars of Stephen and Matilda. It is a remarkable fact, that in a previous edition, when he was only a baronet, with a reputed income of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds, the genealogy had stuck at James the First. But whether his ancestry was so distinguished or not, the fact of his immense wealth and influence was undoubted. He had for some years given up the personal superintendence of his works. Instead of extracting dull ore from the earth, he had sent up dull members to the House of Commons, got dull magistrates put upon the bench, and exercised as much sovereign sway and masterdom over all the district, as if he had been elected dictator with unlimited power. But there is always a compensation in human affairs; and the malevolence natural to all people of proper spirit lying in the shade of so preponderating a magnate, was considerably gratified by what was whispered of the deprent condition of his lordship's spirits. Even the clergyman's wife—who was a perfect model of that exemplary character—looked mysteriously, and said that his lordship never smiled—that a housemaid who had at one time been engaged in the rectory, had told her extraordinary things about his lordship's habits—about talks she had heard—the housemaid—late at night, in his lordship's library, when she—the housemaid—was morally, certain there could be no per-

son in the room but his lordship's self; how she—the housemaid—had been told by Thomas the footman, that his lordship, when dining quite alone, frequently spoke as if to some person sitting beside him; when he—Thomas—had sworn to her—the housemaid—that there was no person whatever at table with his lordship, no, not the cat; and then, she—the clergyman's wife—added, as of her own knowledge, that at church his lordship never listened to the sermon; but after apparently thinking deeply of other things, hid himself from her observation, and pretended to fall asleep. How sorry she was to say this, she needn't remark, for if there was a thing she hated it was tittle-tattle, and she never suffered a servant to bring her any of the rumors of the place; it was so unlady-like; and his lordship had been such an excellent friend to the church—for he had made an exchange of the wretched old glebe, and given a very nice farm for it in the vale of Hawsleigh, and had built a new parsonage-house where the old manor-house stood, and was always most liberal in his donations to all the charities; but it was odd, wasn't it? that he never saw any company—and who could he be speaking to in the library, or at dinner? Dr. Drowes can't make it out: he was never asked to the castle in his life; and tells me he has read of people, for the sake of getting rich, selling their souls to the—Isn't it dreadful to think of? His lordship is very rich to be sure; but as to selling his soul to—! Oh! it's a horrid supposition, and I wonder Dr. Drowes can utter so terrible a thought.

But Dr. Drowes had no great opportunity of continuing his awful inuendos, for he was shortly appointed to another living of Lord Warleigh's in the northern part of the country, and was requested to appoint a curate to Warleigh in the prime of life, who would be attentive and useful to the sick and poor. To hear, was to obey—and the head of his College in Oxford recommended a young man in whom he had the greatest confidence; and Mr. Henry Benford soon made his appearance and occupied the parsonage-house. He was still under thirty years of age, with the finest and most delicately cut features consistent with a style of masculine beauty which was very striking. He was one of the men—delicate and refined in expression, with clear, light complexion and

beautiful soft eyes—of whom people say it is a pity he is not a girl. And this feminine kind of look was accompanied in Henry Benford by a certain effeminacy of mind. Modest he was, and what the world calls shy, for he would blush on being presented to a stranger, and scarcely ventured to speak in miscellaneous company; but perfectly conscientious in what he considered the discharge of a duty; active and energetic in his parish, and with a sweetness of disposition which nothing could overthrow. He had a wife and two children at this time, and a pleasant sight it was amid the begrimed and hardened features of the population of Combe-Warleigh to see the fresh faces and clear complexions of the new-comers.

A great change speedily took place in the relations existing between pastor and flock. Schools were instituted—the sick were visited—a weekly report was sent to the Castle, with accurate statements of the requirements of every applicant. Little descriptions were added to the causes of the distress of some of the workmen—excuses made for their behavior—means pointed out by which the more deserving could be helped, without hurting their self-respect by treating them as objects of charity; and, in a short time, the great man in the Castle knew the position, the habits, the necessities of every one of his neighbors. Nothing pleased him more than the opportunity now afforded him of being generous, without being imposed on. His gifts were large and unostentatious, and as Benford, without blazoning the donor's merits, let it be known from what source these valuable aids proceeded, a month had not elapsed before kinder feelings arose between the Castle and the town—people smiled and touched their hats more cordially than before, when they met his lordship as he drove through the street; little girls dropped curtsies to him on the side of the road, instead of running away when they saw him coming; and one young maiden was even reported to have offered his lordship a bouquet—not very valuable, as it consisted only of a rose, six daisies, and a dandelion—and to have received a pat on the head for it, and half a crown. Lord Warleigh had had a cold every Sunday for the last year and a half of Dr. Drowes's ministrations; but when Benford had officiated a month or six weeks he suddenly recovered and appeared one Sunday in church. His lordship

generally sat in a recess opposite the pulpit, forming a sort of family pew which might almost have been mistaken for a parlor. It was carpeted very comfortably, and had a stove in it, and tables, and chairs. In this retirement his lordship performed his devotions in the manner recorded by Mrs. Drowes—and when the eloquent Dr. was more eloquent than usual, he drew a heavy velvet curtain across the front of his room, and must have been lulled into pleasing slumbers by the subdued mumble of the orator's discourse. On this occasion he was observed to look with curiosity towards the new clergyman. All through the prayers he fixed his eyes on Benford's face—never lifting them for a moment—never changing a muscle—never altering his attitude. His hair, now silver white, fell nearly down to his shoulders; his noble features were pale and motionless. Tall, upright, gazing—gazing—the congregation observed his lordship with surprise. When Benford mounted the pulpit—when he was seen in black gown and bands, and his clear rich voice gave out the text, suddenly his lordship's face underwent a strange contortion—he rapidly drew the curtain across the pew and was no more seen. The congregation were sorry that their new clergyman, who had apparently pleased the patron by his reading, was not equally fortunate in the sermon. The preacher himself was by no means offended. He knew Lord Warleigh was too clever a man to require any instructions from him, and he went on as usual and preached to the poor. In the vestry, he was laying aside his official costume when the door opened; his cassock was off, his coat was not on, he was in his shirt sleeves, and the great man came in. Benford was overwhelmed with confusion. He had never spoken to a lord before—his face glowed as if on fire. With compressed lips, and his eyes fixed more than ever upon the discomfited curate, the old man thanked him for his discourse. "I am Lord Warleigh," he said, "I have received your weekly statements as I desired—they are excellent—come to me for an hour to-morrow. I shall expect you at eleven." Before Mr. Benford had recovered his composure, his lordship had gone.

"He is very kind," said the curate, when he related the occurrence to his wife—"but I don't like him. His hand

was like cold iron—I felt as if it had been a sword—and what a nuisance it is he found me in such a dress.”

But, Mrs. Benford, also, had never seen a lord, and was devoted to the aristocracy. “His lordship is very kind, I am sure, to have asked you to the Castle. None of the doctors have ever been there, nor any of the attorneys.”

“That’s only a proof,” said Benford, a little tickled, it must be owned, with the distinction, “that his lordship is in good health and not litigious; but I shall judge of him better to-morrow.”

“He has many livings in his gift,” said Mrs. Benford, thoughtfully.

“And is most liberal to the poor,” chimed in her husband.

“What a handsome man he is!” said the lady.

“A fine voice,” said the gentleman.

“Truly aristocratic. He is descended from Otho the Stutterer.”

“And yet I don’t like him. His hand is like a sword.” With which repeated observation the colloquy ended, and Benford proceeded to the Sunday-school.

How the interview went off on the Monday was never known. Benford was not a man of observation, and took no notice of the peculiar manner of his reception, the long gaze with which Lord Warleigh seemed to study his countenance, and the pauses which occurred in his conversation. He was invited to return on Tuesday; on Wednesday; and when the fourth visit within a week was announced to Mrs. Benford, there was no end of the vista of wealth and dignity she foresaw from the friendship of so powerful a patron.

“And he has asked me to bring the children, too. His lordship says he is very fond of children.”

“What a good man he is!” exclaimed the wife. “They’ll be so delighted to see the fine things in the house.”

“The girl is but three years old and the boy one. I don’t think they’ll see much difference between his lordship’s house and this. I won’t take the baby.”

“What? Not the baby? the beautiful little angel! Lord Warleigh will never forgive you for keeping him away.”

But Benford was positive, and taking his little girl by the hand he walked to the Castle and entered the library. His lordship was not within, and Benford drew a

chair near the table, and opened a book of prints for the amusement of his daughter. While they were thus engaged a side door noiselessly opened, and Lord Warleigh stepped in. He stood still at the threshold, and looked at the group before him. He seemed transfixed with fear. He held out his hand and said: “You—you there, so soon?—at this time of the day? And she—who is she?”

“My lord,” said Benford, “I came at the hour you fixed. This is my little daughter. You asked me to bring her to see you. I hope you are not offended.”

“Ah! now I remember,” said his lordship, and held out his hand. “I see visitors so rarely, Mr. Benford—and ladies—” he added, looking with a smile to the terrified little girl who stood between her father’s knees and gazed with mute wonder on the old man’s face—“ladies so seldom present themselves here, that I was surprised—but now most happy—”

He sat down and talked with the greatest kindness. He drew the little girl nearer and nearer to himself; at last he got a volume from the shelf, of the most gorgeously colored engravings, and took her on his knee. He showed her the beautiful birds represented in the book; told her where they lived, and some of their habits; and, pleased with the child’s intelligence, and more with the confidence she felt in his good-nature—he said: “And now, little lady, you shall give me a kiss, and tell me your pretty little name.”

The child said: “My name is Dulcibel Benford,” and held up her little mouth to give the kiss.

But Lord Warleigh grew suddenly cold and harsh. He put her from his knee in silence; and the child, perceiving the change, went tremblingly to her father.

“A strange name to give your child, Mr. Benford,” said his lordship.

“I’m very sorry, indeed, my lord,” began Mr. Benford, but perceived, in the midst of the profoundest respect for the peerage, how absurd it would be to apologize for a Christian name.

“You have a son, I think; what name have you given him?”

“His name is Winnington, my Lord—an uncommon—”

“What!” cried Lord Warleigh, starting up. “You come hither to insult me in my own room. You creep into my house,



and worm yourself into my confidence, and then, when you think I am unprepared—for you——”

“As I hope to be saved, my lord—I give you my word, my lord—I never meant to insult you, my lord,” said Benford; “but since I have had the misfortune to offend your lordship, I will withdraw. Come, Lucy Mainfield. She has three names, my lord, Dulcibel Lucy Mainfield. I’m sorry she didn’t tell you so before.”

“No—don’t go,” said Lord Warleigh, sinking into his chair; “it was nothing; it was a sudden pain, which often puts me out of temper. Is the little girl’s name Lucy Mainfield? You won’t come back to me again, will you, Lucy?”

“Oh! yes, my lord—Lucy, go to his lordship—he will show you the pictures again,” Benford pushed her towards Lord Warleigh. But the girl blushed and trembled, and wouldn’t go. She clung to her father’s hand.

“Don’t force her,” said the old man in a mournful tone. “I knew she wouldn’t. But you won’t go in anger, Lucy? Benford, you’ll forgive me?”

“Oh, my lord,” said the curate, immensely gratified, and sat down again.

“Are these family names, Benford?” inquired his lordship carelessly; but still looking sadly in Dulcibel’s glowing face.

“Yes, my lord. Dulcibel was my mother’s name, and her brother’s name, Winnington Harvey. You have heard, perhaps, of his melancholy fate? He was murdered.”

“You are Winnington Harvey’s nephew?” said Lord Warleigh.

“Yes, my lord, and they used to say I was very like him.”

“Who?—who used to say so? your mother, perhaps. Is she alive?”

“Both father and mother died when I was three years old. My grandfather in Yorkshire brought me up. It was dear old cousin Lucy who died when I was twelve—Lucy Mainfield.”

“She dead—is she?”

“Oh, yes, my lord, and left me all the little money she had. She used to say I was very like my uncle.”

“And did she tell you any particulars of his end?”

“No, my lord. She spoke very little of the past. She had been very unhappy in her youth—a disappointment in love, we thought; and some people said she

had been fond of Uncle Winnington; but I don’t know—his fate was very horrible. He had been down in Devonshire, reading with a friend, and was killed on his way home.”

“And you never heard the friend’s name?”

“No. Cousin Lucy never mentioned it; and there was no one else who knew.”

“And how do you know his fate?”

“It was in the coroner’s verdict. And do you know, my lord, he is buried not far from this.”

“Who told you that?” said Warleigh, starting up, as if about to break forth in another paroxysm of rage. “Who knows any thing about that?”

“Cousin Lucy told me, when I was very young, that if ever I went into the West, I should try to find out his grave.”

“And for that purpose you are here;—it was to discover this you came to Warleigh?” His lordship’s eyes flashed with anger.

“Oh, no, my lord; it is only a coincidence, that’s all; but the place is not far off. In fact, I believe it is nearer than cousin Lucy thought.”

“Go on—go on,” cried Lord Warleigh, restraining himself from the display of his unhappy temper. “What reason have you to think so?”

“The map of the country, my lord. Oakfield does not seem more than twenty miles off.”

“And your uncle is buried there?”

“Yes, my lord. I think of going over to see the grave next week.”

“I wish you good morning, Mr. Benford,” said Warleigh, suddenly, but very kindly. “You have told me a strange piece of family history. Good morning, too, my little dear. What! You won’t take the old man’s hand? You look frightened, Lucy. Will you come and see me again, Lucy Mainfield?” He dwelt upon the name as if it pleased him.

“No, never,” said the little girl, and pushed Benford towards the door. “I don’t like you, and will never come again.”

Benford broke out into apologies, and a cold perspiration: “She’s a naughty little child, my lord. Dulcibel, how can you behave so? Children, my lord, are so very foolish——”

“That they speak truth when it is disagreeable; but I expect it and am not surprised. Good-day.”

Soon after this a series of miracles occurred to Mr. Benford, which filled him with surprise. The manager of the bank at Warleigh called on him one day, and in the most respectful manner requested that he would continue to keep his account, as heretofore, with the firm. Now, the account of Mr. Benford was not such as would seem to justify such a request, seeing it consisted at that moment of a balance of eighteen pounds seven and fourpence. However, he bowed with the politeness which a curate always displays to a banker, and expressed his gracious intention of continuing his patronage to Messrs. Bulk & Looby, and the latter gentleman, after another courteous bow, retired, leaving the pass-book in the hands of the gratified clergyman. He opened it; and the first line that met his view was a credit to the Reverend Henry Benford, of the sum of twelve thousand six hundred pounds! On presenting the amazing document to the notice of his wife, that lady at first was indignant at those vulgar tradespeople, Bulk & Looby, venturing to play such a hoax on a friend of Lord Warleigh. This was now the designation by which her husband was most respectable in the eyes of his helpmate; and somewhat inclined to resent the supposed insult, Benford walked down to the bank and came to an explanation with both the partners, in the private room. There could be no doubt of the fact. The money was paid in to his name, in London, and transmitted, in the ordinary course, to his country bankers. In fear and trembling—and merely to put his good luck to the test—he drew a check for a hundred and twenty pounds, which was immediately honored; and with these tangible witnesses to the truth of his banker's statement, he returned to the parsonage and poured the guineas in glittering array upon the drawing-room table. All attempts to discover the source of his riches were unavailing. Messrs. Bulk & Looby had no knowledge on the subject, and their correspondents in town were equally unable to say.

Then, in a week after this astonishing event, a new miracle happened, for Mr. Looby again presented himself at the Rectory, and requested to know in whose names the money which had arrived that morning was to be held.

"More money!" said Mr. Benford; "Oh! put it up with the other; but

really," added the ingenuous youth, "I don't think I require any more——"

"It isn't for you, sir, this time," said Mr. Looby.

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Mr. Benford, and with perfect truth.

"It's for the children; and if you will have two trustees, the funds will be conveyed to them at once."

Benford named two friends; and then, quite in a careless, uninterested manner, said, "How much is it?"

"Twenty thousand pounds," replied Mr. Looby, "in the five per cents, which are now at a hundred and two—say, twenty thousand four hundred pounds, if we sell at once. Our broker is Bocus of Crutched Friars."

Miss Dulcibel was an heiress, and Master Winnington an heir! The funds were to accumulate till they were eighteen and twenty-one respectively, with two hundred a year for the maintenance and education of each.

Then, in a fortnight more, came a gentleman whom Benford had never seen before—a little, fat, red-faced man, so choked up in a white neckcloth that it was evident he was determined to look like a clergyman or perish in the attempt. He introduced himself in a gracious manner, and said he was a clerical agent.

"More money?" inquired Benford, who now seldom saw any stranger without suspecting that he had just returned from paying large sums to his name at the bank.

"No, sir, not money," replied the agent.

"Oh! that's odd," said Benford; "then may I ask what your business is with me?"

"It is, perhaps, better than money," replied the little fat man, with a cough which was intended to represent a smile. "Sir Hildo Swilks of Somerset has heard of your great eloquence, Mr. Benford."

"Sir Hildo is very good," said Mr. Benford modestly; "plain common-sense is what I aim at——"

"The truest eloquence," rejoined the clerical agent; "the rest is naught but 'lather and umbrellas,' as Pope says. He has also heard of your kindness to the poor, your charity, and many other good qualities, and he has done himself the honor to present you to the valuable living of Swilkstone Magna; it is a clear income of eight hundred a year, with a good parsonage-house, and two packs of hounds

within—but perhaps you don't hunt, Mr. Benford—ah! very right; it is very unclerical—the bishops ought to interfere. 'Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare,' as Thomson says, or fox, as I say."

"You have proofs, I suppose?" said Benford, thinking it just possible that the plethoric gentleman before him might be an impostor about to end with asking the loan of a pound.

"Here is the presentation, sir, already signed and sealed; you have nothing to do but go to Wells—his lordship will institute you any day you like."

The only other remarkable thing connected with this incident is, that about this time Sir Hildo Swilks paid off a mortgage of eight or nine thousand pounds, as if fortune had smiled on his benevolent action in favor of Mr. Benford.

But, in the mean time, all intercourse between the curate and the noble had ceased. The business of the parish was transacted by letter as before; and it was only when the rector of Swilkstone Magna thought it his duty to announce his approaching departure, that he determined to go up to the Castle, and wait on Lord Warleigh in person. Lord Warleigh was ill—he could see nobody—he kept his room; and the confidential gentleman, who dressed in plain black, and spoke in whispers, couldn't name any day when his lordship would be likely to admit Mr. Benford.

"Is he very unwell?" said the rector; "for if his lordship will not receive my visit as a neighbor, perhaps he will not object to seeing me in my professional character as a visitor of the sick."

"We dare not tell his lordship he is ill, sir; your presence would alarm him too much; as it is, he is terribly out of spirits, and says curious things—he never was fond of clergymen."

"Mention my request to him if you have the opportunity. I don't wish to go without taking leave."

The man promised, though evidently with no expectation of being able to comply with the request, and Benford returned to communicate to his wife that the animosity of the great man continued.

"And all because poor little Dulcibella said she didn't like him. It was certainly very foolish in her to say so to a lord; but she knows no better."

"He can't bear malice from a mere infant's observations," said Benford. "But I have some strange suspicions about his

lordship which I would not divulge for the world except to you. I fear his lordship drinks." He almost shuddered as he said the horrid word.

"Drinks!—a nobleman!"—exclaimed Mrs. Benford: "impossible!"

"I don't know," replied the rector of Swilkstone. "He looked very odd and talked in a queer way, and fell into passions about nothing. I am not sorry, I assure you, to be going away. I told you from the first I did not like him. His hand felt as cold as a sword."

"I never felt his hand," said Mrs. Benford, in so sad a voice that it was pretty clear she regretted the circumstance very deeply. "But we shall probably be more intimate with that excellent man Sir Hildo. He is only a baronet, to be sure, but his title is older than Lord Warleigh's. How good in him to give you the living merely from the good reports he heard of your character."

It was now autumn. The middle of October was past, and an early winter was already beginning to be felt. The preparations for removal were completed, and on the following day the Parsonage was to be deserted, and possession of the new living entered upon. It was nine o'clock: the night was dark and windy; a feeble moon glimmered at intervals through the sky, and added to the gloom she could not disperse. Mrs. Benford retired to her room, as they had to rise early in the morning. Benford was sitting with his feet on the fender, looking into the fire, when he heard a knock at the front door. It was opened by the maid, and soon he perceived steps in the passage; a tap came to the door of the parlor.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," and a figure entered the room. Benford looked round amazed. The stranger stood near the door, and fixed his eyes on Benford's. Wrapt up against the cold, but with the cloak now drooping on his shoulders, with his hat still on his head, and his hand resting on a long staff, stood Lord Warleigh, pale, ghastly, with lips distended, and uttering not a word.

"Your lordship!" exclaimed Benford, springing up. "What in heaven's name has brought your lordship here, on this dreadful night, so ill as you are?"

"Speak low," said Lord Warleigh. "I've come to you—to see you again; to compare your features with—help! set me down; my head grows giddy."

Benford helped him into a chair, drew it near the fire, and chafed his hand between his palms.

"Can you touch it without a shudder?" said Lord Warleigh. "Don't you feel that it is not like other people's hands?"

Conscience kept Benford silent; he ceased to rub the hand, and let it fall.

"There? again he interferes!" said the old man in a broken voice. "I see him lifting your hand away."

"Who?" said Benford. "There's no one here."

"There is. There is some one here who has never left my side for fifty years. Nothing will soothe him, nothing will drive him away. At feasts he sits on my right hand; alone, he sits opposite and stares into my face. Now he smiles—how like you *aré*."

"Your lordship is very ill. Have you sent for Dr. Jones?"

"No—don't talk of doctors. I tell you they can do no good. I've come to you to-night. I couldn't bear the room I sat in—there were voices in it, and people all around me. He was there and spoke to me of Aladdin's palace and his salary as physician. Haven't I paid his fees to his relations? But that's not sufficient. Well, more—I will pay more. *He* shakes his head—and perhaps it is enough—"

"I do not know what your lordship alludes to, but I beg you to be composed."

"Listen!" said old Lord Warleigh. "It was not *his* body—it was a stranger; and the thought came into my head to call the sufferer him. It lulled suspicion. I saw his sister, his mother, his cousin. They all seemed to have found me out. When I touched their hands, they drew them away. I was a pariah—a leper. No one looked kindly on me. When I spoke of our engagement, she turned away her head. When I said that when I had three thousand a year I would claim her promise, she said to me, 'Arthur, if you had millions in your purse, I would not wed you now. I saw Ellen. I told her of his fate. She was silent and looked into my eyes. I knew she saw my soul as it lay trembling, struggling, trying to hide itself under the shadow of that great fact. She pined and pined, and her father's heart broke; and I was rich—I was Sir Arthur Hayning—I was Lord Warleigh, and what am I now?'"

"You are Lord Warleigh, my lord. I beseech you to be calm."

"But you won't ask me to go back to

the Broombank—it was there I built the castle. The library is above the very spot where the plant grew with the metal in its roots. I won't go there, for to-night—to-night is the anniversary of the time. The lanthorn shone upon the heath; the pick-ax was plying in the hole; there was a heap of earth thrown out, and six, eight, ten feet down, the busy laborer was at work; the spade was on the heaped-up soil—I saw it flash in the light of the lanthorn as it flew into the air; its edge went down—I saw it fall. There was silence then and for ever in the pit. I filled it up with my feet—with my hands. I levelled it on the top. I beat it down. I built great halls above it; but it won't stay quiet. Sounds come from it up into my library, night and day; and at ten o'clock I hear a step, I see a face, its eyes on mine; and to-night, the worst of all the year. I cannot go home!"

"Your lordship is most welcome to remain. I will order a bed."

"No, not a bed. I shall never lie in a bed again. See, he rises! Give me your hand; and look!"

Lord Warleigh held Benford's hand, and looked to his right side. The fire was dull—the candles had burned nearly down. Benford was not a superstitious nor a timid man, but there was something in Lord Warleigh's manner that alarmed him. He looked where he pointed; and, straining his eyes in the direction of his finger, he saw, or fancied he saw, a pale white face, growing palpable in the darkness, and fixing its calm, cold eyes upon his companion. For a moment, the empty air had gathered itself into form, and he could have persuaded himself that Lord Warleigh's description of what he perceived was true. But the hand fell away, the head drooped down upon his breast, and his lordship was asleep. An hour passed away. A clock in the passage sounded two; and Benford touched Lord Warleigh on the shoulder.

"Your lordship," he said, "you must find it cold here. Your bed will soon be ready."

But Lord Warleigh made no reply. Benford looked in his face; he spoke to him gently, loudly, but still no answering sign. No; not to the loudest trumpet-call that earthly breath can utter will that ear ever be open. Lord Warleigh had passed away, with all his wealth and all his miseries; and nothing remained but a poor old figure propped up in an arm-chair, with

the fitful flames of the expiring fire throwing their lights and shadows on his stiff and motionless face.

Benford was greatly shocked, but a little honored, too. It isn't every parsonage parlor where a lord with fifty thousand a year condescends to die. He preached his lordship's funeral sermon to a vast congregation. He told of his charities—of his successful life; touched lightly on the slight aberrations of a mind enfeebled by years and honorable exertion; and trusted he had found peace, as he had died in the house, almost in the arms of a clergyman. His lordship's estates were sold; the sum realized was to be applied to the foundation of schools and hospitals, but not a school-room or a ward was ever built. The will was contested. Heirs-at-law sprung up in all ranks of life; the lawyers

flourished: and finally Chancery swallowed up all. When the estate of Combe Warleigh changed hands, the castle was converted into a mill; the library was taken down, and a shaft sunk, where it had stood. When the workmen had descended about eight feet from the surface, they came to a skeleton, a lanthorn, and a spade. The curious thing was that the spade was deeply imbedded in the skull. Mr. Fungus the antiquary read a paper at the Archæological Society, proving with certainty the body had been sacrificed by the Druids; and a controversy arose between him and Dr. Toadstool, who clearly proved at the British Association that it was the grave of a suicide at the time of King Alfred. I am of a very different opinion; being a sensible man and not an antiquarian, I keep it to myself.

## L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S .

AMONG the new books announced abroad, we notice the following: The most important announcement is, that the Papers of Sir Robert Peel—including part of an autobiography—are about to appear. Lord Stanhope, one of the literary executors of the great statesman, has had the chief labor of preparing these valuable papers for the press; and the work could not have been in wiser hands. The first part will contain a vindication of the part taken by Sir Robert Peel in the passing of the Act for Catholic Emancipation. John Murray has published a translation of the Count de Montalembert's celebrated essay on "The Political Future of England." Mr. Robert Alfred Vaughan's new work, entitled "Hours with the Mystics; a Contribution to the History of Religious Opinion," recently issued by Parker & Son, is favorably received by the critics. We have seen a few copies of the work, and we regard it as a book likely to fill a pleasing niche in English literature, but it appears in a somewhat shabby dress; and if reprinted here, we trust that it shall appear in one volume, octavo. Two works which have received a high commendation, are "Sinai and Palestine, in connection with their History. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A. With Maps and Plans." "Syria and the Syrians; or, Turkey in the Dependencies. By Gregory M. Wortabet." The new volumes announced by Bohn, in his excellent Series of Popular Libraries, are, Guizot's "History of Civilization," and M. Quatremer de Quincey's "Lives of Michael Angelo and Raffello."

A new work by M. Capefigue, entitled "Cathérine de Médicis," has left the press. It contains a great number of hitherto unpublished documents, among which is a correspondence of the Huguenot Chiefs with the Calvinists in Flanders, Belgium, and Hol-

land. A work of no small interest, and one that has been received with unequivocal success in France, is, "Histoire et fabrication de la porcelaine chinoise, ouvrage traduit du chinois par M. Stanislas Julien, membre de l'Institut, accompagné de notes et d'additions par M. Alphonse Salvétat, et augmenté d'un Mémoire sur la porcelaine du Japon, traduit du japonais, par M. le docteur J. Hoffmann.

Another publication of a different character, but well calculated to excite the interest of the Biblical and Classical reader: Description de l'île de Patmos et de l'île de Samos, par V. Guérin, ancien élève de l'école française d'Athènes, professeur agrégé de l'Université. A book of a novel character, but which will be universally received with favor, has appeared from the pen of M. Eugène Maron, entitled "*Histoire littéraire de la Révolution.*"

The seventh and eighth volumes of "Moore's Memoirs, Journal and Correspondence," edited by Lord John Russell, and completing the work, with a copious index, were promised in March.

Mr. G. W. Thornly, author of "A History of the Buccaneers," has at press a new work, entitled Shakspeare's England; or, a Sketch of our Social History during the Reign of Elizabeth.

Poetical Works of Thomas Aird.

Journal of a Tour in the Unsettled Parts of North-America, in 1796. By the late Francis Bailey.

Two Prize Essays on Canada and her Resources. By J. Sheridan Hogan and Alexander Morria.

The Microscope and Its Revelations. By W. B. Carpenter.

Clara; or, Slave-Life in Europe. With an Introduction by Sir Archibald Alison.

A Portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1847; comprising Reminiscences

of Social and Political Life in London and Paris during that Period.

Domestic Scenes in Russia; in a Series of Letters describing a Year's Residence in that Country, chiefly in the Interior. By the Rev. R. Lester Venables.

The Court of the Khan of the Crimea. Translated from the German by the Hon. W. C. G. Elliott.

Knights and their Days. By Dr. Doran. Crown. 8vo, pp. 510, cloth.

Philosophy of Discourse; a Universal Alphabet, Grammar, and Language. By George Edmonds.

Warrants for Goods, the Use of Them. By J. Ella. 8vo, cloth.

Encyclopædia Britannica; or, Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and General Literature. Vol. x.

Euphonia. Portions of Holy Scripture marked for chanting. Fourth edition, 12mo.

Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert; with an Account of her Marriage with H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. By the Hon. Charles Langdale.

The Art of Painting and Drawing in Colored Crayons; being a Course of Instruction for the Execution of Portraiture and Landscape. By Henry Murray.

A Journey in the Seaboard Slave-States, with Remarks on their Economy. By Frederick Law Olmsted.

An Historical Biography of William Penn, founded on Family and State Papers. By Hepworth Dixon. New edition, with a new Preface in reply to the accusations of Mr. Macaulay.

The History of Congo in Search of his Master. By the late William Gardiner.

Paper and Paper-Making, Ancient and Modern. By Richard Herring. With an Introduction by the Rev. G. Croly. Second edition. 8vo, pp. 116, cloth.

The *Publishers' Circular* gives the following synopsis of the publications in this country during the past year, which has some interest to reading men. In all departments except that of fiction, there were published in this country in the year 1855, about eight hundred different works; adding for the new and old novels that owed birth or resuscitation to this year, the new issues will reach, in round numbers, to *two thousand*. In Agriculture, and questions relating thereto, there were twenty-one different works. The leading publication in this department was Emmons' *Agriculture of New-York*, in quarto, issued by the State of New-York, and forming part of the series on the *Natural History of the State*. Mr. Wells has also published this year the first volume of his *Year-Book of Agriculture*. Norton's *Scientific Agriculture* is adapted to the use of schools.

In History there were eighty-five new publications and reprints. Among the volumes published were *Sketches of the History of Sundry Old Towns*; Dr. Gibbes' *Documentary History of the Revolution*, relating chiefly to the contest in South-Carolina. Gieseler's *Ecclesiastical History* has been issued in an entirely new octavo edition, revised, by Harper & Brothers. The catalogues are rich in Church and Ecclesiastical History. Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History* has been continued down to 1826, and republished in quarto by Applegate. The first and second volumes of the new series of Alison's *Europe* are announced in uniform style with the former volumes. In Theological History, the history of the Dutch Baptists from the first to the nineteenth century, has taken a prominent place. The two new volumes of Macaulay need not be specially alluded to in this

place; they have been issued in different forms by Harpers, Phillips, Sampson & Co., Butler and Applegate. Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s Philip the Second, by Prescott, is obtaining a large sale.

The Poets have been regarded with a favorable eye, if rapid sales and abundant new editions may stand for a criterion. John Keats, though his name was "writ in water," finds friends still. A new and very handsome edition of his works is issued by Little, Brown & Co., with a Memoir by James Russell Lowell, and Appletons have republished the "Eve of St. Agnes," with illustrations, in a 12mo. Three different houses have undertaken new issues of Byron, in various shapes. The complete works, profusely illustrated with steel plates, are published by Martin & Johnson. Jas. B. Smith & Co. bring out Burns, complete in a volume of 500 pages. Appletons issued Beattie, Blair, and Falconer, in a dollar volume, edited by Gilfillan. Robert Browning's "Men and Women," issued by Ticknor & Fields, has had a rapid sale. Pope, Scott, Tupper, are republished in convenient form; Thackeray's *Ballads* are enclosed in Ticknor's attractive muslin; Thomson discourses freshly of the Seasons from a choice 18mo; and Young still has *Night Thoughts* under cover of the boards of John B. Perry. Coleridge, Cowper, Goldsmith, Victor Hugo, and Percy's "Reliques," of which nobody tires, are all on the list, showing a steady demand. Shenstone, Shelley, and Smollett are also among the number of standard geniuses whose works find fresh favor.

And now as to the Romancers: there is an army of them, headed, as they may well be, by Washington Irving, whose "Wolfert's Roost" has had a great sale, has achieved a popularity not singular in Mr. Irving's works, and is now only replaced by his *Life of Washington*; Charles Kingsley's *Glaucus* and Sir Amyas Leigh have been issued uniformly, by Ticknor & Fields; G. P. R. James is out with a juvenile, "Prince Life, a Story for my Boy." Douglas Jerrold is reissued complete. Petridge & Co. and Harpers have republished Miss Pardoe's works; the former in cheap form, paper covers. Four of Simms's romances—"Guy Rivers," "Richard Hurdes," "Border Beagles," and the "Maroon"—were announced by Redfield. All Mrs. Southworth's novels are newly printed by Peterson. "Don Quixote," in 12mo, two vols., is out from Derby's. Dickens, complete, is published by Peterson, in 8vo and 12mo editions.

The list is well up in books of Travel. Bayard Taylor's "China, India, and Japan" was published by Putnam & Co.; Huc on China, Thibet, and Tartary, by Harpers. McCormick's "Visit to Sevastopol" was the principal War narrative of American origin. Howitt's "Land, Labor, and Gold" (Australia) sells well. Space will not admit of further mention in detail, except to add that the Law was represented by 75 works; Theology, by 211; Science and Art, by 60; Music, (not including separate pieces from the Music Publishers,) by a dozen; Education, by 83; History, by 85; and Medicine and Surgery, by 86. In Law, were English Common Law, Bench and Equity Reports, the Exchequer Digest, Wharton's "Criminal Law," and "Medical Jurisprudence," "State Trials," U. S. Supreme Court Reports, Selden's (New-York) Reports, and Peters' "Digest of Decisions," 1789-1847. In Theology, Burgener's "Council of Trent," Dowling's "Romanism," Sewell's "Quakers," and a host of Discourses, among others, by Butler, Barnes, Furness and Sheldon. Science was enriched by Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea," Gillies' "Astronomical Expedition," and Wells' "Annual."



# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JUNE, 1856.

From the Westminster Review.

## THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA.\*

[THE following masterly portraiture is from the pen of CARLYLE, the first of his contributions for a long period, and full of his characteristic power and beauty. It is none too long for its subject and style.—ED.]

OLD, ever-renovating Europe has been the scene of many epochs and glad openings of new eras ; but never before did the hearts of her children expand with such joyous universal hope as in the spring and summer of 1814. The nights grew bright with illuminations, the days with national festivals and jubilees. Poets emulated the lark in gladsome song ; philanthropists and social philosophers, busy as happy bees in summer's sunshine, gathered speculative honey for the sweetening of the nations ; whilst universal mankind, literally from the throne to the cottage, mingled pious gratitude with fond resolves. For the con-

queror, more dreadful still to the high than to the low ones of the earth, was conquered ; the long, weary struggle was gloriously ended, and there was once more PEACE ! Born sovereigns who had learned the taste of the stranger's bread far away from native thrones, or had experienced some other humiliating eclipse of hereditary splendor, could now return home again with rejoicing, bringing their "sheaves" with them, and, rich with "precious seed" of experience, make the people happy. And there was to be a re-modelling of the map of Europe, and a general settlement upon lasting foundations. Germany was to initiate a new national life, and make ready for the awakening of old Barbarossa from his long sleep in the Harz mountain. Russia, the magnanimous "deliverer of Europe," having practically demonstrated its importance to mankind, was henceforth to be not only a leading member in the European system, but regarded itself the chosen champion of suffering nationalities—in Poland, Greece, and the Slavonic world generally. May not the Slave be

\* *Acten des Wiener Congresses in den Jahren 1814, 1815.* Herausgegeben von J. L. KLUEBER. 9 vols. Erlangen: 1816-1835.

*Histoire du Congrès de Vienne.* Par l'auteur de l'Histoire de la diplomatie Française. (Flassan.) 3 vols. Paris: 1829.

*Correspondence, Despatches, and other Papers of Viscount Castlereagh, second Marquis of Londonderry.* Edited by his brother, CHARLES WILLIAM VANE, Marquis of Londonderry. Vols. X. and XI. London: 1853.

*Hansard's Debates.* Vols. XXIX. and XXX.

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the coming man Europe has been waiting for? Alexander and his Russians had reasons for proud joy. The Netherlands were to be reunited as if no effectual Duke of Alva or Spanish Inquisition had ever operated there; and the new kingdom was to be closely united with England, both by family and political ties. As to this country, what feelings, what hope could be too high for it? It was but a hundred years since it had for the first time taken a prominent part in continental affairs, and gained the peace of Utrecht; and now kings and heroes, the *élite* of all Europe, have come over to testify personally their admiration and gratitude to the sturdy islanders whose subsidies were so bountiful. The pulse of England beat high, and her stern bosom warmed even towards Cossacks with flat noses and slanting eyes. The Regent of England, on his right hand the Hero of England carrying the sword of State, which he knows how to wield, and surrounded by the high and the beautiful of the land, joined in the people's cathedral with all ranks and conditions of men in ascribing all glory to the Most High. Now surely liberty and plenty shall begin to reign: what shall hinder? The weight that had long pressed upon the spirits of men was removed, and great was the rebound of their recovered elasticity.

But not only the victorious Allies and liberated nations rejoiced. France, who had to pay the piper, and whose "rebound" could hardly be supposed to be in the upward direction, closed her chapter of conquest and glory not with bitterness alone; but remembering the good King Henri IV. and his paternal concern for every Frenchman's Sunday dinner, took again kindly and even sanguinely to his descendants. "The King of Prussia," writes Madame de Staël, "was astonished that being vanquished should cause them so much pleasure." The career of glory was run; and the reign of Constitutional liberty, without conscription and *droits réunis*, was to commence, and of quiet, prosperous citizen life, pleasant to contemplate after so many years of restless existence. The second Charlemagne, who had made France the Empire State and Paris the City of the world, was indeed caged; but his magnificent enterprise, ended in such a way, had cost five milliards of money and three millions of French lives; and he overshadowed every body and would

suffer no will but his own. A Bourbon with a constitution will be better. And so, not only high-born royalist ladies, in exuberance of spirits, jumped behind Cossack's saddles and made their entry into Paris that fashion; but even Carnot and his like felt sanguine; and Béranger, the people's troubadour, sang the praises of the King of Yvetot, "*se levant tard, se couchant tôt*," who made four meals a day, was a good neighbor, caused no tears to his people except at his death, and slept well without glory. Such a reign will be pleasant, although inaugurated by "*Lord Villain-ton*." And so the bourgeoisie, looking forward to good trade, joined in the chorus:

"Oh, oh, ah, ah, quel bon petit roi c'était là!"

France had been treated leniently by the victorious Allies; no indemnities were demanded; she was preserved, even with some trifling augmentation, in her limits of '92; which included Alsace, in good part "stolen," the Germans say, by Louis XIV., and which the German Powers, having now re-conquered it, thought they had a right to retain. But Alexander and Wellington, who had also a word to speak in the matter, spoke it generously for France. That was at the Peace of Paris, the "first" Peace. On that memorable occasion the Allies—repeating with lighter hearts the promise made three months before, at the Treaty of Chaumont, while the shadow of Napoleon was still on the horizon—solemnly declared, That, animated by the desire to put an end to the long agitations of Europe and the misfortunes of nations, by a solid peace upon a *just re-partition of forces among the Powers*, they had agreed to maintain harmony and a good understanding, not only with each other, but as much as in them lay, amongst the nations of Europe generally. Be it noticed as a feature on the dial-plate of History, that here, for the first time in international transactions, "Europe" appears as a body corporate; it is the first joint action on record in the name and general interest of "all Europe," Christian nations, improving in that respect upon the lawless practice of antiquity, had already established a *jus gentium*; and here, improving again upon that, we have the notion of a Pan-European Constable with authority to keep the peace in this large portion of the world—if but his



staff and his discretion prove adequate to the business!

Other points agreed upon at Paris are: That Holland, with an augmentation of territory, is to be placed under the sovereignty of the House of Orange; Germany to form a confederation of sovereign States; Italy, with the exception of the parts falling to Austria, also to consist of sovereign States; Switzerland to continue in its independence; England to keep Malta and the French colonies of Tobago, St. Lucia, and the Mauritius; the navigation of the Rhine to be free to all nations, and means to be found for applying the same rule to other rivers, so as to facilitate the intercourse of nations. By additional secret articles it was agreed that the Allies were to arrange the distribution and settlement of the countries re-taken from France, or become otherwise disposable, among themselves, without the participation of France; and it was indicated in general outline how these countries were to be appropriated: Austria and Sardinia are to have Upper Italy—Genoa to be incorporated with the latter; Belgium to be joined to Holland; the countries on the left side of the Rhine to go to Holland, Prussia, and other German States. All these arrangements to be completed at a general Congress which is to assemble within two months at Vienna. Signed at Paris 30th May, 1814, by France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, England, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden; the last seven being the parties to the treaty of Chaumont, which had preceded the final march upon Paris.

The Peace was signed at Paris; the triumph celebrated in London; the new settlement of Europe was to be decided at Vienna. Thither all eyes were now turned. Ancient *Vindobona*, city of the Wends or Vandals, old as the green hills that overhang it; modern *Wien* or *Vienna*, capital of Eastern Germany, and metropolis of all that motley agglomeration of countries which the historical "good luck" of the Hapsburgs had gathered under the once Ducal now Imperial Crown of Austria, has seen many visitors and chronicled many vicissitudes since Marcus Aurelius wrote his contemplations and ended his career within its precincts. Frederick Barbarossa lodged here on his way to Palestine, and Richard Cœur de Lion, involuntarily, on his return. Under its walls Rudolph of Hapsburg, the brave

Swiss gentleman who could pray and fight, defeated King Ottaker of Bohemia, and established his house, it appears, on lasting foundations. Outpost of Western civilization towards the Slavonic Asiatic population, it has had to bear and to ward off, shield-like, many dangerous onsets from Huns, Magyars, Turks; at the last of which the gallant Sobieski did not exactly "save," as his eloquent countrymen are fond of boasting, but bravely assisted the other relieving armies in saving Vienna. Two generations earlier (1619) it had stood a still more ominous siege: the Protestants of Bohemia were at the gates; the Protestant Estates of Austria, the chief nobility (all Protestants in those days!) had forced their way into the castle with their petition of rights. King Ferdinand stood alone amidst revolted subjects, none to help him but the Virgin Mary. "Ferdinand, wilt thou sign soon?" cried one of the deputation of nobles, while the Bohemian shells were hissing about the palace-windows. Ferdinand, trusting firmly in the Virgin, did not sign. He had promised his dying mother, and vowed at the shrine of Loretto, to put down heresy in his realms, and make Catholicism again triumphant. Nor did the Virgin forsake him. Dampière's cuirassiers, with the Spanish-Netherlandish army behind them, saved the king from his rebellious nobles and besieging Bohemians, and enabled him to begin the Thirty Years' War, and to make Catholicism very triumphant in Austria. The once sturdy Austrian burghers in the course of time became obedient loving subjects, and were spiritually cut off from the rest of Germany. They lived an easy physical life, giving more exercise to their stomach than to their brain. The only voice by which they still spoke to intellectual Europe was the fiddle—Mozart speaking the higher passions that lay inarticulate in them, Strauss the lower. But they were always an unthinkingly loyal, a kindly, physically well-conditioned people; and, in course of time, they had their beautiful Maria Theresa, whose noble female instincts surpassed the wisdom of men. Her Vienna saw as a brilliant, high-spirited Amazon, heading her gallant chivalry in defence of the integrity of Austria against the world: saw her also as loving mother, when one night she appeared suddenly at her box-front, in the Burg-theatre, in homely attire and candle in her hand, to announce

with thrilling voice to her dear Viennese that her son "Leopold's wife had got a boy!" After that Vienna saw her son Joseph putting down Jesuits, dissolving convents, endeavoring to undo the work of Ferdinand, and to break, if possible, the partnership with the Virgin Mary. But not proving strong enough for the work, it broke him. Finally, in recent years Vienna had heard the cannon of Austerlitz and Wagram, and seen Maria Theresa's grandson—the same whose birth she proclaimed so joyously in the Burg-theatre—now Kaiser Franz, in his white uniform with red facings, much shorn of the ancient Hapsburg splendor, riding by the side of his intended son-in-law—the once Corsican lieutenant! But Vienna did not love its Kaiser less for his misfortunes; received him as in triumph when returning from defeat; armed and fought when bid to fight; submitted when bid to submit; unthinkingly loyal and obedient throughout. And when lately her old good fortune had returned to Austria, and Francis came home from the wars and from Paris, bringing his daughter back, and with an Austrian Empire larger than ever in his and Metternich's pockets—what could the good Viennese do but exult, illuminate allegorical transparencies which glorified "the father and the daughter," and echo by the Danube the shouts from the Thames?

Such were some of the prominent scenes in the historical panorama of Vienna, when it prepared itself for a scene of a novel kind and unprecedented grandeur: Europe, for the first time since the fair nymph that gave it name was landed upon its shores, and peopled it with the judicious race of Minos and Rhadamanthus—meeting in peace as one commonwealth; emperors, kings, and princes, representatives of republics, cities, and corporations assembled in a parliament of nations. *Cedunt armæ toga*. Now let counsel prevail, and the balance of power and the interests of mankind be cunningly devised and firmly established by wisdom. The streets of Vienna are narrow and crooked, and the city is but ill adapted for harboring large concourses of people. Its moral atmosphere is not invigorating or favorable to political new-births; nevertheless, Vienna is the chosen Olympia of European counsel. Let us hope that the counsellors will be proof against the genius of the place! At all events, in the early Sep-

tember days, post-horses were generally in requisition in all the great thoroughfares of the Continent, and innumerable vehicles were seen travelling with the horses' heads towards the south-east corner of Germany, where the Teutonic and Slavonic worlds meet, and the waters run lazily towards the stagnant East. The Congress was to have met in July, but to accommodate the English plenipotentiary, Lord Castlereagh, who was still detained by parliamentary duties, and the Emperor of Russia, who had to look in at home, where several things had gone wrong while he was abroad delivering Europe—the formal opening was postponed to the first of October. It was presumed that that would give ample time for the Allies to come to an understanding about the appropriation of the conquered territories they had to dispose of. France, according to one of the secret clauses of the Peace of Paris, was not to participate in that part of the business of Congress; which it would be desirable, therefore, to have got done, and established as a *fait accompli*, before the arrival of her ambassador, the Prince Talleyrand, so as not to hurt that gentleman's feelings. It was expressly for this latter purpose that Castlereagh, after stopping at Ghent, where English and American commissioners were negotiating a peace, travelled by way of Paris, to retard the prince's departure a little, apologize for the unavoidable cause, and keep his mind unruffled. The English minister took the opportunity, also, of hinting the fitness of the restored Bourbons, intimating their expected course of gratitude towards England by the concession of a little commercial treaty; and the hope that they would be tractable about the slave-trade. Neither of which suggestions Talleyrand, to his infinite regret, was in a condition to enter upon just then. So Castlereagh travelled on eastward, and our good friend Talleyrand, biting the curb, tarried yet a fortnight.

Whilst the diplomatic world is on the road, stopping in likely places to sound Courts, conciliate colleagues, lay in statistics and stocks of good wine (the Hon. Fred. Lamb's dispatch apprising us in time that there is "not one drop" to be had at Vienna), let us inquire a little what work was before them, and what humor they brought to it. The Congress was to carry out the conditions which in the

Peace of Paris had been sketched in general outline. It was obvious that the most important point would be that same distribution of disposable countries and territories, involving the political destinies of thirty-two millions of souls, and the "balance of power." The Peace of Paris, we said, specifically mentioned what England was to keep, and how Austria, Sardinia, and Holland were to be gratified; but Prussia's portion was left undefined, and Russia was not mentioned at all. There are, however, private treaties in existence between Russia, Prussia, and Austria, guaranteeing to the two latter Powers their integrity of 1805, and stating that the future arrangements with regard to the Duchy of Warsaw should be made by common agreement between them. Here also were vague indications, that might open a door to difficulties. It does not appear, however, that the Powers had any misgivings; expecting, as they did, to get all that matter settled before Talleyrand's arrival. Yet it was a difficult task: it involved what, in our day, has been called a remodelling of the map of Europe—a great opportunity for a parliament of nations, and much coveted by sanguine, self-confident politicians; but seriously considered, an enterprise surpassing human capacities. In political, as in natural geography, *lasting* things have to adjust themselves by mutual pressure, each part bringing its own real weight to bear, and taking its ultimate position according to the impressions it makes and receives. Countries are united by force and by affinity, and oftenest both conditions are needed, and the affinity has to be established by force. Modern centralized France, for instance, presents itself unitary enough, every mother's son, whether of the *Langue d'Oc* or *Langue d'Oui*, proud of his Frenchhood: yet centuries of *force*, of a rough and terrible kind, underlie this smooth surface of unity. Nor did England grow into a United Kingdom by the mere mutual good-will and desire of the three kingdoms to be united; but the prevailing *force* of one of them played an important part in the process. Germany, on the contrary, though full of affinities, did not consolidate into complete unity in default of an adequate constraining force. In joining populations *justly* together, it will therefore be necessary to decide, first, are there affinities? and secondly, is there adequate constraining force somewhere, to

prevent separation upon the first quarrel, such as will arise even in love-matches? If we descend, however, from speculative philosophy to the concrete business of the Congress, we find that the prime consideration there was the balance of power; to lay so many "souls" into this scale and so many into that, till an approximate equilibrium be established; which is an altogether external and simpler process. The process was further simplified by the antecedent fact of several of the countries under question being already taken possession of, and militarily occupied by parties who were qualified with regard to force at least. England occupied the French and Dutch colonies, the Ionian Islands, and other stations; and is more likely to *tell* the Congress what it is willing to give up, than to ask what it shall be allowed to keep. Austrian troops held Upper Italy; Russia commanded in the Grand-Duchy of Warsaw; and the argument of *uti possidetis* will be troublesome to meet. Belgium and Northern Italy are already appropriated. What remains at the absolute disposal of Congress are the German countries left of the Rhine; Saxony, whose king, last ally of Napoleon, has been taken prisoner at Leipzig, and his kingdom sequestered; and the Duchy of Warsaw, which had also belonged to the said captured king, but has fallen into the hands of Russia. The materials for the re-construction of Prussia, to its former strength, "at least," will have to be found in those countries.

Of the Powers expected to play an influential part at the Congress there was none so favorably situated as England. Already in undisputed possession of what suited its purpose, it had nothing essential to demand for itself, and was in a position to act as umpire in the conflicting pretensions of others, and as guardian of general interests. Of its own immediate affairs, the Ionian Islands alone are yet an open question; and there might be some faint whisper about Malta, which the former masters of that historical rock, the once useful but now very *rococo* Knights of St. John, would fain call their own again; or they might be satisfied with Corfu instead. But medieval St. John will have but a poor chance against modern St. George. England, therefore, has for itself nothing to hope and nothing to fear from the Congress. Thanks to the British Channel—"that cursed ditch which separates you

from the rest of us," as Maria Theresa's husband once peevishly, and, as it were, in angry protest against the geology of our globe, observed to an English ambassador—thanks to that "ditch," England forms a little world of its own, sufficient to itself, and with the wide ocean for its surplus activities. The affairs of the Continent can neither vitally assist it, nor vitally harm it: it need never meddle with them unless it likes. The grandest chapters of its history are without continental feats and alliances. Its active interference with the continental affairs of Europe was but of a century's standing, and had from first to last been in opposition to France, and upholding what used to be called the "liberties of Europe;" that is to say, supporting the House of Hapsburg against the House of Bourbon. A considerable portion of the annual savings of English industry during that century found its way into universal circulation through the Austrian, Danish, Hessian, &c., exchequers, till English subsidies grew to be a weighty element in the European equilibrium. The struggle had begun with Louis XIV., and ended with the defeat of Napoleon. Arrived at this point, the English Government had nothing so much at heart as to establish a good understanding, and even intimate relations, with France. The French people, it is true, were not likely to love "Lord Villain-ton" and his occupying army very much; but their restored rulers, the Bourbons, had every reason to be grateful to him and to England, and were expected to be so. Louis XVIII., before taking leave of the hospitable shores of England to take possession of his ancestral throne, had addressed solemn words to the Prince Regent: "I shall always regard the wise counsels of your Royal Highness, this great empire, and the perseverance of its people, as, next to Providence, the principal cause of the reëstablishment of my House upon the throne of our ancestors, and of this happy state of things which will heal all wounds, calm all passions, and render peace and happiness to all nations." By a singular reversion of history, the old plan of the Bourbons to change the hostility of the two countries into close alliance by means of a restoration in England, was now to be realized in their own person. England and France united, so ran now the argument of the statesmen of both countries, may insure "peace and

tranquillity" to the world—a thing desirable before all else, after the excitements of late years. That union would give a new turn to European politics; and here is the Congress as the first opportunity to try its effects. England and France may be arbitrators at the Congress—so writes the Duke of Wellington to Lord Castlereagh—if those powers *understand* each other; "but I think," he adds, significantly, "your object would be defeated, and England would lose her high character and station if the line of M. de Talleyrand is adopted," which is, to arbitrate *every thing*! There will, therefore, it appears, even with every desire for a mutual "understanding," be some divergence between the aims and views of the statesmen of the two countries. In one object, however, they were likely to coincide: watchfulness of Russia. Wellington and Castlereagh, at least, are wide awake on the subject; the former, at Paris, watches jealously "any disposition to take up the Emperor of Russia;" and the Foreign Secretary, who is not very apt to look through millstones, once actually rises into prophetic sagacity: glancing at the growth of Russia, he says that France may yet "be found a useful rather than a dangerous member of the European system." The fact is, that though Russia is still our ally, and the Muscovites, "showing their flat faces in all thoroughfares" (to Byron's great annoyance), have just been greatly feted in London, there are already jealousies and suspicions arising. Alexander and the Prince Regent did not get on well together, and are said to have parted very coolly. At Paris and at the Hague, we know from good sources, the Czar has displayed his most winning ways, and from various courts our agents send whispers of Russian intrigue. Russian matches are brought on the *tapis* in all quarters: with a Prince of Spain, with the Prince of Orange, our own *protégé*; nay, with the Duc de Berri himself! a game into which we cannot enter, having but one princess to dispose of, and she a Protestant, and with a will of her own. By-and-by, we hear also of Russian officers at Paris, copying maps of the countries between the Russian frontier and India. Russia evidently must be watched, and a good understanding with France cultivated.

On the whole, Castlereagh went to Vienna with a proper tory apprehension of "the great moral change coming on in

Europe," and of the constitutional experiments in progress everywhere; with a clear idea of the paramount necessity of "peace and tranquillity;" with dim notions of coöperation with France and opposition to Russia, but without endangering said peace and tranquillity; and with one definite, well-considered, much-affected project—the formation of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, as a strong bulwark against France, a wholesome barrier to Prussian ambition, a valuable dependant of England under all circumstances. That was the English contribution towards the new map of Europe; regarded by English diplomacy as the keystone of any safe and permanent territorial arrangement, and of the first importance to English interests. By the other Powers, it was looked upon and accepted especially as the "English project;" claimed by England on the ground of her services to the common cause; in which England was to be humored, and in consideration for which, England, on her part, was not to grudge to others *their* especial projects.

The southern provinces of the Low Countries, ever since their separation from the northern, at the time of the famous revolt against Philip the Second's bigoted rule, had been a bone of contention between rival powers. While the Dutch Republic ran an honorable career of national independence, Belgium always "belonged" to somebody: now to Spain, now to Austria, now in part to France, to whom it served as a stepping-stone into Holland and the Empire. It had early become a make-weight in the European equilibrium, put now into this scale of the balance, now into that. Placed between two great nations of different race, it offers in the West a geographical parallel (though with its ancient arts and industry, beautiful cities, substantial burghers, and thrifty peasantry, it bears no other resemblance) to Poland in the East. Manifold had been the projects of its settlement. Henri IV., it is said with the concurrence of Elizabeth, had already a plan for the reünion of the old seventeen provinces, as a barrier against the power of Spain; but the dagger of the Jesuits intervened fatally. When the character of endangering the independence of nations had passed from Spain to France, the "Barrier-treaty" turned these provinces as a check against French aggression. When, at the outbreak of the Revolution, they had

fallen as the first-fruits of the Republic, and Napoleon, at Antwerp, had become an inconvenient neighbor to England, Pitt, in *his* projected new map, had assigned the Netherlands to Prussia, with a view to place a strong military power against France, Austria having forsaken the post of honor and danger. The Jena catastrophe spoiled that plan, but gave occasion to another, which, as a diplomatical curiosity, is worth remembering, although nothing came of it. Count Münster, the Hanoverian minister in London, a very worthy man, and tried servant of the House of Brunswick, was at that time confidential adviser of his royal master in German and continental affairs, in which he was likely enough to be better versed than the constitutional advisers of the Crown, whose training is not favorable to an intimate acquaintance with foreign matters. This Hanoverian nobleman, who knew German history, seeing the catastrophe of Jena, and presuming that the star of the Hohenzollerns, whom, as a good Guelph, he never owed much love, had set for ever—remembered that, in the year 1180, that famous ancestor of the House of Brunswick, and relative of the English Plantagenets, Henry the Lion, the renowned Guelph, had suffered great wrong at the hands of the Ghibelline Kaisers, and the Holy Roman Empire of German nation; and that now, after the lapse of six centuries, the moment for reparation had come. Whereupon he drew up a plan of a great Guelphic empire, of which Hanover was to form the *nucleus*, with the addition of Westphalia in the south, Belgium in the west, and North-Germany to the Elbe in the east—such empire to constitute a patrimony for the heir of the Crown of Hanover, the early separation of which from the English Crown being already in prospect. The career of Prussia in the north of Germany was run; and the Guelphs were to have a second coming more glorious than the first. "It is in your Royal Highness's power," said the Count, in his report to the Prince Regent, "to acquire a new inheritance for your supreme house, where it may reign when the course of events will transfer the British Crown to another house, and to establish a new empire, whose people will bless their founder to the latest generations." The Prince Regent relished the flattering project of his trusty liegeman as well almost as cold punch that gave no

head-ache; and commanded it to be communicated to the Russian and Swedish ambassadors. Münster tried to gain the favor of leading German men for his plan; and in his argument with Stein, who was not so ready to give up Prussia, he compared the liberal government of the Georges, "under whose reign England had been freer than ever before," and their wise system of *laissez-faire* with the Prussian "ramrod and corporal-stick" strict method of administration, and ignorance of the principle, that "he governs best who governs least."

Whether the Duke of York, to whom the important part of executing the project had been assigned, would have proved equal to the task of grasping the sword of his famous ancestor, and of wielding it with better success than the Lion had done, remains undecided to this day. For, while the Guelph project was still under consideration, the decisive movement for the liberation of Germany began in the East instead of the West. The *grande armée* was no more. The Russians had crossed the Niemen. The Prussians had risen, carrying their king along with them; and were giving unmistakable proof that they were still somewhat, and that their living vitality would go farther in North-Germany than the dead Lion's historical pretensions. Count Münster's plan fell into the paper-basket, and the Netherlands are now to be provided for according to this final English project of reuniting the old seventeen provinces, with additions on the German side, and with the Prince of Orange as king over them. This and the slave-trade question were the two special objects the charge of which devolved upon the English plenipotentiaries at Vienna. These were, besides Lord Castlereagh, his brother Lord Charles Stewart (afterwards Marquis of Londonderry), and Lords Cathcart and Clancarty.

Russia's position at the Congress may be called symmetrical to that of England. It also came more as arbitrator than expectant. With the fall of Paris, it already began to be regarded as henceforth the equilibrium to England in the European system—the great land-power balancing the great sea-power. Centralized France, vast resources in the hands of one absolute will, which had kept Europe in hot water for a century and a half, was for the time subdued: and here already is vast centralized Russia taking her place; all the more

alarming to the imagination, on account of the vague, undeveloped, indefinite, half-barbarous condition of its vastness. Moreover, an eagle mewing her mighty youth at such a rate, where will it stop? Two generations have hardly passed, since an English Minister wrote to his ambassador at Moscow: "On this occasion it will be proper to convince the Russians, that they will remain only an Asiatic power, if they sit still and give the King of Prussia an opportunity of putting in execution his schemes of aggrandizement."\* And here we have a Czar greeted as liberator of Europe, whose hosts, in the words of the official French historian, "planted their pikes upon the banks of the astonished Seine . . . . Alexander standing between burning Moscow and Paris preserved, will for ever present an image of grandeur to the admiring centuries!"† Alexander appeared at Vienna in the flattering character of Deliverer of Europe and Friend of Mankind. When Napoleon's irresistible forces had penetrated to the ancient capital of Russia, the Czar was pressed by those nearest him to conclude peace at any price. The grandson of Catherine, who was not without a heroic vein, answered, "Napoleon or I, I or he." Yet he hid himself from the eyes of his people during the humiliations of the country; and at his first reappearance in public it was observed that his hair had grown gray, though he was but thirty-five. After Russia was freed from the invader, Alexander might have stopped at the Niemen or Vistula, and made a favorable peace for himself. But he again took the higher course, assisted in the liberation of Germany, and made his victorious Slaves acquainted with "the banks of the astonished Seine." At Paris, Alexander rivalled the English in generosity. The French, in return, called him the champion of civilization, the restorer of order and religion. "*Un homme de bonne foi, un ami de liberté—despote des Russes, quel miracle!*" exclaimed the authoress of "Corinne." It would have required a stronger mind than Alexander's not to think himself the most precious individual then living. He was conscious of generous emotions, of humane, liberal sympathies, of noble, disinterested purposes, wishing well to all mankind.

\* Russian Dispatches (in the State-Paper Office), vol. 62: Lord Holderness's Instructions to Sir C. Hanbury Williams, of 11th April, 1755.

† Flaccus, i. civ. and 36.

And if the interests of Russia coincided with this, and were forwarded at the same time, who could object? England he admired, but felt jealous of. He had to conceal at home the favorable impressions his visit to that country had given him, not to offend the vanity of his people: for the Russians, though of a more massive and manly character than other Slavonic people, are jealous like the rest, and peculiarly sensitive about national matters. They are said to be vainer than Frenchmen, and to entertain as exalted notions of the greatness of their country as their "good friends" our cousins across the Atlantic. May be, size stands for greatness in Russian, as red does for beautiful, and stomach for soul. Alexander would fain have made his Russians a free, enlightened people, and ruled them in approved constitutional ways—if it could have been accomplished by some "Mori-son's Pill." He patronized Bible societies, secret societies, humanitarian Ministers—every known patent machinery for the rapid advancement of mankind. On his accession Klopstock had sung his "Ode to Humanity," such expectations were there of the young Czar. For he had been educated under the eyes of his philosophic grandmother like a very Telemachus, and in accordance with all the enlightened principles of the rosy evening of the eighteenth century. Mentor Laharpe, a compatriot of Rousseau's, steeped the young princely mind in philanthropy and rights of man. On the other hand, there was Slavonic Sultikow teaching the uses of astuteness at a Russian court, and in the presence of a tyrannical father. Between the two, Alexander's mind was formed. Virtuous aspirations, unsupported by strength of character, are compatible with cunning, the weapon of the weak. With his virtues and faults, he had brought his Russians to their present summit of glory, of influence in European affairs, and himself to be looked upon as principal figure at the Congress. He liked to surround himself with liberal-minded, superior men, no matter of what nationality. He had Stein about him, as adviser in German affairs; Prince Adam Czartorisky, known to us since as the venerable chief of what is called the aristocratic section of the Polish emigration, Alexander's bosom friend from boyhood, was his confidant in Polish matters; Pozzo di Borgo, the Corsican patriot and republican, Capo d'Istria, and Ypsi-

landi, the Greek patriots and embryo revolutionists, were about his person and in his council. His Russian ministers, Nesselrode in particular, were mere clerks, doing his errands. Like England, Alexander had no personal objects to seek at the Congress, and could devote his influence to general interests: for as to Poland, which came under the cognizance of the Congress, how could his generous intentions be objected to? and was it not, besides, occupied by his troops?

Austria, less fortunately situated than England or Russia, had had to bend low before the Corsican Titan, and was one of the countries whose map was to be repaired by the Congress. But, in a prudent Austrian way, it had got conditions for itself previous to joining the Alliance against Napoleon, and had taken good care at Paris that there should be no mistake about its indemnifications. Austrian troops already occupied those acquisitions. The Congress had only to define and ratify. Austria, therefore, was safe; had reason to be contented; and could composedly attend to its hospitalities, lying watchfully in ambush the while for any thing further that might be gained for Austrian, or spoiled for non-Austrian, interests. The Emperor Francis had renounced his claims upon the ancient possessions of his House near the Rhine and in the Netherlands, of first-rate importance indeed to Germany, but not handy at that distance to Austria. Thus cut loose from all connection with Western Germany and the stirring, intelligent, liberal populations bordering upon the Rhine—the great German river that flows in the direction of civilization and commerce with the wide western world—Austria bound up its fortunes closely with the Slavonic Danube—the other great river which creeps languidly towards the stagnant East, through rude backward regions, slow backward populations. On the confines between the Teutonic and Slavonic worlds, lagging in culture behind the former, considerably ahead of the latter, Austria fitly took its stand. His indemnities Francis had chosen in Italy—a pleasant country, and of fine resources, though of foreign nationality. More a congregation of countries than a nation, Austria has greater facilities than more homogeneous States to make up on one side for reverses on another, and to gain by losses. If you are not particular as to

the nature of your aliments, the range of your choice and your chance is so much the greater. In that way Austria had grown from a German province to a motley yet tough empire. Neither did it follow the Russian plan of throwing all nationalities into the same autocratic caldron to seethe into one patent Austrian stew; but rather respected nationalities, content to draw revenues and soldiers from all. We have seen that it was a traditional policy of English governments to favor Austria as of first-rate importance to the balance of power; as a Power, too, that competes nowhere with English interests. A long-continued relationship of this sort naturally breeds confidence, preference. Add to this the inoffensive phlegma and simplicity of the Austrian temperament, which conciliates where quicker natures alarm or offend—a circumstance that often stood in good stead to Austrian statesmen pursuing unsuspected designs with the air of unpretending *bonhomie*. Thus just now in London, while the Prussians received due mete of recognition as brave, patriotic, enlightened men, they yet left on the whole on the mind of the Government a slightly uneasy impression of “Prussian ambition,” as it was called, checking to cordiality. Metternich, on the other hand, with much less, either in his own character or in that of the Government and people he represented, to enlist English sympathies, advanced deep into the favor of the Prince Regent and his Ministers; gave Castlereagh, who stood in need of it, lessons on continental politics; and, on the whole, established terms of intimacy which he knew how to turn to account, as we shall see. Austria, moreover, made the liberal host at the Congress, obliged all parties by profuse hospitality, and, satisfied beforehand with its assured lot, could look out leisurely for opportunities to improve its own gains or to hinder those of others.

In a position much less assured was Prussia. With Jena it had, for a time, sunk very low. With the final struggle, in which it had led the van, it had risen again very high. The consequent expectations and pretensions of the people and the army were great. The Prussian people, they said, had reasserted their superiority, and they demanded that the Prussian State should be re-constituted in accordance with its services and paramount importance. The least they could

demand was, that it should be reinstated in the integrity of its extent before the misfortune of Jena, when the vengeance of Napoleon robbed it of half its dominions, not to mention the exactions in money and money's worth. Yet the army had returned from Paris, and nothing was definitely settled. By the treaties of Kalish, Toplitz, and Reichenbach, Prussia is guaranteed restitution “at least to its former extent;” but Hardenberg, good easy man, confident in the strength of Prussia's case and the justice of the Allies, omitted at Paris to stipulate definitely for his State, as England had done for the Netherlands, and Austria for itself. So Prussia's fate is placed in the hands of the Congress. And, unfortunately, at the Congress Prussia's friends are not numerous. Risen in comparatively modern times from the ranks of the smaller German potentates, many of whom claimed more ancient descent and importance in the Empire, the Brandenburgs were regarded with no loving eye by these. Austria's policy was hereditarily antagonistic to the new Protestant Power in Germany, which had mostly grown at Austria's expense, and was dividing and threatening Austria's influence. France, ever since Rossbach, and earlier, had looked sorely upon the “military power” that had been drilled into efficiency by the sandy banks of the Spree, and would not be subservient to French purposes. The lead which the Prussians had taken in the just ended crusade against France was not calculated to improve the feeling. Moreover, it was intended to push Prussia forward as a watchman upon the eastern French frontier. France was an open and avowed opponent to Prussia at the Congress. Honey-mouthed Flassan himself, departing for once from his method of representing all parties at Vienna as acting from mere motives of love towards every body, avows that the French plenipotentiary found himself under the necessity of sacrificing Italy to Austria for the sake of thwarting Prussia in Germany.

It should appear that the reasons for French and Austrian jealousy of Prussia ought to be reasons for English friendliness towards the latter. In all the chief controversies that had been debated in Europe, since Brandenburg counted for something, the Prussians had stood on the same side with England. Waterloo, as yet, was not, but Blenheim had been;



and in William's and Marlborough's campaigns the Brandenburgers had borne an honorable share. Indeed, the character and aims of the people, as well as the interests of State, of the two countries, point so strongly towards friendship and alliance, that they have, on occasion, been driven into it in spite of the whims of their rulers. The English Government, moreover, was persuaded of the desirableness of strengthening Prussia. We have seen Pitt's plan (Münster's was a Guelphic project); and Castlereagh went to Vienna with the best intentions towards Prussia, "partial to the conservation of its preponderance as a great Power."\* Yet, as we observed, there was no cordiality. The Minister's "partiality" for Prussian preponderance was a political expediency; but his heart opened to Metternich. The somewhat proud, unconciliating manners of the Prussians may have had something to do with this. The passive, acquiescent temper of the Austrian people, also, was apt to inspire more confidence to a Tory statesman anxious above all for "peace and quietness," than the stirring "ambition" of the Prussians, whose "free notions of government, if not principles actually revolutionary,"† disturbed in those days the serenity of his outlook. But there were causes of older standing, rooted a century deep. The English kings were German electors. The Brunswickers and Hohenzollerns were old neighbors, and as such of course jealous rivals, with no end of small quarrels between them, yet large enough to produce lasting traditional sentiments. And while the two nations had nothing but mutual interests in common, the two dynasties had also mutual dislikes. Once, indeed, there was a memorable attempt made to unite the two royal Houses, as well as the nations, closely and permanently by intermarriage. Prince Frederick of Prussia, known since as Frederick the Great, was to marry the English Princess Amelia; and Frederick Prince of Wales—"Fred," of whom it stands recorded that he "was alive and is dead"—was to be made happy by the sprightly Prussian Princess Wilhelmina, afterwards Margravine of Baireuth, who wrote spicy memoirs. But the Fates, working through Austrian di-

plomacy, would not permit of it. Poor Princess Amelia, instead of being helpmate to a royal man of genius, and cementing the friendship of two nations, had to walk lonesome through the world in involuntary maiden meditation *not* fancy-free; and the friendship of the two nations continued uncemented. After that, the great Chatham initiated an intimate alliance with the great Frederick, and gained Canada for England by it for one thing; but was himself soon driven from power, and Prussia left to shift for itself. In more recent times, Napoleon, meaning to throw permanent discord between the two powers, forced Prussia to accept Hanover in exchange for portions of its own lands. On the other hand, when, still more recently, Prussia required from England the indispensable subsidies for the final struggle against the common enemy, they had to be bought by the cession of East-Friesland to Hanover; whereby the Prussians lost their only communication with the German Ocean—a bargain that still rankles in the Prussian mind.

Thus, then, it came that the Prussian statesmen at Vienna, where the future statistic and strategic strength or weakness of their country was to be decided, had to meet, besides a swarm of small ill-wishers, an hereditary opponent, an avowed enemy, a cold friend, and but one firm supporter, and he not a disinterested one—Russia.

In the afore-mentioned treaties it had been indicated that Prussia should receive its indemnifications in the southern parts of Germany. These were at the time either in possession of France, or of the members of the Confederation of the Rhine, Napoleon-made kings, and the like, still closely allied to their French patron. It was Stein's plan to grant no conditions to these potentates, but to deal with them solely in the interest of the future re-construction of Germany. Austria, however, thought otherwise, and concluded a treaty with Bavaria—the treaty of Ried—guaranteeing to Bavaria its Napoleon-acquired sovereignty and integrity, the latter including the valuable Prussian principalities of Anspach and Baireuth. The conditions granted to one could not be refused to the rest, Saxony alone excepted, whose king would not *accept* conditions, but determined to stand or fall with Napoleon. In this way Saxony came by conquest into the hands of the Allies,

\* Castlereagh to Mr. Rose, in "Correspondence," &c., xi. 306.

† Ibid.

and constituted, with the Rhine countries re-taken from France, the portion of Germany at the disposal of Congress. It was generally understood, and taken for granted by the Prussians, that their chief indemnifications should be in neighboring Saxony—a country with a homogeneous Protestant population, and strategically well fitted to add the much-needed central strength to a body of such extended limbs as Prussia. It was known, indeed, that Frederick William, a very strait-laced king, entertained scruples about despoiling a German brother sovereign, however culpable he might be. But his ministers, army, and people generally, had made up their minds that Saxony should become Prussian. Nor was there as yet any voice raised against it except a French one. M. de Blacas, Louis XVIII.'s chief minister, in reply to the Duke of Wellington, who had taken pains to convince him that it was not contrary to good policy to give Saxony to Prussia, declared with much warmth that France could never consent to this, and endeavored to show to the Duke that Saxony was the only point through which "Great Britain or France could exercise any influence in the north of Europe."\* It does not appear from history that England ever derived any advantage from, or had much to do with, the Court of Saxony. But French diplomacy certainly had been much at home at Dresden since August the Strong had sold himself to the Evil Powers for the sake of the Crown of Poland.

France occupied at the opening of the Congress a peculiar and, in her history, novel position. Her plenipotentiaries were to arrive last, and to ratify without having been consulted. That was not the part French ambassadors had been accustomed to play at congresses for these two centuries past. At the congress, for instance, which in European importance bore most resemblance to the present one—that of Westphalia—the French ambassador, Count d'Avaux, began his functions by demanding that the whole constabulary force of the free imperial city of Münster, officers and all, be preliminarily put in durance, till the proper punishment could be ascertained for their enormous crime of having exerted themselves to maintain the public peace against some

roistering followers of the French embassy. The same count, in a dispatch to his Court, makes sport of one of the Imperial plenipotentiaries, the learned Dr. Valmar, who, writes the count, "has no people at all about him to assist in a ceremony, whilst I, in my coach-and-six, attended by twelve pages and thirty-two cavaliers, let the world see of what sort the least of your majesty's servants are." At the dozen congresses with which Louis XIV.'s ambitious designs had inflicted the world, the French had had the chief word to speak; and at Napoleon's congresses, his word, of course, was command. At Erfurt, but a few years since, Talleyrand dictated terms to kings and kaisers; and told the Weimarian Chancellor von Müller, who had been congratulating himself at the friendly reception which his duke had experienced from the emperor, "We say fine things to those we don't like; but to our friends we say, *Moquez-vous de tout cela !*" And now the same Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento, ex-Vice-grand-elect, and ex many other things, has to meet that Erfurt, "*parterre des rois*," under quite altered circumstances. One would like to have seen him "tell fine things" to the Duke of Weimar, and wonders whether he made any reflections on the occasion. The reflection which history makes is, That the brilliant French nation, whose quick happy talent has blazed out upon the world, from of old, in a variety of ways: foremost at the Crusades; earliest in chivalry, in romance, in woman-worship, and king-worship; leading in language, in polite arts of elegance and courtesy—has now ended another and the latest of its numerous brilliant periods; and that the epoch initiated one hundred and seventy years ago, somewhat insolently, by Avaux in his coach-and-six at Münster, was now being consummated, politely, by Talleyrand at Vienna.

For it were wronging Napoleon to identify peculiarly with him—as the restored Bourbons wished the world to do—the aggressive policy of France. It is as old as Richelieu. "*Voilà un grand politique de mort*," exclaimed Louis XIII. at the death of his cardinal-minister. But the cardinal's policy had consisted in silencing all political or religious dissent from the central will, cutting off the heads of gainsayers, in order to reduce France within to perfect unity and uniformity, and to make her a perfect instrument in

\* Wellington to Castlereagh, "Correspondence," &c., x. 161.

the hands of her ruler against the world without. Louis XIV. realized the cardinal's ideal. "*Il ne resta debout sur la France qu'un roi—le premier vit dans le second,*" says with pride even modern Michelet. In that way Louis XIV. became the top-figure of all Europe, the "owner" of France, much envied and imitated by all sovereigns of his time, and almost ever since. He brought twelve congresses upon Europe, and carried France quickly to her culminating point. But it abutted all in the French Revolution; which, as it recedes from view, begins already to present itself more as a conflagration of old things, than an initiation of any hopeful new thing. The national opposition, silenced by Richelieu, took up his policy and turned it the other way. Robespierre, like the cardinal, bent upon "unity," cut off the heads of gain-sayers. He was followed by Napoleon, the Louis XIV. of the Revolution; and the period begun by the latter, and defined by Guizot as having for its aim "preponderance of France in Europe and humbling of rival powers," was naturally consummated at Leipzig—naturally, and finally, one may hope. Europe, it is plain, will not tolerate any permanent preponderance of that kind. The preponderance of real superiority, working involuntarily, by silent irresistible influences, it will always be obliged to tolerate.

The Allies, we have seen, had treated conquered France with great respect; and some of them we saw eager to enter into friendly relations with the new government; but at Vienna the situation of her ambassador was at first necessarily isolated and constrained. He was invited to the banquet, but as a spectator only, and to say Amen to the grace after meat. Passive resignation was not among Talleyrand's virtues. If he was not to dine himself, there was a chance of spoiling other people's dinners. Talleyrand proved himself equal to the occasion. Indeed, his talent found here for the first time a proper sphere. His former master, Napoleon, required no diplomatic conjuring; he prescribed terms with the sword. Talleyrand never quite liked that, and had a natural aversion to war. His favorite charger was a snug arm-chair, with the opposite party upon the sofa before him; and his arms and ammunition were blandest smiles, softest words, and most candid simplicity. There he would explain, in the

most perspicuous and most disinterested manner, the general bearing of the case, and the opposite party's own special interest in it, and win bloodless victories.

There were two main objects Talleyrand had in view at the Congress: to prevent Prussia's acquisition of Saxony, and to get the Bourbon Ferdinand VI. reinstated in Naples, where King Joachim yet held sway. Though elsewhere the Bourbons had come to their own again, Ferdinand still rusticates in the smaller of his Two Sicilies, where he had reigned faintly under English protection these eight years back; and Joachim Murat, the innkeeper's son from the Garonne country, and husband of Mademoiselle Caroline Bonaparte, still occupies precariously the throne of Naples. Murat has a treaty with Austria, but only an armistice with England. At Naples he has not much support. He is a dashing cavalry officer and a smart dresser, but a poor hand at kingship. With the English Government Naples is, as yet, an open question; but the Duke of Wellington writes in an ominous way, that he has turned over in his mind "a good deal the mode of executing our plans against Murat;" which bodes no good to King Joachim. Austria, bound by treaty to him, is also bound by near family ties to Ferdinand. Ferdinand's wife, Queen Caroline, known to Nelson and Lady Hamilton, is not only Francis's aunt, a daughter and last interesting relic of the great Maria Theresa, but she is also his mother-in-law—grandmother of his heir-apparent, of Maria Louise, and other long-faced Hapsburgs; and she is actually a guest now at Schönbrunn, where she arrived last year, flying from Lord William Bentinck's constitution and soliciting help from gods and men, both against French spoliation and English protection; and though ill now, and worn out by hardships and sorrows, she is still ardent and eager, like a true daughter of Maria Theresa. In Talleyrand she will have an ally, if she holds out till his opportunity comes. His new masters, the Bourbons, cannot suffer a relic of his old master Napoleon to shine upon a European throne, while the legitimate owner, a brother Bourbon, continues under eclipse in the smaller Sicily. These were Talleyrand's objects; and he declared, in the most disinterested manner, "*Je ne veux rien pour moi.*"

But it is time that we should get to Vienna, which is filling very fast, and where

lodgings are hardly to be had for love or money. Varnhagen, returned from the wars, attached now to the Prussian Legation, and what is more to *our* purpose, "a chiel amang us takin' notes," arriving late, has to intrust his adored bride, the wise Rahel, to the friendly abbess of a convent, and content himself with bachelor's quarters at an inn; for the crowd is unprecedented, and the Viennese are making a profitable business of it. Nine tenths of the sovereign families of Europe are there, with followers and hangers-on. A world of legations, of course, with staffs of secretaries, counsellors, attachés, messengers; ambassadors' wives, daughters, men-servants and maid-servants; and another still larger world of petitioners, projectors, grievance-mongers, newsmongers, patriots; friends of the human race and friends of number one; chevaliers of St. John and chevaliers of industry; soldiers, artists, actors, dancers, inventors, gamblers, financiers, itinerant preachers—for it was a great world-fair as well as world-parliament; and the curious came to look on, the gay to be amused, the empty to be filled, and the hungry to be fed with good things. The wealthy Austrian aristocracy, jewelled Hungarians, Bohemians, of course were there, doing the hospitalities of their capital, proud of its distinction. The German nobility in general, princes, counts, Freiherrn of the Reich, such as could afford it, came to participate in the pleasures, if not in the business and profit. Thrifty mothers brought their grown-up daughters, there being such a profusion of balls and partners. Sturdy burghers, deputed from cantons, cities, and corporations, to defend or reclaim ancient rights and privileges, would mix modestly with the crowd; and blue-eyed, yellow-haired peasants, lank Slavonic peddlers, in strange costumes, would flock in daily from the country and highways, to stare curiously at the strange gay world. At last, to crown all, on a fine Sunday, the 25th of September, the Emperor Alexander, accompanied by his empress and grand-duchesses-sisters, and King Frederick William, with sons and brothers, made their public entry into Vienna. All the world and its grandmother had turned out to witness it. The Emperor Francis, with his Crown-prince and archdukes, attended by such a cavalcade of European notabilities as was never seen together before, rode out some way, to meet his high

guests. Troops in large masses, and well-conditioned, though after severe campaigning, presented arms in endless glittering lines. The big bell of St. Stephen's, cast from Turkish cannon, and innumerable other bells, rang merrily. Bands played, horses pranced, orderlies flew about. A thousand rounds of ordnance shook the welkin. A hundred thousand voices shouted "Vivat the Kaiser! Vivat the King! Vivat the liberators of Europe!" And in the evening there was the grandest of illuminations.

The last expected highest guests had arrived; the company was complete; and now, says the Abbé de Pradt in words which paint—that is to say, rouge—the fact in a pretty French fashion, "*Enfin l'heure sonne, et les plaisirs, interprètes aussi sincères que gages éclatans des dispositions mutuelles les plus bien-veillantes, introduisent gaiement les arbitres des destinées de l'Europe dans le sanctuaire où elles vont être décidées.*" Which, being interpreted, signifies, that the arbiters of the destinies of Europe hid their jealousies and misgivings behind smiles, and were led to business by the hands of pleasure. But, in fact, the business had commenced some time ago, and ever since the 16th, the plenipotentiaries of the four Powers—Castlereagh for England, Rasumofsky or Nesselrode for Russia, Hardenberg and William Humboldt (sometimes either, but oftenest both, Hardenberg being deaf and requiring a sharp second) for Prussia, and Metternich for Austria—have been holding preparatory meetings and conferences. Castlereagh the English reader knows. Voices from the Congress speak of his narrow horizon, and of his long-winded ignorance of Continental affairs, with which he had to deal; but give him credit for honest attention to the interests of his country, to the best of his not very shining ability; Count, soon to be Prince, Andreas Rasumofsky was nephew of the handsome, clever Ukraine peasant-lad with whom the Czarina Elizabeth, of singular memory, shared her couch if not her throne; and son of that peasant-lad's and Czarish partner's equally handsome and clever brother, who had wandered to Petersburg with his guitar, and risen to be Hetman, and President of the Academy of Sciences there. Both the brothers, commencing in such a way, earned for themselves the character of estimable, efficient noblemen; their Ukraine

peasant-blood proving itself of a naturally noble sort. Count Andreas, who has also had his adventures, has grown gray in diplomatic service. He has been for many years ambassador at Vienna; has accompanied the Czar in the late campaign, and possesses his master's confidence—as far as any body can be said to possess the confidence of so capricious and impressible a man as Alexander, who listened to many advisers.

Count Nesselrode, Rasumofsky's colleague and rival was then not much above thirty, and had already advanced far by dint of pliancy and dexterity. Stein speaks of him with a certain contempt, as "little Nesselrode," and describes him as a good-tempered, rather feeble, parasitic man, devoid of character or originality—a clever, handy secretary, not a statesman. But he was of the yielding, elastic nature of the willow, whose pliancy, in some situations, outdoes the strength of the unbending oak.

Hardenberg, the Prussian State-chancellor, was a high-bred, accomplished gentleman, who began his administrative career in Anspach-Baireuth, and rose to his present eminence by skillful service during Prussia's critical years; in reward for which he has just been created prince. He also partakes somewhat of the nature of the willow, and, thanks to his bland, elastic character, has been able to maintain himself in a post which the sterner Stein could not hold. He has been, not unaptly, called the Mark Antony, and Stein the Cato, of Prussian statesmen. He was of a sanguine, happy temperament, and always managed to reconcile the labors and duties of the minister with the graces and pleasures of the man of the world. He was distinguished by personal beauty as well as perfect manners; shone much in society, and was still a favorite with the ladies though past sixty. He was what is called a liberal statesman; possessed great knowledge, intelligence, political experience, and meant well by his king and country. But his principle was "live and let live:" when he could not do as he would, he did as he could; and when things proved inconvenient to-day, he was not averse to putting them off till to-morrow, sufficient for the day being the evil thereof. He did so with the Prussian business at Paris, and he has to make good now what he neglected then.

The Baron William von Humboldt,

who was associated with Hardenberg, is known to the world as a man distinguished in letters, as well as a statesman of high quality. His natural gifts had been developed by great culture and rare opportunities. He had travelled with Campe, studied æsthetics together with Schiller, and administered the State (as Minister of Public Instruction and Health) along with Stein; yet the refinement of his mind and universality of his culture were perhaps injurious to him as a man of action. He was, moreover, of a cold, sardonic temperament, without enthusiasm. The æsthetic sympathies were stronger with him than the moral; and there dwelt a singular mixture of idealism and cynicism in his breast. He possessed amazing powers of application, and, at Vienna, threw off incredible amounts of work: yet he never identified himself with his work, did not warm into a belief in it: "It will be well if these things we are now at can be accomplished a hundred years hence," he said, in private, while publicly laboring for them. His intellect had more light than fire: sharp-glancing like polished steel, it partook more of the nature of Apollo's arrow than of Thor's hammer.

Metternich, in more senses than one, presided over the Congress. He was the minister of the host; conducted the festivities as well as the business, and made the one serve the other. Nature had endowed him with all gifts that insure success in this world—graceful person, vigorous health, amiable disposition, high spirits, quickness, adroitness. His successes had begun early. At seventeen he officiated as master of the ceremonies at the coronation of the Emperor Leopold. He was twenty-two when old Kaunitz gave him his granddaughter and heiress in marriage, with the testimony of being "a good, amiable young man, of the most graceful *verve*, and a perfect cavalier." At thirty he negotiated the third coalition against France. At thirty-six he was Foreign Minister. He was created a prince upon the battle-field of Leipzig, and is now President of the Congress; all, one may say, by virtue of a happy organization, and the talents and accomplishments of the outward man. Depth and height there is none in him. Stein defines him as "shallow, immoral, of a double mind;" "a ready bookkeeper, but no great mathematician;" "possessed of understanding, dexterity, amiability, but deficient in depth,

knowledge, industry, and veracity;" "disinclined to address what is noble in man." His arts of diplomacy consisted a good deal in bringing about complications, keeping the key to them in his pocket—a game he so much delighted in, that he carried it on even in society, and often drove his friends to despair by his clever mystifications. Real work he does not excel in, nor like much, as indeed finessing people seldom do. But he delights in the gayeties of life, and lives regardless of expense. The weighty affairs of the Congress even did not prevent him from dawdling much with the ladies. He superintended the rehearsing of *tableaux vivants*, arranged draperies, laid on the rouge on divine cheeks; and there are cases on record that he kept conferences, charged with the fate of nations, waiting for him, whilst he was consulting with the goddesses

"To change a flounce, or add a furbelow."

A very secular man indeed. But he is clever; trained from early youth to *les grandes affaires*. Keeping always considerably within the limits of the possible, he moves in his sphere with great assurance and composure, gaining thereby the confidence of mediocre people, who see in him a "safe" man. He was no Richelieu, no designing despot. In his private views he even inclined, it is said, to liberalism; but, unable to see how the Emperor's government could be carried on upon that principle, he saw safety in routine only; hoping, anyhow, that it would last *his* time. In his negotiations with the Allies, he has managed to get a goodly portion for Austria; and he now superintends the Congress.

The representatives of the Four Powers, at their preliminary meetings, had resolved to hand over the purely German question of devising a confederation, to a special German committee; to keep the question of the disposal of conquests in their own hands until an agreement should be arrived at; and which was then to be communicated to the representatives of France and Spain. This done, the Six would form the central organ of Congress for all general European questions. But Talleyrand, who had arrived on the 24th, began by objecting to this arrangement. He was for admitting at once all Powers, small and large, to the table of Congress, and for deciding all things by vote in

proper parliamentary way. "The law is respected in England," he said in his note, "because it is made by the whole country; it will be even so with Europe, if you allow Europe to legislate for itself. As to 'Allies,' there are none; your alliance ended with the Peace of Paris; we are all alike, and equally good friends now. Let us do justice to Europe, and make no difference between large or small, old allies or new friends." Thus plausibly argued Talleyrand. Pity "who speaks so well, should ever speak in vain." For the great Powers to have said to the multitudinous small fry, "Our forces have done the work, and your voices shall dispose of the fruits," would have been very romantic, and also favorable to the exercise of French "influence;" but it was, on the whole, not found expedient to proceed that way. However, the Committee of Six was enlarged to a Committee of Eight, to include all the Signatories of the Peace of Paris; and the Committee so amended continued throughout to be regarded as the representative of the Congress. But for the present the opening of this Committee, that is to say, the formal opening of Congress, was postponed till the 1st of November. It was necessary to arrive at results by private negotiation before the formal business could be begun; and it was hoped that the interval would afford ample time to the leading Powers to agree, and make the questions ripe to be communicated to the Eight. So the newspapers carried it to the ends of the earth, that the opening of the Congress was again postponed; and the outside world grew impatient, if not indignant.

Vienna, in the mean time, is the scene of unexampled gayety. One hundred thousand guests are to be entertained. The highest of them are lodged in the Emperor's palace. The expense of the imperial kitchen alone is ten thousand pounds a day; and the whole expense of the Court for the entertainment of the Congress is stated at three millions sterling; and private hospitality, or ostentation, emulates the Court in upholding the character of the Austrian capital as the modern Sybaris. Balls, routs, *tableaux vivants*, fireworks, light up the nights; not to mention the Burg-theatre, where the Schröder (mother of actors) plays, the Milder sings, and the Bigattini dances. Cavalcades, carousals, sham-fights, promenades, make the days short. Early in the morning, the

troops turn out for review and manœuvres—always an attractive spectacle for royal personages. On ordinary days, when there is nothing particular going on, there is the promenade on the Bastei, in the pleasant autumnal mid-day sun, where every body sees every body. The Bastei is the ancient rampart round the city, much battered formerly by beleaguering Turks, but now planted and laid out in pleasant walks and shady alleys. Walking on this elevated ground, you have always the town on one side of you, and below you on the other you have now an arm of the Danube, the main stream zigzagging far away on the horizon, now the glacis, or some other green airy interval, drawing a broad belt of separation between the city and the thirty-four suburbs that form a wide-spreading outer circle for miles around it. Here the Viennese take their morning walk, as the fashionable world of London used to do in the Mall when our grandmothers were young ladies. Would the reader like to take a stroll on the Bastei, and look at the company? It was while strolling in these parts, that an English traveller once saw a remarkable showman, with a *camera obscura*, amuse the holiday people for a halfpenny a peep. The showman was Kepler, and the halfpennies were to serve to keep his soul and body together while he was discovering the laws which keep the stars in their courses. We are not likely to meet with so remarkable a man; but we may see some of the historical figures of our age amongst the groups of promenaders. Here, for instance, look at these two, walking arm in arm, tall, handsome men both, and much noticed and bowed to by the company. They are talking rather loudly, and he on the right holds his left ear forward, like one dull of hearing. They are looking up at Archduke Charles's palace, criticising perhaps the façade of the building, or the campaigns of the owner. The one with the swarthy complexion, dark moustache, and black crape on his sleeve, can speak of the latter, having frequently met the Archduke in the field, and having had some severe brushes with him: at Aspern, for instance, and at Wagram. It is Prince Eugene, ex-Viceroy of Italy, Napoleon's adopted son. He is in mourning for his mother, poor Josephine, who could not survive her once husband's fortunes. His companion, with the bullet head, fair florid complexion, shortish nose, small smiling

mouth, blue glassy eyes, and blonde well-trimmed whiskers, who inclines the left ear forward, is no less a personage than the Emperor Alexander, Autocrat of all the Russias—after all, a brother mortal, like the rest of us, walking in boots (Hessians), and with a round hat, not a crown, on his head. In his character of friend of men, and protector of the unfortunate, he has taken the ex-Viceroy under his especial favor, and will assist him, if possible, to some German appanage: for the Prince has a German wife, a Bavarian princess, and has come to the Congress to make some bargain or exchange for his property in the Ancona marshes. Their talk, as they pass on, is loud enough to be overheard; and it is not about politics, but only about the Bigattini, and her charming performance of *Nina* last night. That handsome lady the Emperor kisses his hand to so graciously, is the Countess Julia Zichy, the most charming woman in Vienna, whose lovely face and clever, vivacious talk are said to have power to elicit a transient grim smile from the austere Frederick William himself. It is said, even, that the accomplished countess knows the color and cut of the uniforms of every Prussian regiment by heart, so talkative has his otherwise saturnine Majesty been to her. But here he is himself, this tall, well-made, military-looking man, with the long, massive, sad face, short moustache, and straight, strict nose. He is leaving his party, who stop to talk with the Emperor, to join the Countess Julia, evidently glad to warm his frostiness in her sunshine. Respectable man! nature has bestowed several good solid gifts on him, valuable in a king, but not of the brilliant sort; and flow of spirits she has decidedly refused to him. He is trying to look pleasant now, but his usual look is dismal in the extreme. His speech, too, consists mostly of grumbles and growls, the faculty of language being very imperfect in him; he spurts out mere rapid nominatives and infinitives, and leaves it to you to complete the sentence. Yet he is at bottom a kind-hearted, faithful, brave man, and very conscientious about his kingly duties. He has had much to try him, poor man, and to make him morose and apprehensive. Genius, he knows, has been denied him, and he must make shift with veracity, honesty of purpose, and slow, inarticulate common sense. He has lost his beautiful Louise; he lost half his

kingdom; but always bore up against it with a sad mute courage. In the last campaign his personal bravery and exertion did good service on several occasions, and once, at Culm, saved the army. In after-life he showed courage also, of another and more difficult sort, for which the liberal portion of mankind gave him small thanks. He did not quite grant the constitution which he had promised, having become honestly persuaded that it would not be for the benefit of his people, and exposed his name to much obloquy thereby. The policy may have been mistaken, but we should respect the motive. The credit which a Danton receives for his "*Que mon nom soit flétri*," ought not to be refused to a king. He possessed one quality the most valuable of all in a sovereign—character. His people speak of him with nothing but veneration to this day. They have set up his statue in the pleasure-grounds at Berlin. There the grave, sad man stands, stiff and erect, with military precision, upon a pedestal round which happy mothers and laughing children play and gambol. But just now his ~~dismal~~ Majesty enjoys the sunshine of Countess Julia's presence, and tries to smile himself. And here follow the party, a gentleman and two ladies, whom he left talking with the Czar. The gentleman who walks so jauntily and talks so merrily is the Duke (shortly to be Grand-duke) of Weimar, Goethe's Carl August. On him the cares of life or of the Congress do not seem to lie heavily. He has not the least chance of becoming King of Saxony, and bringing back the old honors to the Ernestine branch of the family, as some say he at one time hoped to do. But he has made a lucky hit at Vienna, for all that. He has discovered amongst the lumber of an old collection the veritable Cellini saltcellar, for which the *dilettante* world has been on the look-out for years: what pleasing news for his Goethe! It is to be regretted that the shading coal-scuttle bonnets of the duke's fair companions will not let us see much of their faces. They are evidently handsome, blonde, blue-eyed, dignified women, both; and there is no trace of Slavonic blood in them, though they are Romanoffs, Alexander's two sisters. Grand-duchess Mary, the elder and graver of the two, is the Duke of Weimar's daughter-in-law; Catherine, the younger and more sprightly, is an interesting young widow, who lost her hus-

band, the Prince of Oldenburg, two years ago. They are excellent women, both, and an immense improvement upon the Annas and Elizabeths of the old Romanoff blood. Of the Princess Mary, who listens with such sweet gravity to her father-in-law's lively talk, Goethe has borne high testimony; which travellers and, what is still better, the love of the Weimarians for their dowager grand-duchess, confirm to our day. Princess Catherine—but look, the young widow's eyes seem to have suddenly caught some object of interest; and see how she flutters at the approach of those two, an elderly and a young man, who now emerge from the crowd. They bow as they pass: the elderly gentleman to the whole party; but the younger seems to see the widow only, who curtsies demurely. Let us follow the two: one of them interests us much. The younger man, with the broad Suabian face, is the Crown-Prince of Wurtemberg, who has distinguished himself in the wars, and is much looked up to by patriotic Germans as a "liberal" prince who, it is known, disapproves much of his royal father's French sympathies and autocratic tastes. That the Russian widow and he take notice of each other in the way we saw, is not surprising, considering that they will by-and-by be husband and wife; Catherine a much-beloved and unforgettable Queen of Wurtemberg. But it is the Prince's companion, the stout elderly gentleman with the firmly-closed lips, large commanding nose, and fiery glancing eyes, whom we care most to look at. With him, above all the highest and fairest that promenade here, we should wish to be allowed to shake hands, believing as we do that there is virtue in the touch of a right royal man. Bare your head, reader, this is the Minister Stein, intrinsically the most (if not the only) royal personage here, though by birth but a baron of the empire. The sovereigns themselves seem to feel it a little; for they treat him almost as an equal, and he does not spare them—free-spoken man as he is. Amongst the Prussian officers there was a talk once of electing him kaiser, though there is no precedent of any one below the rank of count ever having been elevated to that high office. He is a Nassauer by birth, and the black tower of his forefathers, as tourists on the Rhine may have seen, stands, overhanging the Lahn, on the same hill with, but a little below, the ruins of the ances-



tral castle of the house of Nassau-Orange—as if the soil had been peculiarly favorable to the production of distinguished men. Having no kingdom of his own, but only a moderate knight's estate, to rule, he went, like St. Christopher of old, in search of a master worthy of his strength, and entered the Prussian service when the great Frederick was still alive. Here he distinguished himself in many situations, and rose to the highest. He had his own troubles with Frederick William, who was apprehensive of "original" men, and who could get on better with the less exacting Hardenberg. Banished, and even outlawed, by Napoleon, who saw a power in him, Stein went to Russia, still continuing the centre of German patriotic plans and movements. Since his triumphant return, the Allies have made him administrator of conquered countries—temporary king over some thirteen millions of people—in which post also he gave complete satisfaction. Quite a royal man, and firmly believing that the world can be ruled by strict justice and truth; great in practical capacity, greater in moral strength; very aristocratic in his notions, very popular in his aims; loving the people well, and standing up for them fearlessly against kings, kaisers, and squires. Here at Vienna he is ill at ease: much might be done, but he has no authority; may only advise, not direct; and the "clever" Metternichs and "little" Nesselrodes, he is aware, are having it their own way. He walks with the Crown-Prince of Wurtemberg, who is a sort of pupil of his, and whom he indoctrinates with patriotic principles. May Heaven prosper you and your principles, Herr Minister! The Metternichs may gain the day, but —. But we have no time for moralizing. What comes here? People are making way for a pair of flying wheels with a man between, stamping with his feet, and careering along. It is the Younker Drais, showing off his newly-invented *draisines*, what we now call velocipedes. This is their first appearance on the roads of the world, as the Congress at Osnabrück was the first audience before whom Guericke exhibited his air-pump. But the Younker earns more sarcasm than admiration: "Fit charger for modern knight-errantry," observes the Duke of Weimar; and yon old powdered gentleman, with the gold-headed cane under his arm, and ribbons and stars on his breast, looks as though he were con-

scious of having said a good thing, and rewarded himself with a delicate pinch from that beautiful golden diamond-spangled snuff-box of his; whilst his widely-opened eyes are challenging his companion's applauding cachinnation with a grinning stare. They have a French air, those two, particularly he with the snuff-box, who looks like a compound of the facetious *petit-maitre* of Louis XV.'s Court and the shaky modern old gentleman. Look at him; he is a living antiquarian curiosity, this ancient facetious individual, and could tell us anecdotes if we had him to ourselves; it is the Austrian Field-Marshal, Prince de Ligne, who fought in the wars and flirted at the Courts of Europe in the days of George II.—soldier, courtier, beau, wit, *bel esprit*. He has known Frederick the Great, and did not like him; he has walked stately minuets in the rooms of Madame de Pompadour; has philosophized with Rousseau, jested with Voltaire, and gained the favor of the Czarina Catherine, who gave him an estate in the Crimea and that very snuff-box he holds so gracefully between his thumb and forefinger. He has made French verses, written books both "philosophical and sentimental;" has said innumerable *bons mots*, and been a desired guest at the tables and *salons* of three generations. He is in his eightieth year now, still gay and jaunty, but rather out of sorts with a world that has grown stupidly serious, thinks different thoughts from his, and does no longer appreciate him as it ought. He feels it particularly that the handsome Russian princesses do not listen to him with any thing like the gusto of their grandmother. Yes, this is the celebrated Prince de Ligne, whom one hardly expected to see still alive and here. He walks with the Duke Dalberg, a French peer, though a German by birth. He is one of the French plenipotentiaries, the right-hand man of Talleyrand, whose work he does; Talleyrand, the genius of *finesse*, being naturally extremely idle, and indeed without any talent for real work. This Duke Dalberg is much hated and shunned by the Germans as a renegade and a French tool. It was of him that Stein, when apprised of Dalberg's intention to pay him a visit, is reported to have said, "If he come to me in the character of French ambassador, he shall be received with due courtesy; if as Freiherr von Dalberg, he shall be kicked down stairs." But the notabilities

are crowding upon us; we shall scarcely be able to notice them all. This picturesque gentleman in red stockings, with the fine Italian face, is the Cardinal Consalvi, who is here for the good of the Pope and the Catholic Church universal. The dignified matron in black he is speaking to is the Dowager-Princess Fürstenberg, who has been deputed to the Congress by the mediatized aristocracy of the Empire; her son, their acknowledged head, being a minor. A woman actually sent to Parliament! and she is said to have proved herself equal to her task, too, though her commission was a hopeless one. With her the Cardinal converses; nor does he mind the sacred signal now booming out from St. Stephen's steeple, and which will cause the husbandman miles round to stop in his field-labor, bare his head, and repeat a silent *Ave Maria*, as the country people on the causeway there, who have come to stare at the great folks, are even doing now. But the Cardinal keeps talking animatedly, and minds not the sacred call. Those two smallish men who bow very low to him, and thread their way betwixt the crowd with such heedful politeness; the younger one, with large black searching eyes, almost a boy still,—are a Mr. Baruch, from Frankfort, sent by the Jews of that city to plead their cause at the Congress, and his son Ludwig, who assists him with his pen, and who will by-and-by, as Ludwig Börne, plead other causes than Jewish, and in a louder manner than he learns here. That plainly-dressed young man with the flowing yellow hair, laughing blue eyes, aquiline nose, gentle affectionate mouth, long pointed chin, and triangular face, such as Holbein often painted, is Jacob Grimm, whom the reader has no doubt heard of or learned from. He keeps alone, apart from the crowd, and his attention just now seems to be engrossed by a party of peasants from Upper Austria, who are landing from a boat on the quay below. He is attached to the Hessian embassy. If the settlement of Germany depended on his will, what a glorious Fatherland it should become.

But here are English people, evidently: Lord Charles Stewart, with his lady and sister-in-law, Lady Castlereagh. Their appearance creates a certain sensation. His lordship had a fight with a cabman the other day in the open street, my lord boxing à l'Anglaise, the *Schwager* strik-

ing unscientifically; and it remained undecided who had the best of it. The diplomatic world thought it undignified in a plenipotentiary; but his lordship is rather proud of it than otherwise. The morning costume of the ladies also invites criticism. People have been heard to say that the English ladies looked like the seven sleepers, by dress—so old-fashioned do they appear to continental eyes. Here, however, are English women who are up to the last Parisian fashions. They are the Misses Smith, Sir Sydney Smith's two handsome daughters; closely followed by the hero of Acre himself, and his tall German wife. The young ladies find many admirers here; but let them beware of princes. Here is the gay Prince August of Prussia taking them in flank. And that wild-looking man with the sallow moustache, who comes scampering across from the other alley with a hop and a skip, and signals his advent with a loud "Bon j-j-jour, ladies!" is the Crown-Prince Ludwig of Bavaria. He does not look much of a dangerous admirer, were he not a prince. He squints and stammers, is dull of hearing, and has nervous twitches in his face: yet withal, it is at times lit up by rays of genius that make you forget its ugliness. He is an accomplished young man, a poet, a patriot though a prince, a patron of the arts, and enthusiastic worshipper of the beautiful. He takes the other flank of the young ladies, who, it is very visible, are much elated by their princely escort. Let them beware, though! Sir Sydney has come to Vienna, delegated by philanthropic Quakers and others, on a diplomatic cruise against piracy: he is to move the Congress to put down the Beys of Barbary. But he gets no support from the English mission; and, except that his ladies enjoy the visit much, his expedition is unsuccessful. Literary notabilities are scarce at Vienna. Here, however, comes one; an Austrian subject, too, though not of indigenous growth. Austria, ever since Ferdinand, with the help of the Virgin Mary, put down heresy, has not produced much literary talent; and the indispensable modicum for the service of the State has in great part to be enlisted in other parts of Germany. Metternich's helps in the speaking, writing, journalizing line are at this time chiefly ex-Prussians, ex-Protestants, and, if the sad truth must be told, ex-respectable men. His principal hand and *alter*

*ego*, for instance, who does all his real work for him, as Dalberg does Talleyrand's, is the former Prussian *Geheime Rath* Gentz, a clever writer and very worthless character, whom Castlereagh calls "our friend Gentz." He conducts the Protocol at the Congress, and keeps a first-rate cook. Gentz we shall not see here; he never comes to the Bastei: his hours of recreation are spent in private. But this flabby, puffy man who is now coming towards us, is another Austrian acquisition from the Protestant ranks. It is Herr Friedrich von Schlegel, walking for an appetite with Frau Dorothea, his eccentric little wife, a daughter of the celebrated philosopher Moses Mendelssohn, who left her first husband, a prosaic Berlin banker, to live an exalted ideal life with the author of *Lucinde*. For it was at the period of great marital freedom at Berlin, when the elective affinities were allowed to plead in court. The ideal pair turned Roman Catholic; and Schlegel provides now the philosophy for the Austrian system, and enjoys the Viennese cookery much. He teaches Mysticism, Romanticism, Mediævalism, and the *arcanum* whereby "the reason" is made to swallow the thing that "the understanding" refuses. Coleridge attended his lectures, and took the seeds of it, *subjective* and *objective*\* and all, to England; where, in course of time, Tractarianism sprang from it, and the movement "from Oxford to Rome." Curious to consider. In London, at this very time, crowds flock daily to a certain carpenter's shop in Tottenham-court-road, to see the cradle which stands ready to receive the new-born Messiah—as soon as Joanna Southcote shall have brought him forth. And here on the Bastei walks, for an appetite, the indirect cause of the next religious movement in England that will nigh frighten the isle out of its propriety!

Two individuals whom one would have liked to get a sight of, we search for in vain amongst the promenaders: Beethoven resides at Vienna, but never shows himself here. He shuns the vicinity of the great; walks in solitary places, or in the *Volks-garten* amongst the people. Marie Louise dwells out in Schönbrunn,

very Frenchified in her tastes and ways, her attendants complain. One of her attendants is General Neipperg, whose musical talent she appreciates. She, also, never comes to the Bastei. However, we can spare her: for here are three kings and an empress all in a row. That plain, stoutish man, with the good-humored face, hands crossed behind his back, and closely followed by a little *Spitz*, is Maximilian of Bavaria—not the grim Duke Maximilian, who was such a pillar of the Jesuits in the Thirty Years' War—but Crown-Prince Ludwig's father, a good easy sort of man, for whom the world is no worse, and no better. He leads his sister-in-law, the Czarina Elizabeth, Alexander's "Empress," rather than wife; a kind good lady, they say, but too insipid, perhaps, for Alexander's taste. Yet she is patient and uncomplaining, and her reward is near at hand. It was during the Congress that the Czar, in a serious mood, resolved to be again a husband to his long-neglected wife. The lean man in the centre is the King of Denmark, who earns golden opinions by his courteous bearing, but can get no equivalent for Norway, which, by a combination of England and Russia, has been forced from allegiance to him, and given to Sweden in re-payment for the loss of Finland. The poor King of Denmark can get nothing at all from the Congress, though he tries very hard, and is ably assisted by his ambassador Bernsdorf. "You have gained every heart here," said the Emperor Alexander, when his Danish Majesty took leave of him. "But not one soul," answered the Dane, sadly. That mountain of flesh that leans heavily upon his arm, and shuffles along with difficulty, is the King of Wurtemberg, a petty despot, or "small Sultan," as Stein calls him, in whose veins the blood of Charles the Tyrant and other grim ancestry does not flow in vain. He regrets openly the end of the Napoleonic times, that gave him much which was not his own, and let him do with it as he liked; and has been heard to say that one will soon have to be ashamed to be a Wurtemberger, because there is talk of the revival of the old *Stände*, and of Constitutional limits to the power of the sovereign—a demand which his own Crown-Prince, Stein's pupil, approves of, the unnatural son!

And so the multifarious company at the "political exchange," as the Bastei prom-

\* To Mr. Ruskin's great annoyance, we see; who, by-the-bye, may be assured that there are a few German books in which the obnoxious words never once occur—as he will find out some day when he makes himself acquainted with German literature.

enade was called, walk and talk; the ladies in coal-scuttle bonnets or Spanish hats with feathers, short waists, and parasols of umbrella size; the gentlemen in tights, Hessian boots, high-rolled collars, and profusion of white neck-cloth—till it is time to dress for dinner: for they dine early at Vienna. The Danube flows sluggishly below; the florid steeple of St. Stephen's rises high above; the Kahleberg looks placid and green; the purple Hungarian mountains border the horizon: the serene ether over-arches all; and the slanting rays of the yellow autumnal sun illuminate it with golden light: for the sun shines equally on Congresses, battle-fields, weddings, funerals, solitary workers, and public promenaders; and is, fortunately, very independent of human politics and diplomacies.

Our task of drawing the shadow of an event which illuminated the public horizon forty years ago were comparatively pleasant, if we had to deal with flesh and blood only. But our duty as faithful reporters bids us also tell of dead business, of diplomatic negotiations that came to something or came to nothing; how A tried to get the most he could, and B let him have as little as he could help: and how great opportunities were wasted by little men. We cannot promise the reader to awaken in him an "interest" in that part of the business, conscious as we are of our deficiency in this respect. But we will promise him the utmost brevity; and considering that the political arrangements of Europe are still principally based upon the results of those negotiations, we will, on our part, claim from the reader an indulgent hearing.

Though the public eye at Vienna could discover nothing but amusements and festivities, there was at the same time much business going on also: witness Klüber's nine volumes of "Acts." But the business was transacted in private—no reporters admitted—by interviews, conversations, consultations, notes, memorandums, committees; finally, conferences and protocols. Whilst on the surface all was bright and placid, underneath was strenuous warfare: strategic movements, sieges, battles of the tongues and pens, where the victory is not necessarily to the strong. On the 9th of October, Lord Castlereagh writes home: "We are at sea, and pray for favorable winds and currents"—as the unskilled captain has need to do.

The objects which above all else indispensably required an agreement between the Four Powers before the Congress could be formally proceeded with, were Prussia's demand of Saxony, and the Russian plan about Poland. The first was, at the outset, pretty generally acquiesced in; the second was unanimously objected to; but, during the course of negotiations and "strategic movements," the two questions came to be involved and entangled with each other, till they became one identical chief difficulty, and apple of discord.

Prussia's case was opened in a practical way by Stein, administrator in chief of the countries occupied by the Allies, who proposed, with the consent of Russia, that the provisional occupation and government of Saxony should at once be handed over to Prussia. Prussia would then be situated like the other powers with regard to their indemnification. Castlereagh, in a note to Hardenberg, dated 11th October, gave his cordial assent. There was no principle in European politics, he declared, to which he attached a greater importance than the substantial re-construction of Prussia; and if the incorporation of the whole of Saxony with the Prussian monarchy be necessary for so great and good an object, he should entertain neither moral nor political repugnance against such a measure. Of the King of Saxony he should rather be glad, than otherwise, to see an example made. If ever a sovereign placed himself in the case of being sacrificed to the future tranquillity of Europe, he thought the King of Saxony was the man. But, adds his lordship, if the incorporation of Saxony is to serve to indemnify Prussia for losses she might have to sustain on the Russian side, in that case he was not authorized to give any hope that Great Britain would, in the face of Europe, consent to such an engagement. Persuaded, however, that such a result was neither proposed on one side nor supposed on the other, he consents at once to the Prussian occupation of Saxony, as a proof of his sincerity, and of the great consideration which he has the honor to be, &c., &c.

Metternich, after delaying as long as he decently could, sent his note on the 22d, in which he also, on the part of Austria, expressed ("*avec beaucoup de noblesse*," says honey-mouthed Flassan) how his master's heart's desire was for the re-con-

struction of the Prussian monarchy to its full former dimensions, and even beyond. As to the incorporation of the whole of Saxony, that was, indeed, a subject of regret to his master; not at all diminished by Russian approval of, or English adhesion to, the measure. No light matter to see one of the most ancient dynasties of Europe (claiming descent from Wittekind, who is himself descended from Odin, at all events from Adam) dealt with so severely; besides, it would be inconvenient to Austria, and we never wish to see Germany divided into North and South. And the line of the Mayn has to be settled, and about fortresses, and Mentz, and other matters would need to be arranged, if circumstances should make the incorporation of Saxony with Prussia indispensable. And, on the whole, at this stage, and as England has given its adhesion, I will not say no.

Whereupon, Prince Replin, the Russian general who commanded in Saxony, received orders, with the consent of the Powers, to evacuate Saxony, and hand the occupation and administration of the country over to Prussia.

Castlereagh's hypothesis of "losses on the Russian side," for which he would *not* engage to indemnify Prussia, had more concrete reality than he cared to express. Prussia's Polish provinces had been taken away by Napoleon, and, together with some other fragments of ancient Poland, constituted into a "Duchy of Warsaw," conferred on the King of Saxony. To the Poles the recollections of their former connections with the Saxon dynasty could not be particularly cheering or hopeful. Nor was it from any love for Polish independence that Napoleon created this duchy. The sort of respect which Napoleon and his generals entertained for their faithful and useful Polish allies, appears from a little incident that happened at the very birth of the said duchy. The Polish magnates, in glittering uniforms, were assembled at the town-hall to meet Marshal Davoust; the marshal, alighting from his horse at the door, found himself sunk in mud and nastiness half way up to his knees. "*Voilà*," he exclaimed, whilst trying to shake off the dirt, turning to a Prussian ex-official who happened to stand by, "*voilà ce que cette canaille appelle sa patrie!*" The Duchy of Warsaw, inaugurated under such auspices, had been conquered and was occupied by Russia; and

it was known that Alexander cherished a plan of raising it into a constitutional Kingdom of Poland, of which he, the Autocrat of Russia was to be the constitutional head. It was in vain that Stein and Pozzo endeavored to dissuade the Emperor from his questionable project; representing it to him as threatening to his neighbors, impracticable in itself, and dangerous even to Russia. Stein argued that Poland was deficient in all elements of constitutional life, having no middle class, a reckless anarchic aristocracy, and an enslaved population, brutalized by centuries of misgovernment; and that, moreover, a constitutional Poland connected with an autocratic Russia must eventually lead either to separation or to complete subjugation. "How is it," asked Alexander some time after Stein had sent in his memorandum—"how is it, that you, who always show such liberal ideas, propose differently in this case?" "Because, sire, it appeared to me," answered Stein, "that in the application of principles, regard must be had to the nature of the object to which they are to be applied." But Alexander was not the man to be reasoned out of a favorite object; he merely repaid the inconvenient reasoner with his ill-humor, and turned to more congenial counsel—Prince Czartorski, in this case, chief representative of Polish nationality, then as now, and Alexander's bosom friend. He warmly supported the plan, encouraged his imperial friend to persist in it against all obstacles, and wrote diplomatic notes and papers, when the other hands were thought too tame. Not to lose so favorable an opportunity for completing the traditional policy of his country with regard to Poland, was natural enough in a Russian czar. A Russian czar, too, is not independent of public opinion, which has a way to express, and even to assert itself even in Russia; and the public opinion was decidedly for retaining Poland, as some slight compensation for all Russia's sacrifices and services in the cause of Europe. But Alexander was also a man of "fine feeling" and liberal sympathies. A "constitutional Kingdom of Poland," connected with Russia, made the acquisition so much more euphonious to his mind, permissible to his conscience, reconcilable, nay, honorable, to his liberalism; would he not form a pattern of constitutional sovereignty to all future kings? Amongst the arguments which Alexander brought

forward in defence of his Polish project, there was also this—that he owed it to the Poles to repair the wrong which his grandmother Catherine had done them. So tender a conscience was his.

On the other hand, Alexander had, by the treaties of Kalish and Töplitz, entered into engagements with Austria and Prussia with regard to the Duchy of Warsaw; nor could these Powers, even if indemnified elsewhere for territorial sacrifices on that side, be indifferent to the nature of their Eastern frontiers. But here, again, Alexander argued: Shall Russia, the deliverer of Europe, alone go home empty-handed? You, Austria, are recompensed above deserts, in Italy. My friend Prussia here shall have Saxony, and welcome. England keeps what it pleases of old French and Dutch colonies, and is allowed to have its own way with the Netherlands. Does not even France owe it in good part to my generosity that she retains the Alsace and other old conquests? And shall I alone have nothing to show to my Russians for all they have suffered and done?

Hardenberg, Metternich, Castlereagh, were of one mind, that the Polish kingdom project was to be opposed as threatening and unjust to Austria and Prussia, and dangerous to the balance of power. Austria and Prussia being more directly interested, it was left to the representative of England, as the more neutral power, to be spokesman and mediator in this delicate business. Hence Castlereagh's note of the 12th October; which has since acquired a certain celebrity, and procured for its author the reputation of the courageous champion of Polish independence. Most undeservedly. The document contains, indeed, one oratorical paragraph, in the conjunctive mood, glancing rather insolently, because only with an "if," at the hypothesis of a restored Poland, or part of Poland; but in substance the note, and still more the letter which accompanied it by way of apologetic soft-solder, took its stand upon the treaties of Kalish and Töplitz, and called the Emperor quite welcome to the lion's share of the Duchy of Warsaw, provided he would not withhold from Prussia and Austria such districts as were required for the security of their frontiers.

There were answers, replies and counter replies, and the battle of notes grew hot. "The purity of my intentions makes me strong, my lord," writes Alexander, wrap-

ping his cloak of virtue around him. And Castlereagh's mediation results in mere irritation. And the czarish mind being irritated against Metternich also, the task to mediate is transferred to Hardenberg.

On the 18th of October a grand military spectacle took place in commemoration of the battle of Leipzig. The review over, the various regiments piled arms and sat down to dinner with the emperors and kings in old Grecian fashion. Alexander, from a balcony in the open Prater, elevating his cup towards the high heavens, drank *twice* "to the German people!" Trumpets flourished, cannon thundered, and soldiers and people answered with never-ending enthusiasm: "*Hoch! Vivat Hoo-o-ch!*" And Alexander looked radiant. Yet cooler observers who had stood near him on that balcony earlier in the day, whilst the endless masses of troops were filing past, thought they could discover in the Czar's face an expression not of delight at the fine appearance of the Austrian military force. He looked annoyed, they said.

All through October private negotiations proceed, and the coteries are busy. Principalities, powers, and excellencies, cased in the panoply of logic and girt with the armor of persuasion, wrestle in painful encounter; and it is found no such easy task to re-model the map of Europe with argumentative compasses and diplomatic pen and ink. Alexander, in unbending talk with Stein, wished it were well over, that he might henceforth "live solely for the support and propagation of liberal ideas, which alone could confer some value on life."

Other business also has been taken in hand. A committee on Swiss affairs is sitting to settle the internal disputes of the cantons and to establish the Confederation under European guarantee. Colonel Laharpe, Alexander's old tutor, delegated by the democrats of Vaud, gains the advantage over the aristocrats of Berne, supported as he and his side are by his imperial pupil and friend. In Italian affairs, the annexation of Genoa (much against the will of the Genoese) to Piedmont began to be discussed; but the position of the King of Naples was as yet only talked and corresponded about in an underhand manner, under the auspices of Prince Talleyrand and the government of Louis XVIII.

The German committee is hard at work,

receiving and examining plans for the constitution of the Fatherland; and the discussions are hot and loud, not only in Vienna circles, but in pamphlets and newspapers all over the country. The question of German unity, of which the world has heard much since began at that time. It is a difficult and complicated question.

The German *Reich*, or Empire, a system of subaltern, self-governing corporations comprehended within the great incorporation of the *Reich*, was perhaps the most opulent product of the political instincts of the middle ages. It offered room for the freest individual and provincial development, and bound each to all by a system of gradation, with the Emperor as keystone on the top. It reminds one of the Gothic cathedral, with its arches and pillars, and buttresses, and aisles, and chapels, and steeples, and manifold diversities, all of individual character and self-completeness, yet all supporting, and supported by the whole. The stone cathedrals, after their original use was gone, still remained picturesque to the eye and grand to the imagination. But the Empire, being a living organization, when the spirit left it, fell into dissolution, internal strife, external degradation—till the rough contact with the French Revolution, and its consequences, shook it finally asunder, and there remained, politically, only German States, but no Germany. The history of the last two centuries of the German Empire might become analogically intelligible to the modern reader, if he would imagine a case of the controversies that at times spring up between the members of the American Union coming to practical issue: individual States setting themselves up against the federal authority in defence of what they hold to be their States' rights; foreign powers interfering in help of this side and of that; and all again patched up from time to time by loose compromises. But there is even in this imaginary case the essential difference, that the Americans have no powerful neighbors, no Louis XIV., crouching at their borders, fomenting internal strife, and ready to spring up and devour at the favorable opportunity.

The German States, large and small, had grown sovereign; and the problem was, to devise a confederation to bind them together. Manifold were the schemes, various the aims. Stein, sup-

ported by the free cities, smaller potentates, by the mediatised princes, and patriotic politicians generally, was for a strong central power—an emperor, even an Austrian, as no better could be had. Prussia, represented in the committee by Humboldt, was for a duality, the ruling influence to be divided between Prussia and Austria. Austria was altogether for a minimum of confederation. Bavaria and Wurtemberg, Napoleon-made kings, protested against the notion of being deprived of any sovereign rights. And so the controversy went on in doors and out of doors: the course of German patriotism, like that of true love, did not run at all smooth; and left to free discussion and voluntary agreement, practical men could find no such "ready and easy way to establish a free commonwealth," as Milton once, in England's disorganized times, thought he had discovered, but could likewise not get enacted.

The only definite result which the month of October brought forth was, that Count Münster, faithful liege-man of the house of Brunswick, had assumed the royal title for his liege-lord, and that the Electorate of Hanover was henceforth to be a kingdom. And when the 1st of November came, there was nothing yet ready for official treatment. The German business was at a dead-lock; the Polish did not advance; the Saxon retrograded Alexander, seeing himself opposed by the ministers, turned to the masters, appealing to their sentiments of friendship, to their royal and imperial minds, to appreciate "the purity of his motives;" but hitherto without effect. Metternich spoke fair on both sides, and procrastinated. Talleyrand had not yet developed his forces, but reconnoitred still, examined his ground, and dropped hints to this party and to that party, as to their real interests. If Castlereagh could be got to join, there might be a pretty game.

Prince Repnin, in delivering up his command in Saxony, issued a proclamation in which he assumed the annexation of Saxony to Prussia as a settled matter; which gave offence at Vienna and elsewhere. The King of Saxony, from his place of confinement, protested. Dresden threatened to be no longer a Court residence, and the official people generally grew loud. Already, at an earlier stage, the Duke of Coburg—one of the smaller boughs of the many-branched House of

Saxony, and elder brother of Prince Leopold, who had just begun to be an interesting personage in England and much favored by the Whigs—had entered the lists for the Saxon king, in a letter to Castlereagh, which had, somehow, found its way to England. The Saxon sovereign, so wrote Coburg, has no other judges than the King of England has—God and his nation. You wish to strengthen Prussia: this is the way to weaken it; the Saxon people will not forget its ancient dynasty: Germany will be destroyed, the Ottoman empire upset, the peace of Europe shaken, if you allow this about Saxony: "Germany lays its cause before the tribunal of England." That is to say, Germany as represented by the Duke of Coburg. But it sounded plausible, and liberal England hearkened.

Insight into the true bearing of Continental politics, so as to be able to distinguish, in their complication, the real from the apparent, is not the forte of our insular politicians; but foreign politics are always attractive. The honest Liberal, with such information only as the English press affords him, looking out, of course, with English constitutional or radical eyes, but grasping in the dark, gladly seizes and hugs any object that presents itself in the name of "liberty all over the world;" not to mention the fine and also cheap opportunities foreign topics offer to a tribune of the people for displaying his liberal and generous sentiments and sympathies. The Duke of Coburg's letter made an impression in England. Parliament was sitting in late session, the Opposition watchful of Vienna. Mr. Whitbread was at his post. "Will the right honorable gentleman, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, undertake to say that any progress has been made at Vienna since this day last month?" Mr. Vansittart could not say. He might have answered in extenuation, that it took the Congress of Westphalia a full year to settle the preliminary question of precedence; and that at Vienna they managed that part of the business, at least, in one sitting. But perhaps he did not know; at all events he did not say. "Is it true," continues the interrogator, "is it true that the Emperor Alexander has added an additional grace to his character by supporting the claims of Poland's independence, and that he is opposed by our Ministers?" The ministerial benches are silent. Again Mr.

Whitbread "entreated information about Saxony: was it possible that you should allow a venerable and constitutional (*sic*) sovereign to be despoiled of his inheritance for the advantage of military Prussia?" Mr. Vansittart "believed that no English Minister would be a party to a partition of Saxony." (Hear, hear.) Mr. Tierney hoped to God that he would not. But what shall *we* say of Mr. Vansittart's "belief?" It must either be understood in a very parliamentary sense indeed, or else we must presume the right honorable gentleman knew much less about his colleague's proceedings at Vienna than we know. Mr. Lambton (we continue our parliamentary report) saw every reason for the House to withdraw its confidence from ministers, as being accessory to the club of confederated monarchs at Vienna, the spoilers of Saxony and oppressors of Norway. Mr. Horner was virtuously indignant about the Naples question, and stood up—not for a venerable sovereign's "inheritance," in this case, but for King Joachim. And thus, throughout the late session, the Opposition ask indignant, damaging questions, and the ministerial bench is dreadfully ill off to account for the faith, on foreign policy, that is in it. "You can have no idea how much ground we lost in the House of Commons in the short session before Christmas," writes Lord Liverpool, dolefully, to his Foreign Secretary at Vienna. But "ground in the House of Commons," as everybody knows, is of incomparably greater importance to an English Minister than any Saxon questions can be. So Lord Castlereagh received instructions to "turn his back upon himself," and join Talleyrand on the Saxon question, to support the King of Saxony—a little, just enough to blunt the point of Mr. Whitbread's rapier.

At Vienna, meanwhile, things do not advance: "*Le Congrès danse bien, mais il ne marche pas*," was one of the last *bon mots* which the Prince de Ligne fired against a world neglectful of him. Winter had come, but no solution. Alexander sent his brother Constantine to Warsaw to organize the Polish army. His discontent with Metternich rose into quarrel, the quarrel into scandal. Metternich had hinted to Hardenberg that he should have his way in Saxony, if he would thwart Russia in the Polish question. Now Frederick William learns from his friend, the Czar, that the Austrian minister had hinted



to him acquiescence in the Russian plans about Poland, if Russia would separate from Prussia about Saxony. Metternich, taxed with this, formally denies it; and the Czar would have challenged him, had they been equals. But who is the liar, the Emperor or the Prince? We hope neither; and think we can see it was a feat of Mephistophiles Talleyrand, who, made the go-between, dropped hints and insinuations; and Alexander, being dull of hearing, may have taken as information what was merely intended, and cunningly worded, as a hint or insinuation.\* It had, however, the important effect of determining Frederick William to command his minister no longer to join with Metternich and Castlereagh in direct opposition to Alexander, but to maintain a neutral and mediating position. Frederick William and Alexander had, in times of trouble, "vowed eternal friendship" to each other. It was done solemnly, over the great Frederick's tomb, and Frederick's beautiful queen, who stood by witnessing, gave her blessing to the compact. And now, in the presence of a hostile, intriguing Talleyrand, a doubtful, double-minded Metternich, and a cold, indifferent Castlereagh, Frederick William felt called upon not to join with these against a sworn and tried friend. It was a very intelligible policy, though it may have been a mistaken one. We say "it may have been;" but we are by no means so sure as Gervinus and others that it really was a mistaken policy. For the other alternative, even supposing it had led to a successful issue, was not to found an independent kingdom of Poland as a wall of separation between Germany and Russia, but merely to increase the Prussian and diminish the Russian share of Poland; still keeping Russia as a next-door neighbor. And to gain additional thousands, or millions, of unloving and unlovable Polish subjects, sympathizing, perhaps, under the altered circumstances, with the fellow Slaves on the Russian side of the frontier, cannot be an object for which a King of Prussia ought to run much risk. With the other parties the question at stake was

a game at speculation: well, if won; no great harm if lost. With Prussia, as then situated, it was a matter of gravest import; and the king decided not to alienate Alexander. But, whatever the merit of the policy may have been, Hardenberg obeyed his master, and did not resign, as Gervinus\* opines he ought to have done. Alexander, on the other hand, offered to do the handsome thing: give up Cracow on the Austrian, Thorn on the Prussian side; both to be free cities with adjoining districts. Frederick William, on his part, proposed to provide for the King of Saxony in Westphalia, to make over to him a respectable principality with a fellow-Catholic population.

Thus matters stood at the Congress in the wintry December days, when Castlereagh communicated his new instructions to Metternich and Talleyrand. Hoary St. Nicholas himself, who at that season gladdens the hearts of well-behaved Viennese children, brought no more welcome gladness to any innocent young heart than the English news gave to those two plenipotentiaries. And now Talleyrand's opportunity was come. He had the solution in his hands: it was a word, a principle. Expediencies solve nothing: principles alone bring solutions. He indited his celebrated note of the 26th of December, to Castlereagh, to this effect: The revolution was a struggle between two principles. To put an end to revolution, you must terminate the struggle. The opposing principles are revolution and legitimacy, and the one cannot be said to be ended till the other has completely triumphed. But in Naples there is still a revolutionary dynasty on the throne; and in Saxony a legitimate sovereign is endangered: "Let the principle of legitimacy triumph unrestrictedly. Let the king and kingdom of Saxony be preserved, and the kingdom of Naples be rendered to its legitimate sovereign."

*Dixi et salvavi animam meam!* Talleyrand always retained a certain unction from his priestly education; and his notes are as oily as his speech or his countenance—or as his venerable silver locks were in his latter years.

Poland, one might have thought, had the most claim upon France, and Lombardy to be of nearer interest to her than Saxony. But a sporting diplomatist must

\* "Leben Stein's," iv. 197 and 207. And we presume that Herr Pertz's dates, which are confusing, and go against our conjecture, must be wrong. Alexander's communication to the King of Prussia he dates 6th November; and afterwards says that the Emperor told the King that on "the 15th November," Talleyrand had told him, &c.

\* Geschichte des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts.

be satisfied if he can kill two birds at one throw. Moreover it was necessary to humor Alexander and have Metternich for ally. Chateaubriand, and other French writers, assert that Talleyrand was bribed with millions by the kings of Saxony and Naples. That is very possible; but his policy is quite intelligible and Bourbonic enough without it. So Talleyrand had the key of the situation in his hand. Metternich steered the same way, and Castlereagh, with his new instructions, joined company. Alexander having yielded a little, the Polish question was allowed to recede into the back-ground; and the diplomatic forces were all directed against Saxony. We need not tire the reader with the intricacies of diplomatic strategy that now followed. To the female mind of Rahel Varnhagen it all appeared very like what draught-players call dodging: you move forward, I move backward; you move backward, I move forward.

But to Hardenberg and the Prussians the game became daily more serious. Metternich, seeing himself no longer checked by English "adhesion" to the Prussian plan, turned completely round: would cede next to nothing of Saxony, but indemnify Prussia altogether on the Rhine—draw Prussia's long thin limbs, without increase of strength at the centre, still longer, and make it so the shield of Germany against France. In Berlin, the heads began to wax hot, and there was talk of the need of sending Blücher to replace Hardenberg. Hardenberg himself, driven to bay, in the heat of debate, let slip an observation, that Prussia "would know how to guard its rights." The newspapers brought tidings of activity in the French army. Austrian and Bavarian troops moved towards the Bohemian frontier. The English-Hanoverian army in the Netherlands was being increased. The Emperor Francis, in an interview with a deputation of Teutonic Knights, was heard to say: "The King of Saxony must have his land back, else I shoot (*sonst schiess' ich*)."

The question turned now upon a *division* of Saxony, transferring *part* of it to Prussia. The Prussian statesmen objected to this, as unjust to the Saxon people: "Keep the land together," they said, "whoever be the sovereign." Francis said: "It is a hard thing to push a monarch from his throne." Alexander answered: "Better that misfortune should

befall the dynasty than the country." (*S'il y avait un malheur, il valait mieux celui de la dynastie que du pays.*)

Castlereagh, with the fear of Whitbread before his eyes, observed, that it was not so much a question of principle as of expediency; that it was necessary to conciliate public opinion, and better to swim with the stream than against it.\* Hardenberg rejoined, that it was the business of statesmen to direct public opinion, not to follow it. Talleyrand stuck to principle and legitimacy, as the only solution of all difficulties. So the argument went round, and no advance was made. Logic, it appears, would not settle it. And serious people at the Congress, seeing a world out of joint, began, like Hamlet, to curse their fate that *they* ever were "born to set it right."

On the 26th of December the English commissioners at Ghent signed a peace with America. And on the 3d of January, Castlereagh, Metternich, Talleyrand, in all privacy, signed a secret "defensive" alliance; to which other parties were, in strictest secrecy, to be invited to accede: to which Bavaria gladly acceded at once, and others by-and-by. Each of the contracting powers engaged to assist the other by an army of 150,000 men, or the equivalent in money. A military commission was named, consisting of two Austrian, one French general, and the Bavarian Prince Wrede. And under the hospitable roof of Kaiser Francis there slept now two brother monarchs, *against* whom the host was secretly allied.

In those very days, the Emperor Alexander, all unsuspecting, and given to much serious meditation and communication with his pious friend and correspondent, Madam Krüdener, imparted to his brother sovereigns of Austria, Prussia, and England his thoughts upon the needfulness, in a world like ours, of making the Christian religion the basis of the government and intercourse of nations; and suggested preliminary articles for the formation of a holy alliance.

So ends the year at the parliament of nations. But has not Talleyrand been successful? He came to the Congress as an isolated individual, excluded from all share in the main business. And here has he not only divided the old allies, but stands himself as the centre of a new

\* "Leben Stein's," iv. 254.

powerful alliance, and has constituted himself champion of the principle of legitimacy, which is to shield the world against revolution!

The successful diplomatist, and ex-Bishop of Autun, treated the Congress also to a symbolical representation of his present sacred "principle." On the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. he got up a grand funeral mass in the cathedral of St. Stephen, with profusion of black hangings, lamps, wax candles, silver stars, wood and plaster dolls, emblematic figures of religion with a cross, and Minerva with a helmet—almost as sublime as a scene in *Robert le Diable* (only that the music, Rahel says, was very bad); and all at the cost of 40,000 francs. All the Congress was there, invited by tickets. The ex-Bishop of Autun, who had once himself performed grand mass before the *autel de la patrie*, at the feast of confederation in the Champs de Mars, looked particularly unctuous; and there were many dry eyes. In the evening there was a court-ball of more than usual brilliancy—to console the mourners. And the following day there was the gayest, gaudiest of sleighing-parties; gilt and silvered sledges, six outriders with cocked hats to each; the gentlemen in full uniform; the ladies in fancy dresses; "Lady Castlereagh all in yellow, with a furious shawl," reports a female eye-witness—for the outer aspect of the Congress continued gay and happy, however grave and ominous the condition of affairs might be, and the change of the seasons brought only change of amusements.

Amongst such a concourse of strangers as met at Vienna, and talked light talk at dinner-parties and *réunions*, the range of conversation would, of course, be very wide; and some new topics, destined afterwards to become familiar to all the world, would naturally turn up here for the first time. Such happened at a dinner-party at Herr von Gentz's, who kept a famous cook, and whose dinner-invitations were prized accordingly. Amongst the favored guests there was a certain Bollmann, an ingenious man and traveller, who had visited many lands, and seen notable people and scenes: Marie Antoinette, for instance, at the *Assemblée Nationale*, and Madame de Staël in *négligé*. He had just returned from America and from England, and had come to Vienna with some financial project in connection with the House of Bar-

ing. This much-travelled Bollmann, we are told, at that dinner, first introduced the names of Scott and of Byron to the higher circles of the Continent. Which names were soon upon every body's lips; filling the imaginations of the young generation with the images of kilted Highlanders, and still more of passionate Laras and Giaours. Poor Byron himself, in those same weeks, had procured "a blue coat" and a license, and had finally got married—hoping to be happy now. And the next time the "higher circles" heard his tuneful voice, it was like the sound of the war-trumpet, boding no good to Talleyrand's new principle of legitimacy:

"What! shall reviving thralldom again be  
The patch'd-up idol of enlightened days?  
Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we  
Pay the Wolf homage?"

which became the march-tune of all aspiring hearts of Europe for the next quarter of a century. At that same party, Bollmann gave also accounts of young America, of the prosperous new republic, whose public affairs were managed by plain citizens, without nobles, Hofraths or Geheime Raths. Here was news for a perfumed sybaritic aristocratic circle, such as would assemble round Gentz's table! The effect was visible, and the offence great. "We thought we had put down the French Revolution, democracy, and all that: and is the game to begin afresh *de l'autre côté*?" Humboldt smiled sardonically, Rahel only with her eyes. The gay Duke of Coburg looked disdainfully upon the travelled *roturier* who brought such tidings. The beautiful Countess Fuchs left off eating *bons-bons*. The host himself, so Varnhagen, who was present, reports—"Gentz looked as if crushed by the weight of the subject, and alarmed as if high treason had been committed in his presence." Honest Bollmann had meant no harm, and was not in the least aware how he disturbed the digestion of his illustrious and beautiful listeners.

There were dinner-parties, high-tides, accidents, weddings, (Count Münster, for instance, got both thrown out of his carriage, and married)—and there were also deaths at the Congress. For like all life it was a scene

"Of joyances and high-tides, of weeping and of woe."

Early in September, while Vienna was

still busy ornamenting itself for the reception of its highest guests, a high guest out at Schönbrunn had been making her exit from a troublous world. Caroline of Naples died before Talleyrand's opportunity had come. When Maria Theresa gave two of her elder daughters to be spouses of Christ, and married her two youngest to earthly kings, devout Catholic though she was, still her motherly heart probably rejoiced most at the latter provision. Yet how much happier was the lot of the Abbesses of Klagenfurt and Innsbruck than that of the Queens of France and of Naples! Marie Antoinette was guillotined, and Caroline Marie, ever after her sister's cruel death, felt her own neck in danger, and lost the balance of her mind thereby. She had many reverses, many troubles, of her own; but she never gave in; always carried her head high, like a daughter of Maria Theresa's. She shunned no labor or personal exertion: roughed it with Nelson in ships of war, placed herself at the head of armed Lazzaroni to defend her kingdom against the invading French, after men had given it up as a bad job. She rushed to Petersburg to procure an army from Czar Paul; conspired with her Sicilians against the protecting English and Lord Bentinck's paper-constitution. Finally she left her island, amidst the tears of her peasantry, beat about the Mediterranean waters like a she-Ulysses, and wandering toilsome journeys through Turkey, Sclavonia, Hungaria, had reached last year her maternal palace of Schönbrunn, where, in happier times, she used to play about her mother's knees; where her own daughter had lived, and died six years ago; where her granddaughter Marie Louise, Empress of the spoiler of her House, came to join her by-and-by, bringing her a great-grandson, ex-King of Rome! Here, waiting impatiently for the Congress, and appealing loudly meanwhile to God and man, she wandered about, in wild distracted moods, in the grounds and walks which had once resounded with her gay happy laughter; heard voices, saw visions, hands beckoning her, with "Hist, Caroline, hist!"—the vehement heart un-resting to the end. Till, at last, on the 8th of September, she found the long-missed peace, and was at rest. Queen Amelia, Louis Philippe's widow, and Christine of Spain are her daughters; King Bomba of Naples is her grandson;

and Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, is her great-grandson.

The obituary of the Congress records another death, of a tragi-comic sort, which, though difficult to relate, must as a diplomatic *specialité*, not be quite passed over in silence. A worthy old diplomatist, grown gray in ambassadorial routine, and well versed in Vattel and Puffendorf, had been summoned to Vienna to assist with his diplomatic lore. One evening at a court party, amongst the sublimest company in the world, the poor old gentleman was suddenly taken unwell, and felt premonished by uncourtly nature to withdraw without much delay. Which premonition he was about to obey, when a most gracious summons to join the imperial card-table reached him. Here was a case! Was he to obey the call of nature, or of honor and etiquette? Vattel and Puffendorf could not serve; but his Excellency was, perhaps, acquainted with Kant's "Essay on the Power of the Mind over the Body;" or remembered the Duke de St. Simon's heroism under analogous circumstances; and, with fatal self-confidence, chose the valiant part. He had the unspeakable distinction of sitting down to a *partie d'homme* with crowned heads; but, alas! he sat on thorns. Kant may demonstrate, and the Duke de St. Simon boast; the unfortunate, much-honored courtier discovered, in agonies, that though the spirit be strong, the flesh is weak. The high personages at his table, much discomforted, looked at each other, looked at the poor diplomatist, who tried to grin his politest but was changing color very fast, laid down the cards and left the table. The unfortunate gentleman hurried home, considered his case, and blew out his brains. He was, of course, much pitied, and the point was discussed in diplomatic circles, what *was* the correct course for a man and diplomatist to pursue in such conjuncture, and by what steps the catastrophe might have been obviated. Humboldt, in his cynical way, is reported to have said that, under similar circumstances, he would have quietly borne *his* part, and have left it to the other parties to bear theirs; but that he would in no case have shot himself for such reason; which opinion was thought to be very democratic, and gave offence in high quarters.

Somewhat later there occurred another

and more dignified exit from the Congress and the world. "*Le Congrès danse bien, mais il ne marche pas,*" was one of the Prince de Ligne's "last," and soon after followed his very last. Feeling himself indisposed, he predicted jestingly, that when the Congress should have exhausted all modes of entertainment, he would afford them the pleasure of a new spectacle—the funeral of an Austrian Field-Marshal. And he fulfilled his prophecy. Consistent dandy to the end, his will was found to be written upon rose-colored paper. He was the scion of an ancient house and had had an ancestor who was called "Big Devil," and on whom bluff Harry of England had conferred distinction. He had served in the Seven Years' War; had flirted with the Empress Catherine; had written a *Philosophie du Catholicisme*; and was the last extant specimen of the *beau* and *bel esprit* of a world that lies all submerged under the flood of the Revolution.

The month of January was the turning-point of affairs at Vienna. Matters had reached a height at which they could not continue long; the parties hostilely arrayed against each other began to grow alarmed at their own attitudes. Talleyrand and Metternich, strong in their secret alliance, soon bore down harder upon Prussia than Castlereagh had ever intended. So he had to check his secret allies: "Stop, gentlemen; not quite so fast, if you please. It is no interest of mine to weaken Prussia; all I want is to save a *little* of Saxony, with which to meet Mr. Whitbread in Parliament." Castlereagh now had other reasons for bringing matters to conclusion. Parliament was to meet soon; difficult questions were coming on—Corn Laws, Bank Charter; and he was much wanted at home to regain the ground which his colleagues had lost in the last session. The Duke of Wellington was to replace him at Vienna. But Castlereagh was unwilling to leave before some settlement had been arrived at. "The fate of Europe may depend on the conclusions of the ensuing month," he writes to Lord Liverpool, who pressed for his return. "You might as well expect me to have run away from Leipzig (if I had been there) last year, to fight Creevy and Whitbread, as to withdraw from here till the existing contest is brought to a point."\*

\* "Correspondence," x. 235, 247.

And so, early in February, the "point" is brought about by compromise and general concession: Alexander yields a little more of Poland; Castlereagh is satisfied with a little less for Hanover in the north, and for the Netherlands in the west; Prussia, being unable to help it, accepts *part* of Saxony instead of the whole—accepts the Rhine country and the post of honor and danger on the French frontier, "for the defence and in the interest of Germany, not for any Prussian interests," the king declared solemnly. The question of the Netherlands was easily settled, most parties being agreeable, and Russia being made agreeable by a certain Dutch loan payable out of the English exchequer. An abstract declaration condemnatory of the slave trade, was also easily redacted, being abstract.\* On the 3d of February the Duke of Wellington arrived; on the 6th, Castlereagh had the satisfaction of reporting home, that the Saxon question, and with it all other important questions (except the Italian), were settled; and on the 14th he finally left Vienna.

The German committee, enlarging itself into a sort of royal constituent assembly, composed of the representatives of the thirty-two sovereign princes and free cities, also resumed its labors, and was tending to that species of settlement which alone German affairs have for several centuries past proved capable of—a compromise. It resulted, finally, in the Act of Confederation, which broke down in '48; and which has since been set up again "provisionally," for want of any better possibility. And the great Barbarossa still sleeps on in the Harz mountain, unmindful of the cry of the ravens that flutter round his head.

The Duke of Wellington was at once discovered to be a considerable improvement upon his predecessor; his simplicity and decision impressing judges favorably, and being more helpful to forward business than Castlereagh's "long-windedness." The Duke made his first public appearance at a "*redoubt*," between the Ladies Castlereagh and Londonderry, when all three ran some danger of being crushed to

\* At the Congress of Utrecht, England had gained the *right* of trading in slaves to the Spanish colonies. At the Congress of Vienna it gained with some difficulty Spain's consent to the above declaration. Here is another feature upon the dial-plate of history.

death by the pressure of the crowd, eager to get sight of the Peninsular hero. And he began his diplomatic functions with helping Austria to the acquisition of the romantic valley of the Valteline, the Alpine pass which Richelieu once took from the Pope, and, having procured the sanction of the Sorbonne, gave to the Grisons. And now all was in full sail, and port, such as it was, almost within sight. A statistic committee, a river-navigation committee, a redacting committee (for polishing the Act of Congress into seemliness) were at work; and business, and, of course, pleasure (which never flagged), were in full train. So the winter passed; the snow melted on the hills, the young green sprang forth in the meadows of the Prater, and the ladies began to suffer from the March dust heating their eyes. On the 5th of March there was an evening party at Court, and there were *tableaux vivants*. One *tableau* had been got up with particular study and splendor. It represented the meeting between Maximilian I., jolly Kaiser Max, and Mary of Burgundy, an historical scene memorable to the House of Austria. The picture was the gem of all that had yet been produced in that line. Persons, costume, accessories, every thing was perfect; gallant princes in knightly armor, Spanish mantles, waving plumes, and artificial beards; beautiful high dames with diamond-spangled stomachers, embroideries, gold chains and rosy cheeks, shone in medieval splendor. The company was charmed, entranced with admiration—when, in a distant part of the room, near the door, a whisper was heard, and then a low murmur pervaded the outer circles, spreading and gaining in depth as it spread in space; and heads were seen to turn, staring no longer at the *tableau*, but at each other. At last the *dramatis personæ* themselves took the contagion, looked agitated, fell out of the prescribed pictorial posture—and, in fine, the meeting between Max and Mary got broken off in the middle by the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba! It operated like a clap of thunder in a cloudless sky, reports one witness: "it was not difficult to perceive that fear was predominant in all the imperial and royal personages there assembled,"\* writes another. In France persons were known to die of

joy: poor Berthier lost his senses, ran away from Paris to Bamberg, and finally threw himself out of the high window of his father-in-law's palace there; and here at Vienna kings and kaisers turned pale; so electrical is the effect of genius on the world!

One of the first things that Napoleon, arrived at the Tuileries, did, was to send a copy of the Triple Alliance of the 3d of January, which Louis XVIII. in his hurry had left behind him, to the Emperor Alexander. Alexander sent for Metternich, showed him the document in Stein's presence, and then, throwing it into the fire, said: "Metternich, whilst we live, there shall be no more mention of this. We have other things to do now." Castlereagh also sent apologetic messages: the treaty is "purely defensive;" "it arose out of a most indiscreet declaration of Prince Hardenberg;"\* and my following Metternich's and Talleyrand's lead. Fifteen years after, in Louis Philippe's time, he emerged again into the sunlight of diplomatic importance—not this time as the spokesman of legitimacy, but of "*quoi que*"—and assisted Castlereagh's Secretary-at-war, and successor at the Foreign Office, to undo all that great feat of English diplomacy, the union of the Netherlands; and to leave nothing of it, except the periodical pleasure of paying the interest of the Russo-Dutch loan! It was during this latter and last period of Talleyrand's political perihelium that Heine, in the character of "own correspondent," wrote from Paris to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*: "If an express should suddenly bring the news that Talleyrand had taken to a belief in accountability after death, the funds would at once go down 10 per cent." Talleyrand's soul and the funds, which again are said to be the barometer of the times, had grown into very close affinity in the period which followed and partly grew out of the work of the Congress!

But at Vienna measures of war have now to be taken in the midst of settlements of peace, and the Congress is getting beyond our limits. We must therefore leave it. On the 9th of June, 1815, the General Act of Congress was signed, which, with its one hundred and twenty-one articles, and "annexes" and "additional treaties," the curious may read in the third volume

\* Clancarty to Castlereagh. "Correspondence," x. 264.

\* Castlereagh to the Duke of Wellington. "Correspondence," x. 287.

of Flassan. We have only to notice that his Holiness the Pope and also Spain, the identical two Powers who, at the last great settlement of Europe, at the Peace of Westphalia, had "protested," protested also at Vienna—they two against the world. Cardinal Consalvi, the Pope's legate, whom we met on the Bastel, protested in Latin, in the very words of the protest at Münster, "*protestor, resisto et contradico*," in the name and interest of Holy Mother Church. May his Holiness protest evermore, *secula seculorum*!

Spain's protest were inviting to historical reflections, had we time. Ninety years previous to the date on which Don Pedro Gomez Labrador signed it, a predecessor of his, Don Ripperda, having concluded a treaty with Austria, wrote triumphantly from Vienna to his Court at Madrid: That France shall now be sacked, little Prussia annihilated in one campaign, the German Protestants crushed, the Dutch hucksters shut up in their cheese-shops, and the Hanoverians driven for ever from England. That was in April, 1725. And now, in June, 1815, Don Pedro Gomez Labrador, standing upon the floor of the Congress-room at Vienna, in the presence of all the above Powers, still unannihilated, solemnly protests about "Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla," and wraps himself in his cloak!

When "the noble Viscount in the blue ribbon," as Mr. Whitbread now face-

tiously called Lord Castlereagh, had resumed his duties in Parliament, he made his great defence of the Congress. Talleyrand congratulated him upon it in flattering terms: "*Je s'ays à-present et par vous, ce qu'il faut dire du Congrès*." "You have taught me how to speak of the Congress," writes the accomplished diplomatist. Anxious also to learn, one turns expectantly to the speech; but learns nothing, except the truth of Oxenstiern's famous lesson to his son. The substance of the noble Viscount's defence amounts to this: "Perfection belongs to no human work. It was the object of the Congress to carry into effect the Peace of Paris: we have honorably executed that." And this is intrinsically all he says. Of the kingdom of the Netherlands he speaks with a modest pride; and, on the whole, he is satisfied that "a great deal had been done for the happiness of mankind."

The minister, Stein, on the other hand, summing up, in a letter to his wife, *his* opinion about the Congress, says: "Dissipation and want of depth in one; obtuseness and coldness in another; meanness, dependence on Metternich, in a third; and frivolity in all, were the cause that no great, noble, beneficent idea could be brought to bear upon the work connectedly, and as a whole."

So differently will men judge of one and the same object, according to their several ideals.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

## M O N T E I L.\*

To struggle for literary fame; to devote forty years to the composition of an imperishable work; to toil amid pain and sickness, and the growing infirmities of age; never to be appreciated during all the period of that laborious existence, except by the chosen few; and finally to die in poverty, perhaps in want—and

then, when you have long been buried, and your name is nearly forgotten, your work to get slowly but surely into circulation, and to be pronounced a master-piece—this is the fate of few; but it was the fate of Amans Alexis Monteil, author of the *History of the French of various Conditions*—a book of amazing research, great skill in composition, picturesque, humorous, and characteristic, and now received as the sovereign authority upon

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\* *Histoire des Français des Divers États*. VICTOR LECOT, Libraire. Paris: 1853.

all the subjects on which it treats. The author was worthy of the work. Its object is to give a clear description of the French people as they presented themselves to their contemporaries during the five last centuries. Old cartularies are ransacked, baptismal registers consulted, manners and habits inquired into; the private life of the tradesman, of the merchant, of the laborer, earnestly investigated, and brought before us with the distinctness of a picture. And Alexis himself—he was more undecipherable than a charter of the time of Clovis, more dusty, begrimed, and antiquated than the records of a Benedictine monastery; nobody knew him; he breakfasted, dined (when he dined at all) and supped alone. Yet that man of parchment had a heart, loved passionately, mourned deeply, hoped ardently, and had such wit, such observation, such combination! Half of his qualities remind us of Dominie Sampson, and the other half of Sydney Smith. Let us dip into the contents of his volumes and the history of his life; and first of the man.

Poor old Alexis, amid the desolation of his later years, fled for consolation to the past. He revived the scenes of his youth, flew back to his native town, and gave daguerreotypes, in an autobiography which he never finished, of his father, his mother, his brothers, the people he had known, and the very stones he remembered in the walls. These reminiscences are very minute. Of course they are, for it was the habit of the man's mind to record the smallest particulars. He preferred them, indeed, to great ones. He would rather know the number of buttons on a general's coat than the battles he had won. So his father is brought before us in his habit as he lived. This worthy man had had losses, like Dogberry, and like that great functionary, had also held authority in his native town. The town was a very small town, and the authority was not great; but it was enough—it gave rank, it gave dignity; and the son records it as evidence that he came of gentle kin.

It was in the small city of Rhodéz, partly situated in Auvergne and partly in Rouergue, that Monsieur Jean Monteil, before the French Revolution, held the office of receiver of fines and forfeits. This does not seem a lofty post, but the worthy holder managed by a little ingenuity, and a law-suit which lasted six years, to get it recognized as one of the offices

of the crown, inasmuch as the fines were those levied by a royal court; and he was therefore as much a king's servant as the procureur himself. On the strength of this connection with the administration of justice, Monsieur Monteil wore a hat with a gold band, a gown also with a similar ornament; and on Sundays and fête days he had a right to march to the church, looking the embodiment of a beadle, and of sitting on a raised place near the altar, and being "incensed" by the officiating priests. His son dwells with filial pride on the noble figure his progenitor presented to the eyes of his fellow-townsmen, as he walked along the street with his gold-headed cane, and lifted his three-cornered hat in answer to the salutations of all who saw him. How long this went on we are not told; but one day the alarm-bell frightened the town of Rhodéz from its propriety. The Revolution had found its way to the deepest recesses of Auvergne, and the Reign of Terror began. The guillotine showed its hideous shape in the main street; war was declared against aristocrats; and who could be more clearly proved to belong to that doomed body than the portly gentleman with the gold-laced hat and the gold-handled ivory staff? John Monteil and the Dukes of Montmorency were equally worthy of death. There was no place left for De Grammonts or Monteils, and the servant of the king was no more saluted with respectful bows as he paraded his official costume on the first sound of the bell which called the faithful to church, and was no longer received with humble obeisances by the priests before the service began. In a short time there were no bells to ring—they were melted down to make soupieces by order of the Convention. Then there were no priests—they were all executed or banished, or had enlisted in the armies of the Republic; and finally there was no church—it was turned into a prison for the refractory; and John Monteil laid aside his gilded toga, and his cocked hat, and his cane, and hid himself as well as he was able in the dark parlor of his house. There he gave himself up to despair. And no wonder; the blow had fallen so unexpectedly, and death was on every side. He only waited till his turn should come; and at last it came. In the days of his grandeur he had taken into his service two of the boys of Rhodéz—one Jerome Delpech, who seems to have



had no family tree at all, and Jules Bauleze, the son of a poor seamstress. They had acted as his clerks, and were grateful to their old employer. They were now engaged in the public offices, and saw the whole tragedy as it went on. From time to time they slipped into the darkened parlor, and said, "Be on your guard"—"Fly"—"Save yourself." But John Monteil did not know whither to fly. All France was nothing but a scaffold, so he stayed at home.

The two clerks came near him no more. They were suspected. Jerome Delpech died of the jail fever, waited on in his illness by his old master; and Jules Bauleze, the son of the seamstress, he was accused of being an aristocrat; the fact could not be denied, and he was executed in front of the town-hall. Then the Committee of Public Safety began to tremble for the liberty and equality of the nation if such a very exalted personage as Monsieur Monteil were suffered to live. So the *cidevant* beadle is dragged to prison—to the very church, the scene of his weekly glories, where he sat on the front bench, and white-robed choristers swung censors under his nose till he was nearly suffocated with perfume (and smoke); and here, at the eastern end of the melancholy ruin (for the windows were taken out, and the ornamental work all carried away), he saw the seamstress Bauleze kneeling in an agony of silent grief at the remains of the broken altar. She had been thrown into confinement as the mother of an aristocrat, and would probably on the following day be his companion on the scaffold. But before the following day, Robespierre's reign was over, and the two representatives of the aristocracy of Rhodéz were saved. What now is Monsieur Jean Monteil to do? He is nothing if not magisterial. Rob him of his robes, and what is he? A poor man indeed, more sinned against than sinning, reduced to leave the splendors of his native city, and like Diocletian, plant cabbages in retirement. He occupied a cottage, and cultivated a few fields. But there was still left to him, companion and soother of his griefs, the gentle Marie Mazet, whom he had married when they were both in the sunshine of prosperity—both distinguished for birth and station; for she was the daughter of a mercer who sold the finest cloths in the town, and claimed some sort of unknown kindred with the Bandinellis of Italy and the Maf-

fettes of France. But this lofty genealogy was due to the antiquarian zeal of her husband. She herself only knew that Italy was a long way off, and that the Bandinellis and the Maffettes were probably no better than they should be. So she did not keep her head an inch higher on account of her noble origin, but was the most sedate, quiet, economical, painstaking manager of a household that Rhodéz had ever seen. She sang, but only at church, or over the cradles of her children; she walked, but only to mass or vespers; she lived, as was the custom of good housewives then, in the kitchen, presided at table, helping the young ones, cleaning up the dishes, ironing the clothes, arranging, settling, ordering all—a charming picture of a good mother of a family; and no wonder her son dwells with affecting tenderness over the details of his early home. And the vintage! The labors of the whole house were suspended on that blessed occasion. The dry and dusty streets were left behind; old and young took their way rejoicing to the vineyard which Monsieur Monteil possessed a few miles from the town; and even Madame Monteil forgot her cares—forgot her economies, and renewed her youth in the midst of the universal joy. A harvest home is a delightful sound in English or Scotch ears; it recalls the merry dance, the rustic feast, the games in the barn, the ballad, the smoking bowl—but what are all these to the vintage? The harvest itself consists in wine. The children of the South kindle with enthusiasm at the very sound of the word; and Bacchus and the ancient gods seem once more to revisit the earth in a visible shape. All Rouergue was in a ferment of enjoyment the moment the grapes were ripe; but even then the mother of the future historian had hours of serious reflection. With her hand clasped in the hand of her silent, thoughtful little boy, she looked often, long, and in silence, out of the window of the summer-house, her eyes lifted to the sky, her mouth mantling with a smile, sunk in an ecstasy of holy contemplation, such as we see in Ary Scheffer's noble picture of St. Augustin and his Mother. "What are you thinking of, dear wife?" said Monsieur Jean Monteil. "On eternity," she replied in a soft voice, and gave her little boy's hand a warmer clasp. It must be from the maternal side Alexis derived his quiet strength and the exquisite

feeling of romance which enables him to realize the states of society, the sentiments and family connections so long past away. A mother like this would have been a fatal loss at any time; but happening when it did, the blow was irrecoverable. So good a manager might have restored the family fortunes; so loved a parent might have kept the sons united and respectable; "but she fell into the dust," says Alexis, seventy years after her death, "and our household was ruined for ever." These are strange revelations of the interior economy of an obscure family, in one of the most obscure of the provinces of France, before and during the Revolution; and the curtain rises and falls upon all the sons—for Alexis survived his brothers—and traces them with a light and graceful hand from the cradle to the grave. The eldest was old enough to know the distinction of his position as heir of the family name, when the Revolution broke out, and buried Jean Baptiste Jacques under the ruins of the feudal system. He had studied for the law—he had, in fact, had the honor of being called to the bar, and, by his great eloquence and knowledge, of getting his client—the only one he had—condemned to the galleys for life. But he, like his father, was forced to put off the gown, and, unlike his father, who staid to brave the tempest at home, he fled. Meanly, ignominiously he fled, and hid himself amid the retired valleys of the Gevaudan, where he thought nobody would find him out, and where he might boast of his loyalty and suffering without danger. But his boastings brought dangers from which greatness could not be exempt. A certain loyalist of the name of Charrie—a peasant who thought that a few of his fellow-laborers could restore the *fleur-de-lis* on the points of their pitchforks and other agricultural implements with which they armed themselves—heard of the exiled magnate who made the echoes of the Gevaudan vocal with his lamentations and cries for vengeance, and came to the gownless advocate and made him colonel of the ragged regiment on the spot! Here was a choice of evils. If he refused the colonelcy, he would in a few minutes be cut into many hundred pieces by the scythes of the furious Legitimists; if he accepted, he was certain in a few weeks to be guillotined for rebellion against the Republic. But as weeks are

better than minutes, he accepted the honorable rank, and Colonel Jean Baptiste showed himself at the head of his troops, and armed himself with a reaping-hook, which looked like a Turkish scimeter with the bend the wrong way. He armed himself also with a white cockade, which had the remarkable property of presenting the tri-color when turned inside out; and, prepared for either fortune, retained, as it were, on both sides, the colonel-advocate considered himself secure, whatever might happen. But Charrie was not so blind as was thought. The trick was found out, and the colonel fled: he ran, he climbed, he struggled over walls, he staggered across gardens—the scythemen, the pitchforkmen, the reaping-hookmen, the flailmen after him; and by dint of quick running, and artful turnings, and scientific doubles, he might have been safe; but a dreadful outcry in an outhouse—the infuriate babblings of turkey-cocks, the hissing of geese, the quacking of ducks—betrayed him. He had concealed himself in a hen-roost, and the denizens of the poultry-yard had regarded neither the tri-color nor the white cockade. In spite of his duplicity and cowardice, he got off. Happier than Charrie, who paid for his brief authority with his head, the eldest hope of the Monteils lived in peaceful obscurity, cultivating potatoes, both red and white, and brewing the best wine of the district, till, having planted and brewed all through the first wars of the Empire, he died at sixty, forgetful alike of his legal studies and military adventures, and only doubtful as to the superiority of the long kidney or the pink-eyed rounds.

The next was a wit—a *roué* to the extent of a few rows on the street, and a poet to the extent of a few lampoons on the respectable dignitaries of Rhodéz. He tore off the knockers of the street-doors, changed the sign-boards of different tradesmen, and went through the usual stages of a fast young gent's career. He proceeded to Paris, determining to be chancellor; he moderated his desires in a few years, and would have been satisfied to be a peer of France; he sank lower still, and would have accepted any thing he could get, but he could get nothing, so he became a land-measurer of the humblest kind, retained his gayety to the last, sang his own little songs and repeated his own little epigrams, and died of corpulence and laziness at the age of eighty-two, as

happy, perhaps, as if his dreams of ambition had been fulfilled. The third and last brother was the black sheep of the flock. He enlisted in the hopeful time for any one who had courage and a sword, in 1793, and might have been a Soult, or a Ney, or Murat. Instead of that, he was an idle, dissipated dog, who sank from vice to vice, till, having some musical talent and great strength of wrist, which obtained him the situation of drummer in the regiment, he behaved so ill that some brother of the trade was employed to drum him out of the army, and he returned to his home, living at his impoverished father's expense—getting a dinner where he could—drinking when he could obtain wine—gambling when he could borrow a button to toss with—useless, shameless, heartless; and when the old man died, and the cottage passed to strangers, and his contemporaries had perished, and the new generation knew him no more, he found his way to Paris, wandered through the streets in search of an hospital, was so thin and worn and broken down that he was admitted without certificate, and lay down on a crib in the charitable ward and died: and this the result of the education and the example given by Monsieur Jean Monteil of Rhodéz, and the gentle Marie Mazet! Was it for this they were so strict in honor, so pure in heart, so tender in affection, only to produce a coward, an idler, and a beggar? The fate of families well and carefully brought up, circled round "by father's blessing, mother's prayer," during all their youth, and giving way at once to the excesses of vice, and sinking into the abysses of shame, is one of the most curious of our every-day experiences. Are we to blame the parents? They have done the best they could; but Tom gets a commission, and is cashiered; Billy gets into a bank, and forges a draft; Harry goes to the bar, and drinks himself to death at the cider-cellar; and the proud and chivalrous old father, the soft and affectionate mother, after mourning for a few years in the small lodging to which the extravagance of their family has reduced them, die of broken hearts. But in the case of the Monteils there was one redeeming point: one son was all they could wish in the way of affection, of uprightness, of quietness, and devotion to his books. There was Amans Alexis, studying from morn to night—very shy—very awkward—very

queer—caring nothing for society—knowing little of any thing that had occurred since the battle of Pavia—insatiate in his hunger after old scraps of manuscript—starting off, stick in hand, bread in pocket, if he heard that in some miserable valley among the hills there had been a demolition going on of a monastery, or rotten old chest discovered among the rat-holes of some tatterdemalion town-hall. The odd-looking youth, tired and travel-stained, saw at a glance if the muniment-chest was old and useless enough to be of any value; he opened the moth-eaten lid, and saw a file of moth-eaten papers. In a moment he ran over the hieroglyphics they contained. The language they were written in, though Latin in name, would have puzzled Cicero and the College of Augurs to interpret a syllable. Alexis read them off like round-hand, and bought them—sixpence—ninepence—a franc—and the treasure was his. He turned his heels on the monastery or the town-hall, and pursued his way to Paris. He goes to the Depository of the Archives of France. Do you want an original charter granted by Louis le Hutin to the Abbey of St. Bernard de Romans in Dauphiny?" "Certainly. It is worth its weight in gold," and it is now a valued article in the Bibliothèque Impériale.

But old charters are not to be found every day, even if monasteries—which is greatly to be wished—were every day demolished; and yet the daily bread is to be procured. Bonaparte is in the first dash of youthful power. Nothing escapes him; no amount of bushels can hide any candles which can light his way to empire. The laborious student, the groper among old documents, the retiring antiquary, is discovered, and is installed Professor of History at the Military School. No man in France knew more of history than Amans Alexis Monteil; but it was the history of the citizen, not of the soldier. He knew what was the position of the grocer, of the shoe-black, of the petty tradesman, since grocers and shoe-blacks and petty tradesmen were created. He dwelt on the family circle gathered round the cottage fire in the year 1450. He could tell of every article of furniture in the castle of the noble, and also all the circumstances of the carpenters who made them. He knew the habits of the scholars of Amboise or of Paris in the days of Joan of Arc; but the wars of Frederick of Prussia,

the wars of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden—he hated wars—he was the biographer of the people, and did not concern himself much about the great ones of the earth. So his pupils were rather inattentive; they did not care much for the simple annals of workmen and laborers who had been dead four hundred years; and, besides, they were listening for the guns which were thundering all over the world. How could they hear a dissertation on the quarrels of the Benedictines and the Cordeliers, when they were in momentary expectation of a bulletin from the army of Italy? How could they listen to a description of the agricultural laborers of Provence on the day after the news of Marengo? They went off and were killed, or rose to be generals, governors, marshals. And Alexis plodded on. He gathered materials in all directions for the great work that was never from his thoughts—pondered, inquired, compared, and finally completed the most marvellous reproduction of the past which any country possesses. It is, in fact, a minute detail of the humble ranks in France, the inhabitants of obscure towns and farms and hamlets. What Monfaucon is to the nobility, with his fourteen folio volumes of emblazoned arms, and vivid representation of the life in hall and palace, the glitter of the tilt-yard, the mustering of knights and squires for battle, the gentle Alexis is for the peasant, for the roturier, the bourgeois, and the serf. He erects his tent in the market, in front of the monastery, at the great gate of the chateau, or in the fair, where he is surrounded by mountebanks and ballad-singers and jugglers, and writes down exactly what he sees. He sees a leper sitting at the gate, veiled and guarded. He meets a funeral—he meets a wedding; he accompanies the corpse to the church, and the bride to her chamber. He omits nothing; and he supports every statement by the most amazing array of documents. There are writings and inscriptions, and medals of brass, and carved pieces of stone, and fragments of chests of drawers, all giving confirmation strong to whatever fact he states. And this minute supervision he extends over four centuries. The tradesman is followed from the time of the domination of the English to the time of the domination of Louis the Fourteenth. The noble is seen, over all that lapse of time, governing, quarrelling, trampling, oppress-

ing; and you soon see that the Revolution of 1789 was a great revenge for centuries of wrong; that the guillotine of 1793 was built out of timber planted by feudal barons, when Francis the First was king; and you wonder no longer at the inhuman ferocity of a peasantry and a middle class, equally despised and equally hated by the spurred and feathered oligarchy who ground them to the dust, and insulted them in their dearest relations. Happily for us, feudalism died a natural death, or was put an end to like a gentleman in fair fight at Naseby and elsewhere, or scientifically bled into its grave by acts of Parliament, or John Bull would have torn it in pieces like a tiger; for the *History of the French of various Conditions* would apply equally well during the first century of the record (the fourteenth) to our English trades. But in the sixteenth the divergence is complete. Nobles in England are tyrants no more, nor the lower classes slaves. When Leicester was entertaining Elizabeth at Kenilworth, an Englishman's house was his castle. When Sully was raising adherents for Henry the Fourth, the French peasant had no property and no rights. Leicester would have been tried for robbery if he had taken forcible possession of John Smith's ox or cow. Sully would have passed scot-free if he had burned Jacques Bonhomme's cottage about his ears, and tossed that starveling individual into the flames on the point of his lance. There is such an impression of truth and reality about these revelations of Monteil, that we never have a doubt on the smallest incident of his details. If for a moment we pause in our perusal, and say, "Can this possibly be correct? Can such things be?" What is the use of further hesitation? You turn to the note at the end of the volume. You find voucher after voucher, from all manner of people, priests, lawyers, and judges. You might as well doubt your own marriage, with the certificate of that stupendous fact before your eyes, signed by parson, and clerk, two bridesmaids, and the best-man. It is better to read on with unhesitating belief. You will only get into a cloud of witnesses which will throw you positively into the dark ages, as if you had been a spectator of the scene. And the author all this time—is he a mere machine, a mill for the grinding of old facts into new and contemporary pieces of knowledge, as an old bronze statue may

be coined into current money? Alexis is married; Alexis has a child—such a wife and such a child no man was ever blessed with before. His father, our deceased acquaintance, the former aristocrat of Rhodéz, Monsieur Jean Monteil, married his student son, shortly after the tempest burst out upon the throne and nobility of France, to a charming creature, young, innocent, and an heiress, daughter of a gentleman who, long before this, had retired to enjoy his fortune with dignity—a Monsieur Rivié, a little man, but strong—strong as a blacksmith. And this was lucky, for he was a blacksmith by trade. Not a common blacksmith, be it understood, but so clever, so sharp, so knowing, and withal such a dreadfully hard hitter, that he was a very uncommon blacksmith indeed. Little Rivié was the name he was known by all over the part of the country where his anvil rung. But little Rivié rose to be great Rivié before long. He shod horses for great men; he shod a war-horse for the Prince of Conti; he shod a charger for Marshal Saxe; he shod a lame horse so skillfully for a certain colonel that the colonel got him the contract for supplying the regiment with its remounts. He bought lame horses, of course, cured them, and sent them capering and caracoling to the barracks. It was the best-horsed regiment at Dettingen, and ran away at the first fire. So the smith grew rich, and married, and retired, as was said above, to show his well-earned wealth and his delightful family to his admiring town-folk. As he rattled through the street, he became so inflated with pride and happiness that the axle of his carriage broke, and he was forced to alight. Luckily the accident happened just opposite a smithy. The mulciber was an old fellow-apprentice, but could not recognize his ancient comrade in the person of the great seignor who had crushed his axle-tree by the mere weight of his importance. He also could not mend the fracture. In a moment the noble stranger pulled off his embroidered coat, tucked up his fine-linen sleeves, seized the sledge, and, O heavens! wasn't there a din?—a hail of blows?—a storm of sparkles?—a rat-a-tat on the end, on the side, on the middle, and still the twelve-pound hammer went on. "By St. Eloi!" said the owner of the instrument, you are either the d—l himself or little Rivié." And little Rivié it was. And little Rivié he continued to the end, for

all his grandeur disappeared. That dreadful Revolution meets us at every turn. It broke the axle-tree of Monsieur Rivié's carriage, beyond the power of Vulcan himself to mend—it took off his embroidered coat, which nobody could ever restore—it tucked up his fine-linen shirt-sleeves, and nothing could ever bring them down again. In the days of his prosperity he had given his eldest daughter (and a dowry) to the Marquis de Lusignan—a nobleman who advanced claims to the island of Cyprus and the kingdom of Jerusalem, but was delighted to accept a few thousand francs as "tocher" with the daughter of a contractor. He borrowed a few thousands more on the income of the baronial estates of the Lusignans, besides a collateral security on the revenues of the Holy City when it was restored to its legitimate king. This mortgage was settled as the marriage fortune of the younger daughter, the sweet and excellent Annette. But the barony of Lusignan followed the example of Cyprus and Jerusalem, and vanished into thin air at a twist of the necromantic wand of Danton and Robespierre. Little Rivié was too old to resume the hammer. He retired, with his sons and daughters, to a small farm in the neighborhood of Rhodéz; and the ex-beadle and the ex-blacksmith arranged a marriage between the historian of the trades and the sister of the Queen of Cyprus. Her majesty had died, and her royal lord was flourishing a pair of scissors, and occasionally a razor, in the Burlington Arcade. Did the gentle Annette repine at her change of fortune? Did she mourn over the days of her father's grandeur, and despise the queer, learned, modest, loving being she had enriched with her first affection? Ah! never for an hour. They sometimes had a dinner, sometimes not; but always mutual trust, always perfect love. Occasionally, when fortune smiled more than usual, Alexis would address a letter to her as "Her Royal Highness the Princess of Lusignan, in her patrimonial realm of Cyprus;" but this was only when a manuscript had put them in funds. At other times they were sad enough. With the amount of their united fortunes they had bought a small cottage and garden near Fontainebleau. Here he resided, walking every day six miles to his class and six miles back. Annette regularly met him, on his return, a mile or two from home,

and, arm-in-arm, they reëntered their own domain. But the class disappeared, the chair of history was suppressed, and the house was offered for sale. A purchaser appeared, and Alexis, in the interest of some future antiquarian of two thousand three hundred and nine, preserved the "Agreement to buy." It was between "Dame Monteil and his Majesty Napoleon the Great, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, and Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine." It is a pity that the sum agreed on was not so magnificent as the titles of the buyer. It was only two hundred pounds—"a small price," says Alexis with a sigh, "out of the contributions of all Europe."

They now removed into a garret in a suburb of Paris, and day by day the husband put on his hat and traversed the great dark streets in search of something to do, but got no comfort from the interminable lines of narrow-windowed houses; for not a door was opened, not an offer was made, and, weary and disheartened, he found his way back to his attic, to the suffering smile of Annette, and the playful caresses of his boy. His Alexis was now two years old, and with these two the heart of the simple student was completely filled. There never had been such a child before, except among the cherubs of Murillo. He would make him such a scholar! such a Christian! such a man! but in the mean time their two hundred pounds (diminished by the expenses of the sale) were rapidly disappearing. The time of the green leaves was coming on. They heard birds whistling in the dusty trees on the road before their windows—they thought of the chestnuts, and limes, and hedgerows of Rouergue. "Come," said Alexis, "Paris has no need of such a useless fellow as I am. Let us go home." Annette packed up her small possessions, took the young Alexis in her arms, and away they go in the first sunny days of the month of May. Away they go on foot, Alexis generally bestriding his father's shoulders as if he felt Bucephalus beneath him, and through the smiling plains—through Nemours, Montargis, Cosne, Pouilly—lies their course, and Paris gradually is forgotten. They walked at a good pace, for they liked to have an hour or two to spare when they came to a shady place and a spring. Then they undid the knapsack, and bread soaked in the fountain became ambrosia, and they

did not envy the gods. Through Moulins, Clermont, Issoire, on they go, talking, arranging, hoping. And at last they see the chestnut trees, the limes, the hedgerows—they are in the paradise of their youth: they know the names of every field—they are beloved by all that see them—and they live on sixty francs (two pounds eight and fourpence) a month. The vegetables are delightful, the milk plentiful, the loaf abundant, and they never think of meat. Amans Alexis writes—writes—writes. Annette sits beside him, and listens with entranced ears as he reads to her, chapter by chapter, the history of her countrymen who lived, and worked, and hungered so long ago. His great book is now begun, and his life is happy. Scraps of paper with perfectly illegible lines furnish him with a hint, which he works up into a statement. The statement grows a story, the story grows a picture, and we become as familiarly acquainted with Friar John, Cordelier of Tours, and Friar Andrew, Cordelier of Thoulouse, as with any of our friends. And such a correspondent as Friar John of Tours has seldom been met with since he started on his memorable journey to Paris in the year 1340. Then all the personages introduced are as real as a lord mayor. Where Alexis got his knowledge of character, his sly observation, his exquisite touches of humor, is a puzzle to those who know his story. But it was not in Stratford that Shakespeare got his knowledge of the tortures of a successful usurper like Macbeth; nor in London that he repeated at second hand the wit of Benedict or Mercutio. Alexis found the grave dignity of the Sire de Montbason, the ill-repressed ardor of the soldier-monk Friar William, and the noble lessons in chivalry given by the Commander of Rhodes, in the same wonderful reservoir of unacted experience in which Shakespeare found the jealousy of the Moor and the philosophic wanderings of Hamlet. The family group in the Castle of Montbason is worthy of Sterne, and the warrior-coloring of Scott.

The book grows—it takes shape—visions of wealth and honor look out in every page; and again to Paris must they go. They go—and the same wretched life comes upon them again. They are again in a garret. Again Alexis walks through desolate streets; again his misery is cheered by his wife and the prattle of his son: but he does not see a hectic color

on Annette's cheek, or hear a cough which shakes her frame. She never mentions how weak she is growing, till at last concealment is impossible. She languishes in the town air, and pants once more for the fields and gardens. She sees, when lying on her sleepless bed, the whole district rise before her as if she were there. She sees the church, the farm, the cottage where they were so happy. Nothing will keep her in Paris; she must die in her native village. Alexis is broken-hearted. It is impossible for them all to travel so far; the journey by coach is too expensive, on foot too far; but Annette must be gratified in all. It seems a small favor to give to so good a wife—the choice of a place to die in.

"There are three spots," says Alexis, "which I never pass without thinking of Annette: the Rue de Seine, at the corner of the Rue de Tournon. It was there that she all of a sudden began to limp, attacked by rheumatism. 'Ah!' she cried, 'tis the last of my unhappy walks.' Another time, on the Pont Royal, a band of music passed, followed by the Imperial Guards. Annette said to me, 'I scarcely see them; there is a cloud before my eyes.' Alas, alas! my last recollection of her is at the coach office, where I saw her take her departure. 'Adieu, adieu!' she said to me over and over with her sweet voice—and I was never to see her again!" Alexis took no warning from the limping in the Rue de Seine, or the blindness on the Pont Royal. She staid with him, cheering him, soothing him, sustaining him to the last; and then, when she could only be a burden and a care to him, she unfolded her wings like a dove, and flew away and was at rest.

Alexis was very desolate now, but he labored on; he lavished on his son all the affection that formerly was spread over two. He educated him himself—made him the sharer of his studies, the partner of his pursuits. Brought up in such poverty, and accustomed only to his parents, he never was a child. At thirteen he was grave, thoughtful, laborious, and had the feelings of a man of middle age. The government did not altogether pass over the claims to compensation for the suppression of the Historic Chair which Alexis now advanced. He was made a sub-librarian at the school of St. Cyr, and ate his bread in faith; and he published his volume, but got nothing for all his toil. It

was in a style so new, and on a subject so generally neglected, that it had a small circulation, though highly esteemed by all who had the power to appreciate the skill of the workman and the value of the work. Still he toiled on, for he had his son to provide for; and the boy was now grown up a fine, stately young man, reminding Alexis of his mother by the sweetness of his temper and the beauty of his features. There were other points of resemblance which he did not perceive. The youth was his father's only companion, the father was the youth's only friend; and great was the pride of Alexis when he was told that his comrade was in love, was loved, and was soon about to marry. A bright prospect for poor old Monteil, who saw a renewal of his own youth, and the tenderness of Annette, in the happiness of his son and the attentions of his daughter-in-law. The son was admitted as clerk of the historical archives of France, and his salary was enough for his wants. The audience, fit, though few, which approved of the father's volumes, encouraged him to proceed. There was at last a prospect of a brilliant fame and a comfortable income. They could buy a small house at Fontainebleau; they would all live together: when children came, there would be new editions of the Fourteenth Century, to be a portion for the girl; the Fifteenth Century should educate the boy; the Sixteenth should go into a fund for saving; and the other Centuries could surely be a provision for the author's old age. Could any thing be more delightful or more true? But young Monteil grew weak, no one knew why. He walked home in the rain one evening, and dried himself at the stove; he shivered as he stood before it, and then went to bed—and then was in a fever—and in three days he died!

"I lost him," says Alexis, "on the 21st September, 1833, at eleven o'clock at night. I closed his eyes. Oh, misery! Oh, my child!—my second self! Hearest thou the cries and sobs of the wretched being who was once thy father? Dost thou recognize the voice of the poor old man whom thou so lovedst—who loved thee so? Thou leavest him alone upon the earth, and his hair is now white and his arms empty!"

And his house was empty, and his purse, but not his cup of suffering. Away went all his dreams of buying the little villa at

Fontainebleau, with its garden and paddock, its cow-shed and hen-roost. A vault was now to be purchased, and Monteil had not the necessary sum. But was his son, the hope of his old age, the tenderest and most affectionate of children, to be committed to the common grave, tossed in without a name, without a headstone, without a flower above his head? No! he would beg, he would pray—he would implore as a favor that a little spot of earth should be given him to be the resting-place of his boy till he joined him in the tomb—together the loving two, in death as in life. He wrote to the prefecture of the Seine with his simple request; but not a clerk in all that establishment had heard of his book. He got no answer. Still he did not despair. He left the corpse for an hour—he walked to the prefect—he saw him, he said to him, bare-headed, broken-voiced, “Monsieur, I am Monteil;” but a look at the dignitary’s face showed him that there was no response to the announcement. “Perhaps,” he said, “you never heard my name?” And it was too true. He turned away, staggered blindly down the stair, with his hand before his eyes. And he saw his son cast carelessly, disdainfully, into the vast ditch into which the penniless are thrown.

Amans Alexis Monteil wrote at his great work no more. Fortune so far smiled on him that he succeeded to a sum of £300. With this he bought a cottage at Cely, a pretty village near Fontainebleau, and lived on hermit’s fare. He wandered and mused in the Bois de Boulogne; he sat on the stone seats of the gardens of the Luxembourg; but he saw no one at home, visited no one abroad. He had ventured all the happi-

ness of his life on two frail barks, and both had foundered. Annette and Alexis, both had gone, and why should he labor more? The villagers saluted him as he passed, out of respect to age and sorrow, and he repaid them after his kind. He traced up their genealogies—discovered for them where their ancestors had come from, and finished by composing a veritable history of the hamlet where he lived. The historian of the commons of France became also historian of Cely, and more—he became its benefactor and friend. Just before his death, he founded recompenses for good conduct. He consented to the sale of a certain portion of his domain, and with the interest of the money so raised he ordered medals of honor—silver, with an inscription—to be given annually to the man who should drain a marshy piece of ground—to him who should plant the finest vine around his cottage—to the best laborer—to the village crone or washerwoman who should amuse her circle of listeners with the most entertaining (and innocent) stories—and to the shepherd who should show the kindest treatment of his flock, *remembering that all have the same Creator*. And thus, mindful of his poorer neighbors, and just and benevolent to the end, Amans Alexis Monteil closed his honorable life. His work has been twice crowned by the Institute of France: it is in its fourth edition; it has been eulogized by Guizot; it will be the delight of many generations. But what cares Amans Alexis for favor that comes so late? Sufficient for him is the neglected turf grave in the church-yard of Cely, with the short inscription of his name and the record of his seventy-five years of pain. “Requiescet in pace.”



From Hogg's Instructor.

## F R E D E R I C K   T H E   G R E A T .

### F I R S T   P A P E R .

FREDERICK THE GREAT seems to us yet unknown in England. His extraordinary energy, his indomitable perseverance, and his striking military and practical qualities, are universally acknowledged; but his moral character is almost never appreciated. He is a demon incarnate, according to the prevalent notion; a man who delighted in wickedness for its own sake; who was malicious, spiteful, contemptuous, and diabolically tyrannical—a man who, in one word, was “without fear, without faith, and without mercy.”

We have no hesitation in pronouncing such an opinion rash and unfounded. Frederick is the hero of the Germans, and justly so. They have erected monuments to his honor; they admire in him the wise and noble-hearted man who labored his whole life long for the good of his kingdom, and they have conferred on him the well-deserved title of Father of his Country. This opinion, we may say, is universal among them; and they feel an attack upon his character as keenly as a Scotchman would feel indignation at contempt expressed for Wallace or Bruce.

In the following papers we intend to furnish a rapid sketch of the principal features of Frederick's character, drawing our information as much as we can from his own writings. We cannot, of course, do justice to him—that will be the work of a thorough biographer; but we shall have accomplished our object, if we succeed in attracting attention to the most remarkable king of modern times, and to one of the best men of a most degenerate age.

A chronological outline of Frederick's history may be given in a few words. He was born on the 24th of January, 1712, while his grandfather was on the throne. Before he was a year old, his father had become king, and young Fritz was looked on as the hope of the nation. In May,

1740, Frederick William I. died, and Frederick II., afterwards the Great, succeeded to the throne. Before the end of the year, Frederick had engaged in a war with Austria, demanding Silesia from the Empress Maria Theresa. After a conflict of two years, this was granted to him; but two years of peace had not passed, when he had again to take up arms, and was again successful. Silesia was secured to him by the peace of Dresden (December, 1745), and afterwards by the general peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (October, 1748). Frederick now applied himself to the internal government of his kingdom for twelve years. A storm had been threatening him for some time, and it burst upon him from all sides at the end of 1756, or rather in the beginning of 1757. Austria, France, Russia, Saxony, and Sweden had resolved to strip him of his power and his kingdom. The only aid which he received in the struggle was certain subsidies from England. Nevertheless, Frederick stood out against all; and, after a series of most extraordinary defeats, victories, calamities, and lucky occurrences, he came forth unscathed. The nature of the war may be inferred from the following calculations of Frederick himself, who can be thoroughly relied on in such matters. He says that the war cost him 180,000 soldiers, while the loss of the different powers that were opposed to him amounted together to 673,000. Prussia and Russia were the only two states on which the war had not brought a national debt. After this, Frederick had to restore his country from the misery into which this frightful war had thrown it. Whole villages had been burned or laid waste; thirteen thousand houses had been so completely demolished that there remained no traces of them. The fields lay uncultivated. There was neither grain for seed, nor horses for work. In many districts scarcely a

single man was to be found. There was dearth and desolation everywhere. Here was work for Frederick, and he did it thoroughly. He gave vast sums of money to the impoverished provinces; he encouraged agriculture; he recovered waste land; he established manufactories; he invited colonists; he watched over the administration of the law with jealous eye; and he soon brought back the country to a prosperous and contented condition. In the mean time, he entered on an alliance with Russia; one result of which was that he had to agree to a division of a part of Poland, he himself getting only a small share, and that composed of Germans. After this, he engaged in a war, called that of the Bavarian Succession, in which he defended a weak German state against the encroachments of Austria. Then he formed a confederation of the German States. By this time he had grown old, and on the 17th of August, 1786, early in the morning, Frederick died, leaving 72,000,000 dollars in the exchequer, and having added to his country, by conquests, inheritance, and treaties, 28,000 square miles. He was buried amid the regrets and profound admiration of his nation. His personal effects were worth almost nothing. His whole wardrobe was sold to a Jew for 400 dollars; and so torn were his shirts, that there was not one fit for his corpse, and that which was used belonged to a valet.

In trying to form an idea of the character of this illustrious man, it will be well for us to cast a glance at the very peculiar education which he received; and it is of prime importance to note the features of the age into which he was born. The influence of Louis le Grand was then paramount in all the courts of the Continent. The grandfather of Frederick was an imitator of that pompous and magnificent monarch; and his reign had been a continual exhibition of pageants and costly banquets. Even Frederick William, who prided himself on his opposition to literature and etiquette, was forced to yield to the power of French customs in some respects, and his court breathed a French atmosphere. At this time, too, France not only gave the law to the fashionable world, but it stood at the head of civilization; its literature was universally reckoned the richest production of the modern mind, and in many points superior to the classics; and conse-

quently every young aspiring mind turned to that land as the centre of the brightest attractions. Young Fritz drank in these influences unconsciously, and they are to be seen acting in him throughout the whole of his life. Their force was considerably increased by the circumstance that his first *gouvernante* was French; and the teacher who helped most to open up his mind, Dühan by name, belonged to the same nation.

Of course, it is the father and the mother whom we expect to see acting most powerfully on the young soul; and this we find was the case in the present instance. The mother, Sophia Dorothea, daughter of George I. of England, has received a good deal of the French culture, has a taste for the fine arts, values highly a liberal education, and is naturally affectionate. If her face cannot be called beautiful, it is at least interesting; her blue eyes are full of life; her brown hair and pale complexion agree well; and she has decidedly a faultless figure—queen-like, though with a little too much of pride in her movements. Now, as our young Fritz was a delicate child, was moreover rather dull at his lessons, and could not stand harsh treatment of any kind, it was natural that he should take to this mother, and should learn much from her. And certainly he did learn some things from her—one or two of them very good and worthy of acquirement, and one or two quite of a different character.

Among the good things which he learned, was a taste for literature and the fine arts. Then his naturally benevolent disposition was fostered by this kind lady—for she made him her almoner, and it was he that was invariably the medium of the many gifts which she showered upon the poor. A beautiful instance of young Fritz's practice of benevolence on his own account has been handed down to us. While yet a child, he was taken with his father and mother to Hanover, to see his friends there. On the way they stop for about three hours at Tangermünde. Fritz goes to a confectioner's shop, buys all the sweetmeats and biscuit that his pocket-money will allow him, and with infinite delight distributes his purchases among the inhabitants. It was this, he often used to say, that first gave him a taste of the intense joy which arises from seeing multitudes made happy.

Sophia Dorothea's lessons, as we said, were not all good. She was proud, and Frederick was not slow in catching the infection. Besides, she was educated, and had rather a contempt for the ignorant and unpolished; and, above all, she had no great love for her unpolished, ignorant husband. Accordingly we find that her young boy and his sister Wilhelmine, who acted as Fritz's playfellow, soon came to know that the old fellow, king though he was, was a fool; and they now and then had small theatricals, in which, not without delight to the mother, they played off the weaknesses and foibles of their father.

Unfortunately, in their opinion of the king the young creatures were not far wrong; though this is no excuse for Sophia Dorothea. Frederick William, a small, red-faced, yet kingly man, was of head-strong temper, violent in his passions, and very barbarous in his tendencies and habits. His principal delight was in soldiery and gigantic grenadiers. A man was nothing, if he were not a soldier. And so, as the first part of Frederick's education, he must be taught soldiery. If Frederick is to have his father's approbation, he must glory in the military profession—his whole being must breathe the atmosphere only of a soldier. Next to this he must be taught religion—to obey God and his parents. And, last, he must become acquainted with the history of his own house—the house of Brandenburg; and with other histories also, since he may yet have to act an important part among the kings of the earth. But as to any other thing, such as Latin, or music, or painting, what use could a soldier make of these? Nay, they were unbecoming a soldier, unmanly, and consequently they are strictly forbidden—that is, they are strictly forbidden by the king; not by the queen, who encourages them. Which, then, is to have the guidance of our young pupil? Clearly, there is a family dispute here, and the woman, as being the cleverer, soon has it her own way. Frederick William's will and command are indisputable; the queen dares say nothing against that; but she gets instructors for Fritz, who give him private lessons; so private that the king must hear nothing of them, or there would be a certainty of a storm. Frederick is thus early initiated into the practice of dodging his father.

As Frederick grows up, however, the king begins to see that all is not right, that his young son is not a genuine soldier, is not altogether obedient to one parent, and that he has been learning the flute, dressing in French clothes, reading poetry, and doing other disgraceful things. Frederick William's temper was by no means a very pleasant one at any time, but now it burst forth into most ungovernable fits of fury against Frederick and his sister. He hated to see them; he could not pass them without bringing his stick down upon their heads; they were confined in lonely places; they were sometimes like to be starved; and he felt a joy in thoroughly embittering their existence. There are circumstances that may in part palliate the conduct of Frederick William. The Austrian diplomats, who had instructions to prevent two marriages which the dear proud maternal heart of the queen had planned—one of Wilhelmine with the English Prince of Wales, and the other of Frederick with an English princess—were continually whispering insinuations against the queen and the prince. Then the king was subject to the gout; besides, he had frequent attacks of hypochondria; and, perhaps, we may say, without far missing the exact truth, he was *mad*. The excessive wretchedness of the young prince's life, and a little insight into the world which he had got at the court of one of the most licentious kings that ever reigned, Augustus II. of Poland, led him into a vicious life. He had his mistress; he borrowed money, and got into bad company; and through one of them (Katte) freed himself of a conscience by the doctrine of necessity. His life now was a life of vice, relieved by poetic, philosophic, and musical studies, but reckless, indifferent, and defiant. He did not care for the king; he would not resign his claim to the throne, however much the king might urge it; he was proud of his blood, and he would yet sit on the Prussian throne. The king became worse and worse; he had now good reason. Frederick thus described to his sister one of the scenes between himself and his father: "People are for ever preaching patience to me, but no one knows what I must endure. Daily I receive strokes; I am treated as a slave, and have not the slightest recreation. I am forbidden reading, music, the sciences; I am allowed to speak almost with no one;

I am continually in danger of my life, surrounded only by spies; I have not even sufficient clothing, still less other necessities. And what completely overwhelms me, is the last scene which I have had with the King of Potsdam. He sends for me this morning. As soon as I enter, he seizes me by the hair, throws me to the ground, and after he has tried his strong fists on my breast and every part of my body, he drags me to the window, and puts the curtain-rope round my neck. Happily, I had time to recover myself and seize both his hands; but as he pulled the curtain-rope to him with all strength, and as I felt myself choking, I cried for help. A valet hurried in, and freed me by force from the hands of the king." After this, Frederick resolved to escape, wrote a letter to Katte, who was to accompany him, and made preparations. But the king discovered the project by means of spies with whom he had environed his son. Moreover, the letter to Katte, having been carelessly addressed, went to the wrong person, who sent it back by special messenger to the king. The upshot was, that Frederick, after having had a personal interview with his father, who struck him on the face with his stick, and nearly killed him, was thrown into prison, and kept in the closest confinement. Such was the inordinate rage of the king, that, contrary to the decision of the judges, he condemned Katte to death, and he was going to execute his son also, had not foreign governments interfered. These terrible occurrences produced a strong impression on the mind of young Frederick. The death of a companion whom he ardently loved, the probability of his own execution, his previous misdeeds and irregularities, his contempt of his father—all brought on a deep melancholy, and a consequent submissiveness. He was now willing to resign even his right to the throne. A Calvinist minister attended him, and at that time there is reason to believe that he was rather favorably inclined to Calvinistic opinions, though he soon after shook them off. His father gradually became pacified. Frederick was made to study law at Küstrin; then he was allowed the privilege of becoming a soldier, and had a regiment at Ruppin; and though his father never was fond of his philosophic tendencies, he did not now prohibit his studies.

So obedient was Frederick at this time, that, giving up all idea of the English princess Amelia, for whom he had a genuine attachment, he was willing to take the bride his father should offer. In reference to this marriage, he writes to a confidential friend: "No woman for me in the government of any thing whatever in the world! I think the man who suffers himself to be governed by woman the greatest coward in this world, and unworthy to bear the worthy name of man. For this reason, if I marry, I shall marry as a gallant man—that is, leaving madame to act as she thinks fit, and doing for my part just what I please." And again: "Judge, then, if I am of the wood that good husbands are made of. I am enraged to become such, but I make a virtue of necessity. I shall keep my word: I will marry, but afterwards, now the thing is done, so good-day, madame, and a good journey to you."

These words were written while Frederick was yet a reckless youth in the warmth of his vigor, and tell what afterwards he had the power and the will to conceal. They are important for two reasons: First, they throw light on his conduct towards his wife. For several years after he had married, he lived on terms of intimacy with her, was kind to her, and apparently contented. But no sooner did he ascend the throne, than he assigned to the queen a separate palace, and saw her only on great gala-days. She was never invited to his favorite palace, Sans-Souci, and there was scarcely any intercourse between them, except that the queen sent her husband evangelical books which she had translated, while she received his infidel productions in return. At the same time Frederick frequently professed a warm attachment to her, and occasionally showed it in deeds. One time he heard that she was indisposed, and he immediately wrote a note to his physician in Berlin, concluding with the following words: "Recollect that the object of its exercise (the queen) is the person most beloved and most necessary to the state, to the poor, and to myself." He likewise ordered that all the respect due to the wife of the King of Prussia be paid to her, that a proper establishment should be kept up for her, that she should regulate the court fashions, that foreign ambassadors and such like should wait

upon her as a queen; and, finally, at his death he left her with a handsome pension. The motives of this peculiar conduct he himself never revealed. Stories floated about in reference to it, which are now known to be purely fabulous; and perhaps the true account is to be guessed from the extracts we have made. He had loved another, and had been compelled to marry her. She had loved another, and had been compelled to marry him. They were entirely different in disposition and habits; and for the good of each other they chose each to walk his own way. Besides this, Frederick had seen in the previous reign the sad results that followed from a queen's interfering with public affairs; for in reality there had been two sovereigns, Frederick William and Sophia Dorothea, opposed to each other, and each guided by unworthy favorites. Frederick, no doubt, from his earliest years, determined to rule alone.

The other reason for which these extracts are useful is, that they show thus early an aversion to women, which caused Frederick the greatest troubles of his life. He was, indeed, always respectful to women, when he had to deal with them. Thus, when he intimated to his cabinet secretaries the answers which they were to write out to letters he had received, he very frequently remarked, in refusing a petition to a woman, "She is a woman, and must be answered with politeness." But he took no small pleasure in cutting up their foibles, especially if the subject of his satire happened to occupy a very prominent position in the world. The consequence was, that he soon became an object of intense and settled dislike to several queens. Now it happened at that time that these queens had considerable power, and they let the force of that power fall upon Frederick's devoted head. This was the proximate cause of the terrible Seven Years' War. Elizabeth, a woman notorious for her amours, sat upon the throne of Russia, and as she had felt the sting of Frederick's wit all the more keenly that he only gave point to the genuine truth, she was resolved to have her revenge. Then the Empress of Austria, Maria Theresa, felt much aggrieved that Frederick had been the first to attack her. Moreover, being a very devoted Roman Catholic, she hated a man who was an avowed infidel and a supporter of Protestants. It is but fair to say, how-

ever, that Frederick had a high opinion of this empress's character, and expressed genuine grief at her death. "Though often engaged in war against her," he said, "he had never been her enemy." Then at this time the government of France was in the hands of a butcher's daughter, who in her lifetime bore three names: first, Mademoiselle Poison, then Madame Etioles, and, finally, in virtue of her being mistress and procuress of Louis XV., Marchioness of Pompadour. It was at a ball that this abominable woman gained the notice of the wretched, lazy, and amorous monarch. Her mother had resolved that she should be one day mistress of the king; and when the news was brought to her on her death-bed that her daughter had been successful, she declared that all her desires had been fulfilled, and that she died happy. Surely a strange glimpse into human nature is this! The successful lady leaves her husband, Monsieur Etioles, nay, even gets him banished, and devotes her whole attention to keeping the mind of the helpless Louis amused. Accomplishing this, she may do with France as she likes, and so she is recognized on all hands as the real governor. Foreign states bow to her, foreign ambassadors wait upon her, Maria Theresa writes to her as her dear cousin. Frederick alone expresses contempt; the Prussian ambassador alone is absent from her levees; and her character, as well as that of Louis, are the subject of unlimited scorn at the Prussian king's table. Of course, the Marchioness of Pompadour knows all this, and hates Frederick with a perfect hatred. She, too, will help to overthrow him. In addition to these, he has an irreconcilable enemy in the Queen of Saxony, who is described as "ugly beyond painting, and malicious beyond expression." Four women against one man—women, too, that can array against him Russia, Austria, France, Saxony, and Sweden—surely this was one of the greatest broils women have ever raised, since Helen set the Greeks a-fighting.

After his marriage, Frederick received from his father the palace of Rheinsberg, which he converted into a regular palace of pleasure. It was here that he lived before he assumed the reins of government. To all outward appearance, life in that secluded spot was a continual round of festivities. The gay ladies and gentlemen, who had been invited to the estab-

lishment, did nothing but pic-nic in the neighboring forests, sail on the lake, and attend concerts, balls, and theatricals. Frederick had his share in these. If we were admitted to the concerts, we should see our prince-royal playing on the flute, and we should pronounce his *adagio* undoubtedly a wonderful performance, especially for an amateur. Or, if we could manage to procure an invitation to the ball, we should find our prince there again, dressed in a green coat and silver-embroidered vest, tripping it gayly with his lady, who, not having been taught dancing properly when a child, had received very careful instructions, before she could marry such an expert dancer as Fritz. Or, if we were privileged to witness the theatricals, we should meet with our prince there again, acting some important part in the play of Voltaire that has been got up.

Rotten opinion would write down this young man, according to his seeming, as altogether very unlikely ever to become a great king, and rotten opinion actually did write him down so. But a more minute observation of his character would at once have given the lie to such suspicions. The rough treatment which he had received from his father might be expected to embitter his paternal recollections. But no. Not one disrespectful word will occur henceforth in Frederick's writings, much though he has to speak of his father; while his virtues are held forth and exhibited with true filial affection. If he thus takes to his father, will he not keep up a grudge against his mother? No. Frederick is thoroughly devoted to her, often goes to see her, and makes her in every way comfortable. And, however much he may despise other women, his affection for his sister is strong. He sends them money, has frequently borrowed money for them, when the father was too greedy to relieve their wants, writes poetical epistles to them, and delights to show them any token of respect. This is so far a good sign.

Then, again, Frederick devotes a good deal of his time to hard study. His French teachers have given him a decided taste for French. That language comes more naturally to him than his native German. And so all the books he reads are in French; all his own writings are in the same language. To such French literature as exists, he applies himself with

heart and soul, and finds in it his mental food. At the head of the *litterateurs* of the day stood Voltaire; and accordingly Voltaire becomes our prince's literary hero. Homer was nothing to him; his "*Henriade*" is full of the most noble sentiments; every line of it is instinct with true poetry and high morality. Voltaire himself is a kind of god. Such wonderful genius was never before seen on earth. Accordingly, Frederick must write to him; he must consult his great ideal; he must question him on poetry and philosophy. Thus arose a long correspondence between Voltaire and Frederick, which has been preserved; and thus arose also a friendship which lasted, with numerous interruptions, to the end of Voltaire's life. At his death the Prussian king wrote a warm *éloge* on his character.

It is worth while to glance at the history of this friendship, especially as it has been very much misrepresented. Frederick at first, then, believes Voltaire to be perfection. He has read his works with the greatest interest. They have exercised the power of a most wonderful spell on him. He sees him in the far distance, as we all see our literary heroes, the perfect embodiment of what he has written, the perfect model of virtue, which he has so often painted. On nearer approach, however, the ideal conception of Voltaire vanishes. The real is not so studded with virtues, as the young disciple had supposed. There are not a few stains visible enough in his moral character. Nevertheless, his superb genius is acknowledged and respected. This is the result of a visit which Voltaire makes to Frederick in 1743.

The Frenchman comes again, after the second Silesian war has drawn to a close; is received munificently by Frederick, and enlivens the society of the palace by the stimulus of his genius and the productions of his pen. But, unfortunately, things do not go very smoothly. Voltaire has shown the most extraordinary meanness and avarice in a law-suit which he has with a Jew. He gets entangled in stock-jobbing, and, what is far more annoying to Frederick, he has too many interviews with foreign ambassadors. He does not give entire satisfaction either to Frederick or to the court; until, at length, an occurrence takes place which raises the smothered flame into a grand conflagration. Voltaire was a mixture of the high-

est intellectual powers with the lowest and meanest vices. One of these vices was envy. He could not bear that any one should approach the high position in public esteem which he himself held. Now at this time Maupertuis is at the head of the Berlin Academy, over which the king watches anxiously, as the nursery of future German scholars and authors. He is next to Voltaire in intellectual power—next, but at a very great distance. Nevertheless, an innocent remark of Maupertuis whets the jealousy of Voltaire, who determines to have his revenge on him.\* In one of his orations, Maupertuis claims for himself the discovery of a certain physical law. One of the academy members maintains that this law had been previously expounded by Leibnitz. A contest arises. Now is the chance for Voltaire. An anonymous letter from the hand of the great satirist appears. Frederick is afraid that the academy will suffer by this publication, and writes himself a defence of the president. Then Maupertuis publishes another work, very open to attack; upon which Voltaire, seizing the opportunity, launches forth one of his most powerful satires, called “*Dr. Akakia*.” Frederick gets a sight of it before it is published, and, of course, relishes the exquisite jokes; but he perceives likewise that the ridicule heaped upon the president will fall on the academy; and, by dint of entreaty, he prevails on Voltaire to forego the publication of the work. Notwithstanding this promise, the satire appears, and Frederick takes it so keenly, that he orders Voltaire’s production to be burned publicly. Voltaire is nettled, and resigns the offices Frederick had given him, but is soon prevailed on to accept them again. He sees, however, that it would be impossible to remain longer in Potsdam, and asks leave to journey for his health. He obtains it, retires, firing paper bullets at his kingly friend, and for a long time after, vents his rage against

\* Macaulay attributes the quarrels of these two men to Frederick’s meddling. We have given the account of Thiebault, who adds: “The king, who himself was so fond of sarcasms, might well find amusement in those directed by Voltaire against Maupertuis; but he wished to prevent their coming to an avowed and disgraceful rupture. He accordingly more than once endeavored to effect a reconciliation between them; but the most he could obtain was a dissembled good understanding, or rather a silence, the principal feature of which was resentment.”

the King of Prussia in language full of spite and lies. They were afterwards reconciled, and carried on their correspondence, but it is probable that Voltaire never forgave Frederick. His memoirs are a tissue of misrepresentations of the king. From beginning to end they are incorrect, and the mistakes seem intentional. He has accused Frederick of the most abominable vices, without a particle of truth, and he has given rise to a strong prejudice against him in many minds. Macaulay seems to have derived his antipathy to Frederick from this polluted source.

Voltaire was Frederick’s principal director in his literary pursuits. He was fond of writing verses, had read some books on the Art of Poetry, and had done his best to acquire fluency in French. Only he could never attain the accuracy of a Frenchman; and so Voltaire had to correct his rhymes, and give him hints. Frederick continued his poetical attempts almost to the end of his life. He did it principally, we believe, on utilitarian grounds. He found the exercise a pleasant mode of unbending his mind from the cares of state. Even in the frightful distresses of the Seven Years’ War, when he was surrounded by enemies on every side, when he had to lie encamped in positions as bad as those in which our men have been at Sebastopol, sleeping on a straw couch, and with streams of rain flowing plentifully beside him, Frederick can turn his mind away from the distresses around him, and forget himself and his wretchedness in verse-making. His mind was certainly not a poetical one; he was himself well aware of the fact—he would never have consulted Voltaire so much as he did, if he had had much confidence in his poetical powers. His talents were the practical. And so we find that a good many of the verses which he wrote are, as he tells us himself, mere bagatelles. Occasionally, however, there are genuine poetic touches. Frederick had a true patriotic heart, and when he comes to speak of his beloved Prussia, his heart warms, his imagination bursts out, and we have the genuine expressions of a noble patriotism. Frequently, too, in the poems written in camp during the wars, there is a strange melancholy, which affects the mind deeply. It is a man struggling with might and main for his kingdom, resolved to fight to the last, and yet longing with intense ardor for his happy home, for his

fair Sans-Souci, for his gay intellectual friends, for the laurels of gentle peace, and for the deathless victories which a hero gains, not over heaps of dead fellow-mortals, but over wretchedness and misery.

His prose productions are numerous. Before he quitted Rheinsberg, he had published his "Antimacchiavel," and in his posthumous works we have not a few essays on politics and religion. We think their style is masterly. It may not be so pure in its French as Voltaire's; it is not so brilliant; but it is more manly, more vigorous, and more concise. His *éloge* on Jordan is exceedingly interesting; his review of D'Holbach's "Système de la Nature" is done with clearness, impartiality, and vigor; and the histories of his Silesian wars and the Seven Years' War are admirable. He at once sees through the characters engaged, describes them with great power, has an eye for characteristic incidents, and at the same time he is thoroughly impartial, narrating his own faults with a *sang-froid* that is seldom found in autobiographical attempts. The only fault that can be found with them is, that he is too minute and circumstantial. These literary efforts, too, were often carried on during his campaigns. He wrote his "Reflections on the Character of Charles XII." when other men would have given themselves up to utter despair; and after the wars, when he was thoroughly engrossed with the cares of an extending empire, he found time for composition.

It may be noticed, that Frederick remained a slave to the Voltaire school to the end of his days. Though a thorough German at heart, he yielded to the French dominion in his youth, and when he was old he could not wrench himself from it. The absurd notions which prevailed in reference to poetry he kept up to the end; the laws about the unities on which Voltaire dogmatized were sacred in the eyes of Frederick; and he had a thorough contempt for all that seemed irregular, and that was not patronized by the civilized *litterateurs* of France. This was the reason that he had no sympathy with the literature of Germany. In his youth it was undoubtedly meagre, but before he died the brightest stars had appeared. Klopstock, Wieland, Lessing, Goethe, had written, but they all passed unrecognized. In an essay written in his later years for

the Berlin Academy, on the Literature of Germany, he bewails the want of a German classical literature, and he proposes means for supplying this defect. He is now rather old, and so, having been long accustomed to wield authority, he is too dictatorial in his literary advices; nevertheless, the essay is interesting in some points. At the very time he was writing, the Germans had begun to rise; the people heard Shakspeare with delight. Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen" was attracting numerous audiences, and Frederick knew well of this. Yet what is his judgment? An undoubted proof this, according to him, of the German people's uncultivated taste. To listen with delight to the "abominable pieces of Shakspeare, ridiculous farces that were unworthy of the savages of Canada," and that rebelled against the unities and the probabilities—it was frightful. But Shakspeare might be pardoned: he was an ignorant man, having been unfortunately born before Voltaire's instructions could direct him. But then, to think that "Goetz von Berlichingen," a detestable imitation of the wretched English pieces, should draw applause! There could not be a more certain proof of German barbarism. Nevertheless, old Frederick has bright hopes for his country. His last words in this essay are full of radiance. "Sometimes," he says, "those who come last surpass those who went before them." So it will be with Germany, he hopes. "These good days of our literature are not yet come; but they approach. I announce them to you; they will appear. I shall not see them: my age forbids the hope. I am like Moses: I see from a distance the promised land, but I shall not enter it."

Frederick's literary pursuits were always secondary to his royal duties; and in almost all cases they are connected with these. They are helps to him, that he may see more clearly what he can and ought to do; or they are outpourings of his soul, that he may get free from the load that oppresses him. His letters to Jordan and D'Argens are of the latter stamp; both were his intimate friends, and so he speaks unreservedly. They are exceedingly interesting, show a warm, honest, friendly soul, sometimes struggling with doubts, sometimes in the midst of the most complete despair; and yet ever firm, faithful, and manly. Now and again,



too, they are witty, often contemptuous to his antagonists, but as often lighted up with playful, trusty, genial humor.

In religious matters Frederick paid less respect to Voltaire than in literary. On these he thought for himself, and his philosophical letters to the French philosopher seem to us more straightforward and more thorough than those of the Frenchman. Frederick, like Voltaire, rejected Christianity. There can be no doubt of this sad fact. His "Thoughts on Religion" is an attack on the Evidences of Christianity. And so far does he go, that he maintains Christianity to be detrimental to the interests of society, because, by inveighing against riches, it puts an end to commerce, "the soul of society;" by declaring marriage less honorable than celibacy, and representing all the instincts of the flesh as devilish, it opposes itself to the preservative and beneficial arrangements of God in the world; and by fixing the eye too intently on the world to come, it depreciates the importance and blessing of the life that we now enjoy. We feel a pang of sorrow that a mind so essentially practical and benevolent should be so very much closed to the nobility of thorough religious devotion. Cromwell, with him, for instance, was a pure fanatic; Puritanism, pure fanaticism and nonsense, even though he acknowledges that England was most prosperous during Cromwell's government. So also Voltaire adduces, in a letter to Frederick, the conduct of the Covenanters of Scotland as a proof of how priests invariably set the people at variance with the sovereign. The blasting mildew of his age was on Frederick's soul. And intensely sad is it to find him indulge in lightness and irreverence, passing jests on that which has been regarded sacred in the eyes of the great and the good. We have no excuse for this; and yet we should deprecate a harsh judgment. There was much in Frederick's education and circumstances to lead him astray. We have but to remember that the forms of Christianity with which he came into most frequent contact, were the petrified dogmatism of his mad father, and a licentious, luxurious, and abandoned Roman Catholicism, and we shall see the obstacles that lay in the way of Frederick's seeing the truth. Notwithstanding, we find him sometimes veering towards the Christian religion, and not unimpressed by its sublime morality. Thus, he remarks in his

critical examination of the "System of Nature:" "Had there been in the Gospel only that one precept, 'Do unto others as ye would that others should do to you,' one would be bound to agree to it that these few words contain the quintessence of all morality. And were not the forgiveness of offences, and charity and humanity, preached by Jesus in his excellent Sermon on the Mount? The law must not be confounded with its abuse, the true Christian morality with that degradation of it which the priests have brought about."

For men of his own day who were earnest in their religious principles, he had always a profound respect, and when he began to banter such an one on his convictions, as he sometimes did, a single serious word or look was enough to silence him. In his early days he projected a rather chimerical plan for causing a greater liberality of Christian sentiment. Thiebault thus describes it: "He conceived to this effect a project that appeared to him infallible—that of constructing a Pantheon in his capital similar to that formerly erected by the Romans. This Pantheon was to be consecrated without restrictions to all religions, in which every sect might come at its separate hour and exercise its form of worship. The better to insure the success of his plan, he resolved that this temple should be one of the most perfect monuments of modern architecture; that each sect should find in it all that their religious ceremonies might require; and that even the ornaments it contained should be remarkable for their magnificence. He persuaded himself he should by this means succeed in dismembering the other receptacles for religious worship, and thus accelerate the progress of brotherly love. It was with these views that he chose the form of a rotunda for his temple, as that which was best calculated for placing his altar, tabernacle, communion-table, and sanctuary in such different points of view as might suit the particular usages of each sect, and that these might be distinguished and surrounded without inconvenience."

Frederick thus sums up his own creed: "Mine it is to adore the Supreme Being, alone good, alone merciful, and who by this alone deserves my worship; to sweeten and console, as far as I can, the mortals whose miserable condition is known to me; and as to the rest, to bring myself

into unison with the will of the Creator, who will dispose of me as will seem good to him, and from whom, come what will, I have nothing to fear." We have seen that at one time he was almost an orthodox Calvinist; part of this creed clung to him. In opposition to Voltaire, he maintained that God had foreordained all things. His proof was the following: "God must be wise and powerful. As wise, he has devised in his internal intelligence the plan of the world; and as all-powerful he has executed it. From this it follows necessarily that the Author of the universe must have had an end in creating it. If he has an end, then all occurrences must tend to this plan; and if so, then men must act conformably to the design of the Creator, and all their acts must be determined only according to the immutable laws of their destiny, which they obey, while ignorant of them; otherwise God would be an idle spectator of nature; the world would govern itself according to the caprice of men; and he whose power had formed the universe would be no longer useful, after that some feeble mortals had peopled it."

Frederick could not reconcile with this doctrine that of the freedom of man's will. He appealed to the actual facts of experience in proof of his belief. He affirmed that the temperaments, the circumstances and fortunes of men were the work of God; and that the liberty which man has, consists in using the temperament and ability which Providence gives him to seize the favorable conjunctures and opportunities presented by the same almighty Providence. This was the doctrine of Frederick's life—the grand idea which regulates his own conduct, and moves him to do what he does. Providence has assigned him a certain sphere of action; he is too brave to retreat from it; and whatever be its difficulties he will surmount them, and do his duty. In the midst of his distresses during the Seven Years' War, when he had suffered two very serious defeats, when his patience and endurance had been taxed to the utmost, and his life was wearisome, he writes to D'Argens: "Epicurus is the philosopher of humanity; Zeno is that of the gods; and I am a man. For four years I have been in my purgatory. If there is another life, the Eternal Father will necessarily pay regard to what I have suffered in this. Every age, every condi-

tion, experiences changes and misfortunes. I, too, must bear my own burden (though a very heavy one) like another person, and I say to myself, 'this will pass away, just as do our pleasures, our tastes, our pains, and our lucky destinies.'" And again: "You speak always of my person; you ought to know that it is not necessary that I should live; but it is necessary that I should do my duty, and that I combat for my country to save it, if there still remain the means."

Frederick thus presents to us the spectacle of a heathen hero. Of course, he has been benefited by Christianity. He was well acquainted with the Bible; he had made a study of the French sacred orators; he had talked frequently with clergymen; and we find him reading Fleury's "Ecclesiastical History" in the camp, just before the termination of the Seven Years' War. But his favorite writers and characters are those of the Roman republic or empire. He admires Cato; he draws his consolation from Cicero; he speculates on the soul with Lucretius; he steels his mind with Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus; and his ideas of a future life are just the same as those of Socrates. He has nothing to fear; he looks forward to repose in a quiet grave. At an early period of his reign he wishes to build a palace; so he selects a beautiful district. Then he chooses a fair spot in it, and prepares it for his tomb. He writes upon it, *Sans-Souci*—"without care." When Frederick shall be there, he is to be free from cares. And so his palace is built looking out upon this remembrancer of his mortality. The idea is continually present to him in his campaigns. "If I had been killed at Kollin," he writes, "I should at present be in a port where I should no longer be afraid of storms. I must still sail over this stormy sea, until a small corner of the earth procure me the good which I have not been able to find in this world." The same sentiments continued with him to the end. In his last illness, when he was sitting out on the terrace at *Sans-Souci*, and the sun was beaming pleasantly, Frederick looked up, and, alluding to the fancy of which Jean Paul has made such beautiful use, that the sun or some star may be the abode of the blessed, he addressed the great luminary: "I shall soon be nearer to thee."

How would such a king act in reference

to religion? Frederick adhered to the principle that no one should interfere in religious matters. "Every one might go to heaven in his own way," as he once said. During his reign there was perfect toleration for all creeds. Of course, he was more especially the protector of Protestants; he sympathized with them; he believed the Reformation to have been a progressive movement. But he was equally fair to Roman Catholics: prevented Protestants from persecuting them; and he was so generous, that, when the pope issued a decree against the Jesuits, and Roman Catholic monarchs exiled them, they found a resting-place in Prussia. He once or twice interfered with the Roman Catholics, but in such circumstances that he cannot be blamed. Thus, on one occasion he prevented the bishops from selling *agni dei*, which were said to be a specific against disease, because the whole affair was a gull. On another occasion he defended the rights of the Hungarian Protestants, and secured to them complete toleration, by threatening to take from the Silesian Catholics the liberties he allowed them. Stories of his thus interfering in behalf of Protestant individuals are numerous. A Hungarian student, who had been at the University of Halle, wished to see the great Prussian king, and for this purpose had made several trips to Sans-Souci, but without success. At last he was so lucky as to attract the attention of Frederick, who became interested in him, had a long conversation with him, and offered him an appointment in Prussia. The student declined. "Can I do any thing for you, then?" said Frederick. The student replied, that he had some theological and philosophical books, which he was afraid the Jesuits at Vienna would not let him take into Hungary. Frederick told him by no means to leave his books behind, and directed him, when the Jesuits seized them, to go to an hotel, and live there sumptuously until the books were sent back. The student did as he was ordered; his books were prohibited; and the Prussian ambassador showed him to the best hotel in Vienna. Word was sent to Frederick. He immediately ordered the library of the Jesuit College of Breslau in Silesia to be shut up and sealed, and the priests to pay for the trouble of sealing, besides four dollars a day for certain commissioners that were required. The Jesuits were utterly

amazed. They went at once to Potsdam, but had to wait a month before they were admitted. Then Frederick informed them that the Prussian ambassador at Vienna could give them the clue to the mystery by which they were so much puzzled. Off they set for Vienna. Here again the Jesuits met with difficulties. The Prussian ambassador did not know much about the matter; he had heard only of a young man whose books had been taken from him. The Jesuits were keen of scent; in a few hours the Protestant student had his books. The Roman Catholic fathers had to pay his Vienna expenses; and they were held bound for any injury that he might receive in retaliation for the king's conduct. The Jesuits, depend upon it, were a little more tolerant of Protestant books for the future.

Frederick sometimes liked to carry out a joke against the Roman Catholics; and now and then he made them swallow the incongruities of their creed. One of his soldiers stole some diamonds from a Virgin Mary. He was discovered, but maintained that he had done no wrong. He was old, and could not support himself by labor; so he prayed the Virgin to relieve him, and she very kindly took three jewels with her own hand from her dress and gave them to him. A court-martial was summoned; the Lutheran soldier was condemned to die. The king had always a strong dislike to inflict capital punishments, and he now wished to save this man's life. So, meeting a Roman Catholic bishop of the highest reputation, he asked him if miracles were still possible. The Roman Catholic could not deny that Mary might give away the jewels. The king, in accordance with this, wrote underneath the sentence, that as the soldier was a man of honest character, and as a very learned Roman Catholic bishop asserted that the miracle was possible, he must be released. But in order to prevent imposition henceforth, no such prayers were to be offered to the Virgin. "If any soldier," he wrote, "should hereafter be convicted of having received a present from the Virgin Mary, or from any other saint, he shall run the gauntlet thirty-six times through two hundred men."

We may add, while speaking of Roman Catholics, that Frederick once saved his life by acting as a monk; that afterwards, on hearing that a lady promised a cloak

to the Virgin Mary, if the Austrians were successful, he sent a superb vestment himself, assuring the priests that he hoped the Virgin would never suffer by his successes. And he concluded his connection with the Roman Catholics by becoming a saint. The Bavarians placed a lamp under the images of St. Corbinian and St. Frederick; the one being their saint and protector in heaven, as a peasant said, and the other their protector on earth.

Frederick's earliest works are devoted to political subjects; and his opinions on the forms and conduct of government do not seem to have changed materially after the time of his studies in Rheinsberg. They are clear, and were, though quite simple, rather astonishing to the continental kings. These men believed that the hard toil of their subjects was intended to replenish their exchequer, to help them to procure mistresses, and to deck out for them gay fairy palaces, in which they might wanton. They were "the states," and very pretty states, forsooth! Frederick, who had studied closely the history of his times, proclaimed the frightful mistake before he had yet become king. "Behold," he says, "the error of the majority of princes: they believe that God has created expressly, and by a particular attention to their grandeur, happiness, and pride, this multitude of men, whose safety is committed to them, and that their subjects are destined only to be the instruments and ministers of their irregular passions." Frederick maintained, and he deserves great praise for doing it at that time, that the king was for the people; not the people for the king. The king was the representative of the state. "He and the people," he says, "form one body, which can be happy only as long as concord unites them. The prince is to the society which he governs that which the head is to the body: he ought to see, think, and act for the whole community, in order to procure for it all the advantages of which it is susceptible." Or, as he says in another place, "the prince is just the first servant of the state, obliged to act with probity, wisdom, and with entire disinterestedness, as if every moment he had to render an account of his administration to the citizens." Only, of course, as being a despotic monarch, he in reality is not responsible to any earthly tribunal. Frederick had his notions about

liberty, too; but he honestly believed, with very many ancient writers, that monarchy, when the monarch was good, was the best form of government.

These ideas of Frederick quite agreed with his philosophy of life. We are here, he thought, for the good of each other. All our actions ought to have, as their fundamental motive, the support of society and the good of the whole human race. In this mode of thought he resembles many of the ancient philosophers. Individual beings pass away; the species remains. The particles that compose the body politic change, and are insignificant; the body politic itself is always alive, ever moving, and all-important. Man is thus, as it were, born for the state, or, in the wider way in which Frederick sometimes puts it, for humanity. The state is not an organization adapted to confer benefits on individual men; but individual men are born to support and benefit the state. Consequently, all are bound to consecrate their lives for the common weal.

No one could be a more thorough example of this devotion to the state than Frederick himself. He believed that God assigned to all men their destinies—to him, in particular, the destiny of a prince. The good of the state thus became his life-principle, his grand idea; to carry out his destiny as representative of the Prussian state was his great aim. In all his acts we find reference to it. It is the motive that leads him into his wars; he scrimps his own purse that he may fill the treasury. A woman comes to him, and he finds that she really deserves a pension from the state, but the pension-list is full, and rather than encroach on the public money, the king orders a dish less to be brought to his table, and the price of it to be given to the woman, until a vacancy occur. His presents to foreign sovereigns are snuff-boxes, because they give employment to Berlin jewellers. Afterwards, when he has got a national porcelain manufactory, all his gifts proceed from it. A royal palace catches fire; all are in confusion; Frederick alone is quite cool, rather pleased, as he says that the Berlin masons will have a good deal of work to do. Such acts are innumerable, and the motive of them is seen in the reply he made to the people of Greiffenberg, in Silesia. In 1783 their town was burned to the ground, and all

the families became homeless and destitute. Frederick heard of the calamity, and supplied them with large sums of money for rebuilding their houses. The town speedily rose from its ashes; and a deputation was sent to Frederick, who happened to be not far off, to thank him for his kindness. Tears started into the king's eyes. "You need not thank me,"

said he; "it is my *duty* to help my unfortunate subjects; *it is for that I am here.*"

It was this sense of his duty that led Frederick into the various wars and political movements in which he was engaged. It is only with a full appreciation of his views of his kingly position, that we can properly understand his first Silesian war.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## LOVE AND THE OLD NOVELISTS.

WE believe it has never been satisfactorily ascertained how it happened that the goddess Minerva suffered herself to be persuaded, much to the damage of her reputation for good sense, to preside over the book manufactory kept in Leadenhall street in the time of our forefathers by Mr. Newby—no, we beg pardon, Mr. Newman. We will not quote a Latin saying to indicate our sense of the inconsistency of invoking the goddess of wisdom to take such an establishment under her protection, because it is just as easy to express the same thing in English. Unless the character of Minerva has been much misrepresented in the mythology, she was clearly out of place when she was appointed a titular publisher of novels and romances.

Yet the inconsistency may not be quite so flagrant as it appears at first sight. There is some wisdom, and certainly a great deal of stratagem and cunning, in novels and romances. The works which appeared under the *imprimatur* of Minerva in Leadenhall street were distinguished, no doubt, by an enormous preponderance of the latter qualities; but there is something to be learned even from the discourse of serpents; and until the great problem shall have been solved as to whether a knowledge of the follies, wickednesses, delusions, and willful perversities of mankind is desirable for the rising

generation, by way of buoys and beacons to guide them through the navigation of the shoals of life, we cannot be morally sure that the goddess, notwithstanding appearances, was not the right person in the right place after all.

But did these novels and romances faithfully reflect the follies, wickednesses, and perversities of mankind? Were their pictures of the world true or false? Were their characters drawn from life, their incidents reconcilable with experience, their views of society capable of practical application? In short, were they real or imaginary, copied from nature, or mere fancy-pieces, having nothing more in common with the actual scenes passing around us than the incoherent medley of a dream? If we are compelled to answer this series of inquiries to the disadvantage of the majority of the books from which our grandmothers extracted so much pleasure and so little profit, we should not forget that the same books furnished at all events one source of speculation from which their readers, were they so disposed, might have derived a salutary moral. In proportion as the novel itself was unlike the humanity it professed to delineate, the more exceptional must have been the habits of mind and general notions of the writer. Here, then, was a character not only more original, but infinitely more suggestive, than the characters we ordinarily meet with in

works of fiction. The least thoughtful reader could scarcely avoid being carried away by a story made up of abstractions and nonentities, to the consideration of the manner of man by whom it was conceived. Where could he have lived? In what class or condition of society could he have acquired his singular class of men and women, and their modes and ways of conducting themselves towards each other? Or, if the reader possessed a little critical discernment, he would perceive that the writer had not acquired his ideas from observation of men and women at all, but that his creations were entirely composed of shreds and patches and scraps, which he had gathered here and there and everywhere, and put together without giving even a passing consideration to probability; just as gardeners make hideous resemblances of men to frighten off the birds, by placing a cocked hat on the top of a pole or a pitchfork, with a cabbage leaf for a feather, a wisp of straw to imitate the 'human face divine,' and a costume of miscellaneous rags and bits of tin. As in the one case none but birds could be deluded into a supposition that this horrible phantom was really a human being of flesh and blood, standing stock still in that spectral manner in the middle of the fields, so none but very shallow and frivolous people could be deceived by the novel. The train of reflections, therefore, to which it would actually lead could not fail to eliminate an excellent moral upon the vanities of authorship, and the folly of wasting time and some executive capability, which might be rendered useful in other directions, upon a pursuit for which neither nature nor study had provided the requisite qualifications.

A floating reminiscence of some of the items in the once famous Leadenhall-street Catalogue will convey a general notion, sufficient for our present purpose, of the range and aims of the novels and romances of sixty or seventy years ago, or rather of that mixed form of fiction which included the special characteristics of both, and enjoyed at that time, the widest popularity. Take the following as specimens: *The Tears of Sensibility—The Castle on the Cliff, and the Cottage in the Vale*; or, *Pride and Lowliness—The Midnight Assassination*; or, *the Spectre of the Cloisters—The Mysterious Visitor*; or, *One, Two, Three!—The Bloody Brothers*; or, *Love, Hate, and Revenge—The*

*Bell of St. Anselm*; or, *the Priest and the Penitent—Fashion and Frailty*; or, *Motes in the Sun—Infatuation*; or, *a Bandit's embrace on the Grave!* We do not pretend that all these names are strictly accurate; but upon the whole they fairly represent the spirit of the class of fictions to which they refer—so far as their spirit was expressed in their titles.

There can be no difficulty, with the help of this skeleton key, in getting at the kind of material of which these works were composed. We have at once brought before us a few of the leading ingredients—dungeons and daggers; midnight adventures and delicate distresses; convent bells, ghosts and friars; impenetrable strangers, social feuds, and secret assassinations. We discern outlines of plots in which young ladies are depicted flying from their ancestral halls, and taking long journeys alone, without a change of wardrobe or a penny in their pockets to pay their expenses; an unknown crime, supposed to be a murder, pervading the whole story; and a tall, dark cloak, surmounted by a stiletto hat, seem occasionally vanishing in the moonlight, and supposed to be the ghost of the murdered man, or the murdered man himself, or the murderer, as it may happen to turn out. In another we see plainly that there is a lovely girl, of ancient family, shut up in a castle by a mercenary guardian who has designs on her property, and who pays her a solemn visit, generally about twelve o'clock at night, at regular intervals, for the express purpose of informing her that if she does not consent to marry a certain Baron, who bears a close resemblance to Blue Beard, she shall be consigned for the rest of her days to bread and water in an *oubliette*, where no human aid can reach her. The heroism of Adelgitha under these circumstances furnishes a powerful example of the firmness and *clairvoyance* of her sex; she is ready to go down into the *oubliette* at once, rather than marry the Baron, whom she never saw, and, probably for that very reason, abhors with a depth of aversion not very easy for common minds to comprehend; she is triple-armed in the righteousness of this virtuous resolution, for she has an innate conviction that there is another person in the world, who is also unknown to her, whom she has never seen, and of whose name and quality she is totally ignorant, who will certainly come to the

rescue at the last moment, and, baffling the guardian and the Baron, or, perhaps, vanquishing them by a more open and summary process, carry her off to that distant elysium described in the Christmas play-bills as the "regions of bliss." And in due time, accordingly, under her barred window she hears a horn or a serenade, which she recognizes at once, although she never heard it before; and a handsome but ambiguous stranger appears, from whose avatar the discerning reader, familiar with the shoals and quicksands of tender woe, sees land afar off; but his intense interest in the navigation of the vessel suffers no diminution on that account.

It is evident that narratives constructed on these principles proceeded upon the assumption that the reader was prepared to grant certain indispensable conditions to the author in the first instance; such, for example, as that the functions of the Courts of Chancery and Common Law, and the surveillance of the police, should be understood to be suspended during the course of the action; that the feudal system should be supposed to be still in full force; and that the common impediments which the existing arrangements of society throw in the way of intercourse between persons who have no legitimate or apparent opportunities of meeting each other and falling in love, should be wholly removed, for the artistical purpose of advancing the final objects of the story. Granting these trifling concessions to the author, it will be admitted that all the rest follows naturally enough. There is nothing in these romances that might not have obviously happened under such a constitution of things; and as it was not a very practical age of the world when these books were in vogue, we can readily understand that easiness of faith which enabled their public to relish them so highly—much more highly, we suspect, than any of the present race of readers relish the novels of our day.

Love was, of course, in these, as in most works of fiction, the staple article of consumption. And if we admit the premises, we must also admit that the passion was dealt with in an ingenious and consistent manner. It was generally treated as a sort of inspiration, which it clearly must have been under that peculiar state of circumstances which absolutely precluded the possibility of generating it in the ordinary way. It is un-

questionably a fine stroke of art, and of nature, too, to describe a young lady who has no means of holding commerce with persons of her own age of the other sex, as becoming conscious of an affection for somebody whose existence at the time is a matter of pure speculation to her, and to represent her as feeling a strong presentiment that he will come at the right moment to claim her. An incident of this kind must be regarded as the vehicle of a much-neglected philosophical truth—that love is a necessity of the human heart; and that, even before the object has been, so to speak, identified, the want has, as it were, set up its own ideal. The young lady, without being aware of it, was thus fulfilling the theory attributed to Plato—that every human being is at first only a moiety of the perfect creature, wandering over the earth in search of its other half. The lives of the majority of these heroines are passed in that occupation.

Apart from such profound psychological considerations, there were specialities connected with this branch of literature worthy of being remembered. Mr. Newman, according to the tradition which has come down to us, is said to have purchased his MSS. by weight; which may help to account for the fact that many of his novels ran into four, five and six volumes. In such transactions, quantity was the visible and paramount element. But there were writers, nevertheless, who achieved a current reputation in the circulating libraries which rendered them independent of the specific gravity of their books. They are now all forgotten, and a glance at two or three of the most distinguished may help us towards an estimate of the peculiar attractions by which the largest amount of success was obtained.

Perhaps the most popular novelist, *par excellence*, of her day, was Maria Regina Roche. Her great work—she wrote others, but they were of minor celebrity—was *The Children of the Abbey*. There was no fiction of its class so much read. The test of its circulation was simple enough. When you wanted to get it at the circulating library it was always "out;" and when at last you did get it, it was the most dog-eared and thumb-smirched book that ever was seen. You could not probably find one person in a thousand of the miscellaneous

reading population who had not read *The Children of the Abbey*; and it was only reasonable to infer that that person was inexcusably ignorant of contemporary literature. The Waverley novels have had a sale exceeding that of *The Children of the Abbey* by tens of thousands; but while it was in vogue it was read by a greater number of people than any one of the Waverley novels for a like term. The book was perpetually referred to in conversation; its heroine was the model of grace, refinement, and romantic enthusiasm, subdued by feminine delicacy; its hero was a pattern for all lovers and noble-hearted gentlemen; and the soliloquy of Amanda, on her return to the honored roof of her ancestors, was as frequently quoted as Burke's apostrophe to the Dauphiness at the Versailles, or the eloquent tribute of Junius to the virtues of Chatham.

That there was an express merit of some kind in a work so extensively applauded, may be taken for granted; that it was admirably adapted to the age in which it appeared is attested by its popularity; and that it did not possess sufficient vitality to survive its own day is shown by the oblivion into which it has since fallen. What were the elements to which it was indebted for its great temporary success? A soft and flowery style, poetical idealization of passion and character, and a story turning on the distresses and difficulties of two ardent lovers, dextrously sustained throughout at the height of suspense by a variety of incidents. It is nothing to the purpose that the characters had no prototypes in real life, or that the occurrences were extremely improbable in themselves, and all but impossible in their relation to each other. It was not by the truthfulness of the portraiture, or the likelihood of the plot, that this novel drew tears from myriads of bright eyes, but by the art with which it intensified a class of emotions which, however exaggerated in their development, touched a corresponding chord in the hearts of most readers. That art harmonized with the taste of the day, and thus, seizing upon a theme of universal interest, secured a fleeting triumph. There is a fashion in novels as in dress. The fashion regulates the cut, the tone of color, the embroidery, the ornaments; and when fashion works with favorite materials it is sure of a rapid sale, although the next season may pro-

nounce its productions obsolete. All writers who have delineated the vicissitudes of love in the style and spirit of their own time, have succeeded in their generation, more or less; they alone who have depicted the passion in its depths as it affects mankind in common, without reference to extrinsic or accidental circumstances, survive to all time. And this is one of the reasons why the love that is described in novels so rarely maintains a lasting influence over the sympathies of readers. It is love draped and attitudinized in the tastes of the day, and it perishes with them.

Mrs. Roche, who wrote these fascinating stories, appears to have been distinguished by good sense and simplicity in private life. We were told by a lady who knew her towards the close of her career, that there was not the least air of authorship in her manners or conversation, and that she was the last person who would have been suspected of having produced such sentimental narratives. At that time she was past the "grand climacteric," used to dress with remarkable neatness and plainness, and seems to have borne some sort of resemblance to Mrs. Opie.

The name of Charlotte Smith is familiar to our public; but she is remembered for her sonnets, and not for her novels. If her sonnets, as a whole, are not likely to be preserved in our standard collections of English poetry, some of them will always be admired for their delicate sweetness and tender refinement. Her novels are no longer extant, except in remote nooks and country houses, where *Ethelinda*, or *the Recluse of the Lake*, is still taken up in the intervals of harsher and more practical reading, just as an Æolian harp is sometimes placed in the window of a summer's evening, as a relief from the eternal piano. The comparison is tolerably accurate. Charlotte Smith's novels bear about the same relation to novels of the Burney and Austen schools, as the low wailing strains of the Æolian harp bear to the firm notes of the violin, or any other scientific instrument. They are essentially melancholy, dreamy, vague, and suggestive. They seem to come from the spheres, and to have nothing in common with surrounding life. In this peculiarity lay the secret charm of Charlotte Smith's fictions. The figures that moved in them belonged to a world of her own creation. With the forms of



men and women, and subject to most of the ordinary conditions of sublunary existence, they talked, acted, looked, like inhabitants of the moon. The social atmosphere in which they moved was different from our own; it was more ærial, more brilliant, more buoyant. There seemed to be no necessity for doing things in this planet of Charlotte Smith's, as they are done on earth. The same causes did not produce the same effects. The laws of nature were occasionally abrogated for the purpose of carrying on divers eccentric operations which could not otherwise be satisfactorily accomplished; and those traits of character and conduct which, in our mundane life, would be considered decidedly exceptional, were here common to the whole population. There were hardly any individual distinctions except such as were produced by broad contrasts between vice and virtue, the villain and the protector of innocence, worked out after the allegorical manner of the malignant and good genii in the fairy tales. The good were all good; the bad all bad. There was no possibility of mistaking their attributes, or feeling any doubt whatever as to what they would do in any perplexity in which they might be placed. The cause of innocence was always vindicated [in the end, and the machinations of wickedness defeated. Virtue and innocence were convertible terms. The oppressed were always virtuous, and the virtuous always oppressed. There were no shades of character or mixture of qualities, such as we see in our daily experiences, upon which a question could arise as to which category, the vicious or the virtuous, this or that individual belonged. Every body spoke the same ornate language; and every body exhibited a genius for polemics, in a style suitable to the ethereal region in which the action took place. The conversations were frequently prolonged into disquisitions full of descriptive sentiment or moral reasoning. The grand topics were love, friendship, and duty, discussed through a tinted medium, like light shedding its rays from a colored lantern. An ineffable spirit of politeness pervaded these conversations. It was not possible for one speaker to tax too heavily the endurance of another. An observation, slight enough in substance to be dispatched in a couple of lines, might be expanded into a couple of pages; but you found the interlocutor waiting pa-

tiently to the end, and replying in the same manner with the utmost urbanity, ultimately extending the dialogue over an indefinite surface by the exercise of a kind of angelic courtesy. Never were there such gentle, generous, trusting, and refined beings. The contemplation of their mode of existence lulls the understanding, and opens a perfect paradise of repose to the imagination. The events of one of these novels pass before us like changes and transformations in a vision, and every person concerned in them impresses you with a notion that he is in a state of beatitude. It is needless to say how exquisitely the most trivial and familiar circumstances are evolved under these skyey influences. The ladies swoon with a spirituality we look for in vain amongst our acquaintances; their sensibility belongs to an organization adapted only to the empyrean; and their capacity of love—the only human weakness which detains them in the lower world—is an absorbent of incredible nervous energy.

Totally unlike either of these classes, and inferior in literary skill and homogeneity of design to both, are the novels by the lady who wrote under the fantastical *nom de plume* of Ann of Swansea. Her works deserve a word of recognition as the types of an order which may be presumed to have circulated largely, and chiefly among the least educated, but, perhaps, the most constant, supporters of the circulating libraries. They resemble a masquerade, in which a variety of different costumes are collected promiscuously to furnish an entertainment, without combination, progress, or result. Attention was diverted from the want of unity of plan in these narratives by unexpected adventures behind the scenes of the story, and a constant succession of interlopers on the stage. This diversity of movement looked like fertility of invention, although it proceeded in reality from the lack of that quality. It was the most hackneyed of all expedients in those days (an expedient rarely resorted to by the present race of novelists), when a story was growing dull, to start off into an episode, for the purpose of escaping the impending dreariness; as voyagers on a sluggish river sometimes run their boat ashore to vary the monotony by an excursion on land. There are no such novels now as those which were produced by Ann of Swansea, but in her time they were legion; all containing sim-

ilar trains of incidents, altered, transposed, re-set, and new-labelled; and the more they resembled each other, and the more faithfully they followed the beaten track, the better chance they had of being called for at the libraries. The ascendancy she acquired over her contemporaries in this well-worked line of fiction, may be attributed to the facility and adroitness with which she re-cast, over and over again, the stock materials, contriving always to give them something like an aspect of novelty.

Ann of Swansea really lived in the sulphureous town from which she derived her fantastical appellation. She was a literary lion in a small way in that unpoetical neighborhood; and her industry and personal respectability, in a comparatively humble sphere, secured her many friends among the surrounding gentry. It is not generally known that she was as distinguished by her birth as she was famous among the disciples of Minerva for her writings. Ann of Swansea was a Kemble, a sister of the Siddons; and was prouder of that distinction than of the reputation she enjoyed as an author—a reputation bounded by her own circle; for the public at large were ignorant of her real name—a mystery which helped to heighten the interest attached to her works.

The difference between the novels of the last twenty years and those which we have thus hastily indicated, is wide and striking. The romantic element has nearly disappeared altogether. Pure romance is extinct. The last specimen of that form of composition appeared upwards of a quarter of a century ago. It was written by Mr. Mudford, who had been for a considerable period editor of the *Courier*, and who threw off, in *The Five Nights of St. Albans*, some of that superabundant imagination for which there was no vent in the columns of the newspaper. The story was constructed with remarkable skill, and displayed vigor and ability of a more masculine order than was probably ever before employed upon a work of that nature. But the day was gone by for such productions; and a narrative which would have thrilled tens of thousands of readers in the speculative age of the Radcliffes and Reeves, went down into oblivion at once in the practical age of Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation.

Whether the novel of to-day is an im-

provement upon the novel of the Minerva dynasty, is not so much a question of positive as of relative merit. They both reflect the spirit of their own times; and it is extremely likely that half a century hence Mrs. Gore and Mrs. Trollope will be considered as antiquated, and, in some points of view, as unreal as we now consider Mrs. Roche and Charlotte Smith. But our business does not lie with the general structure and *vraisemblance* of these works, but with their mode of treating a single passion. And here we shall find a common agreement. They all treat of love as the mainspring of human interest in fiction; and they all exhibit the same peculiarities of method, modified by circumstances, not only in the aspects which they select for illustration, but in the conditions and states of the passion which they ignore.

A writer who always contrives to charm and instruct his readers at the same time, has recently said this true and fine thing about the universality of the interest awakened by all narratives, however feeble, or trivial, or otherwise, in which love forms an ingredient:

"The imperishable, inexhaustible, unapproachable nature of love is shown in this—that all the millions of stupid love stories that have been written, have not one whit abated the immortal interest that there is in the rudest and stupidest love story. All the rest of the wretched thing may be the most dismal twaddle, but you can't help feeling a little interest, when you have once taken up the book, as to whether Arabella will ultimately relent in favor of Augustus; and whether that wicked creature, man or woman, who is keeping them apart, will not soon be disposed of somehow.\*

This is the whole case. Every story with love in it is popular. The popularity might be put in another form—there is no story without love in it. It is the only ingredient that enters into every dish. In the composition of the novel it answers to the garlic of the Spanish *cuisine*—whatever else may vary the flavor, love is indispensable.

It is proper to interpolate, however, that in our English literature we have one illustrious exception. There is no love in *Robinson Crusoe*. De Foe does not appear to have laid much stress upon love in any of his stories; but it should

\* Friends in Council Abroad. *Fraser* for February, 1856.

be remembered that he did not begin to write them until he had passed the period when men are usually moved by tender emotions. In his advanced years he could not exclaim with Dryden :

"Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,  
The power of beauty I remember yet,  
Which once inflamed my blood, and now inspires  
my wit."

Even in his *Roxana, or the Fortunate Mistress*, where he dwells in ample detail upon the coarsest indulgences of passion, there is not a solitary hint of a purer feeling. But he has shown, nevertheless, a noble capacity for portraying it had it come naturally within the design of any of the subjects he adopted. Robinson Crusoe was not in love, but he had a wife; and when she dies, the expression of his grief, simple, earnest, and profound, has more true pathos in it than we shall find in scores of volumes of modern sentiment. After describing her as having been the stay of his affairs, the centre of his enterprises, whose prudence restrained his erratic tendencies, and adding that she "did more to guide his rambling genius than a mother's tears and a father's instructions, a friend's counsel, or all his own reasoning powers could do," he concludes his affecting apostrophe to her memory by saying: "I was happy in being moved by her tears, and in listening to her entreaties, and to the last degree desolate and disconsolate in the world by the loss of her. *When she was gone, the world looked awkwardly round me.*" It is needless to observe how this matter would have been treated by most modern writers, and what efforts would be made to "pile up the agony," which is here dismissed in a few words heavily laden with a sorrow that goes straight to the heart.

Fielding entered fully into the passion, and is the only writer who has undertaken to trace it through the double action of the heart and the senses, the whole theory of which he lays down with his customary mixture of philosophy and wit, in the introduction to the sixth book of *Tom Jones*. Undoubtedly, the humanity of love was never so wonderfully anatomized as in that most wonderful of all stories. But Fielding's mode of treatment was better suited to his time than to our own; and although the essential truthfulness of the delineation is independent of all social mutations, the broad

utterance of it is distasteful to the decorum and reserve of the present age. That Fielding was master of all the springs of the passion—notwithstanding that he fails conspicuously wherever he attempts to move them in his farces—cannot be doubted by any reader of *Tom Jones*, or of another novel, less widely known, but not less remarkable for its power and completeness, in which he has portrayed it with consummate success in its highest and purest form, relieved of all sensual accessories, and existing only in the sweetness of its trust, its fortitude, and patience.

It may be here remarked that all novels, with such rare exceptions as that just alluded to, represent only one section, so to speak, of love, stopping short at marriage, as if the whole business ended there. Now the supposition of the novelist must be, either that there is no love after marriage; or that its subsequent existence is like a retirement into private life, where the public have no right to follow it; or that it becomes so flat and uneventful, and so much a mere emotion of routine, as to possess no interest whatever outside the family circle. It would be a bold thing to affirm that the novelists are not right, although the reasonableness of this practice is by no means apparent. But as the instincts of a whole class are generally accurate, we must conclude that the external or popular interest in the fortunes of the heart becomes seriously diminished, if it do not cease altogether, the moment all obstructions are overcome, and Arabella and Augustus have entered upon their honeymoon. And it must be confessed that most people care very little about Fielding's Amelia. All well-disposed minds cannot help admitting that she is a pattern of domestic virtue and conjugal endurance; but for all that they have a secret misgiving that she is dull and insipid, and that her patience is rather wearisome and provoking.

If the usage of novelists, established by common assent from the earliest times, be founded on a just principle of art—and we apprehend it would be difficult to prove that it is not—the theory lately advanced by a thoughtful critic, that the true test of a novel is its approximation to the singleness and unity of a biography,\* must be rejected. There are

\* *Cambridge Essays.*

more arguments than one against that theory, in relation to this special element of the subject. In the first place, love is not only indispensable in a novel, but generally supplies the principal and almost exclusive source of interest. No biography was ever constructed upon this plan, nor could it be so constructed, without an entire abnegation of the graver affairs which constitute the true value and importance of all biographies. Indeed, the space assigned to love in the memoirs of a man's life—unless the hero be such a man as De Grammont or Rousseau—bears about the same proportion to the rest of the narrative, as the grain of bread to the ocean of sack; and we seldom even hear of the wooing, until it is all over. In the second place, the interest of the novel terminates with marriage, where the real interest of the biography usually begins. It is from this point that the grand struggle of life opens in a vast majority of instances; that the tracks of experience

become deeper and more clearly defined; and that the individual qualities which have rendered the life worth recording, are called into activity, and developed for good or evil.

It is true that in giving so overwhelming a predominance to love, novelists are amenable to the charge of misrepresenting the world as it is, although, even as it is, it would be difficult to fix a limit to the actual influence of love over human affairs. But novelists treat it as if it were the sole business on earth. This is, no doubt, a manifest error. Even people in love, much as they are absorbed by it, have something else to do, and are obliged to do it; and this the novelists do not show; therefore they exhibit not only an imperfect picture, but a picture that by this very imperfection falsifies its original. The only excuse to be made for the novel is, that it does not profess to be a microcosm of human life, and that it must be accepted for what it is worth, as far as it goes.

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From Sharpe's Magazine.

## THE OFFICIAL CAREER OF HUMBOLDT.

FROM AUTHENTIC AND HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

DURING the nine months which Alexander von Humboldt spent at Freyberg he succeeded in acquiring all the information and experience necessary for the superintendence of mining operations. In March, 1792, immediately after leaving the Freyberg Academy, he was appointed assessor to the mining department of the government at Berlin. This was the first official post intrusted to Humboldt, and he felt agreeably surprised at being thus early thought worthy of the appointment.

Here, as throughout Humboldt's career, we perceive how happily independence of fortune freed him from those cares and anxieties which absorb so large a share of the time and efforts of men less fortunately circumstanced, and which have acted so prejudicially to the independence and real success of many most gifted men.

Humboldt never experienced the misery of being obliged to seek and strive—like most other German scholars and men of science, especially in the times here alluded to—for an appointment as a means of subsistence. His high-mindedness was never subjected to those humiliations and self-sacrifices which have frequently degraded, and not seldom induced the voluntary debasement of even the greatest minds. Humboldt gratefully and truly acknowledges these unusual advantages.

"It is unreasonable," he writes to Frey-leben on this occasion, with a most agreeable absence of pretension, "to make me thus early an assessor, when there is in existence such an army of mining cadets; especially as my literary efforts produce no profit. I have expressed this publicly, but have been answered in reply,

that I have been preferred to no one in the Berlin department; and this is true." How well he merited the appointment in question, and how greatly he must have surpassed the expectations entertained of him, may be inferred from the circumstance that he was only a few months subsequently—in August of the same year—made chief mining master (*oberbergmeister*) in the Duchies of Anspach and Bayreuth, lately acquired by Prussia.

In order to realize to the mind of the reader in some measure the importance of this position, it is necessary briefly to allude to the circumstances of those times, and to the men who developed their talents and perseverance simultaneously with himself.

Von Hardenberg, who became subsequently so celebrated as State Chancellor of Prussia, had, shortly before the cession of the Duchy to Prussia, left the service of the Duke of Brunswick, and entered into that of the Elector of Anspach, in 1791. By the Prussian government, the independent government of that country was intrusted to him in the same way as that of Silesia, and subsequently that of Prussian Poland, was exercised by Count Von Hoym; but while this last filled the country with creatures of his own, and by mismanagement excited the hatred of the people against the government, Hardenberg brought at first only two Prussian officials with him, and these were men of great merit. He was always most careful and judicious in making changes in the form of government, and in increasing the number of officials from the older provinces. These last comprised many men subsequently celebrated, and first among them stands Alexander von Humboldt. He was intrusted with the duty of governing and reorganizing the mining department. This post was not only well calculated to please his active and vigorous mind, but his fondness for natural history and physical science was further stimulated by the sympathy and coopération of his official colleagues. Moreover, the war had sent numerous refugees from Southern and Western Germany into the Duchies. Numbers of French emigrants constituted there at that time the "Foreign France," and made Anspach a most agreeable residence. Among the more intimate acquaintances made at this time we may mention an officer of the garrison, Lieutenant Von Haften, with whom he

then undertook a journey to Switzerland, and entered subsequently into still closer relation.

The connection between Humboldt and Hardenberg was, above all, a most intimate one. The friendship then commenced was continued and renewed for many years subsequently, and never interrupted. Humboldt says of Hardenberg: "It is most wonderful that there existed no liberal great idea which had not already found an abiding place within him, and which needed only to be touched to reverberate harmoniously." That the minister entertained, in return, the highest opinion of Humboldt's talents and trustworthiness is proved by his admitting him to his confidence in even the most secret of his diplomatic affairs.

Humboldt's perfect happiness in his position is expressed in a letter to Freyesleben: "All my wishes," he writes to his friend, "are now realized. I shall devote myself entirely to practical mining and mineralogy." And he did indeed display the greatest capacity as a miner. He entirely reorganized, with almost unparalleled industry, in a few months, the entire mining system of the country, and he renewed successfully, although they were subsequently again allowed to lay idle, the ancient mining works at Goldkronach, which had been carried on there as early as the thirteenth century. The district of Naila has to thank him alone for the prosperity which, to a certain extent, it enjoys up to the present moment. Humboldt prepared the plans and methods of working still in use. He supported with solicitude a free mining school, founded by him at Steben, in 1793. The miners were, besides writing and arithmetic, to be instructed in all those branches of physical and mechanical science which have a connection with mining; he himself wrote a short book of instruction for the purpose. The instruction was indeed confined to afternoon and evening lectures, on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The attraction of these lectures was, however, so great to teachers and pupils, that they were obliged to be prolonged, in the winter of 1793, until ten o'clock at night. Humboldt's studies at this time are characteristic of the leading idea with which he always endeavored to embrace in the object of observation its historical aspect, in order to compare and combine the facts and appearances of the remote past with those of the

present. While engaged with the labors of his practical administration, attracted by the charms of scientific pursuit and of a spirit of discovery, he labored at the same time among the musty deeds of the archives at Plaszenburg, which went far back into the sixteenth century. The results of this labor were, however, never published.

In spite of all this we find him, now on excursions to retired districts, and now on distant journeys, as well as in personal communication with celebrated men of science: and each of these changes in his pursuits was followed by some new and corresponding work.

Thus did a visit to the Bavarian and Austrian royal salt-works lead to the production of a chart of the German salt courses, and a treatise about the auger experiment on brines, which Freyesleben regrets not having been printed. Soon after this, in the August of 1792, we find him again at Vienna, in communication with the celebrated Jacquin. On his return from thence, through Silesia, with the minister, Count Rheden, he was occupied with mountain researches and the completion of various plans and drawings; and he availed himself of the opportunity afforded him by the stay of a few weeks at Berlin, at the end of the same year, to publish his *Flora Fribergensis subterranea*. This classic production first appeared in Latin, and was immediately translated into German by the Russian state counsellor, Fischer von Waldheim. The botanists hailed this work enthusiastically; princes and scholars vied with each other in the expression of their acknowledgments and appreciation. The Elector, and subsequently King of Saxony, honored it by a gold medal specially struck for the occasion; and the botanist Bahl crowned the youthful author with an entire species of a splendid East-Indian laurel which he called in honor of him, *Laurifolia Humboldtia*.

The practical official duties to which Humboldt returned in the spring of 1793, had, in the mean time, not become less attractive to him. "The great confidence," he writes at this time to Freyesleben, "which the common miners repose in me on all occasions, endears my labors to me; otherwise my position is curious enough, for I discharge in reality rather the duties of a jurymen than those of the chief of a department.

His mining operations resulted most successfully, for he succeeded in 1793, with the aid only of about three hundred and fifty hands, to raise from the previously miserable district, iron, copper, gold, and vitriol, amounting to 300,000 florins. For many years subsequently he was fond of reverting to the days of his practical life, and he attached great value to his occupation.

In Humboldt's career we have a striking illustration of the truth, that all precepts, excepting those of religion and morality, are only relatively true; nothing has generally been found more detrimental to the success of individuals in almost every calling of life, than the want of definite purpose, the want of devotion to any one pursuit, and the want of concentration on any given object: Humboldt has been peculiarly versatile both in his studies and his pursuits: no place could retain him for any length of time, no occupation engross his efforts to the exclusion of others; thus we find him in 1793 engaged in various scientific pursuits, and in 1794 deeply immersed in botanical and geognostical labors, and not very long after engaged as *attaché* in diplomatic affairs on the Rhine and in the Netherlands. If these continual changes of occupation had been indulged in by a man dependent on his exertions, by some one who had his fortune to make, who after accomplishing any thing was not sure of securing an audience, or of obtaining the means of publication, and who was obliged to wait upon fortune, not for what he wanted, but for what she chose to let fall to his share—they would inevitably have resulted in failure and disappointment. But through Alexander von Humboldt's possession of independent means and great connections, of free access to every pursuit upon which he desired to enter, and of health, and a very prolonged life, they led to the development of perhaps the greatest universality of knowledge and mental powers ever acquired by any one man.

The hope of finding a field of usefulness in foreign politics led the minister Von Hardenberg, in June, 1794, to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, at that time the headquarters of the king of Prussia, who took a personal part in the war with France. His appearance at the royal camp was somewhat delicate, for he arrived there, without order, and on his own responsibility; and the position of Prussia was at

that time a most unhappy and critical one. It evidences, therefore, great esteem on the part of the minister to have selected Humboldt as his most immediate confidential companion.

The affairs of Prussia had within the preceding two years undergone a change scarcely compatible with honor, and certainly inconsistent with her reputation. By the Haager subsidizing treaty, of the 1st of April, 1794, she descended from the lofty eminence to which the great king had raised her, and degraded herself by becoming the paid vassal of war to England and Holland. Hardenberg brought about the breach of this treaty. On the 21st of October the army re-crossed the Rhine, and the separate peace of Basel was being negotiated.

We are unacquainted with the particular duties which devolved on Humboldt at this time, but we possess the following fragment from a letter of the 10th of September, 1794, written at the head-quarters near Ueden in Brabant; it runs thus:

"Never was my existence more varied than now. I have been long taken away from my calling, overwhelmed by labors in connection with the diplomatic commission intrusted to me by the Minister von Hardenberg, mostly accompanying Field-Marshal von Moellendorf at his head-quarters, and remaining now by order here in the camp. I shall leave Ueden on the 14th for the county of Altenkirchin, and from thence to the camp near Kreuznach and back to Frankfort. Thus it proceeds continually; I have not been much amused, but rather too distracted, yet travelling continually in mineralogical interesting parts has assisted me to a book on stratification."

The succeeding period Humboldt again spent at Bayreuth, occupying himself with practical mining and astronomy, and with sketching out the plans of his future journeys, amongst which there was one to the North. These intentions led him to resign his post at Bayreuth, and to decline also the appointment of the mining direction in Silesia. He, however, accepted, in May, 1795, the post of supreme mining counsellor in the department of mining, manufacturing, and commerce, under the minister of state, Von Hardenberg, and lived, after that time, alternately at Bayreuth and Berlin.

About this time, on the 15th of June, 1795, David Veit, the subsequently cele-

brated physician at Hamburg, writes from Jena, to Rahel: "This Alexander has been made supreme mining counsellor, has, at a very small expense, founded such institutions at Bayreuth, and with such *frightful honesty and wisdom*, that the mines now produce as much in one year as they used to do in fourteen, and that a simple practical miner can now sustain them. He is positive in refusing any salary; therefore, he can leave when he pleases. He intends to be in Switzerland next summer, and proposes to go to Lapland or Hungary the succeeding year, on account of his discoveries."

Humboldt writes to Wildenow, on the 17th of July, 1795, about his occupation and journeys from Bayreuth: "I desire and would like to tell you a great deal about my scientific labors—about an army of books, which is all at once to be brought to light by me, but human events occur here." . . . The conclusion of this letter runs thus: "I have been interrupted in my Swedish-Laplandish journey, as the king has filled my post so late. I, therefore, only go on a geognostic tour to neighboring Switzerland. I start to-day from here for Venice (through the Tyrol), over Vicenza, the Euganien mountains, to Milan and Switzerland. I have given up my great book about the stratification of Central Europe until I return from the journey."

On this occasion, he was accompanied, as already mentioned, by Reinhard von Haften. Although it is to be wished that this journey had been extended to a visit of Southern Italy, and especially the districts of Vesuvius and Etna, the renewed hostilities rendered it impossible; the return was accordingly commenced through a portion of Switzerland, as far as Schaffhausen, where Von Haften, whose leave of absence had expired, left him.

Shortly before commencing this excursion, Humboldt wrote the first portion of a work, which gained him new honors, in relation to the animated dispute which was then raging between naturalists. Aloys Galvani, professor of anatomy at Bologna, had skinned some frogs. Accident brought them in contact with an electric machine, and he noticed a passing movement about them. Galvani concluded from this phenomenon—while the frog lives it moves when it wills; now it moves when electricity is operating in its neighborhood: therefore, it follows

that that which enabled it to move while alive was of electric nature, and electricity is the cause of life. And as artificially-produced and natural electricity gave the same results, when he hung some frogs with copper hooks on an iron rod, he believed that electricity was not on the outside, but in the interior of the frog—that it was a portion of animal nature, and required only metal conductors, in order to set it in motion. This animal electricity seemed to him the key and explanation of the wondrously vital principle.

Alessandro Volta, professor of physics at Pavia, was the only one who opposed this theory; he maintained that the phenomenon was not confirmed in the organic body, but in the application of the different metals. "What is your frog," he asked, "but a damp conductor? Look here: I supply its place with a damp rag, and produce the same result." The voltaic column was discovered. Galvani replied to this: "The motions are brought about by one metal alone, and even without any metal at all, if the muscle is only brought into contact with an exposed nerve. He held, therefore, the brain to be the most important segregating organ of electricity, the nerves the communicating organs, and the muscles the repository of the same, similar to the Leyden bottles—positive on the inner, and negatively electric on the exterior surface."

To this Volta replied again: "That even one metal operates, owing to the heterogeneous nature of its different component parts; the current without metal is the consequence of the contact of heterogeneous fluids, analogous to the existing phenomena through opposite metals." And he demonstrated his theoretic assumption by practical experiments.

This was the position of the opposing parties, when a new combatant entered the arena, and devoted himself to the elucidation of the subject with all the ardor of his youthful energies, his all-embracing knowledge, and his personal untiring investigation and experiments. Humboldt had already, during his stay at Vienna, become acquainted with these discoveries; since then he had made various experiments, not confining himself, however, to the hitherto selected object, the frog; but, on the contrary, experimentalized with such devotion, even on his own body, that he injured his nervous

system to an extent which was not only momentarily painful, but caused him, subsequently, long and frequent suffering.

"I must here only allude to one experiment," he writes to Blumenbach, in June, 1795: "I had two drawing plasters applied to me, covering the *musc. trapez* and *deltoïd*, and I felt, when touched with zinc and silver, a violent painful beating; yes, the *musc. cucullar* swelled very much, so that its throbbings extended themselves upward to the back part of the head, and a touch with silver gave me three to four simple strokes which I could distinguish plainly. Frogs hopped on my back, though their nerves did not even touch the zinc directly, though removed half an inch from it, and only touched with silver alone. My wound served as a conductor, and then I did not feel any thing of it. My right shoulder was, up to this time, most irritated. It pained me severely, and the lymphatic serous fluid which was now more frequently drawn towards it by irritation, became red-colored, and like in an angry boil, so vicious that it inflamed the back in stripes in whatever direction it happened to run.

"The phenomenon was too remarkable not to be repeated. The wound on my left shoulder was still filled with colorless fluid. I then ordered that place to be more strongly irritated with metals, and in four minutes strong pain, inflammation, redness and stripes made their appearance. The back looked, cleanly washed, for several hours like that of a person who had run the gauntlet."

From a second letter written at Milan, we see that Humboldt, although engaged in his work on the stratification and arrangement of mountainous formations, did not forget his experiments of the nerves. He made the acquaintance of Volta in Pavia and on Lake Como, and enjoyed the most instructive intercourse with him and Scarpa.

The experiments were renewed with increased ardor on his return; and the wounds on his back, as also several on his hands, were used for many other investigations. In the hollow of a worn tooth repeated trials were made, in order to arrive at a deadening of the irritated nerves, which, however, did not succeed, as the pain became each time more intense. We have said enough on this point to show the self-sacrificing devotion with which



Humboldt carried on these experiments. His really great work on this subject deserves separate treatment.

We now take Humboldt up again at Schaffhausen. After the separation from Von Haften, he continued his journey from the 20th September until the beginning of November, with his Freyberg friend Freyesleben, through the most interesting districts of the Jura, and the Swiss and Savoy Alps, up to the Italian part of Switzerland.

The object of these wanderings was mostly geognostic. The observations were chiefly directed to the stratification of the different mountain formations. Humboldt believed that he would find in these investigations, already commenced during his stay in the "Fichtel and Erzgebirge" and in the mountain districts of the Rhine, a natural law which would establish a correspondence in the falling of mountain masses, from the light-house near Genoa up to the coast lands of the Baltic, and which would prove that this fall has no connection with the form and situation of the mountain chains, but depends upon an unknown power of attraction in the interior of our globe. He arrived also at the conclusion that the line of fall of all the older mountain strata on the whole surface of the globe, was kept by a natural law in a uniform direction, from S. W. to N. E., and afterwards he laid down this principle—that the strata of mountains form a certain constant angle of about fifty-two degrees with the meridian.

This fact seemed to be fully confirmed on the continent of Europe in journeys through a considerable portion of Germany, France, Switzerland, England, Italy, Poland, and lastly, also, through Spain. The desire to ascertain whether this law repeats itself also on the continent of the western hemisphere, was, as he distinctly expresses it, one of the inducements which decided him upon commencing his voyage to America, and postponing for the present the publication of his then numerous observations.

"In all these journeys," says Freyesleben, "he was chiefly occupied with observing the stratification and the vegetable kingdom; but no other object which could have an influence on the physics of the earth, atmosphere, and natural history, lay beyond his reach. And when I consider that we visited, mostly on foot, within seven and eight weeks, the mountains

from Schaffhausen, Zurich, and Berne, beyond the valley of Chamouni, and at last from Altdorf over the Gothard to Ariolo, I am still pleased with the good use of our time—an art which Humboldt especially understands. His ardor for science, and his unexampled industry, have prompted him from his earliest youth to spend every moment instructively; even his nightly rest is always limited to only a few hours."

On his way home, Humboldt went to Rastadt, where the congress was just opening, which engrossed universal attention; he went there, less indeed on account of the diplomatists, than in order to seek the French mineralogist Faujas. "Certainly," reports a satirical diplomatist of that celebrated assembly, "certainly Humboldt never experienced such a fright in the storms of the ocean, as the Count von Goerz, the Prussian minister, *plenipotentiaire* to the (*Reichsfriedenspacificationsverhandlungstractate*)\* experienced at his own table, when Alexander von Humboldt, the invited, besides being heated, and in travelling coat and boots, arrived a whole hour beyond time amongst the assembled diplomatists; but the Count knew how to set them very soon *au fait* through the gently uttered apology, 'It is a scientific man.'"

After his return home to Bayreuth, in the winter of 1795, he was chiefly engaged with the Minister von Hardenberg. Besides this, he was greatly occupied in experiments as regards lighting, and on physiological researches about the vital process, in animals and plants, of different kinds of gases. Already at that time was his glance all-embracing; even then he wished, like an unlimited ruler in the kingdom of science, to establish through the whole of Europe endyometric stations, and only the newly commenced hostilities prevented the accomplishment of this design.

These warlike commotions caused, in July, 1796, a new interruption to Humboldt's scientific pursuits, in consequence of his undertaking a diplomatic mission to the Prince Hohenlohe at Ingelfingen, in order to secure from the French commanders, Moreau and Desaix, near Kannstadt, the neutrality of Franconia, and to divert the march of French troops from passing through that portion of the coun-

\* This is ironically retained as one word.

try. Circumstances had, however, in the mean time, arrived at a point when it was impossible to attain the object in view by means of diplomatic representations. Considering his personal simplicity, Humboldt appeared to himself very strange in being marshalled into the French camp by hussars and sound of trumpet: this is expressed in his letters of that time.

In the autumn of 1796, he again commenced his inquiries relating to the subterranean gases. The immediate inducements to this undertaking were the noxious vapors which increase the great dangers encountered by the miner: the number of human beings inclosed in narrow chambers, the great exertions required by their occupations, their strong and quick breathing, the smoke from the lights, the generation of injurious gases from various fossils, the dampness of the rooms, the air-vitiating plants, and a variety of other causes, which increase the dangers of the miner, and whose chemical nature, at that time unknown, had to be considered. Humboldt entered, armed with all the weapons possessed by the science of that day, against this enemy; the vapors were chemically analyzed, and their component parts examined as regards their local origin. These investigations led him to the invention of four different lamps, for maintaining the lights burning in the mines; he also invented a respirating machine to render breathing possible in a bad atmosphere. During a trial with one of these lamps, on the 13th October, 1796, in the Bernecker alum-works, he went alone into a place containing foul air, in which neither paper nor light would burn for even a single second. Suddenly he was overcome by the miasma; he lost consciousness and fell fainting to the ground by the side of his burning lamp. By a mere accident he had been followed by one of the miners, who hurried to his assistance, and drew him, perfectly inanimate, by his legs some six or eight fathoms backwards out of this dreadful place. In the alternation from terror to delight, no one, however, felt happier than Humboldt, that he had in himself experienced how utterly irrespirable the gases were in which his lamp would still continue to burn.

These experiments have more than once, and especially in the before-mentioned works, nearly cost Humboldt his life. Space prevents our alluding further either to these dangers or Humboldt's other efforts in the various branches of natural science. Sufficient has been said to exhibit the extent of his labors, and the all-extending grasp of his observations. The vastness of his plans, the profoundness of his method, and with it all, his amiability and unassuming nature, may be inferred from a letter written to Professor Pictet, at Genf, in January, 1796.

"C'est depuis six ans (he writes) depuis le voyage que je fis en Angleterre avec George Forster, philosophe aimable, enlevé trop tôt à l'humanité égarée, que je n'ai cessé de m'occuper d'observations physiques. J'eus le bonheur de parcourir en mineur une grande partie des montagnes de l'Europe, j'étudiai la nature sous les points de vue les plus différens; je conçus l'idée d'une physique du monde; mais plus j'en sentis le besoin, et plus je vis que peu de fondemens sont encore jetés pour un aussi vaste édifice. Quelque mérite qu'il y ait à réduire des expériences connues à établir l'harmonie parmi les phénomènes, qui, aux premier coup-d'œil, paroissent incompatibles, je me bornerai cepedant à vous communiquer les faits qui ont échappé jusqu'ici aux naturalistes. Car de tout ce que la physique nous présente, il n'y a de stable et de certain que les faits. Les théories, enfans de l'opinion sont variables comme elles. Ces sont les météores du monde moral, rarement bien-faisans, et plus souvent nuisibles aux progrès intellectuels de l'humanité."

In the midst of a life of such arduous devotion to science, he was overtaken by the news of his mother's death; she died at Berlin on the 19th of November, 1796. The news possibly did not, however, come so thoroughly unexpected, for Schiller had already, as early as July, written to Goethe: "Humboldt's mother is dying, and that no doubt detains him at Berlin." While in the house of Wilhelm von Humboldt, at Jena, Bugsdorf writes to Rahel: "They would not lightly retire to bed without having once more prayed for the life of the beloved mother at Berlin."

From Chambers's Journal.

## BRIDES FOR SALE.

WE have heard it said that there are to be no more slaves in Egypt—a pleasant piece of news, if true. Mr. Breakchains has already commented on the circumstance, and told us that, “for the first time since the Nile began to deposit its sediment, the pellucid stream reflects the beauteous countenance of freedom,” and so forth. This is not the first time there has been talk of this kind. Ten years ago, it was solemnly decreed by that “very magnificent Bashaw”—this is the true Egyptian pronunciation—Mohammed Ali, that in Alexandria, at least, conscientious residents and missionary gentlemen bound for India should not be shocked by the sight of flocks of human beings exposed for sale in public places. This was the result of a movement something analogous to that against Smithfield. The slave-markets were complained of as a nuisance, not as a system. They were ordered to disappear. Accordingly travellers fresh from London or Paris, who wished to convince themselves that such things could be—that boys and girls and grown persons were actually to be seen for sale—at least, such was the reason given for the eagerness with which the sight was sought—were compelled to hire a guide acquainted with the back-slums of the city. They then learned that the trade, instead of being carried on in the open street, was confined to certain small houses adapted for the purpose—ranges of rooms or cells round low courts. It was not customary, even for natives, to visit these places: a man in want of a slave used to send for four or five specimens, male or female as the case might be, and examine them deliberately as he sat smoking his pipe in his own divan; the jellab, or dealer, squatting by, ready to answer all questions as to age, temper, or origin. Europeans, however, obtained admission into the private slave-markets with tolerable ease. There was always some grumbling and affectation of resistance, but a few piastres smoothed all

difficulties. It was worth while going once or twice in order to appreciate the vulgar reality of the scene. Whilst passenger-philanthropists were praising the great step towards emancipation taken by Mohammed Ali—supposed to have repented of his slave-hunts—here was evidence that not the slightest real change was contemplated. Serving-men and serving-maids, of all classes and degrees, were constantly on hand, constantly coming or going. In most cases, they were fresh from Soudan, clothed in a single rag, with their hair in a thousand plaits. It is not from avarice that the jellabs make their slaves preserve this miserable dress, but because they well know that new arrivals are most prized. Families like to educate them in their own way. It is not uncommon for girls already well civilized to be compelled to reassume their native dress, pretend ignorance of Arabic, and affect pristine stupidity.

We have glided into the use of the present tense, because the same observations still apply. Indeed, in speaking of Eastern manners, the past tense is almost superfluous; and, for that matter, perhaps, so is the future. Nothing seems to change there but names—there is no progress, no development. When we hear, therefore, that slavery is to be abolished in Egypt by the will of that new jovial pasha—that man-mountain invested with authority, and besieged by rival influences—we remain perfectly unmoved. The statement has the appearance of a contradiction in terms. Abolish Egypt you may; but not slavery in Egypt, for many a long day. The whole of society is conducted on the supposition that in every family above the position of a common laborer there shall be, at least, one bought assistant. Take away the slave-girl, and who shall grind the corn, or pound the coffee or the meat, or blow the fire with her breath, or turn the kababs, or wash the floor, or carry master's dinner to the shop in the bazaar? Who shall light the pipes of the great, or

bring their slippers, or watch over the women, if there be no more memlooks or eunuchs? We will not absolutely despair of the future: but change must come by slow degrees.

What, too, would the rich Turk, or the merchant who cannot afford to take a wife from among his own people do without Abyssinian or Georgian slaves? Let us not have false ideas on the subject. In most cases the Orientals do not buy odalisques, but housewives. When white or bronze-colored ladies are introduced into a harem, the transaction very much resembles a matrimonial one. The victims, as we are accustomed to call them, are very willing parties in most cases. They are eager to obtain an establishment. We remember once—during the time when it was said that no more slaves were to be publicly sold in Alexandria—being told that there was a Georgian girl to be disposed of in the Broker Bazaar. We went to see her. The poor thing sat a little back in a shop, closely wrapped up in a white woollen mantle, and only allowing her dark glancing eyes to be seen. Her owner was not then present, but the master of the shop, Sidi Abn Hassan, sat smoking his pipe before her, dilating, from imagination, on her innumerable perfections. The moon, the palm branch, the pomegranate, and the gazelle were, as usual, brought in as comparisons for her face, her figure, her form, and her eyes. The chief thing on which he dwelt, however, was the fact that the ornaments of her person were worth three thousand piastres (thirty pounds). We saluted him at the first period, and he made way for us by his side, jocularly informing his auditors that we should be the successful purchaser. Two or three scowled tremendously; but the rest laughed, saying that the Frank was very unfortunate that he could not buy so beautiful a companion. We learned that the girl's name was Nazlet; and it was added that she was fresh from her mother's side in Georgia. This we knew to be untrue, and having shown our incredulity, we gradually ascertained that she had been lately sold out of the harem of a Turk. When the crowd had dispersed, we tried to talk to the girl, but she did not understand Arabic, and Abn Hassan was a poor Turkish scholar. She contrived, however, to ask whether the Frank intended to purchase her, and said—interested flatterer—that she had always

desired to be the slave of a Frank. Her voice was sweet, and her gestures were pretty and expressive; but when, in accordance with the usual coquetry of Eastern women, she allowed us to take a rapid glance at her face, we discovered that care or sickness had made surprising inroads on her youth. We shall never forget that anxious and pallid countenance, lighted up for a moment by a fascinating smile—we fear not genuine, for it was expiring before the veil rapidly returned to its place. Her master, a surly Turk, coming up to take her home, put an end to the interview. Next day we heard some bidding for her; but the report had got abroad that she was thin and sick, and very low offers were made. We had resolved not to go and see her again; but she beckoned to us in passing, and we could not resist. Her first words, as interpreted, were: "Nazarene! cannot you find a substitute to buy me for you?" That is to say, a Mohammedan to become the nominal purchaser, we infidels not being allowed the enviable privilege of possessing slaves in our own right. She seemed really to anticipate being left on the hands of her master, who, we are told, attributed her meagreness either to ill-humor or to the effect of the evil-eye. We did not attempt to explain to her that Christians abhorred slavery, and were liable to a fine imposed by the consul of an hundred pounds sterling (ten thousand piastres) for encouraging it in any way. We thought it best to affect poverty. That was decisive. Her manner changed like that of a young lady who learns that some impassioned suitor is dreaming of love in a cottage, because he has no expectations. She looked over our shoulder at a huge greasy Turk who was waddling that way. A short time afterwards, she was parted with for about seventy pounds, ornaments and all.

White slaves are kept at Cairo, in *Wakâlfahs*, specially devoted to the purpose, but under the superintendence of the common sheikh of the slave-dealers. They were brought there generally from Constantinople some half a dozen at a time, but almost always receive additions from the harem of the place, for there are always "a few fine young ladies" for sale, forming part of the fortune of some deceased Turk. In the best houses, each has a separate apartment, and a separate *duenna*, or attendant—facts which we

might have learned from report, but which we happen to know from positive experience. We were some years ago at Cairo, in the heyday of youth and spirits, and chancing to hear of the existence of these curious hotels, as well as of the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of penetrating into them, determined, at any rate, to try. Had we been better acquainted with Eastern manners, we should never have exhibited the blind obstinacy which in such a case can alone insure success.

We started one day, a party of four, mounted on donkeys equally spirited with ourselves, and dashed into the narrow, tortuous, thronged alleys of the city, loudly informing our guide that we never meant to return without having seen a *dépôt* of white slaves. The fellow's single eye glistened with wonder, but he put his hand to his head and exclaimed: "Trader—ready!" and trotted on before us, stopping to whisper to all his numerous friends and acquaintances as he passed, informing them, as we afterwards learned, that he had four mad Franks in charge, whom he was resolved to lead a tremendous dance, in order to tame down their absurd curiosity. In the first place, he took us straight to the other extremity of the city, near the Bab-el-Zontona, where are the black-slave bazaars. We inspected them rather hurriedly, being already acquainted with that sort of thing, and then turning to our one-eyed cicerone, who pretended to forget what we really wished, said rather sternly: "Well, sir?" He apologized, and when we had satisfied the greedy demands of the jellabs, trotted away to the other side of the Bab-en-Nasr, where we saw some ladies from Abyssinia of various degrees of bronze color, and a few Galla girls, black as a coal, but wonderfully lovely in feature. This was not what we wanted, and some of our party began to talk of the propriety of cudgeling our guide. He understood the pantomime, and requesting us to mount again, promised with many a solemn asseveration to take us to the *therkh* of the slave-dealers; and so we rode about a couple of hours, having interviews occasionally with several grave old white-bearded gentlemen who were always at first introduced as the *skeikh*, and who were then admitted to be only deputies. They all made long speeches to us, which we partly understood, beginning by expatiating on the impropriety

of our wishes, and ending—when it was evident that we were perfectly inaccessible to reason—by referring us to a man in the next bazaar.

We had started very early in the morning, and it was not until an hour after noon that we began to suspect that we were being merely played with: that is to say, that our guide was in league with every body to prevent us from seeing these mysterious white slaves. We had learned one fact, however, namely, that a good number of Georgian and other beauties were lodging in a vast house in one of the principal streets—a continuation of the Goreeyeh, if we remember rightly—of course, under the care of a merchant. After a serious consultation, therefore, we gave Mohammed—he must have been named Mohammed—the slip, and resolved to do business on our own account. At that time of day the streets of Cairo are very quiet and lonely. Every body is taking his siesta after dinner, and even the coffee-houses are empty. There happened to be one of these establishments exactly opposite the great house in question. We entered and called for pipes and Mocha—paid extravagantly for the first supply, and ordered a second. The kawajee was delighted, and gave a ready ear to our confidences. We told him what we wanted. That great wall, striped horizontally with red and white, rising to the height of some twenty feet without windows, and then having only a sort of range of bird-cages projecting, but jealously closed, stood between us and a mystery which we were resolved to investigate. The worthy coffee-man, whose countenance was as brown as the berry in which he dealt, grinned and winked, but at first uttered that same absurd word which had annoyed us all day. It was impossible, he said. The only means of entrance was that narrow thick door opposite. There was a wicket in it. If we showed our Frank faces and pleaded for admission, we should be laughed at. That was indeed probable, but we did not give up in despair. We waited for events, smoking and drinking coffee, to the imminent danger of our nerves. At last the kawajee, who really took an interest in us, drew our attention to a great brawny fellât woman, who was coming down the street on the sunny side, with a great pitcher on her head. She was going, he told us, into

the sealed house, being a servant thereof; and if, he added, retiring with a cunning look towards the back part of his shop, we chose to go in with her, why we should find only a decrepit old porter, and a lot of women, to resist us. We thought not a moment of the disagreeable consequences the act suggested—which had somewhat of the character of a burglary—might entail. All means of satisfying our legitimate curiosity appeared to us legitimate. The door was opened. The brawny fellât woman entered. We made a rush across the street—a hop, step, and a jump—and before the old porter had time to understand what had happened, were scrambling up a long flight of narrow, dirty, shattered steps, as fiercely as if we were taking a town by storm. Where they came from we did not know, but by the time we had reached a broad gallery on one side, overlooking a vast court-yard, we were surrounded by a number of women, not the beauties we were in search of, but old ugly women of nondescript appearance. How they screamed, and shouted, and gesticulated, and threatened, and put their half-veiled faces close to ours, and asked what we wanted and where we came from, and where we expected to go! Our answer consisted of handfuls of piastres and paraahs, which produced a most complete effect. Their gestures calmed down, their voices became gentler, they began to understand our curiosity. After all, what was the harm? The merchant and his men were away—the old porter, who at length came up, had received a dollar in the hand that had been stretched out to grasp one of our throats—order was restored, and then came explanations and a sort of bargain. By this time we had made out an individual figure in the crowd of our quondam female assailants. It was that of a round little old woman in a white woollen mantle, with a muffler wrapped all round her head, above and below her eyes; she was the chief duenna, and when her avarice was satisfied, professed perfectly to appreciate our feelings, and agreed, if we would only make haste, to exhibit her caged beauties.

There were seven or eight of them, each occupying a separate apartment opening into the great gallery which we had reached by our first effort. The doors were opened one after the other. After crossing a small ante-room, we found our-

selves in each case in a nice chamber furnished with a divan, on which the slave sat or reclined, whilst an attendant woman squatted near at hand ready to serve her. The first lady we saw received us sulkily and pulled on her veil. The second—extremely handsome, by-the-bye—greeted us with shouts of laughter, made us sit down, and affected to coquette with some of us. On being rebuked by the duenna, she laughed still more immoderately, and offered us coffee and pipes. A serious quarrel ensued, during which we left, after making our present—for we had begun to suspect that the least interesting specimens alone were exhibited to us. It was evident that these two ladies, though richly dressed and attractive in person, were not fresh arrivals. They had most probably been already in some Cairo harem, and were for sale either as a punishment or on account of the poverty of their masters. There was a certain reckless, vicious look about them that suggested the former to be the case—told stories, in fact, of incompatibility of temper, which low feeding and the whip had not been able to overcome.

The third door had been passed over, which of course roused our curiosity. In the other apartments we saw one or two young girls, very innocent-looking and quiet, with several dames, evidently well accustomed to that transition state; but we did not note them much, being too occupied in thought with the mysterious third chamber. At length, after a good deal of parleying, in which promises were not spared, we succeeded in procuring admittance, and understood at once the reason of the hesitation which had piqued our inquisitiveness. Here was the gem of the exhibition—for in that light we regarded the place—a magnificent young woman, with dark, dreamy eyes, arched eyebrows, smooth, low forehead, rich lips and dimpled chin. The purple blood came to her cheeks, and went and came again rapidly in the first flutter caused by our intrusion. She was dressed in the usual embroidered vest, with a many-folded shawl round her waist, and loose trowsers, as we are accustomed to call the oriental jupe, because it is fastened round below the knee, and falls in double folds to the ankles. The lady wore a small red cap, from beneath which her immense profusion of small tresses, increased in volume by braid, and spangled with gold ornaments, fell over her shoul-

ders. Her unstockinged feet were partially covered by bright yellow inner slippers, as they may be called. When the first surprise was over, she received us in a courteous and lady-like manner, but still seemed puzzled to know what we could want, and why she was made a show of to Europeans. The dignity of her appearance checked our somewhat boisterous gayety, and we remained gazing at her in silence—a circumstance that did not seem at all displeasing; for she smiled approvingly at us and at herself, glancing down over her splendid attire, of which she was evidently very proud. All our ideas of slavery were at once confounded; and it was not until some time afterwards that we understood the difference between the purchase of human beings to put them to hard labor, and the purchase of them as members of a family.

We might at last have had some conversation with this bride for sale; but suddenly a tempest of human voices again whirled along the gallery. We were unceremoniously hurried out of the boudoir just in time to find ourselves in the midst of a dozen fierce-looking jellabs, armed with clubs and headed by an old man with a

white beard, which he accused us of defiling. He was the master of the place; and a mighty rage he was in. The scene that ensued was so confused—so many people spoke at once—that we could not make our apologies appreciated; and, though we distributed small pieces of money right and left to the whole garrison, and thereby warded off some of the blows aimed at us, yet we could not, in any degree, pacify the old gentleman, who, being past the age of action, offered us his beard to pull, slapped his face, took off his turban and threw it on the ground—all to denote that we had unjustly violated his domicile—and so we had. Mingling, therefore, entreaties with counter-thrusts, opening a way with piastres when we could not do it with blows, taking the bruises we received as good-humoredly as possible, we managed to scramble down the staircase and get into the street, where our donkey-boys, who had heard of our danger, were beginning to whimper and collect a crowd. Getting into the saddle as fast as we could, we galloped off towards the European quarter, where we related to many unbelieving Franks the story of our visit.

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From Sharpe's Magazine.

## THE STRANGE ACQUAINTANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM "GRAZIELLA," BY LAMARTINE.

WHEN I was eighteen years old my family intrusted me to the care of a relation whom business called into Tuscany, whither she was accompanied by her husband.

It was an opportunity for me to travel, and to shake off that dangerous idleness engendered by the quiet of a father's house and of country towns, where the first passions of the soul grow corrupt for want of employment.

I departed with the enthusiasm of youth when about to see the curtain rise on the most splendid views of nature and life.

The Alps, which since my childhood I had seen from the summit of the hill Milly, in the extreme horizon, brilliant with eternal snow; the sea, of which sailors and poets had filled my mind with glowing images; the Italian sky, the heat and serenity of which I had already, as it were, experienced through the verses of Goethe and the pages of "Corinne"—

"Knowest thou that land where the myrtles flourish?"

The yet remaining monuments of that

Roman antiquity, of which my recent studies had filled my thoughts—in short, liberty; distance, which gives enchantment to scenes far removed; the accidents, certain in long journeys, which, foreseen by the imagination of the young, adds the zest of anticipation to present pleasure; with the change of language, of faces, and of manners, which seems to open to the mind a new world—all fascinated me. I lived in a state of constant excitement during the long days of expectation which preceded our departure.

This delirium, renewed each day by the magnificence of nature in Savoy, Switzerland, on the lakes of Geneva and Como, on the Glaciers of the Simplon, at Milan, and at Florence, lasted till my return.

The business which had brought my companion to Leghorn, being indefinitely prolonged, she proposed to send me back to France, without having seen Rome and Naples. This was to deprive me of my dream at the moment of possession.

I inwardly revolted against such an idea. I wrote to my father to obtain his permission for continuing my journey into Italy alone; and, without waiting for the answer, which I could scarcely hope would be favorable, I determined to forestall disobedience by action.

"If a refusal arrives," I said to myself, "it will arrive too late; I shall be blamed, but pardoned; I must return, but I shall have seen."

I reviewed my finances; they were slender. Knowing, however, that a relation of my mother was established at Naples, I trusted that he would not refuse me money for returning, and started one beautiful night by mail from Leghorn to Rome.

I passed the winter there alone, in a little room of an obscure street, at the house of a Roman painter, who took me to board in his family.

My appearance, my youth, my enthusiasm, my isolation in the midst of a strange land, had interested one of my fellow-travellers on the route from Florence to Rome, who united himself to me with sudden friendship.

He was a handsome young man, about my own age, and appeared to be the son or nephew of the famous singer David, then the first tenor of the Italian Theatre. David, already an old man, travelled with us on his way to the San Carlo Theatre,

Naples, where he was to sing for the last time.

He behaved like a father to me, and his young companion loaded me with kindness and attention; I responded to his advances with the simplicity and confidence of my age; before our arrival at Rome we had become inseparable.

The mail then took not less than three days for its journey from Florence to Rome. In the inns my new friend was my interpreter; at table, he served me first; in the carriage, he reserved for me, beside himself, the best place, and, if I slept, I was sure my head would have his shoulder for a pillow.

When I left the carriage at the foot of the steep ascents of the Tuscan or Sabine hills, he joined me, explained the peculiarities of the country, named the towns, and pointed out the monuments; he even gathered lively flowers, and bought fine figs and grapes upon the road—with these he filled my hands and my hat.

David appeared pleased with the affection his companion showed for the young stranger, and sometimes exchanged smiles with him, as they glanced kindly yet significantly at me.

Arriving at Rome, at night, I naturally took up my residence in the same hotel.

I was conducted to a room; next morning I did not awake, till the voice of my young friend, who rapped at my door, invited me to breakfast.

Having dressed hastily and descended into the saloon where the travellers were reunited, I turned to clasp the hand of my intimate, but looked for him in vain among the company, from whom proceeded a general burst of laughter.

Instead of the son or nephew of David, I saw by his side the charming figure of a young Roman girl, elegantly dressed, and whose black hair, arranged in plaits round the forehead, was fastened behind by two long golden pearl-headed pins, such as are still worn by the peasant girls of Tivoli.

It was my friend, who, on arriving at Rome, had resumed her costume and her sex.

I ought to have surmised it, from the tenderness of her regard, and the grace of her smile, but I had no such suspicion.

"Dress does not change the heart," said the young Roman, blushing, "only you will no longer sleep on my shoulder,



and, instead of receiving flowers, you must give them ; this adventure will teach you not to trust to those appearances of friendship shown you for the future, which may be something very different."

She was a cantatrice—a pupil and favorite of David ; he took her with him every-

where, and dressed her as a man, in order to avoid remarks on the road.

He treated her more as though he were her father than her guardian, and was in no degree jealous of the sweet and innocent familiarity which he had allowed to be established between us.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THE MOURNFUL MARRIAGE OF SIR SAMUEL MORLAND.

ONE of the stock characters of our last age comedy, was the morose, suspicious, and with all, gullible old bachelor, the standing jest of his younger associates, the dupe of intriguing maids and their designing mistresses, who generally ended a life passed in abuse of the fair sex, and dread of the "holy estate of matrimony," by running his head into the noose of some equivocal or unequivocal jade, and the curtain usually dropped before a laughing audience upon the head of the wretched misogynist, in the first agonies of discovering that, after a long and lonely course of suspicion and wariness, he had been trapped, and was destined to pass the remainder of his life under a petticoat despotism of the most despotic and degrading kind.

These things don't happen now-a-days ; hence, doubtless, this character, in its broad features, is no longer reproduced in modern comedy ; and it may be taken as an illustration of the world-wide inspiration with which Shakspeare describes the stage as marking "the very age and body of the time," to note how Congreve's "Crusty old Bachelor" refines into his modern counterpart in the *Sir Peter Teazle* of Sheridan, just as the grossness of the stolen or tricky Fleet marriages of the days of "handsome Fielding" are refined into the completeness with which the modern trip to Gretna at once satisfies decorum and defies pursuit. Times are changed, habits altered, and the stage

mimicry of life follows suit and changes also.

The story of "real life" I am about to tell is exactly one of those which, if *now* produced on the stage, would be pronounced exaggerated and improbable, though in its own day it would have been received as a natural and not out-of-the-way incident. A grave, staid personage, with a place on the page of history ; a name widely known in connection with events of historical interest ; a man of mark, a "ripe scholar," a courtier, all in one, and yet with an underplot in his private career, marking him out for the original of the duped hero of a low-comedy intrigue, the jeer of a merry audience, and the standing laughing-stock of all his private acquaintance. Pity that our narrative should date in the brief reign of the saturnine James, instead of that merry monarch his brother Charles, to whom, and to his gay courtiers, it would have been a reality far better than any "play ever enacted by his Majesty's servants," affording them "laughter for a week and a good jest for ever."

Going back into the protectorate of that stern "Oliver" who, if he gained his power irregularly, yet confessedly used it so as to render the name of Englishman dreaded, hated, and respected in equal proportions through Europe, we find one of the incidents of Cromwell's brief rule on which Englishmen love most to dwell, in his bold interference on behalf

of the persecuted Vaudois. Not only by remonstrance and protest, but by stern and unequivocal threat of armed aid and reprisal, did the Protector interpose between the bigot policy of the House of Savoy and its own Waldensian subjects. Nor was his sympathy limited to words, or even warlike demonstrations; a grant of thirty-eight thousand pounds\*—a vast sum for those days—was distributed to the plundered and persecuted people of the valleys; and this princely benevolence was ministered to the sufferers by the hand of "Samuel Morland," then a young man and accomplished scholar, who, called from a Cambridge fellowship into the office of Secretary Thurloe, was selected to dispense England's brotherly aid to persecuted fellow-Christians, and this, doubtless, not without a regard as well to his high personal character, as to his ability to record the events of his mission in that narrative which is ever since referred to as a text-book by all writers on the affairs of the Waldenses.

This is the first mention we meet of Samuel Morland; the next, while it lays open a painful spectacle of the private treachery which may pass current for public virtue in days of civil warfare or commotion, must lower our hero in esteem, just as the favor of his prince was elevating him in the scale of worldly honor.

The memorable "twenty-ninth of May," 1660, came, and with it came the Second Charles to "enjoy his own again," riding from Dover to Whitehall through such an avenue of welcoming subjects as gave him occasion to say—in his own happy manner—"that it must have been his own fault not to have come *home* long ago!" This public entry to his capital took place, as we have said, in the end of the month; but even at the beginning of it Charles had begun to dispense his royal favors to those who had contributed to his "Restoration," and among those whom "the king delighted to honor," we find from Pepys' gossip, that he "knighted Mr. Morland, and did give the reason for it openly—that it was for giving him intel-

*ligence all the time he was clerk to Secretarie Thurloe."*

This debasing avowal seems to me to humiliate the bestower and receiver of honor alike, and leaves a revolting impression of the effect of civil convulsions in sapping the very foundations of truth and trust among men. Here we have The King—"the very fount of honor"—rewarding a course of service to him, which was in effect treachery to Morland's own trusting employer, and proclaiming his new knight to his assembled court as one who had bought his favor by such systematic breach of faith and honesty, as in ordinary relations between man and man would expel the traitor from decent society. No doubt Charles was neither of character nor in circumstances to look too nicely into the moral features of any means which helped him to his throne; yet he must have been devoid of the commonest moral perception if, *in his secret soul*, he could look upon his new-made knight without loathing.

The acknowledgment of Morland's services did not rest in a paltry knighthood. He shortly after received a life-pension of five hundred pounds per annum, charged upon the Post Office revenue; and when, a little later in the year, the king was scattering honors over the land with lavish hand, we find among them "Sir Samuel Morland, of Southhamstede Bannister, Berks, *Baronet!*" Nay, further still, we find him obtaining from his reckless master not only this honor for himself, but a "*blank baronetcy or two!*" to dispose of for his own private advantage. It would be a curious piece of secret history if we could trace out among "The Order of Baronets" the individual who bought his honor "*bon marché*" from this baronet-broker of baronetcies!

We learn this fact, as before, from the gossip of Pepys. Pepys had, it seems, been Morland's pupil at Cambridge, and had formed so low an estimate of his former tutor's judgment and common sense, that he avows his surprise at finding him so well able to make his way at court in the new world just then beginning. On the 14th of August, 1660, Pepys makes an entry, in his *own* style, as follows:

"To the Privy-seale Office, and thence to Mr. Pym, the tailor's, and I agreed upon making me a velvet coate; thence to

\* Morland's Waldensian narrative contains a minute account of the distribution of this sum among the "poor Vaudois" to the amount of 21,908*l.*, and closes with a "*ballance in hand*" of 16,333*l.* 10*s.* 3*d.* Query: What became of this balance? Did the "merrie monarch" find it still "*in hand*" when he came to Whitehall?

the Privy-seale againe, where Sir Samuel Morland came with a baronet's grant to posse, *which the king had given him to make money of*. Here we staid with him a great while, and he told me the whole manner of his serving the king in the time of the Protector, and how Thurloe's bad usage made him doe it; *how he discovered Sir Richard Willis,\** and how he had sunk his fortune for the king; and that now the king had given him a pension of 500*l.* per annum in the Post Office for life, *and the benefit of two baronets!*—alle which doe make me begin to think *that he is not so much of a foole as I took him to be.*"

Poor Morland, while opening his heart to his former pupil, little thought that he was confiding his secrets to a "chiel takin' notes" to be "prented" for the edification of generations yet unborn—as little did good Doctor Gilly (the modern historian of the Waldenses) suspect what a "by-way *exposé*" of character he had passed over in Pepys' pages, when he sketched

\* The case of Sir Richard Willis, here alluded to, is detailed at large by Clarendon, in book xvi. of his History; and Clarendon fully gives Morland the credit which he thus claims, of having been the discoverer of the double-dealing of Willis, who appears to have gone here and there, from one party to another, in the civil wars, but who ultimately, for a large pension, became the "*spied spy*" of Cromwell, inasmuch as all his discoveries were re-conveyed, as soon as made, by Morland to Charles. This business is no further connected with our present subject than as it exhibits another phase of that queer, loose morality which characterized the intrigues of that period. Willis was a traitor, but he wore his mask "with a difference." If he betrayed the king's agents and partisans, he did so with as little damage to the king's cause as he well could. He spared the "good men and true" as much as possible, but gave up the doubtful and moderate without hesitation. "It was soon noted," observes Clarendon, "that he (Sir R. Willis) seldom communicated any thing in which there was necessity to name any man who was of the king's party *and had always been so reputed*; but what was undertaken by *any of the Presbyterian party, or by any who had been against the king, was poured out to the life*. . . . If at any time he named any who had been of the king's party, it was chiefly those who were *satisfied with what they had done*, how little so ever, and resolved to adventure no more."—Clarendon, b. xvi.

The whole "secret service" of that period was a perfect network of intrigue. Cromwell and Thurloe had in turn *their spies* in the very king's chambers, who were in like manner detected; for an instance of which, see "*Maning's treachery*," as narrated by Clarendon in same book. On the whole, I think it probable that while Cromwell was served with more ability, Charles found more *fidelity* in his agents, and that the Protector felt that he was walking over mines and pitfalls at every step of his reign.

the following glowing portrait of Cromwell's almoner and accredited agent to the proud Duke of Savoy." "Cromwell (writes Doctor Gilly) could not have chosen a man better qualified to discharge the duties of such an embassy than Morland. Young, ardent, full of courage, and conscious of the dignity of the character which he had to sustain as the representative of the Commonwealth of England, he procured an audience at Rivoli, where he addressed the Duke in a Latin oration, which, after a few customary expressions of courtesy, containing truths which none but a *stern republican* (!!) could think of sounding in royal ears."

After the extracts we have given, Morland disappears from Pepys' graphic memoranda for a number of years, with the exception of an occasional dash of the pen, sufficient to show us that he very soon became one of those hangers-on of the court who, no longer needed, was no longer noticed. We can see, as if with our living eyes, that Sir Samuel had, to use an expressive phrase, "worn out his court welcome at Whitehall," and was become a kind of "Sir Mungo Malagrowler" among the reckless courtiers of Charles the Second. The royal gratitude which in its first fervor had flung him baronetcies to dispense, and assigned him an ample pension on the public revenue, in time began to cool, and, cooling, to collapse! So that, after an interval, we find, first, "the lord treasurer," *with a Joe Hume austerly*, "curtailing his pension," and presently the curtailed pension falls into arrear to a formidable amount; so that, at the end of a quarter of a century (1684-6), we trace the King's knight and baronet to a small house at Vauxhall, where he employed himself in scientific and mechanical experiments,\* which classed him with the persons known in that age as "projectors"—men out of place in the pleasure-seeking court of Charles, but who would have been more duly estimated in our day, when speculation periodically combines itself into

\* Upon looking into Evelyn's graver "Diary," running parallel with the gossip of Pepys, we find frequent mention of Morland, and his ingenious contrivances and inventions. Some annotator has "made a note" confounding Sir Samuel Morland, our hero, with his son, who died unmarried and childless in 1716; but there can be no doubt that Sir Samuel the elder, who survived to the year 1695, was the person mentioned in these Diaries, and the "Master of Mechanics" to Charles and James the Second.

"Lunar Railway Companies," "Timbuctoo Mining Associations," and other provisions for evaporating the extra energy and capital of our countrymen. Assuredly, Sir Samuel Morland, had he now lived, would have written himself down X. Y. Z. and A. S. S., &c., &c., and have held high place in the "directorships" and "management" of the "joint-stock bubbles" of our day.

"Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood."

Sir Samuel Morland was in the sixty-first year of his age, when, notwithstanding his experience, his erudition, his converse with courts, and the craft which his own practice in the ways of deception should have taught him, he fell into as shallow a pit-fall as ever snared a schoolboy. It is impossible to consider his mishap without seeing in it something at once of the pitiable and ludicrous, and, above all, some *judicial* infusion of that treachery which he had long before prided himself upon practising upon others. If the comparison may be used without profaneness, the case seems to resemble that of Jacob, who, having in his youth beguiled his aged father, was himself in his own old age made by his own children the subject of continued frauds, which well-nigh brought his "gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." But Sir Samuel Morland must tell his own sorrows, which he introduces, strangely enough, in an *official* communication to his quondam pupil, now the prosperous and powerful Secretary to the Navy, upon the subject of some projected improvements in the construction of "gun-carriages."

"SIR SAMUEL MORLAND TO MR. PEPYS.

"Sat., 19 Feb., 1686-7.

"SIR,—I went about three or four daies since to see what the Commissioners of the Navy had done upon the order you sent them relating to the new gun-carriages, &c., but met none but Sir John Nareborough, who told me your order respecting a trial of shooting to be made like that at Portsmouth, which was impracticable at Deptford, because shooting with powder only was no trial, and shooting with bullets too dangerous; and therefore his opinion, which he did believe would be the opinion of the whole board, was, that to each new carriage should be the addition of a windlass, and also the false truck at the end of the carriages; and that all the other things, as eye-bolts,

tackles, &c., should be left as they are on the old carriages till such time as a full trial be made of the new way, both at sea and in a fight, and then what shall prove to be useless in the old way may be wholly left off and laid aside.

"I could have waited on you with this account myself, but I presume you have by this time heard what an unfortunate and fatal accident hath lately befallen me, of which I shall give you an abbreviate.

"About three weeks or a month since, being in very great perplexities, and almost distracted for want of moneys, my private creditors tormenting me from morning till night, and some of them threatening me with a prison, and having no positive answer from his majesty *about the 1300*l.* which the late Lord Treasurer cut off from my pension so severely*, which left debt upon me which I was wholly unable to pay, there came a certain person to me whom I had relieved in a starving condition, and for whom I had done a thousand kindnesses, who pretended in gratitude *to help me to a wife*, who was a very virtuous person and sweet dispositioned ladye, *and an heiress* who had 500*l.* in land heritage per annum, and 4000*l.* in readie money, with the interest since nine years, besides a mortgage upon 300*l.* per annum more, with plate, jewels, &c. The devil himself could not contrive more probable circumstances than were lay'd before me; and when I had often a mind to inquire into the truth I had no power, believing *for certain reasons that there were some charms or witchcraft used upon me*, and withall, believing it utterly impossible that a person so obliged should ever be guilty of so black a deed as to betray me in so barbarous a manner. Besides *that, I really believed it a blessing from Heaven for my charity to that person*; and I was about a fortnight since led as a fool to the stocks, *and married a coachman's daughter not worth a shilling, and . . . . .* And thus I am both absolutely ruined in my fortune and reputation, and must become a derision to the world.

"My case is at present in the Spiritual Court, and I *presume that one word from his majesty* to his proctor, and advocate, and judge, would procure me speedy justice. If either our old acquaintance or Christian pity move you, I beg you to put in a kind word for me, and to deliver the inclosed into the king's own hands, and with all convenient speed, for a criminal

bound and going to execution is not in greater agonies than has been my poor active soul since this befel me; and I earnestly entreat you to leave in three lines for me, with your own porter, what answer the king gives you, and my man shall call for it. A flood of tears blinds my eyes, and I can write no more, but that I am

"Your most humble and poore distrest servant,  
"S. MORLAND."

On the stage, this would be the point in the duped old bachelor's case on which the "*Deus ex machina*" would descend and either deliver him from the noose into

which he had run his silly head, or leave it an indissoluble knot, the pressure or torment of which would be left to the imagination of the audience; but in our *true tale*, the pitiful sorrows of the silly old man *are but beginning*. He had heavier and more protracted punishment to undergo for the senile self-love in which he allowed himself to be persuaded that a "virtuous and sweet-dispositioned ladye," with an heirship which would have made her a "cynosure" for the gallants of the court, had become *engouée* of a starving sexagenarian. We can find no parallel for such a case of infatuation nearer than that of Malvolio.

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From the London Review.

## THE PENINSULAR HEROES.\*

FROM time immemorial it has been the favorite maxim of great leaders, that the bravest man is the best man. With the Romans, *virtus* meant "valor," as well as that habitual disposition of the soul, or mind, to follow good and avoid evil. "In the day of battle," exclaims Xenophon, "he who least fears men is the one who most reverences the gods." A man who was not much less of a heathen than Xenophon, although he lived in Christian times—namely, Lord Peterborough—has put the bare principle of fighting on somewhat better ground. We do not remember the precise words in which his maxim is reported, but, substantially, it runs to this effect: that *they* are only serfs who fight for the sake of a single man; but they are freemen who fight for the welfare of a nation. Frederick, whom it is still the custom to call "the Great," pronounced war to be the grand art of defending kingdoms. At this definition D'Alembert

laughed, and said that it was the cruel art of destroying man. That it is an art there can be no doubt, and a man can no more be born a warrior than he can be born a statesman or a poet. But he who exercises this terrible art out of mere love for the art itself, is assuredly a stranger to the noblest sentiments of his kind, and an enemy to the cause of virtue and religion. Lucian remarks, in his terse way, that, in civil wars, victory itself is defeat. We may now say, that all wars between civilized nations are civil wars; and the victory is dearly bought which is purchased by the blood of Christian men, and the tears of Christian survivors. Let us add, that the art of war does not lie entirely in fighting. War is sometimes like that human affection called "love," touching which it is said in the Italian proverb, that flight is often victory.

At each improvement in this dread art, there have never been wanting conservative spirits to declare that such innovation was tantamount to ruin. When Archidamus, the son of Agesilaus, first saw an arrow shot from a newly-invented Sicilian

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\* *Memoirs of British Generals distinguished during the Peninsular War.* By J. W. COLE, H. P. 21st Fusiliers. Two Vols. London: Bentley.

machine, he thought it was all over with archers and their sinewy arms, and he exclaimed: "O Hercules! the valor of man is at an end!" So, some one who saw the effects of the first shot fired from a gun or cannon, tried out in despair, that the villanous powder would annihilate bravery. Nevertheless, there have been "bold fellows" since, as well as "before, the days of Agamemnon."

Montluc was especially singular in his dislike of newly-invented engines of war. He was, at one time, captain of a troop of arbalesters, before arquebuses were known in the French army. The effect of the latter, however, had been seen, felt, and execrated, by Montluc. They had been invented, he said, that cowards might slay brave men at a distance, whom the former would not dare to look at near. These pieces, carrying balls, he gravely set down as the discovery of Satan, because they slew so many men. But Montluc lived at a time when men's lives were thought nothing of; and he remarks that Francis I., on being remonstrated with at sending men on a service in which they were almost certain to perish, only answered, that if he were to burn such fellows alive, he would have more profit than loss.

There was one thing which especially annoyed Montluc—the bravery of the English. In one part of his Memoirs he altogether denies the fact. Forgetting that he had done so, he subsequently lauds their valor. He acknowledges their right to credit for vast courage, from the circumstances that all the English carried *short* arms, and that they ran close to the enemy in order to discharge their arrows. Still he is much perplexed touching this same undeniable valor, till he stumbles upon a discovery which renders him perfectly ecstatic. "Take my word for it," he exclaims, "that the English who beat the French in bygone days were half-Gascons; for they married in Gascony, and thus became fathers of good soldiers." In the volumes before us, Mr. Cole gives us a record of the great deeds in war of fourteen Peninsular Generals. The record is one of great interest; and there is something in it of greater importance than mere interesting biographical details. We learn from it the sad fact, that experience has done nothing more for us than the sternlights do for a ship, according to Coleridge's illustration—namely, light up

the way we have passed. In our case, it has not even served us to that extent; and we have not profited by looking along past tracks in order the better to avoid peril before us. In the Peninsula there was a bad system which worked evilly. In the Crimea we adopted the system, and made it work still worse. The men who fought the nation's battles at the commencement of the present century suffered terribly, sometimes unavoidably; but, even then, there is no instance of those who could be traced out as the causes of such suffering, being decorated for their achievements. In later days, we have acted differently. We have detected more grievous offenders, to whose indolence, indifference, or incapacity may be traced the unnecessary and cruel sacrifice of thousands of valuable lives. In the East thousands have perished, not by the sword or might of the enemy, but by the guilty negligence and fatal incompetence of some of those who should have been their chief protectors. Men patiently perished of cold or lack of nourishment, while clothing, food, and drink were within their reach, but withholden from them. They did not rise up in despair to seize on what was denied them, or to strike down those who refused to cover and to feed them; they patiently perished, and their place knows them no more. When the indolence and inertness of Varus made of the Roman legions an easy prey to Arminius, the proconsul, ashamed to look Augustus in the face, slew himself; and his chief officers followed the example. According to the opinions which then prevailed, this was a decent, dignified, and pious process. Varus was well aware that he would receive no crown at the hands of Cæsar. Augustus reserved his decorations for the vanquishers of the enemy, not for the destroyers of his own men; and the bones of Varus mingled with those of his victims, buried by Germanicus at Teutoburgium.

Mr. Cole furnishes us, as we have said, with fourteen biographies; some incidents of these we will now deal with, for the profit, we hope, of the reader. The author commences with Moore.

Sir John Moore presents us with the grateful portrait of a Christian soldier. He did not, perhaps, pray so ostentatiously, nor fight so frantically, as some of those ill-understood and ill-appreciated soldiers, the "fifth-monarchy men;" but of his religious sincerity and his brilliant courage

no man, not even his enemies, doubted. His name is still fresh in our memories, although very nearly a hundred years have elapsed since his birth, and nearly half a century since his soldier-like death at Corunna. He was born in 1761, the son of a Glasgow physician, who is remembered for a novel which very few living persons have read, "Zeluco." The son was, as a child, quick-witted, high-spirited, self-willed, yet tender-hearted. It is this last quality which gives a charm to all children who, therewith, possess the other characteristics named above. If impulse betray them into offence, an appeal to their good feeling or good sense at once recalls them; and in circles of home there are few more touching, perhaps few more pleasant, spectacles than those little scenes of reconciliation between children and parents, effected by mingled resolution and love, and concluded amid an accompaniment of smiles and tears.

From the age of fifteen, when Moore entered the Fifty-first Regiment, to that of forty-eight, when he fought his last battle, and died a victor, he may be said to have lived among his troops. Sprung from the middle classes, he had had no aristocratic leisure wherein to mar his youth; and at fifteen, the ensign had to fight his way to distinction, with no aristocratic influences to help, but with not a few to obstruct him. But the young soldier was also a young but good scholar; and young as he was, he had scarcely any soldierly duty to learn, when he was first called to perform it. When summoned to the practice, he had not to learn even the theory, of his profession. There are many, even in these days, in the latter helpless condition. They remind us of those persons noticed by Bacon, who remarks, that they who visit foreign lands before mastering the languages thereof, go to school, and not to travel.

We need not recapitulate the history of the wars in which Moore was engaged during the thirty-three years of his service. The handsome officer did credit to his country, in three quarters of the globe; and it may be said of him that when he was unsuccessful, he was so more through the imbecility of controlling powers at home, than through the superiority of his enemy, or any short-coming in his own person. He loved punctuality, that "politeness," not only "of kings," as George III. called it, but which we all, as denizens

of a busy state, owe to one another. Once, to a very young officer, whom he had invited to dinner, and who came late, he said, with a reproving smile: "Young gentleman, do you carry a note-book in your pocket?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Then out with it, and write down, *Never be too late to dinner or parade*; and remember to whom you are indebted for this good advice."

His zeal was most unselfish. Thus, in a critical service which he was performing well in St. Lucia, he sent to Abercrombie, for the personal assistance of General Knox. Sir Ralph rode up to him, and, conceiving that Moore had erroneously imagined he had committed some fault, declared that he had no wish to place a senior officer over him. Moore's reply was heroic: "I have asked for another General, because another is requisite for the numerous duties. I ventured to propose General Knox, because he is a man of good sense, and an excellent officer; *for it is of the utmost consequence that the service should be well conducted, but of none which of us commands.*" At a later period, when the incompetent Burrard, and still more incompetent Dalrymple, were placed above him in the Peninsula, he remonstrated, indeed, against the injustice, but he did not fling up his command.

The fact is, that he loved and understood his profession. He was an admirable practical soldier. In the camp at Shorncliffe, in 1803, when the nation generally, and, as Sydney Smith imagined, the wives of Sussex incumbents particularly, were alarmed by threats of invasion, he instituted and superintended the Light Infantry system, beginning with his own Regiment, the Fifty-second, "thus forming the nucleus of the unrivalled Division which, not many years afterwards, in the Peninsula, excited equal admiration from friends and enemies." He had more trust in well-trained men than in the half-trained militia, even with a Prime Minister at its head. Thus, Pitt, who commanded two battalions of a thousand men each, often visited Moore at Shorncliffe; and on one of those occasions he remarked: "Well, Moore, but as, on the very first alarm of the enemy's approach, I shall march to aid you with my Cinque-Port Regiments, you have not told me where you shall place us." "Do you see," said Moore, "that hill? You and your men shall be drawn up on it, where you will make a most for-

midable *appearance* to the enemy, while I, with the soldiers, shall be fighting on the beach." A similar disposal, six years before, of some scarlet-cloaked, round-hatted Welchwomen had frightened fourteen hundred French invaders out of Pembrokeshire. Moore may have had the remembrance of this in his mind; or he may have recollected Pitt's own remark to a body of gentlemen, offering to enroll themselves into a Militia Regiment, on condition that they were not called upon to leave the country,—that "they should never be so called upon, *except in case of invasion.*"

Moore lived in a transition time, but in his own person he anticipated many of the reforms introduced into the army. Thus, for instance, while he was absent, with a force under his command, to serve that worthless Queen of Naples whose vices rendered her odious in the eyes of Moore,—

"A decree had gone forth for the abolition of *pig-tails* throughout the British army. It bore date the 24th of July, and was hailed with universal delight. Sir John Moore's contingent had no sooner arrived in the Downs, on their return, than a signal was made for all haircutters to proceed to head-quarters. . . . As soon as they had finished on board the head-quarter ship, the Adjutant, Lieutenant Russell, proceeded with them and a pattern man to the other troop-ships. The tails were kept till all were docked, when, by a signal, the whole were hove overboard with three cheers. The General himself, long before, as far back as 1800, had been remarked for what was thought by his elders the unsoldierlike innovation of giving up the time-honored powder and queue, and wearing a crop."

Such a scene as that above described had, probably, never been witnessed since the period when Bishop Sirron, of Séez, was horror-stricken at the appearance in France of our Henry I. and his army, all in long, curling locks. The bishop, it will be remembered, preached against the wearers as *pervicaces filii Belial, capita sua comis mulierum ornata*; and he preached to such effect, that the king ordered "crops" into fashion. The bishop clipped the king's own head, as Henry sat meekly at the door of his tent; clergy hardly less dignified cut close the curling hair of the nobles; and, at the same time, inferior ecclesiastics put their shears to the heads of the grinning soldiery, and left nothing thereon but the very stubble of their crops.

It is the remark of Quintus Curtius, in the romantic novel which he calls "the Life of Alexander the Great," that a man's age is not to be calculated by length of years, but by amount of deeds accomplished in it. According to this calendar, Moore, when he fell, at the age of forty-eight, was an old man. His deeds, in the vocation to which it had pleased God to call him, were very many—not a few glorious, none discreditable. He had not had leisure, in his busy life, to nourish the tender sentiment of elevated human love; but his dying exclamation to his aid-de-camp, "Stanhope, remember me to your sister," has induced some few to imagine that his heart was occupied with the image of the eccentric Lady Hester. For such a surmise there is no foundation. As little is there for the tradition that he was buried "uncoffined." His great antagonist, Soult, who, for the first time, received defeat from an enemy, at the hands of Moore, commemorated the spot where Sir John fell, in a Latin inscription cut in the rock, and which simply states that "Here fell General John Moore, on the sixteenth of January, 1809, in a battle against the French, led by the Duke of Dalmatia." Soult lacked the chivalrous candor to confess in this simple registration, that General John Moore was the vanquisher of the Dalmatian duke. The latter, however, repaired, in his private letters, the lack of courtesy visible in his public record.

There was one heart on which the death of Moore fell with crushing force, as an irreparable calamity; and that was his mother's. Some months after his death she wrote to her daughter: "I am endeavoring, as far as I am able, to submit to the will of God, and to trust in his mercy, that it is for my dear John's eternal happiness that he has been snatched from this world; but my feelings are too strong for my reason, and I cannot bring my mind to be reconciled to his loss."

At the battle in which Moore lost his life, at Corunna, there was serving under him an officer, older than himself by four years, and who had entered the army at the same early age of fifteen. That officer was the gallant and ill-requited Sir David Baird, the captor of Seringapatam, and the recoverer of the Cape to the permanent sovereignty of England. Baird, like Moore, was a Scotchman. He saw most



of his service in India. His first voyage thither occupied nearly a year, so slowly did we plough the deep in those otherwise active days. The young soldier was at once flung into the bloody struggle against Hyder Ali and his son Tippoo. He was one of the army which fought against those savage leaders till their ammunition was expended, which withstood some dozen and a half of assaults, till their strength could no longer reply to the impulse of their hearts, and which surrendered upon terms which were shamefully broken—the Mysore chiefs slaughtering the defenceless men, or consigning them to a long and terrible captivity.

In this captivity Baird was a sharer. Many of the prisoners were coupled together by heavy chains; and Baird and another were thus fettered to each other's side, day and night. It was on hearing of this system of cruelty, that Baird's mother, who knew the impatient temper of her son, exclaimed: "The Lord help the poor man that's chained to my Davie!"

The chief incident of interest to the general reader, in the life of Baird, is that which shows him in connection with Colonel Arthur Wellesley, whose fraternal relationship with the Governor-General procured for him the then unmerited favor of being placed over the senior officers; among others, over Baird. In connection with this matter, and with a defeat sustained by young Wellesley, the following extract will be found of considerable interest:

"The Sultampettah Tope, or thicket, being a second time occupied by the enemy, and affording a convenient cover, General Harris ordered the Thirty-Second Regiment, under Colonel Wellesley, to expel them. The attack was made in the darkness of the night. The enemy opened a heavy fire of musketry and rockets. The assailants fell into disorder and retreated, having lost several killed, and leaving behind twelve grenadier prisoners, who were afterwards cruelly murdered by holding them, and twisting their heads forcibly round, until their necks were broken. Colonel Wellesley, who, with Captain Mackenzie of the Light Company, was leading the column, finding themselves deserted by their men, retired, and endeavored to regain the division. In the intense darkness they lost their way, and, after wandering through strange ground for several hours, reached the camp alone. Colonel Wellesley then, with deep mortification, proceeded to head-quarters to report what had happened; but finding General Harris was not yet awake, he

flung himself, in his full accoutrements, on the table of the dinner tent, and, worn out with fatigue and anxiety of mind, he fell asleep. Until he aroused himself, it was unknown where he was or what had become of him. In the meantime, General Harris ordered another detachment to be formed, consisting of the Ninety-Fourth Regiment, two battalions of Sepoys, and five guns, to make a fresh attempt upon the Tope. Colonel Wellesley was again to command. As the Ninety-fourth formed part of General Baird's brigade, he accompanied it to parade, where he found General Harris walking about. All was ready, but Colonel Wellesley had not yet appeared. Harris became impatient, and ordered Baird to lead. He mounted his horse, and called his aide-de-camp; but a generous feeling induced him to pause, and, turning back to General Harris, he said: "Sir, don't you think it would be fair to give Wellesley an opportunity of retrieving his misfortune of last night?" The General listened to this kind and considerate proposal. Colonel Wellesley appeared at the critical moment, put himself at the head of the party, and carried the Tope in gallant style."

This was noble; and yet when Baird subsequently carried the great fortress of Seringapatam by assault, and held the keys in his hands, he was compelled to consign them to his junior, Colonel Wellesley, who was appointed governor of the captured fortress, over the head of the captor! Baird remonstrated; but all that he got by it was an intimation that, if he was not satisfied, he could retire. He knew his duty better; and when Wellesley was subsequently placed under the orders of Baird, the brother of the former, the Governor-General, expressed a hope that preceding events would create no coldness between them. Baird honestly and heartily replied: "The talents of your lordship's brother, as well as of every officer of the army, shall have full scope. Trust me, my lord, I harbor no little jealousy; all in my breast is zeal for my king and country." This was emphatically *grand* in a soldier who had exclaimed, with agony, within the walls of Seringapatam, which he had taken as conqueror: "Before the sweat is dry upon my brow, I am superseded by an inferior officer."

The record of the lives of the two Pagets, the Marquis of Anglesea and his brother, Sir Edward Paget, reads like the story of the brilliant achievements of two fraternal knights of the era of romance. They were descended "respectably" rather than "nobly." The founder of their house, in the accepted

sense which makes a family recognize its founder, not in the most virtuous, but in the luckiest man of the line, was the William Paget who was Secretary of State to Henry VIII., and on whom, with a peerage, Edward VI. conferred the estate of Beaudesert, which had previously belonged to the bishopric of Lichfield. The heirs of the first lord inherited his gallant bearing. Of him a contemporary foreign king remarked, that he was not only qualified to represent a king, but to be a king himself.

Mr. Cole observes, that it is seldom that the brothers of one family attain to such great honors as was the case with the Marquis of Anglesea and his brother. He notices, as an exception, the Napiers. "Not long ago," says he, "four of that family might have been seen at the same levee, wearing the insignia of knighthood, won bravely at the point of the sword." He might have cited still nobler instances—the Malcolms, all knights, sons of a Scottish farmer, and the Pollocks, equally honored, the sons of a London saddler. In the latter instances, too, the chivalrous honors were often earned by services less questionable than those which are now achieved by mere swordsmen.

The services of the late Marquis commenced under the Duke of York, in that disastrous war *in* which the English army was betrayed by the English Government; *to* which Prussia never brought a soldier of the contingent for which she was paid in millions; and *from* which Austria sneaked out, "and left the Duke of York to extricate himself as best he might." The active service of the Marquis closed at Waterloo; and we believe that he would have considered the Dukedom of Mona a more worthy recompense for such service than the Marquisate of Anglesea. His high spirit never left him. In his younger days, at the head of his cavalry, he descended on the foe like a thunderbolt. At fourscore, he was quite as alert; he was stirring with the lark, and in the jaunty dress of a sailor could walk the deck of his yacht with an air as easy as if his shoulders had to bear but one score of years instead of four. This was not such an "adjusting of the mantle" as some wise octogenarians have adopted, but such was the case in the instance before us.

They who love to hunt after those singularities which are often miscalled coincidences," may be gratified to

know that when Lord Uxbridge (as he was called before he was made a Marquis) proceeded to Waterloo, he left Sir Thomas Lawrence in despair at the gallant soldier's portrait being incomplete, by want of the right leg. The cavalry leader promised a sitting for the purpose of putting the leg in the picture, as soon as the campaign was ended. At the conclusion of the campaign, however, the maimed warrior returned without the particular limb most required by the artist.

It has often been asserted, and was repeatedly affirmed by Napoleon at St. Helena, that if Murat had led the French cavalry at Waterloo, on the 18th of June, he would have broken the English squares, and won the battle. When Lord Anglesea was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, a general officer asked him at his own table, if Murat could have done so. "Every eye turned from the speaker to hear the answer. Lord Anglesea looked, listened, paused for a moment, and, gently tapping his wine-glass, as was sometimes his custom, replied very quietly: 'No, he would not, nor ten Murats.' Murat never saw a square of English infantry on the battlefield."

The career of Lord Beresford is very popularly known. He is one of the two English generals—Lord Hill was the other—of whom the Duke of Wellington is reported to have remarked that, if Hyde Park were full of troops, they were the only two English officers capable of getting them out, without confusion. Beresford was the captor and loser of Buenos Ayres; and he is, what he ought not to be, the accepted hero of the bloody victory of Albuera.

The author observes that it would be difficult to discover from General Beresford's own account of the battle, "that the Spaniards literally gave way, in confusion, from ground which they ought never to have occupied; that the intemperate courage of General William Stewart, utterly blinding his judgment, destroyed a brigade; and that the advance of the Fourth Division, under General Cole, which decided the battle, was a movement made without the knowledge or concurrence of the commander-in-chief. The facts are too well established to admit of dispute, and therefore the reputation of General Beresford must bear these qualifying deductions whenever the subject is discussed." Albuera was a

proof of the assertion which declares that, in battle, he who commits the least blunders is sure to be the conqueror. Such was the case at Albuera, where Beresford committed grievous errors, but where Soult made more mistakes than Beresford. It was in this sanguinary struggle that the Fifty-seventh gained the significant appellation of "the Die-Hards."

Less cautious, but not less brave, than any of the leaders hitherto named, was General Craufurd, the short, fiery, stern, headlong chief of the famous "Light Division" which Moore had called into existence at Shorncliffe. The men of that division "never met their match in a fair field, when opposed to any thing like equal numbers."

"Their advance to Talavera has been justly commemorated as an instance of practical discipline and endurance, to which it would be difficult to produce a parallel. They were in bivouac at Malpartida di Placentia, which place they had reached after a march of twenty miles, and had only been allowed a few hours to rest and cook their rations, when flying rumors reached them to the effect that the British army was defeated, and the enemy close at hand. Craufurd hastened on, determined not to halt until he verified the state of affairs with his own eyes. In twenty-six hours he crossed the field of battle, moving in perfect order as if on parade, having during that time passed over sixty-two English miles, under the burning rays of a Spanish sun in July, each man carrying from fifty to sixty pounds' weight; and, of the entire division, only seventeen stragglers were left behind."

The skeptical Gibbon was fond of comparing ancient with modern warriors, in order to disparage the latter; but Napier truly remarks, with reference to the above great fact, that had the celebrated historian "known of such an effort, he would have spared his sneer about the delicacy of modern soldiers." It is true, however, that the soldiers of a Christian era have one weakness, if it may be so called, in common with the soldiers of the heathen period. Four nights before the battle of Busaco—

"The Light Division, falling back only a league, encamped in a pine wood, where happened one of those extraordinary panics that, in ancient times, were attributed to the influence of a hostile god. No enemy was near, no alarm was given, yet suddenly the troops, as if seized with a frenzy, started from sleep, and dispersed in every direction; nor was there any possibility of allaying this strange terror, until some persons called

out that the enemy's cavalry were amongst them, when the soldiers mechanically ran together in masses, and the illusion was instantly dissipated."

The men who had trembled at even less than shadows were stout of heart again, as soon as they were told that they were confronted by real dangers. In such dangers Craufurd used to delight; and, in pursuing such delight, he finally incurred death, leading his division to the breach at Ciudad Rodrigo. This General, being stern, strict, impetuous, uncereemonious, and determined that "duty" should be accomplished, was very unpopular with the officers; "but with the private soldiers he was universally popular, as he always looked to their comforts, and treated them justly, while he maintained rigid discipline." The men, in fact, knew him to be just; and if he would mercilessly punish the guilty, he was as determined that his men should not be murdered by scantiness of food or lack of clothing.

The biography of Sir Lowry Cole reproduces some of the most stirring scenes in the Peninsular war, particularly that portion of it which terminated by the entry of the British army into the south of France, where, for many centuries, the echoes had not made reply to the tap of an English drum. Cole was at once wary and dashing. He helped to gain Maida by refusing to advance without orders, and he fairly secured Albuera by taking upon himself the responsibility of carrying his division forward, without commands from the General-in-Chief. In either case, he saw, at once, the perils of the moment, and the result likely to ensue on the course of action most necessary. If he loved hard fighting, too, he was, at least, not averse from good living.

"General Cole spared no expense to keep a good table, and was most liberal in his invitations. An officer on the staff, who had not long joined, being one day asked to dinner by Lord Wellington, hesitated a little, and at length stammered out, that although greatly honored by his lordship's notice, he was awkwardly situated, being previously engaged to Sir Rowland Hill. 'Go, by all means,' was the reply. 'You will get a much better feed there than here.' And then his lordship added: 'As you are a stranger, I will give you some useful information. Cole gives the best dinners in the army; Hill, the next best. Mine are no great things; and Beresford's and Picton's are very bad indeed.'"

Cole, however, seems to have forgotten that it was as natural for the soldiers as for their leaders, to descend to common thoughts of diet.

"Rations were somewhat irregularly issued, and a party of the Ninety-fifth, disregarding the stringent orders of the Commander-in-Chief, helped themselves to a store of bread, in a Spanish village, to the great disgust of the inhabitants, who rose *en masse* to recover their lawful property. But the marauders were too strong and swift, and made off with their booty. 'We had scarcely,' says Castello, 'escaped the attack of the Spaniards, and arrived at the bank of the river, when General Sir Lowry Cole came galloping up to us, with some of the staff, who indeed might be termed the police of the army. "Hallo! you plundering rascals of the Light Division! Halt!" was the General's command, as he pulled up his temple spectacles, which he generally wore. One only resource was left to us, and that was to plunge into the river, which at that part was very deep, and swim across, holding the bread in our teeth. This we immediately adopted, when Sir Lowry, in an agitated tone, that did honor to his heart, called out: "Come back, men, for God's sake! and I'll not punish you." But the General's fears were needless, and we soon landed on the other side.'"

It will be conceded that Nelson was a brave man, but even that great Admiral had a terror of *one* thing. He used to say that nothing frightened him so much as having to dine with a mayor, and being compelled to make a speech at the dinner. Sir Lowry confessed to being influenced by similar terrors. Thus, when he returned from his government at the Cape, William IV. invited him to dine at Windsor Castle. At dessert, the King proposed the old soldier's health, with warm eulogies on the service he had rendered his country. Sir Lowry was more embarrassed at having to return thanks, than he had ever been at Maida or Albuera. It so thoroughly confounded him, that he afterwards declared to some friends, he would never again put himself in the way of a similar honor, for fear of the accompanying penance.

The well-known portrait of Madame de Staël represents her holding a small twig in her fingers. The lady lost her powers of conversation if she had not this little branch to play with. In like manner, the stern, gloomy, yet chivalrous Picton—

"... had a peculiar habit of riding with a stick in his hand, and even in the heat of battle he sometimes retained it. When the firing com-

menced, he might be observed tapping the mane of his horse at measured intervals, in proportion to its rapidity. As it became quicker, and the fight grew warmer, this movement of the stick increased both in velocity and force, until at length the horse would become restive; but still seldom drew the General's attention, as his firm seat saved him from all apprehension of a fall."

Our limits will only allow us to notice personal incidents and brief illustrative matter, and we will now cite something to the point. We have already spoken of the nervous fright experienced by the brave Cole, when he had to deliver a speech in acknowledgment of his health being drunk. There were other Peninsular heroes equally timid where there was no danger.

"It is recorded of Picton, that he went to witness the feat of the celebrated vaulter, Ireland, throwing a summerset over a dozen grenadiers standing at 'present arms,' with fixed bayonets; but when he saw the men placed, he trembled like a leaf, and kept his head down, whilst Ireland jumped; nor did he move again, until he had first asked, 'Has he done it?' When assured that he had, Picton looked up, his face suffused with perspiration, and said, 'A battle is nothing to that!' We have heard an anecdote similar to this of the late Lord Lynedoch, (Sir Thomas Graham,) another Peninsular hero, as undaunted as a lion. He happened to be in the boxes at Covent Garden Theatre, when Madame Saqui ascended from the stage to the upper gallery, and went back again, on a slender rope. When it was over, he said, 'I thought I had tolerably good nerves, but I never was so frightened in my life; I would not have been in the pit for a thousand pounds.'"

And yet Picton had stood fearless in the breaches of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz; and Lynedoch had gone into the field at Barrosa, and at many other sanguinary conflicts, with more gayety than he would have gone with to a banquet. It is not that there is scant time for reflection in the field, but that duty and the presence of numbers sustain the courage of the brave, and breathe a spirit of valor into those who lack it constitutionally. Picton was extraordinarily daring. He was, at the same time, the least of a "dandy" of any man in the army, except the officers of his own division. Leader and officers were known by the appellation of "the bear and ragged staff."

The career of Graham, or Lord Lynedoch, as he is better known to the present generation, has a sound of martial

thunder throughout. He was an active soldier, from boyhood till three score years and ten; and died at a few years short of a century old, after passing through more scenes of violence, bloodshed, and horror, than, perhaps, any one of his contemporaries. The frightful scene at St. Sebastian is well described and commented upon by Mr. Cole; and nothing contrasts so completely with these details of human bravery and demoniacal ferocity as the following passage, which shows the "hero" of that dreadful day unconsciously meeting the Great Inevitable, when the dying man was in his ninety-fourth year.

"His friend ascended to the chamber of the sick General, and found him seated across his little stretcher, with his back against the wall, and his feet supported on a chair placed by the bedside. His breathing was short, and it appeared uncertain whether he was dozing, or quite passive from weakness. In about an hour, all sound of breathing ceased; and other parties being summoned to the room, it became perfectly apparent that he had expired gradually, while still sitting perfectly upright; and he was then gently turned round, and his head laid upon his pillow. His death was a perfect euthanasia, without struggle, pang, or the slightest distortion of countenance."

Perhaps the coolest, and yet not the least intrepid, of the commanders named in these volumes, was Hill. In the hottest of the fight he never betrayed hurry or ostentatious enthusiasm. Once only he is spoken of as dashing forward with a loud "Hurrah!" and the decency of his speech is vouched for by the fact of his having once been betrayed into uttering an oath, caused by fear of a victory slipping from him, which, however, he contrived to secure. The incident happened at St. Pierre, after the passage of the Nivelle. Hill saw that the centre of his position was threatened by the French, and, angry and excited, he thrust forward his reserves, with a muttered oath. Lord Wellington was so astonished to hear Hill utter such an expletive, that he remarked to some officers about him: "We had better get out of the way." Hill's coolness is further exemplified in the incident of his taking two watches with him into action at Waterloo. When the first gun was fired, he fixed the time by his stop-watch, at ten minutes before twelve. When the last cannon-shot was discharged by Captain Campbell, Hill's second

watch showed the hour, a few minutes before eight in the evening. By comparing the two pieces, he was able to establish the exact period of the duration of the contest. He is also the first in these volumes at whose religious condition we can obtain a slight prospect. Among his very last words was the expression: "With regard to my religious feelings, I have no power to express much, and never had; but I trust I am sincere, and hope for mercy." On the other hand, we find in the case of the gallant Guernsey General, Le Marchant, who fell at Salamanca, evidences of a deep and practical sense of religion. He was a fiery leader, displayed immense activity, was a thorough disciplinarian, but never thought of his own comfort, till he had seen to that of his men. His impassibility under fire was so extraordinary, that his eldest son, who saw it with admiration, asked him how he had attained such complete command over himself. "I never," was the reply, "go into battle without subjecting myself to a strict self-examination; when, having, as I humbly hope, made my peace with God, I leave the result in his hands, with perfect confidence that he will determine what is best for me." Mr. Cole further tells us that the good General Le Marchant, even amidst the duties of an active campaign, "found time for frequent attention to the Scriptures. One of his last letters to his family requested that another Bible might be sent to him, as the type of the copy which he had brought from England was so small as to be painful to his eyes."

It is due to this exemplary General to state of him that he was the first who had the cavalry thoroughly instructed in the use of the sword; previous to which, the men often wounded themselves and their horses. To him, too, does the army mainly owe the existence of the Military College now established at Sandhurst.

The rapid promotion of young Pakenham, who afterwards lost his life at the battle of New-Orleans, was the cause of much discontent in the army; but, previous to Salamanca, Wellington wrote home in a strain which shows how very strictly our Crimean leaders have followed a precedent of the Peninsula. "As usual," writes the Commander-in-Chief to Colonel Torrens, "all the officers of the army want to go home—some for their health,

others on account of business, and others, I believe, for their pleasure. General Spencer is *going*, because General Graham is *come* from Cadiz." After enumerating several Generals who had already left, Lord Wellington adds: "General De Grey has asked to go, because he has put his shoulder out; and I have this morning an application from——, because his spleen is out of order." Then follows another list of departed Generals, and applicants for leave of absence; after which, the illustrious writer concludes with, "I have also innumerable applications for leave, from officers of all ranks. Till we can get the minds of the officers of the army settled to their duty, we shall not get on as we ought."

Perhaps, to the reader, the most painful of the biographies in these volumes will be found to be that of General Ross, who fell at the attack of the British against Baltimore; painful, because it chiefly deals with contests carried on by gallant men of kindred races, who, we sincerely trust, will never be seen again together in arms, opposed to each other. The only subject for a smile, in the description of the contest, is the merciless diatribe directed by the American General Winder at the unparalleled cowardice of the President Madison. In reference to the opinion that ordinary practice was exceeded in the destruction of public property at Washington, on this occasion, Mr. Cole judiciously remarks that—

"Some of this must be ascribed to the spirit of retaliation, as the Americans had set the example, by burning the House of Assembly at York, now Toronto, in Upper Canada, when they obtained temporary possession of that capital; by plundering the defenceless inhabitants of that and other towns in the province, and by the wanton and unnecessary burning of the village of Newark. The worst feature of the retaliating process is, that it goes on continually increasing, and the evil consequences fall chiefly on the unoffending."

We have probably indicated with sufficient clearness, by the above extracts and remarks, the nature of the contents of Mr. Cole's volumes. Of the fourteen Generals whose lives are given, three only are English—Anglesea, Paget, and Hill. The Scottish Generals number five—Moore, Baird, Craufurd, Hopetoun, and Lynedoch. The Irish Generals are four in number—Beresford, Cole, Ross, and

Pakenham. The Principality of Wales is worthily represented by Picton, and Guernsey has its especial hero in the noble Le Marchant. Of these fourteen, six only fell in action, namely, Moore, at Corunna; Craufurd, at Ciudad Rodrigo; Picton, at Waterloo; Le Marchant, at Salamanca; Ross, at Baltimore; and Pakenham, at New-Orleans. The last was the youngest of those slain; he was only thirty-seven. The oldest was Picton, who was fifty-seven. The other Generals passed, comparatively unscathed, through a longer period of perils. Hopetoun reached three score years. Hill and Cole were permitted to accomplish ten years more. Baird died at seventy-two; Sir Edward Paget, at seventy-four. The Marquis of Anglesea accomplished his eighty-six, and Beresford his eighty-seven years; while the Nestor of the band, Lord Lynedoch, lived on to the patriarchal term of ninety-three, ere he was summoned to his account. Considering the dread occupation of a great portion of their lives, the length to which these attained may be accounted remarkable. Their vocation was the acquirement of what is called "glory"—that glory of which Shakspeare so well writes that—

"——it is like a circle in the water,  
Which never faileth to enlarge itself,  
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to naught."

Perhaps the contrast between peace and war has never been more strikingly portrayed than by Herodotus, who says that in peace-time children bury their parents; but, in time of war, parents bury their children. The greatest criminal among men is he who wantonly violates peace. This is so well understood, even by potentates who wage war, that, generally, each accuses the other of provoking the contest. So "humanity" itself contains its greatest enemy; for, as Robert Hall magnificently expresses it, "neither the fury of wild beasts, the convulsions of the earth, nor the violence of tempests, are to be compared to the ravages of arms; and nature, in her utmost extent, or, more properly, Divine justice in its utmost severity, has supplied no enemy to man so terrible as man." Indeed, the only friend of man is He whose title is that of Prince of Peace. Even a Roman heathen could say that it behoved

man to be at peace with man, and at war only with his vices; and a modern heathen, Voltaire, had some ground for sneeringly asking: 'Since peace must be signed after war, why not do it at once, and so prevent murder?' Unfortunately, it too often happens that such a peace as becomes freemen can only be purchased by war, and therefore the biographies of Generals

will long form a part of our literature. But war and the details of war can only have the effect of making us all more highly appreciate that time sung of by the poet,—

"When laurel spirts in the fire, and when the  
hearth  
Smiles to itself, and gilds the roof with mirth."

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From Dickens' Household Words.

## M Y C O U N T R Y . T O W N .

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER I.

I LEFT Winborough when I was twelve years old; and, before I saw it again, was a matron of thirty; but in the interval, my mind's picture of the old English town was as vivid as ever. I could see the wide square market-place, with what was called its cross in the centre, where the market-woman drew snowy napkins from the primrose-tinted butter; where the whitest of cream cheese lay cradled in the greenest of cabbage-leaves; where stalls, like altars to Good Cheer, bore round hampers of ribstone pippins, and baking-pears, with pyramids of plums; while at the base of the shrine, poultry cackled or crowed their unanimous objection to be selected for its victims. I could see the solid rolls of woollen ranged on the steps of Jubb, the tailor, and, floating above them, bright stuffs, prints, and ribbons, all labelled at the most astonishing prices. I used to think that the kerseys and the ribbons (so opposite in themselves) symbolized Jubb's liberal range of mind. They showed how he could blend the useful with the ornamental, and proved that while he challenged our respect in his sterner character as tailor, he could relax into the amenities of life in his blander vocation of haberdasher. Nearly opposite to Jubb's was the shop

of Sparkes, bookseller and printer. It was in his window that you beheld the engraving of the massive square-towered church, which was executed after the chancel and the southern porch had been partially re-built. The commission for an original drawing of the church had, in the first instance, been offered to Roxby; but, although he wanted money, the poor fellow was just then in such request at Olympus, that our townsfolk selected an artist from a more adjacent though less classic locality. The engraving was patronized by, and dedicated to, Lady Naseby, of Naseby Hall, a countess in her own right, who, from her proximity to Winborough, made it positively redolent of her influence. Sparkes himself had dedicated to her his Archæological Survey of Winborough, from the period of the Romans to the (then) present time. The poem entitled "Naseby Hall" was generally attributed to his pen; and although not directly proved, the rumor gained countenance from a sudden lowness of voice and a premature assumption of spectacles, by which Sparkes was supposed to imitate the studious and abstract bias of the poetic temperament. He conformed, nevertheless, to the innocent gayeties of life. The respective programmes of the annual regatta, the theatre, and the ball at the

Assembly Rooms—all under the patronage of Lady Naseby—issued from the same press that gave the Archæological Survey and accompanying poem to an admiring public. A little farther to the left was the saloon of Perkins, the hairdresser, who had occasionally been summoned to the hall, and whose deameanor was, in consequence, as mysterious as that of Sparkes, and incomparably more haughty. Whatever qualities Perkins had derived from his intercourse with the great, affability was certainly not amongst them. He would bring the tips of his fingers in contact with plebeian locks with a reluctance that painfully suggested the difference between them and those aristocratic curls with which he was sometimes occupied. He would stand at his door on market-days, frowning on the London coach as it wedged through the crowd, evidently indignant that democratic passengers could enter a town so near to Naseby Hall, on the simple condition of paying their fares.

I am talking of nearly twenty years ago; but let me speak of the time for a while as if present. That stout, round-faced, spencered little man, for whom every one makes way, is Mr. Latham, our banker, the great man of Winborough. He is awful, not solely on account of his wealth, but because his only child, Miss Amelia, is Lady Naseby's god-daughter. His manner is somewhat off-hand, but he has a kind heart, gives himself no airs, and, being a person of real importance, is indifferent about showing it. He dives from the market-place into a little flagged court. He enters the shop of Mrs. Lamb, the pastry-cook, where I buy the macaroons for Cyril, and where my feelings are often severely tried by ravishing odors of pâtés and soups. The banker is probably going to give a dinner-party. A tall gentleman of melancholy visage has seen him enter, and reconnoitres him through the window with vivid interest. At some movement of Mr. Latham—who is perhaps pantomimically declining goose pie—Mr. Myers shakes his head with pensive deprecation. He doubtless expects to be invited. Such an attention would be only humane to a man of his keen sensibilities. He is the editor of the Winborough Gazette. He lets you understand that he might aspire to far higher distinction in the metropolis—but there is a spell upon him. He is the victim of a

hidden—but I must not tell. Enough, that if London have wealth and honors, there is no Naseby there. For the rest, he is a barrister, sometimes holds an assize brief, and has been known to puzzle juries by a bird-like trill in his voice which he has copied from the countess.

The flagged court conducts you to the winding and bustling High street. There, with its vaulted roof and massive windows stands the Old Hall, our Exeter Hall, our exhibition room, our exchange, our theatre. Mr. Alfred St. Leon de l'Orme—the respected manager of our circuit—will perform there to-night, and do honor to his illustrious name by his delineation of Hamlet. A few doors beyond is the cheerful Naseby Arms. Look down its yard! What a vista of buff-coated farmers, dotted with scarlet-coated huntsmen; of hacks, thorough-breds, and sibilating hostlers! What a ringing of bells as you look at the door; what hams, turkeys, and pheasants suspended in the passage; what cherry-ribboned chambermaids tripping down the stairs! I grieve to pass by the gay toy-shop, but having spent my money, I had better pass and not look, than look and not enter. I shall turn down a narrow street by that gloomy corner shop, above which the name of Nettleship, and the title of the goods which he vends, are scarcely legible for age. That is the shop of our head grocer and wine merchant. No muscatels, currants, or drums of figs tempt you in his windows. A solitary cone of sugar in blue paper, or the figure of a mandarin peers over his wire blinds. Yet there alone can you obtain from dark hollows under counters, or from lamp-lit vaults, your cayenne, conserves of quince, preserved ginger, Midland Hunt sauce, travelled Maderia, and tawny port. White in the High street, Tibbetts in the market-place, and other novihomines, may resort to placards and display, but Nettleship knows better what becomes his dignity and that of Pollux Lane. For in that lane dwell the vicar, the banker, the principal attorney, the head surgeon, and, above all, Mrs. Colonel Massingham, whom the Talbots from the Grange used regularly to visit, and at whose door Lady Naseby's carriage has been known to stand thrice in a twelvemonth. And in Pollux Lane—I hope I write it with humble thankfulness rather than with elation—was situated our house.



We liked it all the better for that prosaic outside which it wore as a mask to its romance. On one side of the hall you entered a large oak-panelled room, with a high carved mantel-piece, and an ample hearth—the spot on which young Captain Farr, mad with jealous rage, fell slain by his own hand, at the feet of Alice Joddrell, a coquette who rejoiced in powder and patches. Her father, Sir Richard Joddrell, Knight, was Mayor of Winborough in Queen Anne's time. Often at twilight, in that panelled room, have I fancied shapes issuing from the distant corner, and flitting over the faint gold bar which the oil lamp in the street cast upon the shadowed floor, until Miss Joddrell's pliant form seemed again to fill the arm-chair—her careless head averted from the tall dark figure that bowed moodily over the mantel-piece. On the other side of the hall ran one of the quaintest and snuggest of rooms—my father's library. To leave the panelled room with its dying embers on a winter's night, and then to enter the warm, bright little library, was very much like closing a volume of Mrs. Radcliffe and taking up Charles Lamb.

There was just space in this room for our family circle and a privileged friend, generally Roxby the artist. His enthusiastic temperament, his sparkling but restless eye, and his fixed belief that some great potentate or peer would one day discover and proclaim his genius, made him quite a figure of romance in an everyday group. We were all to have whatever our hearts could wish for when Roxby became acknowledged as a heroic painter—a personage whose influence he considered fully equal to that of a prime minister or a commander-in-chief. Our drawing-room was up-stairs to the rear of the house. It commanded the garden with its pleasant grass-plot and sun-dial, its curving paths, well-arranged flower-beds, and a secluded arcade of limes which belted the grounds and conducted by a flight of steps to a somewhat narrow terrace upon the river.

#### CHAPTER II.

The river was, in my juvenile days, the scene of a celebrated contest between our port and that of H—, with which we had communication by steam. As this contest not only showed the public spirit of our town, but exerted in its results an

important influence on our private fortunes, I will relate it in detail.

A couple of steamers, established by our chief capitalists, had plied for years between the two ports. The British Empire and the Albion were not, I confess, of those colossal dimensions which their names suggested. The Ant, the Bee, and other members of the penny fleet on the Thames were leviathans compared with our packets. The latter, however, sufficed for the thirty or forty passengers who were accustomed to use them. Both vessels, as they approached the sea—the Albion in particular—went through a series of gambols scarcely consistent with their nominal supremacy over that element, and not absolutely conducive to the comfort of the travellers. No one, however, thought of upbraiding the steamboats with these results. They were held to be inevitable, to have their source in the fixed economy of things, and to form, in fact, the only conditions upon which the voyage to H— ever was or ever could be possible. Judge then of the wonder and indignation which filled our town when certain speculators at H— resolved to start rival packets between the two ports.

As we returned no member to parliament, and lacked therefore the natural vent for our antagonism, you may suppose that we did not lose the opportunity which now offered for developing that marked principle in human nature. Our vicar—who risked his neck twice a week with the hounds—launched a memorable philippic from the pulpit against the gamblers in human life who undertook the passage to H— at the rate of eight miles an hour. The new company was everywhere denounced for its avarice and impiety, and the few amongst us suspected of any alliance with it were peremptorily ostracized. When the rival boat—the Eagle—made her first voyage, we were generally of opinion that some special visitation of Providence would befall her—that her boiler would burst, or, at least, that she would founder on the bar at the river-mouth. So prevailing was this expectation, that I doubt whether any amount of premium would have induced the branch offices in our town to insure the lives of her passengers. In spite, however, of all prognostics, the Eagle had the presumption to arrive, not only safely, but an hour in advance of the British Empire. It is true that this audacity was rebuked by

shouts of execration from the populace, and the directors and their dupes had to land under an escort of constables which they had prudently secured. But still I think the impression gradually deepened, that a vessel which could perform a voyage in four hours must be considered swifter than one which required five for the same purpose, and that superior speed might possibly result in superior custom. To meet this emergency the vicar, who had doubtless specific reasons for pronouncing eight miles an hour impious, urged the prompt construction of a boat which should ply at the orthodox rate of ten. Our company accordingly built the *Mercury*, which achieved a complete triumph over the *Eagle*. Nothing daunted, the opposition set a new vessel upon the stocks. She was to eclipse competition at once and for ever. She was to combine lightness with solidity—power with speed. She was to work with double engines, and her bow was to cleave the water like a blade.

This paragon was duly launched and named the *Victory*; then towed to London for her fittings. On the day that she was to perform her first passage against the *Mercury*, public excitement in Win-borough was at its climax. As two o'clock (the possible hour of arrival) drew near, both banks of the river and the houses that overlooked it were crowded with spectators. All the wealth, beauty, and fashion of the neighborhood were assembled on the line of route. The expectant mass at a tournament could hardly have been more varied or more eager than we. The people spoke but in whispers or in that subdued undertone which marks the emotion of suspense. The interest was indeed painful, for our townsfolk had little hope as to the result of the day. They thought of the *Victory's* double engines, and prepared sternly for defeat; nor had they any faith, as before, that Providence would concern itself to frustrate the enemy. At length two boomed slowly from the old church-steeple. The wind, which lay towards the river, bore to us the lingering echoes which sounded to many like a knell.

From this moment every eye was strained up the winding banks to catch the first smoke-wreath from the approaching rivals. It was an oppressive thought that, before another hour was pealed from the belfry, their fate would be decided. For my part, I almost wished we could have

put back the clock, so thrilling grew the crisis. The crowd hardly breathed. An elderly gentleman, seized with a fit of coughing, was rebuked with a concentrated gaze of sternness, as if he had committed some profane act. A boy, who, spite of the solemn occasion, gave vent to one of those shrill whoops in which all gamins delight, actually cowered before the clenched fists which on all sides radiated to his face like the spokes of a wheel to its centre. At this juncture a member of the *Midland Hunt*, whose course had lain up the river, was seen galloping up on the opposite bank. When within ear-shot he drew rein, and shouted from stentorian lungs: "The *Victory's* at Mallett's Dean, and half a mile ahead!" Having said this, he turned to the right and plunged into *Lea Thicket*.

The oracle had been uttered. The crowd gave a heavy sigh, but it was partly of relief. We had scarcely looked for better news, and it was something that, though beaten, we should not be disgraced. For a few minutes there was a slight hum, which again lapsed into silence. At length a cry broke forth: "There, there by the poplars!" Looking to that curve of the mazy river where groups of those trees stood like sentinels, we saw a trail of fire flash along their clumps. An intervening hill for a moment baffled our view, but almost instantly the red stream rounded the hill-base. Not till then did we see that the flame—flame without smoke—issued from the black funnel, in front of which a tall slender mast stood defined. There was no longer doubt. It was the *Victory*! On she came with spectral speed—flags streaming from bow, mast, and stern; funnel flaring from her heart of fire. And behind her—rounding the hill with grand emulation, and with billows of ebony smoke blown behind her like hair—dashed the *Mercury*.

"Half a mile behind!" cried one; "not a hundred yards."

"A hundred!—Say fifty," replied another, after an interval.

"That was two minutes since," was the rejoinder; "for see, neighbor, she gains—she gains!"

Yes; for, as we afterwards learned, the *Victory's* engines were too heavy for her build. In passing our terrace, the *Mercury* (she had reserved her power for a grand dénouement) shot by her antagonist, and from the decks of the former,

till then silent, burst forth the air of the Conquering Hero, drowned in the hurrahs that rolled from bank to bank, and in the pealing bells, which on the mere chance of such a result had been ordered to proclaim it. I can well remember how I clapped my hands in sympathy with honest Roxby, who thought the subject epic in its interest, and whose sketch of it arrived at the dignity of an engraving. I can still see dear little Cyril leap into the air, waving his tiny fist in congratulation.

I have said that this contest, besides its public importance, issued in momentous results to ourselves. The first of these—I may as well tell it at once, as you would never guess it—was Lady Naseby's first visit to my parents. Our terrace probably commanded a better and more convenient view of the river than any spot near the town. So keen and general was the desire to witness the steam-race, that the Countess herself, it was hinted to my father, might possibly be won to honor him with her presence.

Dr. Woodford's reception of this news, though rather stately, was, it seems, sufficiently courteous. The due formalities were exchanged between the castle and ourselves, and on the eventful morning the Countess actually arrived. Cyril and I had lain awake hours the night before, speculating upon her dress and retinue. We fully expected that she would be preceded by mediæval horsemen with banners and trumpets—that she would wear a coronet and velvet robe, and that her train would be borne by pages in white satin. No doubt it was a momentary disappointment to see a young lady—she seemed young to our unpracticed eyes—attired in the simplest fashion of the times.

She was in slight mourning for some distant relative, and her dress—a lavender ground intersected with narrow stripes of black—set off admirably the extreme fairness of her complexion. Our brief regret at her simple attire was soon lost in the undefinable charm of the wearer. Her manner to my father would have convinced you that one of her chief ends in life had been realized in his acquaintance; and her smiling reluctance to sit until my mother consented to take the cushion next her on the estrade, won our hearts at once. She addressed a question to me, at which I stammered and blushed, not from absolute shyness, but because I had

fairly forgotten the meaning of her words in their music. She then held out her hand to Cyril, toyed admirably with his light golden curls, and made him share her hassock, with a foot so captivating in its chaussure of black silk and morocco, that it seemed quite impossible it could ever have trampled upon hearts in the unfeeling way ascribed to it by report. Censorious people might call Lady Naseby a flirt, and say that she cared only for excitement, for archery-meetings, races, and private theatricals. To us this was as libellous as the assertion by the same authorities that she was forty, and that her courtesy to my father arose from motives connected with the approaching election for the shire.

My mother judged very differently from these slanderers when the Countess, on taking leave, hoped that she would think well enough of the owner of Naseby to trust herself within its walls. She must come to luncheon, the Countess insisted, some early day, and she would of course bring with her the fair one with the golden locks. So, with some slight confusion as to sex, the peeress had designated Cyril. As to Cyril himself, she hoped he had already found that Lady Naseby was not so terrible a person. She assured him that she was not married to any of those naughty giants of whom he had doubtless read. On the contrary—here she gave her hand to my father—she was a very timid person—too timid almost to ask a person of learning and thought like him to waste an hour with her in the beech-groves of Naseby. Still, philosophers were sometimes benevolent, and might not deem the time wasted that conferred pleasure. She would not, therefore, quite despair, &c., &c.

Think of all this said to my poor tabooed father by such a person and in such a presence—for my mother had thought it courteous to Lady Naseby to provide seats for Mrs. Colonel Massingham, the banker, the vicar, and several others known at the Hall; think of all this, I say, and you may guess why it was so hard for Mrs. Woodford to keep in her tears.

As the Countess glided into her carriage, even my father's look of calm politeness seemed softening into pleasant emotion; but the feeling was arrested midway, and changed into a mournful smile. Better than his wife he knew the game of the world and the value of its contents.

From that hour, however, Doctor Woodford's position in our town was singularly changed. His religious doubts, before branded as presumptuous, were now lamented as unfortunate. Before, he had been a skeptic, now he was an inquirer. The policy had once been to denounce him; but the vicar now observed over his whist, that true Christianity should appeal to the erring by kindness and persuasion, rather than by invective. It was curious, however, that my father alone reaped the benefit of this enlightened view. We had other doubters in the town—men of no great worldly importance—whose difficulties were less tenderly handled. I was perplexed then to know why my father's absence from church should excite only a kind of sentimental interest, while the same habit in Mr. Skipworth the druggist and Mr. Speers the metaphysical schoolmaster, exposed them to fierce reproaches and loss of patronage. I am afraid I could give the reason now.

Invitations to my parents began to multiply. Their acquaintance was desired by our best families. The impulse of both my father and my mother, regarded separately, would have led them to preserve their secluded course of life. But the wife hoped to dispel her husband's pensive reveries by a social stimulus; and he was anxious, on his part, that she should regain the position from which his opinions had excluded her. To a limited extent, therefore, the proffered civilities were accepted. Amongst other results of this change was an intimacy gradually formed between my mother and the banker's wife. Of five children there now survived to this lady but one—the little Amelia, god-daughter of the countess. There was something in my mother's disposition and manner peculiarly grateful to a mourner's heart, and this quality was the bond between herself and Mrs. Latham. In due time, Amelia was permitted to interchange visits with Cyril and myself, and we became constant playmates. It was soon plain to me that Cyril was the little lady's favorite. He was then nine; she was more than a year his junior. Yet her beauty was even then striking, and Cyril's sense of it sufficiently vivid to account for her preference. Her complexion was of the clearest olive. Her dark eyes had an intense expression of truth and tenderness. Her figure was lithe and graceful, and there was a demure quiet in her manner

which seemed to temper the rare susceptibility of her look.

It was not without a pang that I, who had hitherto been Cyril's twin companion, found myself gradually supplanted. He was never unkind, but I felt that I was no longer a need to him. If I joined in the little dramas which he was so fond of improvising, I was sure to be cast for the parts of the evil magician, or the ogress, or the implacable queen, while Amelia was invariably the enchanted princess, or the beautiful captive, and Cyril the knightly deliverer. He was accustomed to sketch these dramatic characters with his pencil, and I was sometimes keenly pained by the very inferior personal attractions assigned to me. He could not understand why I should be grieved, since he had always a kiss and a smile for me. Yet when he wound his arm around the little stranger, and strolled with her under the limes, I felt somehow as if I had better not walk there; and I could not bear him to say, "Come, Lucy, we will let you!" That "we" hurt me much.

About this time, Cyril was seized with a fever so prostrating that for days we despaired of his recovery. He was scarcely himself again when our dear mother fell dangerously ill. She had nursed her sick boy with a devoted love which, indeed, he well repaid, and her anxiety had developed very serious symptoms of a latent malady. Yet our prayers and tears seemed to prevail. She was restored to us, though slowly.

I am not sure that this period of my mother's convalescence was not the happiest in my whole childhood. It was such joy to mark the gradual stages of her recovery—first, the pillowed chair in her bed-room; next, the transition to the library; then, to the garden-parlor, with the window partly open to admit the summer air; finally, to the garden and the lime-walk. Nature itself seemed glad of her recovery. She had left us for her sick-room in an ungenial spring. She came back to us in the festival of flowers, with rich, light, warm breezes, and sweet odors. My father's joy, beneath which an inner hope stirred like sap, shed a new influence on our life. We trusted, too, not only that the danger but that the cause of disease had been vanquished. The sudden faintness and the keen spasm had ceased to warn us by how frail a tenure we held our dear one.

One lovely Sunday evening my mother, Cyril, the little Amelia, and myself had been to the evening service at Lea church, a distance of two miles. We had heard from one whose pure life was the comment on his doctrine, those truths which point to the immortal future, and which seem never so affecting as when addressed to the lowly or secluded villager.

How minutely all that belongs to that evening revives for me now—the golden rays that poured through the mellow twilight of the church, glancing on the minister's white head, then slanting abruptly from the pulpit, like a broken sun-spear, bronzing the dusky pews, tipping Cyril's curls and the purple ribbon of Amelia's hat, and finally flowing across the aisle in a rill of glory. Years after, Cyril's pencil reproduced the scene.

The church-yard comes back to me dotted with the returning villagers—the peasant patriarch with his hale, cheerful look; the village belle for the time serious, nor heedful of the swain, blue-coated and yellow-vested, who, with bashful longing, followed her afar. I hear my mother's gentle voice in talk with some rural grand-dame. I see her smile which more than repays the cottage-girl for her offered roses—those roses which, wandering from the near garden, shunned not the domain of death.

With light hearts we trip over the stile into the lane festooned with convolvulus and honeysuckle. Like the bees that part from that flower yet return tempted by its sweetness, we children dart on before my mother, soon to cluster round her again. How young she looks! How blithely she talks! What makes her so happy to-night? Is it the words of solace which she has heard; the luxuriant beauty of the lane, and the purpling glow of the uplands; or is it a sense of that peace which she has watched slowly dawning on my father's mind?

The lane now opens on meadows that skirt the river, and on the bank my father comes to meet us. There was something almost infantile in the wife's reception of her husband. She marked the new welcome smile on his face, and sprang to meet him with out-stretched hands. Though the evening was sultry, she walked on rapidly and with a kind of buoyant exultation. It was some time before, at my father's request, her pace slackened. By degrees her quick, cheerful tones subsided

into a low, sweet utterance, and from the few words which reached me, I knew that they were recalling past times, living over again the romance of youth. Discoursing thus they gained the stone stairs which led from the river to our terrace by a side-gate.

She bent over each of us children as we passed through, and kissed us fondly. She was always tender, but there was an earnestness in her embrace that went direct to our hearts. Cyril's eyes and mine were filled with tears. The sun was setting gloriously; the crimson fire went slowly down behind a screen of woods, while above the mirroring river hung fleecy clouds of gold, as if reluctant to fade. All was still except the hum of the belated bee or the drip of the boatman's oar. My mother sat on a bench beneath the lime-trees, and we were silent. At last my father took her hand:

"There must," said he, "be an Infinite Goodness over the world! Reason, perhaps, may never solve the problem, but our hearts are truer than our thoughts."

She gave him a look of unutterable joy, and pressed her lips upon his hand. He began again to speak, but she threw up her arm with a sharp, quick gesture and a faint cry; then sank gently backward. For a minute we deemed her entranced in some emotion too sacred to be dispelled; but when, after a pause, my father raised her, and gazed into her face, there was no mistaking, even in the deepening shadows, its marble pallor. He bent over what had been his wife. A life pure and blessed as that of the summer eve had vanished with its latest beams.

### CHAPTER III.

I will pass rapidly over the events of some years.

The blow of my mother's sudden death fell with a different result upon each member of her family. To my father, for whom most might have been feared, it came the most gently. I can see now that the very depth of his love became his consolation. Could that love, nourished by the virtues of the lost, yearning for future and eternal reunion, most vital when all visible trace of its object had been swept away—could that love be given but in mockery, or issue from a source less than divine?

It was on Cyril that the shock at first bore most heavily. He wept convulsively,

and for days gave himself up to a silence like despair. But the wistful affection of his playmate Amelia won him in time to utter his grief, and the utterance assuaged it. Again they walked beneath the limes, and now it was the girl's childish arm that clasped and upheld her companion.

For myself, I was at first too much stunned by the wound to realize its severity. The proofs of my loss had to meet me suddenly, and repeatedly—as it were, at the sharp corners of experience—before I was convinced. In the hall still hung my mother's garden-bonnet; in her chamber was the volume she had left unclosed. I lay for nights listening to the tick of the hall-clock from my open bed-room, and expecting a gentle step upon the stairs, before I knew that it would come no more. But although the worst was brought home to me so gradually, my grief was not the less deep. Though I strove to be a comforter to my father, a secret pining for the love which I had lost grew within me. I longed intensely, constantly—as I now feel, sinfully—to be again with my mother, to sleep and only wake in her arms. This wish to follow her might have wrought its own fulfillment, but for a visit paid us by my maternal uncle. His duties as my mother's trustee had brought him from the south of France, where he resided. There was that in my face and manner which plainly denoted failing health, and at my uncle's entreaties, I was allowed—nay, commanded, for I yielded most reluctantly—to return with him.

Change and time did their healing work for me. I remained in France for three years, that period being broken by a long visit from my father and Cyril. When I came back, Dr. Woodford had removed to London, and my brother was at school. We saw but little of the latter, even during holidays, as he spent part of them with friends at Winborough. At the end of three or four years more, I again went to France—this time to complete my education—and returned to become mistress of my father's house. Cyril was then residing with him in town. Greatly to the delight of Roxby, my brother had shown a marked bias for the career of a painter, and was now a student in the Academy. As for my father, he seemed to have grown younger, so genial and serene was his expression. Cyril, whose health had become established, was now a stripling of more than twenty. I could not but be proud

of him—of his face, bright with kindness and intelligence, and of his simple, frank bearing. Then at times he had my mother's old look of placid affection, especially in those moments of reverie to which he had been prone from childhood. Of course we reverted to old friends, especially to the Lathams. Before long I discovered a portrait which Cyril had recently taken of his early playmate, Amelia. It represented Miss Latham at eighteen. It recalled easily the face, classically regular, with its pure tint of olive, the clear, earnest eyes, and the old demure look now refined into a sentiment of dignity.

When, in a few weeks' time, Cyril left us for a short visit to Winborough, I was at no loss to guess his chief motive for the journey. During his absence I learned from my father that the lad's intimacy with the Lathams had continued until his departure for London. My brother, he said, was somewhat reserved upon the subject of Amelia, and had certainly made no formal disclosure of his feelings; but they were tolerably evident, nevertheless. My father had no doubt, too, that the state of affairs was understood by the Lathams, whose cordiality might be regarded as a sanction.

It is by no means my purpose to write a history of myself, but I may touch for a minute upon an interest which—though the main one in my own life—is merely incidental to this narrative. During a Swiss tour with my uncle, I met with my fate—which, let me once for all say, is a most happy one—in Mr. F——, an English barrister, now my husband. The sentiment which woke to life amid the romance of lake and mountains, had in a few months grown hardy enough to brave the dull skies of England and to knock pertinaciously at the door of a prosaic London house. To dismiss figure, Mr. F—— became a guest at our fireside. On the night of Cyril's expected return, he had spoken to me such words as—when the hearer can echo them—make the epoch of life. Mr. F—— had taken his leave, and I was sitting alone, lost in delicious musing, my feet on the fender, when the door opened abruptly, and Cyril entered.

His look was so haggard, the voice in which he uttered his brief greeting was so husky, the lips that kissed me formed so mechanically into a channel for the smile that would not flow, that for a moment I doubted his identity. "What has hap-

pened, Cyril?" I asked, approaching the chair on which, still in his travelling dress, he sank motionless and silent. He roused himself, and answered evasively, in a tone that vainly affected indifference. Suddenly his manner changed. He inquired earnestly for my father; then spoke at random of household affairs, and became quite voluble on matters of trivial import. He plunged the poker into the fire, remarked that the night was bitter, and again fell into silence.

The springs of my love—replenished, it might be, by my own great joy—welled towards him. I knelt by his side, wound my arm around him, and reminded him of all the bonds of our childhood. I urged him, for our mother's sake, not to shut up his heart from me. I spoke of the old times when I had trembled for his life, and vowed to make it happy if God would preserve it.

He turned to me with a softened aspect, kissed my forehead, and murmured: "Ah! Lucy, you should have let me go!"

The words were not meant as a complaint. They had escaped him almost unconsciously; but they gave me a new right to plead with him. By the time of my father's return I had won Cyril to tell us all.

The cherished dream of his life—the dream so sacred that he could never shape it into words—had been cruelly dispelled. On his visit to Winborough he had been received by Amelia with an air of sadness and constraint, and by Mr. Latham with a cold formality at first unaccountable. Tortured by suspense, my brother sought an explanation, when the banker replied that, although wishing to regard Cyril always as a friend, it had become necessary to warn him that no closer relationship could be sanctioned. Mr. Latham added, that he made this statement with pain, but that circumstances rendered it a duty.

"Heartless! heartless!" cried my father, wringing Cyril's hand.

I had never seen Dr. Woodford so roused. His sense of justice was outraged. He knew well that Cyril's love for Amelia, though not directly avowed, had been long known to the Lathams, and tacitly encouraged.

"And Amelia herself?" I asked.

Mr. Latham, it appeared, had withstood Cyril's demand to take leave of her. My brother remonstrated, and angry words ensued. Mr. Latham, by some taunt on the

young artist's profession, stung his high spirit to retort, and Amelia had by accident entered the room as my brother, with flushed cheek and indignant tones, repelled the affront.

In a hard, sarcastic tone, the banker thanked Cyril for alleviating the pain of parting by a demeanor which showed that further intercourse would have been undesirable. Amelia, who had witnessed my brother's incensed manner, but not the provocation which caused it, addressed him in language which, though gentle and mournful, conveyed a deep reproach. Reproach from her at such a moment overcame the poor lad altogether, and in order to conceal his feelings he took an abrupt farewell, and left the house.

I suffered too much on Cyril's account to be very tolerant to Amelia. "She did not deserve such love," I exclaimed impetuously.

He rose, took my hand, and said in that low, governed voice that belongs to deepest emotion: "You meant this kindly, Lucy; but do not say it again—do not even think it, as you love me. I have known Amelia too long, too well, to doubt her goodness. The knowledge of it is all that consoles me. I may have been no more to her than a friend—a dear friend; I never may be more; but I can be grateful to her for the past. While trusting in herself, I can even bear to know that she was not destined for me. I can hope and strive. Without that trust I do not think I could."

He then told us that he had written, asking her forgiveness for the angry words which he had uttered to her father, and begging a reply, however brief, to soften the anguish of such a separation. He said no more upon the subject, but for days after, when the postman's knock was heard, I marked a quick tremor shook over the fixed calm of his face. It was still more sad to note the listless quiet with which he took up his letters in that further season when hope deferred had sickened the heart. At length one morning the post brought him the Winborough Guardian. We happened to be alone. After a few minutes' perusal, he silently handed me the paper, directing me with his finger to one short paragraph. It told, with all the transparent mystery of provincial gossip, that "unless rumor was more than ordinarily faithless, an eloquent divine well known at Winborough might shortly be

expected to lead to the hymeneal altar the only daughter of Mr. L——, the eminent banker."

I could only utter "Cyril," and cling to his erect, steady form, as if I had most needed comfort.

"God bless her!" he said, after a pause; his voice was scarcely above a whisper, but clear and firm.

I could not restrain myself. "She has dealt falsely with you!" I cried.

"I think not," he answered; "but were it so, I should still say God bless her—she would then need it more."

Mr. Latham's changed conduct to Cyril seemed now accounted for. We had before learned that Lady Naseby—by this time advanced in life, and lately recovered from severe illness—had passed into a state of hypochondria which she was pleased to term religious conviction. To expiate the sin of a life whose pleasures and graces had been superficial, she had become an ascetic and a bigot. Her contrition, even though sincere, was as merely external as the enjoyments and the charms which she had abjured. On the death of the old vicar she had been influential in the appointment of his successor—a teacher who confounded penance with repentance to her heart's content. What I then surmised was afterwards proved. Lady Naseby, whose will was law to Mr. Latham, had endeavored to promote a union between the new vicar and her god-daughter Amelia. Cyril had himself found this gentleman a favored and even an intimate guest at Mr. Latham's table.

My brother went out that day; how he passed it I never knew, but when he returned there was a placidity, almost a cheerfulness, in his manner that told of a struggle undergone and ended. My father and myself abstained from all reference to it. It was only by a certain gentleness, so to speak, in the footfalls of our thoughts that one could have guessed there was a grief to be tended; it was only by the softness of Cyril's look that you could have told that tendance was understood.

#### CHAPTER IV.

At that time there was no railway to Winborough, and we were consequently almost entirely cut off from its interests and its news. Cyril's younger friends

there either removed or became absorbed in the pursuits of life, and all communications from the old town gradually ceased.

The morning after the events just related found Cyril early in his studio. From that time his labors, interrupted for months, were steadily resumed. It was a deep interest for us, as years went by, to watch the young artist's advance. The first book that he illustrated, his first picture in the exhibition, the first generous criticism that pointed out his ripening genius, were all epochs in our family history. The world now knows his pictures well—those stories of fireside happiness and domestic heroism which have touched and cheered many a spectator.

Not even in his art did Cyril make any conscious allusion to the one memory which I knew had never left him. If in child or maiden I caught glimpses of it, the expression, not the features, revealed them. They were the records of an influence unknown even to himself.

Time rolled by; I was a wife and a mother. In his own circle, whether sharing in my children's games, or surrounded by that true brotherhood of genius who own a new tie in deserved success, Cyril was still the same, equable and genial, though never hilarious.

One May evening—a balmy evening, that almost redeemed the character of the month—he entered our little parlor at Kensington. My husband was at the time reading aloud a notice of Cyril's new picture, just exhibited, and then considered his master-piece. We welcomed him, therefore, with more than usual happiness. He looked happy himself. There was in his face the restful joy of one who had achieved honor bravely to use it nobly—a feeling this so distinct from vanity or pride, that it consists with the very humblest moments of man's experience.

"My visit might hardly have been so welcome," said Cyril to my husband, "had you foreseen its object. That is nothing less than to rob you of your wife for a week."

He then told us that there had sprung up within him a sudden and peremptory yearning—a thirst, he called it—to see Winborough and the haunts of his childhood once again, and in company with his sister. My kind husband's consent was readily gained. Our preparations were hastily made, and on the afternoon of the following day we were whirling at the



rate of thirty miles an hour towards our first home.

It seemed strange to me to desert the old coach-road by which, many years before, I had travelled to London; strange, instead of nooky village inns, with buxom, apron-smoothing landladies, to find slate-roofed, naked-looking stations—innovations from which at that time the old territorial families of trees and flowers stood disdainfully aloof. When we approached towns, I sighed in vain for the winding horn and the clatter over the stones, and felt hurt at the usurpation of the railway-bell and whistle. I would have found every mile-stone leading to dear old Winborough just as I had left it. Cyril, who had seen the place more recently, was prepared for changes, but they pained me extremely.

At the end of our journey—it was then night—I could scarcely set foot in the Naseby Arms omnibus, from a sense that it had injuriously displaced the defunct Monarch coach. I was positively wroth to see the quaint, red-bricked Naseby Arms of yore now fronted with stucco and transformed into an hotel. The chambermaids of past days had been lively and smiling: the new ladies of the bed-chamber were reserved and mincing. The waiters of old ran about in jackets, and cried “coming!” Their successors, grave in tailed coats and starch, glided before you like ghosts, and, like them, waited until you broke the spell of silence by speaking first. It was not until Cyril and I were seated in a snug room at our little tea-table that my spirits revived. The first thing that did me good was the sight of a venerable urn of obsolete shape and battered sides. Shortly after, the waiter brought us tea-cakes of a kind peculiar to the district, and emitting a scorched, oveny sort of perfume. Had the scent been that of heliotrope, violet, or verberna, it could not so have touched me. That long-lost odor sent me back to the bright, wide-ranged grate of the kitchen in Pollux Lane. I am not ashamed to say that I wept, and felt that I was once more at Winborough.

Cyril now told me that while entering the inn he had been recognized by Roxby, the artist. I was glad to hear that my brother had asked this old friend to join us. He had gone home—as I surmised, for purposes of the toilet; but they must have been accomplished rapid-

ly, as he presented himself in a few minutes. The dear old man was much altered. His hair was gray, his face ploughed up in anxious lines, and he had contracted a stoop. But for the quick vivacious eye, I might not have known him. Without at first noticing me, he seized Cyril's hands, worked them as if they had been handles of a pump, and laughed till he cried while speaking of his former pupil's success. “I knew he had it in him!” he shouted exultingly.

Touching on his own prospects the good man was somewhat subdued. His nature was too buoyant to despond easily; but he hinted that the patron who was, some day, to discover his genius, was rather late in making his appearance. It was not envy, but a dawning knowledge of life as he neared its close, that made him observe to me: “Perhaps the nobleman who is to find me out might have done so before this, if, like your brother, I had painted modern people instead of Homer's gods.” Of course, we did our best to cheer our old friend, one of whose pictures, Cyril predicted, would soon be exhibited. I thought my brother too sanguine, but the picture—a far more finished one than I could have expected—was, in due time, seen on the walls of the Academy, and found a liberal purchaser.

Our first pilgrimage, next day, was to the resting-place of our beloved mother. We then reëntered the town, delaying by a sort of tacit understanding our visit to the old house.

Jubb's old shop, in the market-place, was now kept by another proprietor. It gloried in plate-glass windows, and styled itself “Metropolitan Emporium.” Perkins, the patrician hair-dresser, had vanished, and slept, perchance, among unnoted townfolk who had never been summoned to the Hall. His son, a young gentleman, whose revolutionary ideas might have hastened the old man's decline, had joined the business of toyseller to that of hair-dresser, and dispensed toys and marbles to noisy urchins in those erst silent precincts, where his awful father had once shred their locks. Sparkes, the bookseller, had retired, and his window, under the sway of his successor, was distinguished by numerous denunciating pamphlets from the pen of the new vicar. “The Way to the Pit”—levelled at poor De l'Orme and his Comedians, and “A Snare for the Young,” directed against the race-

ball, may instance the commodities that were to be had within. As we approached the shop a carriage drove up, and we saw protrude a gouty-looking foot, swathed, rather than clad, in a very ample velvet slipper. The tenant of the carriage got out with difficulty, though aided by her servant. She dropped a gold-headed stick on which she leaned. Cyril stooped and gave it to her. The lady steadied herself, and a gleam of gracious feeling softened her sharp, sad face. By that sign only could we have recognized the once brilliant Countess of Naseby.

We passed in the High street, and were nearing Pollux Lane. I felt the arm on which I leaned tighten, nor was I surprised when Cyril said that he had letters to post, and begged me to precede him, by a few minutes, to the old house. I knew that the subdued emotions of life were surging on his firmness, and that he waited for the tide to ebb.

We took different ways. In a minute or two I reached the lane. The corner shop, still a grocer's, was new, so dazzling that the reticent Nettleship would have scorned to own it. Glass jars with crystallized candies refracted the sunlight. Confections of fruit lay temptingly in half-opened boxes, on the lids of which the peasants of all Europe, stimulated, no doubt, by their propinquity to such dainties, were performing their national dances. I might not have known where I was, but for the measured thump of the steam-engine which worked a mill on the opposite bank of the river. The sound, so familiar to my childhood, startled me. Since I first heard it how many hearts have throbbed with love, grief, ambition, and then ceased to throb! What changes since then had befallen empires as well as households! Firesides had been desolated, thrones overturned; but that dull, mechanical pulse beat on the same. No matter, I thought, it is because man is a spirit and lives, that his forms wear out.

I was now fairly in the lane—that lane where, as a girl, I had so often tripped on, hand-in-hand, with my mother. I looked up the archway, close by the surgeon's; the groom was busy, as of old, polishing harness. Then I saw a tall, dignified, Queen Anne sort of house, picked out with stone and guarded with palisades. It was the Lathams'. The door was open, and a lazy-looking footman was taking a parcel from a shop-boy. I saw within a

lamp, like that beneath whose cheerful beam I had stood in the nights of long-ago Christmas parties. I noted the very steps which the boy Cyril would have kissed for love of the light feet that passed over them.

Then with a thrill, swifter than sight I looked down the street on the opposite side; yes, there it stood, the quaint, straggling, dear old house! We had already learned that it was to let. A middle-aged woman who stood at the window saw me approach, and quickly admitted me. I made her understand gently that I wished to explore the apartments alone. Then I went into the old panelled room, and into the little library—neither of them much altered save for being unfurnished. I went up-stairs into my former bed-chamber, then into my mother's, then into the drawing-room, and looked out upon the grass-plot, the lime-walk, and the river; finally, bent my way to the garden, longing to muse beneath the shadows of the green, transparent leaves.

But I was disappointed of solitude. Turning into the walk, I saw before me a lady, simply but elegantly dressed, and engaged in binding up a straggling creeper. She performed this task with a care and gentleness that went to my heart, for every leaf-fibre in the old place was dear to me, and I felt as if, instead of a plant, she had bound up a memory.

She moved on with a slow, easy grace, now and then delaying to root out some overgrown weed, or to free some entangled rose which peered up helplessly amid the tall grasses between the limes. But that I knew the house was to let I should have supposed her at home. At length a thorn-tree that lay half levelled barred her path. Raising her arm to set aside the intruder she stood in a more open spot. The mazy light glided down her dress and made a bright island at her feet. As she turned her face suddenly, it met me like a revelation. Though years had passed since I saw the girl of eighteen in Cyril's sketch, and though she now wore a subdued, veiled kind of expression, I did not, for a moment, mistake Amelia Latham.

Did I see her again with resentment or with yearning? Perhaps with a mixture of both. Could she feel pleasure in a scene that must recall the hopes she had destroyed? If not, what brought her there? It flashed upon me that Cyril

would join me almost instantly. What was to be done?

I advanced towards her. It was clear, from her face, that she had no recollection of me. I inquired if the house had been to let long.

"About a year," she replied.

I said, in a careless manner, that the place was prettily situated, but forlorn and ill-kept—capable, indeed, of great improvement.

"Tastes vary so much," she answered, adjusting her shawl.

"These old limes," I pursued, "interrupt the view. They ought to be felled."

She favored me with a look almost haughty in its coldness. She could only repeat that tastes varied. The future tenant would of course indulge his own.

Then she would not like, I thought, to see the dear old trees cut down.

She bent her head slightly, as if to leave me; but I said quickly: "The place has some interest for me. It once belonged to a family that I knew."

"Indeed!"

"To the Woodfords."

There was a moment's silence. Then she answered steadily: "The Woodfords were also friends of my own. Have you seen them lately?"

"Very lately," I said, preserving my forced incognita. I could not have avowed myself without giving way.

It was she who spoke next. She inquired after my father, then after Lucy (myself), who, she was pleased to say, had been kind to her as a child. "Perhaps," she added, "they may remember me, Amelia Latham."

Still Amelia Latham, then! In a softened tone I said: "Lucy will be obliged to you. But you have not asked after her brother."

"What, the artist?" she replied, busying herself with a lilac bush.

"Yes, the distinguished artist. His very first picture, 'News from the Colony,' brought him into notice."

"You mean, the Leave-taking," she observed, "that was his first picture."

Her memory was better than his sister's.

"His last picture has been much liked, Miss Latham, the one called—" I paused willfully, and tapped my forehead.

The lilac bush shook as a low murmuring voice answered from it, "Old Times."

She was right again.

In a minute she looked up calmly, and walked by my side. "Tell me more," she said, "of Cyril Woodford. He is well?"

"Yes."

"And happy?"

"No great life is an unbroken calm; but he seems content."

"And is he still—?"

"Unmarried?" One woman can of course guess another's question. "Yes, still unmarried. He has never forgotten some youthful ideal, who, from all that I have heard, little deserved such preference. It comes from the romance of the artist's temperament, I suppose, that, spite of proof, he clings to his illusion still."

She linked her arm into mine, and there was a pause. At last she said: "Women must judge women gently."

"True; but in this case," I urged, "where they had been boy and girl together, played the same games, shared the same innocent joys and griefs, the wrong was no common one. To renounce for interest the affection that had dawned so early, was a treason not only to love but to childhood. Well, such wrongs carry their own retribution. The woman's heart must either harden into worldliness, or, if not, how must she feel as she recalls the past—stands, perhaps, in the old spot, views the old scenes, hears in fancy the accents of love and trust which, except in fancy, she can hear no more—knows that she has embittered for ever one noble life, and that a gulf divides her from all that was purest in her own!"

I spoke with passionate earnestness. We had left the walk. There was no shrub or flower to tend now; but she bent over the moss-grown dial by the grass-plot, and traced its circle with her finger. "You are severe," she said. Then I saw slow heavy tears fall upon the dial.

"I have pained you?"

She looked at me frankly. "Not by your censure. I was touched to think that—that he could still trust her."

She said this so falteringly that I could bear no more. "Forgive me," I cried, "I meant not to be cruel; but for his sake I was forced to learn all. Amelia, is there hope for him? I am Lucy, his sister!"

She threw herself on my bosom, and we wept together. Then, fondly, wonderingly, as if she were half sister, half child

—some Perdita recovered from the elements—I kissed her repeatedly, and, her dear head leaning on my arm, guided her again into the walk. I asked her no question. I did not need. Who could doubt those eyes and that pressure of the hand?

When we wound back through the alley, I saw a tall figure slowly descending the garden-steps.

"Amy," I whispered, "there is some one coming—my companion in this journey; can you meet him?"

She looked at me keenly, then down the path, and gave me an assuring grasp. I walked before her, and met my brother advancing.

"Cyril," I cried, "prepare yourself! Here is a friend—a dear friend!" Before I could say Amelia Latham, he had read it in my face. A feeling leaped to his own so intense, that it might either have been bliss or anguish. But oh! the calm that succeeded, the soft transfiguring smile in which more than the lustre of his youth

re-dawned. She had followed me with extended hands. He took them without a word, and led her on.

I knew my part well enough to linger behind. Their silence was soon broken. Then Cyril learned how his letters to Amelia, and hers to him—though she was long ignorant that he had written—had been intercepted by her father; how the report of her betrothal to the vicar had arisen from his frequent visits at Mr. Latham's, and from the known wishes of the latter for a match which Amelia had always resisted; how Mr. Latham himself, before his death, had revealed to her, with deep penitence, the stratagem which had wrecked her hopes. She, too, had been faithful to the memory of childhood. In a few days my father was summoned to Winborough. We were four—all members of one family—when we left the town; and Cyril's sister felt, but felt happily, that she had resigned to its lawful claimant a woman's chief place in his heart.

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From Colburn's New Monthly.

## REMINISCENCES OF MODERN CELEBRITIES.\*

EVERY one conversant with London notabilities some thirty or forty years ago, must have a lively reminiscence of a portly gentleman who in garb as inoffensive as his looks—that is to say, surtout closed to the extent of three buttons, plaid trousers, and black cravat—was invariably to be seen, between the hours of four and six, P. M., in Bond-street, Piccadilly, or St. James's, at all events within half a mile radius of Crockford's and White's. This gentleman was Mr. Thomas Raikes, the eldest son of a rich city merchant, who early in life "having," says his biographer, "a marked preference for social and lite-

rary pursuits," exchanged the east for the west end of the town, became a member of the fashionable clubs, and mixed largely in what is, by "a somewhat questionable courtesy, denominated the best society." Mr. Raikes' decided peculiarity was placidity of countenance; there was a remarkable smoothness of the skin of his face, an absence of all furrowing, and an uniformity of expression that imparted ideas of any thing but cunning, or wisdom, or decision of character. This was Mr. Raikes' ægis. His fortune, education and good manners probably contributed, with his own exertions, to gain him friends among the distinguished men of the day, but it must have been that placid countenance that won him the confidence of such men as the Duke of Wellington. Yet was

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\* A Portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1837. Two vols. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1856.

the owner of that countenance observing, treasuring up facts in his memory, and placing them on record all the time. A great admirer of Talleyrand, he was for a brief space of time the Talleyrand *en petit* of his own coterie; and many will be surprised to find that that "nice, smooth-faced fellow Raikes," so often the butt of their ridicule, was all the time laughing at them in his sleeve, and that he has committed their deeds and sayings to the *literæ scriptæ qui manent*.

As a politician, Mr. Raikes is to be admired for his consistency. His journal commences in that stirring spring-time of politics and of the year when the Reform Bill was passed. This is the key-stone to his public sentiments, and of his aversion to all progress and changes. To a Grey or Melbourne administration, to Peel seceding from his party to save a country, to a citizen king, or to any thing or all that affected liberalism, or savored of innovation, placid Mr. Raikes was not energetically—for that was not in his character—but most passively opposed. He had a horror of *parvenus*, an abhorrence of all that was not decorous in society, great exclusiveness in his associations—his ideas, in fact, moved only within a certain circle; as a consequence he had also a great dread of going out of the world in an indecorous manner, and if one thing more than another characterizes the first two volumes of his journal, it is the numerous narratives of singular duels and of fearful crimes and suicides which evidently deeply interested the narrator.

Mr. Raikes was not the kind of man to become a hero-worshipper. The mere excitement would have outraged his ideas of decorum. Had such, however, been possible, the "Iron Duke" would have been the object:

¶ "The more (he says under date of July 24th, 1832) I see of this extraordinary man, the more I am struck with his singularly quick apprehension, the facility with which he seizes the real gist of every subject, separates all the dross and extraneous matter from the real argument, and places his finger directly on the point which is fit to be considered. No rash speculations, no verbiage, no circumlocution; but truth and sagacity, emanating from a cool and quickly apprehensive judgment, fortified by great experience, and conversant with each and every subject, and delivered with a brevity, a frankness, a simplicity of manner, and a confidential kindness, which, without diminishing that profound respect which every man must feel for such a character, still places him at his

ease in his society, and almost makes him think he is conversing with an intimate friend.

"His whole mind seems engrossed by the love of his country. He said, we have seen great changes; we can only hope for the best; we cannot foresee what will happen, but few people will be sanguine enough to imagine that we shall ever again be as prosperous as we have been. His language breathed no bitterness, neither sunk into despondency; he seemed to be aware of every thing that was going on, watching, not without anxiety, the progress of events, and constantly prepared to deliver his sentiments in the House of Peers on all subjects which affected the interests of England. His health appeared much improved, and I trust that, however his present retirement may be a loss to his country, it may be a benefit to himself."

That the Duke could tell a good story we have an example from Sudbourne, Lord Hertford's:

"Three or four of us were sitting round the fire, before we went up to dress for dinner; amongst whom was the Duke, who amused us much with several anecdotes of the late king. He was in a very gay, communicative humor, and having seen so much of George IV., one story brought on another. He said that, among other peculiarities of the king, he had a most extraordinary talent for imitating the manner, gestures, and even voice of other people. So much so, that he could give you the exact idea of any one, however unlike they were to himself. On his journey to Hanover, said the Duke, he stopped at Brussels, and was received there with great attention by the King and Queen of the Netherlands. A dinner was proposed for the following day at the palace of Laacken, to which he went; and a large party was invited to meet him. His majesty was placed at table, between the king and queen. 'I,' said the Duke, 'sat a little way from them, and next to Prince Frederick of Orange. The dinner passed off very well; but, to the great astonishment of the company, both the king and queen, without any apparent cause, were at every moment breaking out into violent convulsions of laughter. There appeared to be no particular joke, but every remark our king made to his neighbors threw them into fits. Prince Frederick questioned me as to what could be going on. I shrewdly suspected what it might be, but said nothing: it turned out, however, to be as I thought. The king had long and intimately known the old stadtholder when in England, whose peculiarities and manner were at that time a standing joke at Carlton House, and of course the object of the prince's mimicry, who could make himself almost his counterpart. At this dinner, then, he chose to give a specimen of his talent; and at every word he spoke, he so completely took off the stadtholder, that the king and queen were thrown off their guard, and could not maintain their composure during the whole of the day. He was indeed,' said the Duke, 'the most extraordinary compound of talent, wit, buf-

foenery, obstinacy, and good feeling—in short, a medley of the most opposite qualities, with a great preponderance of good—that I ever saw in any character in my life.”

The two foreigners most known at that time in London, he remarks, were Montrond and Count d'Orsay. Of the first he says :

“Monttrond must be near sixty-five years old, a *protégé* of Talleyrand, and constant guest at his table. He has lived through the different scenes of the French Revolution, always keeping up a certain scale of expense, is received into all the best houses in London, and is witty and entertaining, though his *ton* is rather *tranchant*. He plays high and generally wins; is full of anecdotes; tells them well; great epicure and connoisseur at the table; enters into all the gayeties and pursuits of the young English dandies, who look up to him and admire his sallies. He was notorious in Paris as a *roué*; *grand brâtailleur*; and fought one duel with the elder Greffulhe, which did not end so fatally as some others. He married the Duchesse de Fleury; a beautiful woman with a fortune, which he spent. Old age has mellowed the more riotous traits in his character; he feels less independent in a foreign country than in his own; and a life of quiet self-indulgence seems now his only ambition.”

The other morning, he elsewhere relates, Montrond, coming out of Sefton's house, met De Ros, and said to him: “Ce pauvre Sefton, il est si méchant, si bossu aujourd'hui, ça fait pitié.”

The same personage was subject to apoplectic fits, one of which attacked him after dinner at Talleyrand's. While he lay on the floor in convulsions, Mr. Raikes relates, scratching the carpet with his hands, his benign host remarked with a sneer: “C'est qu'il me paraît qu'il veut absolument descendre.”

The visitation of cholera, in the autumn of 1832, evidently disturbed the equanimity of our journalist. Not only are the daily reports of the Board of Health duly entered, but any striking cases that occurred, more especially among the better classes of society, are recorded, as also that the fear of the pestilence caused a neglect of *entrées*, champagne, ices, and fruits, at the cost of plain meats, port, and sherry. With the advent of winter, the siege of Antwerp came to divert the thoughts from the progress of a gloomy malady. How far the feelings of the Tories were interested in this proceeding is attested by a hundred passages; but one will suffice for an example:

“On Wednesday last, at our Tory dinner at the Carlton Club, the earliest arrivals were Lord Glengall, Sir. H. Cooke, Messrs. Herries, Hook, and myself. We were reading the evening papers, wherein it was mentioned that a British sailor, who had served in many engagements abroad, had been carried before Mr. Justice Conant, charged with being drunk in the street, with having abused the ministers, and with swearing aloud that the British flag was disgraced by sailing in company with the French tri-color. The poor wretch, having no respondents, was fined by Mr. Conant thirty shillings, or, in default, to two months' imprisonment in Coldbath-fields. On hearing his doom, he only replied: ‘Sir, you may send me to prison, but the British flag is not the less disgraced.’

“Our natural impulse was immediately to subscribe the trifling fine to liberate him, which Sir H. Cooke transmitted the next morning; but even this early interference was too late—the committee of Lloyd's Coffee-house had already anticipated our feelings, and rescued the poor drunken patriot. I need not add, that this coffee-house is the resort of all the great underwriters, and the donation was merely an act of strong public feeling.”

Here is a portrait of Talleyrand, for which the veteran sat in his morning dressing-gown:

“I was rather amused to-day at White's with Sefton's description of his visit this morning to Prince Talleyrand. He is very intimate with him, and is received at all hours; a privilege which he avails himself of very frequently at present, to hear the latest intelligence from Paris and Antwerp, now so generally interesting.

“This morning he was ushered into the dressing-room of this celebrated octogenarian, who was under the hands of two *valets de chambre*, while a third, who was training for the mysteries of the toilet, stood looking on with attention to perfect himself in his future duties. The prince was in a loose flannel gown, his long locks (for it is no wig), which are rather scanty, as may be supposed, were twisted and *crépés* with the curling-iron, saturated with powder and pomatum, and then with great care arranged into those snowy ringlets which have been so much known and remarked all over Europe. His under attire was a flannel pantaloon, loose and undulating, except in those parts which were restrained by the bandages of the iron bar which supports the lame leg of this celebrated *cui de jatte*.”

After some interesting evidence of Lord Londonderry's mind having given way under too great application and over-excitement, we have the following pleasing anecdote of the then King of Sweden:

“General Sir Alured Clarke was making a tour

of pleasure on the continent, and arrived at Stockholm, when he wished to be presented to the king. A private audience was granted, as a matter of course, to an English general officer. When presented to Carl Johann, Sir Alured was very much astonished to find that the King of Sweden, instead of a formal reception, folded him in his arms and kissed him on the cheek. He was confounded at this distinction, and more so when the king asked him if he could not recollect him. In this, as his memory was quite defective, he could only express his regrets. To which the king replied: "I am not surprised that you do not recognize in me the Corporal Bernadotte, who became your prisoner at Pondicherry, when you commanded the English army in India, to whom you showed the greatest kindness while in your power, and who now is most anxious to return the obligation in every way that may be most agreeable to you during your stay in his dominions."

This is followed by a curious instance of second sight, given as authenticated; and then a notice, that "the other day a large party dined at the Pavilion. Among the guests was the American minister. The king was seized with his fatal habit of making a speech; in which he said, that it was always a matter of serious regret to him that he had not been born a free, independent American, so much he respected that nation, and considered Washington the greatest man that ever lived."

Early in 1853, the newly-established Carlton Club became possessed of a new cook—a remarkable event, thus duly chronicled:

"They have hired a French cook for the Carlton Club from Paris, who lived formerly with the Duc d'Escars, *premier maître d'hôtel* of Louis XVIII., and who probably made that famous *pâté de saucissons* which killed his master. It was served at breakfast at the Tuileries to the king, who with the Duke partook so voraciously of it, that the former was attacked with a dangerous fit of indigestion, from which he with difficulty recovered, and the latter absolutely died of the excess on the following day. One of the French journals, remarkable for its *facéties*, announced the event in the following terms: "Hier sa Majesté très Chrétienne a été attaquée d'une indigestion dont M. le Duc d'Escars est mort le lendemain."

Having at that dull period of the year nothing very particular for his diary, Mr. Raikes fell back to reminiscences of the Duke and Duchess of York, of both of whom he speaks in the highest possible terms. The duchess especially he describes

as not only a *très grande dame* in the fullest sense of the word, but a woman of the most admirable sound sense and accurate judgment, with a heart full of kindness, beneficence and charity. The duchess, it is well known, was particularly fond of animals; around the pool which joins the grotto in the park of Oatlands may still be seen the grave-stones and epitaphs of her favorites.

"The duchess, in her morning walks at Oatlands, often visited the farm-yard and amused herself with noticing the different animals and their families, among which was a sow that had lately farrowed some beautiful pigs. A few days afterwards, at dinner, some person asked her if she would eat some roasted pig. Her answer was: 'No, I thank you, I never eat my acquaintance.'"

A few days before her demise, Lord Lauderdale, who had long ranked among the duchess's friends, went down to Oatlands to inquire after her health. She could not see him, but sent him from her bed the following note:

"MON CHER LORD L.: "Je fais mes paquets, je m'en vais incessamment. Soyez toujours persuadé de l'amitié que je vous porte.

"Votre affectionnée amie, F."

It can easily be understood that the Reform Parliament was not to the taste of the Tory journalist. He chronicles Sir Robert Peel's opinion of it with evident gusto, and the description is not without truthfulness:

"Sir Robert Peel said to me that he was very much struck with the appearance of this new Parliament, the tone and character of which seemed quite different from any other he had ever seen; there was an asperity, a rudeness, a vulgar assumption of independence, combined with a fawning deference to the people out of doors, expressed by many of the new members, which was highly disgusting. My friend R—, who has been a thick-and-thin Reformer, and voted with the Government throughout, owned to me this evening that he began to be frightened."

Elsewhere he puts on record, in reference to the bill for the emancipation of the Jews, that it has been pleasantly said of the Whig government, "that it is impossible to ravish them, because they concede every thing."

Embarrassments of the house with which Mr. Raikes was connected compelled him to break up his establishment in London in the autumn of 1833, and to settle for a time in Paris. It will be readily

imagined that the court of the Citizen King no more suited his Tory predilections than the reformed parliament at home.

"I was amused by hearing an account of the balls now given by Louis Philippe at the Tuileries, which are very splendid as to decorations, but not very select as to company. In order to gain popularity, a certain number of tickets are sent to each of the ten legions of the National Guard. Great part of the society is, therefore, composed of the shopkeepers of Paris, who, even in this scene of festivity, do not lose sight of their own interest. It is said that a lady happened to complain the other night that her shoe pinched her, when her partner immediately presented his card of address as *cordonnier du roi*, and offered to wait upon her the next morning."

Upon another occasion he relates :

"There was a grand ball last night at the Tuileries ; near 4000 persons were present, the apartments were splendidly illuminated, and the supper very magnificent. To give an idea of the company, Yarmouth said that he called in the morning on his coachmaker, to desire that his carriage, which required some little repair, might be ready at night, as he was going to the ball. The coachmaker said : "That puts me in mind that I am also invited, and I must get my own carriage ready likewise."

Here are two more reminiscences of Louis Philippe :

"The king has made Miss S. E. Wykham, of Thame Park, a baroness by the title of Baroness Wenman, in token of old recollections. I well remember the time when, as Duke of Clarence, he was anxious to marry an Englishwoman of large fortune, and made his proposals to this lady, as well as to the Wanstead heiress, the late Mrs. Long Pole Wellesley, with the same unsuccessful result. It proves that he does not bear malice for the refusal."

"Prince P. Esterhazy, the Austrian ambassador at London, is arrived here on his way to Vienna, and has been received with the most marked attention at the Tuileries ; he had a long interview with the king, who, he says, is in heart a most ultra-Conservative : so, indeed, was Napoleon at last. In all the new-fangled revolutionary ideas and charges of later days, it appears that what is called the people are the only dupes. They are cajoled, and set in motion by specious prospects of advantage to themselves, and find at last that they have gained nothing but a new master, perhaps worse than the last : they are then laid on the shelf till fresh circumstances, or fresh excitement, may require the puppets to act another drama, with precisely the same results for themselves."

It would appear from the following anecdote that Admiral Sir Charles Napier

was in no greater favor at court in 1834 than he is in 1856 :

"We went with the Damers and Glengalls to the Faubourg St. Germain to see the Hôtel de Cluny, built in the fifteenth century, the old architecture of which is still preserved. Here resided Mary, wife of Louis XII., and sister to our Henry VIII. Mrs. D. showed me a letter from —, which says : "I went, yesterday, with their majesties to the private exhibition at Somerset House. We were received by the President of the Royal Society, who, among other portraits, pointed out to the king that of Admiral Napier, who has been commanding the fleet for Don Pedro. His majesty did not hesitate to show his *political* bias on this occasion, by exclaiming immediately : 'Captain Napier may be —, sir, and you may be —, sir ; and, if the queen was not here, sir, I would kick you down stairs, sir !'"

The Hôtel de Cluny was at that time private property, and Mr. Raikes speaks of it as a burlesque exhibition. No wonder, when in the chapel there was a mannikin priest in *chasuble et étale*. It is, however, now made public, and one of the most curious exhibitions in Paris.

The world of letters is anxiously waiting "The Lay of the Stork"—no bird more worthy of being sung of by lady fair. In one village, and one village only, in the far away East, we have seen them building on walls barely three feet high, within reach of the urchins among whom they seemed as domesticated as barn-door fowls. We have had a pair of these Mussulman birds nestle on our own roof—close by our couch—where beds are made in the open air, to the great scandal of the pious Moslem. We have seen them again in solitude, or in the company of great warty lizards and stealthy jackals, amid the ruins of deserted cities. We have seen them joining their brethren high up in the heavens on their migration to other lands. Still, everywhere and at all times pensively standing on one leg by the nest side, or throwing back the head and clapping long mandibles to welcome the return of her mate, with frog or snake wriggling in its bill, or together encircling the clouds ere they alight for the night's repose, the stork is ever a most picturesque bird. There is almost groundwork for a story in the following little excerpt :

"The *Nuremberg Gazette* mentions that last year a Polish gentleman caught a stork on his estate at Lemberg, which he released, having previously fixed round its neck an iron collar with the following inscription : *Hæc ciconia ex Polonia*.



This year the bird has returned, and been again entrapped by the same individual, who has found its neck ornamented with a second collar, but made of gold, and thus inscribed: *India cum donis mittit ciconia Polis*. The bird has again been set at liberty for further adventures."

The following instance of a spy being outwitted by royalty is highly amusing:

"After the restoration in 1814, among the titled followers of Napoleon, who were the most anxious to obtain employment at the court of Louis XVIII., none showed more servility and assiduity to accomplish his purpose than Fouché Duc d'Otranto. He at last had a private interview with the king, when he expressed his desire to dedicate his life to his service. Louis replied: 'You have occupied under Bonaparte a situation of great trust, which must have given you opportunities of knowing every thing that passed, and of gaining an insight into the characters of men in public life, which could not easily occur to others. Were I to decide on attaching you to my person, I should previously expect, that you would frankly inform me what were the measures, and who were the men, that you employed in those days to obtain your information. I do not allude to my stay at Verona, or at Mittau—I was then surrounded by numerous adherents—but at Hartwell, for instance—were you then well acquainted with what passed under my roof?' 'Yes, sir, every day the motions of your majesty were known to me.' 'Eh, what, surrounded as I was by trusted friends, who could have betrayed me? Who thus abused my confidence? I insist on your naming him immediately.' 'Sir, you urge me to say what must wound your Majesty's heart.' 'Speak, sir, kings are but too subject to be deceived.' 'If you command it, sir, I must own that I was in correspondence with the Duc d'Aumont.' 'What! De Pienne, who possessed my entire confidence? I must acknowledge,' added the king, with a malicious smile, 'he was very poor, he had many expenses, and living is very dear in England. Well, then, M. Fauché, it was I that dictated to him those letters which you received every week, and I gave up to him 12,000 fr. out of the 48,000 fr. which you so regularly remitted to obtain an exact account of all that was passing in my family.

"These words terminated the audience, and the duke retired in confusion."

Mr. Raikes animadverts with great reason on several different occasions on the want of prudence so often exhibited by the English on the Continent. The following is an example well calculated to wound the pride of any person of proper feeling:

"Guiche told me the other day that he had seen at the races in the Champ de Mars an English family consisting of a lady and three daughters,

the latter rather handsome, surrounded by half a dozen young Frenchmen, who had got introduced and completely engrossed them; knowing one of the men, he asked their names, but nothing could induce him to tell; his only answer was: 'Vous n'avez pas besoin de ça,' and they were determined that no others should interfere with them.

"How often do I see here cases of that nature: English families who have never lived in the world at home, who are unaccustomed to real good society, come over to Paris for a little recreation, fancy that a count or a baron must be a great gentleman, fall into the hands of a set of adventurers, who are always on the look-out for such victims, and rue too late their unguarded credulity. There are every day advertisements in the paper offering sums of money to any one who will procure the advertiser an English wife (*bien entendu*) with fortune."

Again, upon another occasion:

"The number of our countrymen here is great; many almost residents, who form a society distinct amongst themselves. It is this class of English, who, unaccustomed to good society at home, commit so many follies in Paris, which discredit the nation in the eyes of foreigners; and, as they generally herd together, and make themselves objects of notoriety, the stigma becomes more national than individual. You constantly hear the observers remark on these occasions: 'Les Anglais ont fait telle et telle chose,' instead of commenting on the individual, as in the case of other nations who are less gregarious.

"The other day a party of this description, who were anxious to witness the bloody ceremony at the Place St. Jacques, hired a room in a *guinguette* opposite to the scaffold, and left Meurice's Hotel at two o'clock in the morning, that they might avoid the expected crowd, and take their station without any inconvenience. When arrived at their destination they ordered supper, and passed the night in drinking champagne and noisy mirth, till the waiter informed them that the preparations for the melancholy scene were arranged. In this state of mind, and heated with debauch, they rose from table to gratify an unfeeling curiosity with a bloody spectacle, which even a savage would not have witnessed without awe and emotion. These are traits which must excite disgust in the breast of every one."

Also, on March 9, 1836, it is recorded:

"There are two young ladies here, daughters of Lord —; pretty girls, but remarkable for their dress, which leaves their necks and ankles very much exposed. A man of wit remarked the other night, that 'Les robes de ces demoiselles ressemblent à un mauvais jour d'hiver, qui commence trop tard et finit trop tôt.'"

The following is, if possible, still more severe:

"An English family, Mr. and Mrs. M——, not much accustomed to good society at home, but possessed of a good fortune, established themselves some years back in the Faubourg St. Germain, opened their house, and by degrees collected a number of their titled neighbors. Within the last two years Madame de O——, one of their habituées, began to give balls, and it was observed that she from that moment deserted Mrs. M——'s assemblies. She did not hesitate to avow it, saying: 'Tant que je ne donnais rien, j'allais voir mes amis chez Madame M——, mais maintenant, comme je ne pourrais pas recevoir cette dame chez moi, je ne vais plus chez elle.'"

The following story, told at Madame de Flahault's, is a relief to these *exposés* of our countrymen and countrywomen:

"The director of a horticultural journal in Paris, anxious to increase the list of his subscribers, announced to them a prize of 5000 francs for the finest tulip which might be produced at the end of six months. The inducement of gaining such a sum filled the list of his *abonnés* immediately, but when the period arrived for adjudging the prize, great was the dilemma of the editor on seeing his hall filled with tulips and candidates. He lost no time in running to a friend, obtained from him a receipt for the offered reward, and showed it to the assembled amateurs, who repaired to the successful candidate in order to compare their productions with his. The friend, finding himself in a scrape, sends his servant to the *Quai aux Fleurs* to purchase a tulip, which cost three francs, and exhibits it to the crowd, with such encomiums on its pretended beauties that they become confounded, and, wishing to conceal their ignorance, join in admiration of it. It is fortunate for the plot that they were not *Dutchmen*."

Residing in Paris, the great centre of duels and suicides, we have before remarked upon the number of curious instances of the former which Mr. Raikes has placed on record in his journal. Here is an example, dated September 12, 1856:

"A duel took place on Wednesday, near Paris, which was attended by singular circumstances. One of the combatants having had the first fire, placed himself in an attitude to receive that of his adversary, who took a long and deliberate aim; the ball passed through his skull, and he died immediately. A few seconds after, his adversary also fell and expired, for he had received a ball which traversed his lungs; he had nevertheless retained sufficient strength to execute his deadly purpose. The combatants went into the field to revenge a double and reciprocal adultery."

And a still more curious case:

"A most singular trial is to take place at the Cour d'Assises in the end of this month, of which the following is the outline:

"M. Lethuillier, proprietor of a maison de

santé near Paris, had an intimate friend, M. Vadebant. Suspicious of an improper intercourse between the latter and his wife induced M. L. to send him a challenge. Nevertheless, some inexplicable motive urged him to insist that, whichever might fall, the cause of his death should remain unknown; and he therefore proposed that the duel should take place without seconds, and that each adversary should bear about his person a written certificate that, in case of his body being found, he had not died by assassination. The parties being agreed on this point, proceeded to the Bois de Romainville, armed with pistols. It was decided that the antagonists from a given point should walk towards each other, and fire as they pleased.

"M. Lethuillier asserts that, his attention being diverted by a woman who was walking on the road at some distance, he stopped short, while M. Vadebant continued to advance, and fired when he came near him. M. L. being wounded, fell, and, if he is to be believed, implored the assistance of his adversary without avail.

"M. Vadebant, imagining that he had killed him, took up both pistols and disappeared.

"The wound, however, of the unfortunate Lethuillier was not mortal; having presented his profile to his enemy, the ball had carried away both his eyes, without injuring the skull, and he managed to crawl from the wood to the high-road, where he at last met with assistance. Having recovered from his wounds, M. Lethuillier now brings a civil action, and Vadebant has surrendered himself for trial. Plans of the ground are taken, which, it is said, will be of great importance in the decision as to the good faith of the whole proceeding."

And now for some specimens of suicide *à la Parisienne*:

"A double suicide took place on Friday night Rue de la Fidélité, No. 24, at Paris. A M. Malglaive, formerly in the army, was deprived of his fortune by unforeseen calamities. He was found with his wife in their apartment, suffocated by a pan of charcoal, having previously stopped up every aperture in the room which could admit of air. He had written the following curious letter to a friend by the *petite poste*:

"Quand vous allez lire cette lettre, ni moi ni ma pauvre Eléonore ne serons plus dans ce monde: ayez donc la bonté de faire ouvrir notre porte, et vous nous trouverez les yeux fermés pour toujours. Nous sommes fatigués tous deux des malheurs qui nous poursuivent, et nous ne croyons pouvoir mieux faire que de mettre un terme à tous nos maux. Connaissant son courage, et tout l'attachement que ma bonne femme a pour moi, j'étais certain qu'elle accepterait la partie, et partagerait entièrement ma manière de voir.

"Adieu, brave ami; en attendant les effets de la métépsychose, je vous souhaite une bonne nuit, et à moi un bon voyage. J'espère que pour minuit nous serons arrivés au but de notre promenade.

"Vendredi, 10 Octobre, 11 heures du soir."

"The Marquis de L., residing near the Opera, after having squandered an immense fortune in dissipation and the pursuit of pleasure, has lately destroyed himself, because he had only 33,000 fr. a year remaining, which he found was not sufficient to satisfy the caprices of his mistress. Previous to his death, wishing to insure the independence of her whom he accused as the author of his ruin, he left by will to Mademoiselle Dérioux all that he possessed, being 600,000 fr. or 700,000 fr. By an extraordinary fatality this will is dated the 1st of October, 1834, and it was on the 25th of September preceding that he had ceased to live. In consequence of this irregularity, the civil tribunal of the Seine has refused to confirm this donation to Mademoiselle Dérioux, in the absence of the heirs presumptive to the estate."

The reasons given for these numerous suicides, which are indeed daily occurrences in the French metropolis, are sometimes full of meaning when apparently least so. For example, on November 4, 1834, Mr. Raikes says: "To-day the paper mentions the following: 'M. Alphin, jeune homme de dix-huit ans, appartenant à une famille excessivement riche et heureuse, vient de se tuer par *dégoût de la vie*.'" It is needless to expound here the combination of evils—bad education, bad disposition, and absence of all religious feelings—which would bring about such a melancholy state of things.

In one instance, the feelings of the victim are described up to almost the moment of death:

"A working jeweller, named Charité, scarcely twenty years old, lived with an aged mother, whom he supported by his earnings. His employment at last decreased, his resources failed, and he became tormented with the idea of seeing his infirm mother come to want. His own health likewise became impaired, and he was at times heard to say, that if Providence did not come to his aid, he would terminate his own existence. Last Thursday evening his mother went out at seven o'clock to visit a relation. In a few minutes afterwards the son went down stairs, gave his candle in charge to the porter, appeared to go out, but privately returned to his room. He there wrote several letters to his friends and relations, particularly to his two sisters, one of whom is living in England, the other is a milliner at Brest. He then carefully stopped up all the issues by which air could come into his room, and as if he had wished to have his fate to the last moment in his own hands, he placed a table close to a glass door, which he might easily break with a blow of his elbow, at any time, if he should wish to stop the progress of the suffocation.

"The table being thus disposed, with paper, pens, and ink, and a lighted candle near him, he

wrote the following lines, which were afterwards found near his body:

"I am twenty years old, and I am going to die. To my fellow-citizens and the lovers of science. These are the effects of death by charcoal: first of all a thick vapor which makes the eyes to smart; a slight headache; then the vapor causes the candle to burn dim; the light grows fainter; all that in five minutes after lighting the charcoal; the wick turns to ash—the headache does not increase—the pain in the eyes is worse—the headache now increases—tears flow, and in abundance. . . . . At this moment a woman (here the delirium seems to commence)—one does not know what one does—one . . . . . (here are three words, but illegible, and the writing irregular), and at last 'the light goes out almost . . . and I . . . . . It is probable that at this moment the unfortunate young man expired.

"At eleven o'clock the mother returned home, and found her son a corpse; a large brazier of charcoal, quite extinguished, was near the chair, from which he had fallen on the floor.

The love of the marvellous, sympathy for the terrible and the horrible, and a slight tendency to superstition, not only manifest themselves in the carefully recorded cases of murders, suicides, and duels, but also in instances of second sight and of fortune-telling:

"The Duchesse de Guiche mentioned this evening the curious prediction made to her by Mademoiselle Lenormand, the noted fortune-teller, in 1827. Having arranged with Lady Combermere to visit Mademoiselle L., every precaution was taken to prevent their being known. The duchess disguised herself in a black wig, with a large hat, and thick lace veil. They went in a hired carriage, without servants, to the Luxembourg, and walked from thence to the Rue Tournon, where she resided. It was impossible that any suspicion could exist of their name or rank. After the usual preliminaries of asking the day of her birth, consulting the palm of her hand, and dealing out cards, &c., Mademoiselle L. first told her various circumstances of her past life, which were wonderfully correct. She then asked the duchess what animal she liked best, what animal she most disliked, and what flower she preferred beyond any other. Her answer was, the horse, the spider, the lily of the valley. She next gave her the description of her own character, as well as that of her husband, both of which were so exactly depicted, particularly that of the duke, that she actually discovered traits in each which had previously escaped her own observation, and now appeared very evident to herself. But when Mademoiselle L. began to touch upon the future, she told her that her present prosperity was coming to an end, that the most serious misfortunes awaited her, and that all her prospects would be suddenly destroyed on the 30th July, 1830, *à cause d'un favori déchu*; that from that period she would suffer much adversity and exile, with the above favorite, that in three years she would return to her own country, and in

July, 183—, she would regain her prosperity from the circumstance of a prince succeeding to a rich inheritance.

"This prediction was so extraordinary and so precise, even as to dates, that Madame de Guiche expressed a wish to have the details committed to paper, which was complied with; and on the following day she sent her *femme de chambre* to the Rue Tournon, who brought back this singular warning, in the handwriting of Mademoiselle Lenormand, with the date, and her signature. How far the first part has been fulfilled, by the three days of revolution in July, and the subsequent flight of the Bourbons from France, every one must know. The second point, her return to France in three years, was not less singularly verified, as she was at that period at Prague with Charles X., and so little expecting to quit it, that ten days before the circumstances occurred which brought on their resignation of their places, she had been saying to the duke: 'Here Mademoiselle Lenormand must fail, as we have no chance of seeing France again for many years;' but still it came to pass as predicted.

"It now only remains to be seen how the conclusion is to wind up; in the mean time, there is the written paper, as undeniable evidence of what has happened.

"These things are in themselves so unaccountable that no opinion can be given on the subject! but a similar circumstance once occurred to myself, which I have often mentioned to my friends, and which has been also partly verified.

"I was in Paris in October, 1820, and one morning, meeting John Warrender in the Rue St. Honoré, he urged me to accompany him to visit a fortune-teller who lived in that neighborhood. She was an old woman in a garret, and not so much known as Lenormand, but had made some successful hits in that line, which had gained her a certain celebrity. I have never forgotten the words which she spoke to me, whom she could never have heard of in her life.

"1. Vous n'avez point de père.

"2. Vous avez une mère; elle mourra dans un an.

"3. Vous serez arrêté dans six mois par un huissier, pour cause de dettes.

"4. Vous êtes riche, mais dans sept ans vous perdrez toute votre fortune, et puis après vous la regagnerez."

"The first was true; the second was fulfilled in about that period; the third was accomplished in a curious manner: I was then in very prosperous circumstances, living in Grosvenor square; the repairs of that house had been performed by contract, the builder failed before his work was concluded, and the assignees claimed of me the whole amount of the agreement, which I would only pay as far as it had been fairly earned; the difference was only 150*l.*, but the assignees did really send a bailiff into my house, and arrested me, while my carriage was waiting at the door to convey me to dinner at York House, where the story caused considerable merriment at the time. The last has been fatally verified also, but the good fortune at the end alone turns out a complete fallacy."

By date June 27, 1835, Mr. Raikes had found out that—

"Mademoiselle Lenormand is not infallible: there is no appearance of insurrection to-day, but there certainly has been a fall in the funds since her prediction, owing to the Spanish intervention. The French seem particularly prone to credulity in these matters, and the trade of fortune-teller is not one of the least lucrative in Paris; it is carried on openly, and subject to no legal penalties as in England. The different memoirs attest many communications made to the kings of France by apparitions or inspired individuals, particularly that of the Blacksmith from the forest of Senars to Louis XIV.; but there exists still in this neighborhood, between Versailles and Rambouillet, a laboring man, who had several interviews with Louis XVIII. of a warning nature. It was his custom, whenever he received the inspired commission, to place himself in the custody of the gendarmes belonging to his *arrondissement*, and request to be led to the royal presence, which having once accomplished, orders were given that in future he should always be admitted. I have it from one who stood high in the confidence of that court, that he constantly warned Louis XVIII. of the fate which awaited Charles X., and that he counselled him to use every means of strengthening his throne during his own lifetime, that fewer difficulties might remain to be encountered by the weakness of his successor. It was in consequence of this warning, that Louis XVIII., shortly before his death, issued an ordinance to abolish the liberty of the press in France; which passed without resistance. His speech on that occasion is well remembered: 'Un roi qui touche à sa mort peut oser faire ce qu'un roi à son avènement ne pourrait même contempler.'"

The Fieschi attempt occurred on the 28th of July of the same year; so Mr. Raikes had the pleasure of recording on that day, that "after all, Mademoiselle Lenormand only failed in her prediction by one month; instead of the 28th of June, the mischief has occurred on the 28th of July." His love of the marvellous extends even to a half-belief in dreams:

"The Duc de Berri dreamed one night that he was standing at the window of his apartment in the Tuileries, which overlooked the gardens, accompanied by two individuals, and while he was admiring the beauties of the prospect, his attention was suddenly attracted to the iron railing by what seemed to be passing in the Rue de Rivoli. A dense mass of people was assembled in the street, and presently there appeared a grand funeral procession, followed by a train of carriages, evidently indicating the last tribute paid to some deceased man of fortune and consequence. He turned around to one of the bystanders and inquired whose funeral was passing; the answer was made that it was that of Mr. Greffulhe. In a short

time after this procession had filed off down the street, another and more splendid cavalcade made its appearance, as coming from the château: this far surpassed in magnificence its predecessor; it had every attribute of royalty—the carriages, the guards, the servants were such as could only be marshalled in honor of one of his own family. On putting the same question, he was told that it was his own funeral. In a few nights after this vision the Duc de Berri went to a grand ball given by Mr. Greffulhe, at his hotel in the Rue d'Artois; it was a very cold night, and Mr. Greffulhe, who was not in a good state of health, attended his royal highness to the carriage bareheaded, and was struck with a sudden chill, which brought on a violent fever, and terminated his life in a few days. Before a week had elapsed the knife of the assassin Louvel had consummated the remaining incident in the dream."

Here is a memorandum of a kind which evidently fixed our journalist's attention, and which he took no small interest in placing on record:

"The extraordinary composure with which even a painful death may be contemplated is exemplified by a criminal who is under sentence of execution for a murder, in one of the prisons of Munich at this present time. He has made with crumbs of bread and a sort of macaroni several figures illustrating the scene in which he will quit the world. He has figured the instant when the executioner, having cut off his head, is holding it up to public view. A Franciscan friar on his knees is at the side of the headless corpse; near the priest is an invalid with a wooden leg, selling a true and full account of his judgment and execution."

And another instance of the horrible:

"The following extraordinary occurrence has just taken place at a château near Senlis. The Comtesse Pontalba, whose name has been cited before the tribunals in a trial for separation from her husband, at length found means to interest him in her favor and procure her return home, which very much exasperated her father-in-law. Determined to deliver his family from a woman who branded it with ignominy he the other day entered her apartment armed with two pistols, and discharged the contents of both into her body; he then retired to his own apartment, in a different wing of the château, and shot himself through the heart. His body was found stretched on a sofa, with the countenance calm, but still with a threatening expression. The old count, whose life had been as honorable as his sense of honor was rigorous, had just completed his eightieth year, and possessed an immense fortune. The countess did not die on the spot, though pierced by four balls (for the pistols were double-barrelled); her hand by instinct was raised to protect her heart, but she still lies in very great danger."

Two more strange incidents:

"A young lady of Nevers, universally admired, was married to a person who had been established in the town for some months only, but had made himself generally respected. The wedding day passed off, and the happy pair had retired to the nuptial chamber, leaving the guests still enjoying the festivities of the occasion, when their gayety was suddenly checked by a dreadful scream from the bride. The chamber was opened, and she was found in a fainting fit, grasping in her hand the shirt-collar of her husband, torn from his shoulder, on which was displayed the *brand*, proving him to have been a convicted felon. It is said that the senses of the unhappy girl appear to have fled for ever. The parents have applied to Mr. P. Dupin and Mr. Syrot, two eminent counsel at the Paris bar, for their opinions, whether Art. 232 of the Civil Code, which declares the condemnation of either of a wedded pair to an infamous punishment sufficient cause for a divorce, is applicable to this extraordinary case."

"A youth living at Verly, in the Aisne, though only eighteen years of age, was full six feet high, and had made himself remarkable by his extraordinary feats of strength. About a fortnight ago he laid a wager that he would raise with his teeth, and without touching it with his hands, a cask of cider containing forty-seven gallons. It was surrounded with ropes so as to give him a safe and convenient hold. By this he seized the cask with his teeth, and carried it without stopping across a yard of considerable extent. When, however, he had put down his burden, he was incapable of shutting his mouth, and soon afterwards fainted. He was carried into the house, where he lay for six days without recovering his senses, and then died."

Another, not a little characteristic:

"M. —, a banker at Paris, returning home some evenings ago from a ball, missed three things—his wife, his cashier, and the contents of his strong box. Having by some means ascertained that the fugitives were gone to Havre, he immediately followed them, and arrived at the hotel in which they had taken up their abode, where he learned they were to sail the next day for America. Making a confidant of the landlord, the banker went to the chamber where the two culprits were. At the first summons the recreant cashier opened the door, and throwing himself at the feet of his injured benefactor, acknowledged his criminality, and only supplicated mercy for his guilty companion, who remained trembling in the room he had just quitted. 'Don't be alarmed,' said the banker, 'all I want is my money.' The whole of this was immediately given up. The banker, having ascertained that nothing was kept back, turned to the delinquent, and offered him notes to the amount 10,000 fr., saying: 'This is for the service you have rendered me in ridding me of a vicious wife. You may set off with her to-morrow for New-York, on condition that you have received the money for the express purpose of paying the expenses of yourself and Madame — to the United States.'

The paper was signed, the door was closed, and in a quarter of an hour the banker was on his road back to Paris."

Gambling—a practice by no means peculiar to the French capital, but not a little flourishing in its gay circles—has also its exemplary illustrations:

"On Wednesday last died in Paris poor Mr. Stibbert, aged sixty-three. His story is short, but one of the most remarkable instances of the infatuation for play ever known. He was the son of General Stibbert, but deformed from his birth, inherited a fortune of 80,000*l.*, as I have always heard, and till the age of forty-five was a man of regular habits, a cultivated mind, and much respected in England among the friends with whom he lived. Unfortunately, after the peace, eighteen years ago, he determined to visit Italy, and arrived in Paris with the intention of passing here only a few weeks. One night he was induced to go to the Salon, then kept in the Rue Grange Batelière, and frequented by the best society of all nations, under the superintendence of the old and agreeable Marquis de Livry, a very different establishment from the Tripot in the Rue de Richelieu at present. He there sat down to play for the first time, lost a small sum of money, returned to win it back, continued to lose, and in the same hopeless enterprise prolonged his stay for several years,

till he absolutely lost every shilling of his large property, and has since latterly been dependent on his brother for a small allowance, hovering like a spectre round the gaming-table at Frascati, and risking his few francs every night in that sink of depravity, still hoping that fortune might turn in his favor and enable him to regain his losses. His mild manners, his settled melancholy, and, as he has often told me himself, that infatuation which he felt quite unable to resist, rendered him a constant object of remark to the various English who have visited Paris for many years past."

Another is less painful to peruse:

"A certain Vicomte de V——, friend of Talleyrand, who with him frequented some distinguished *soirées*, where high play was encouraged, had incurred some suspicions not very creditable to his honor.

"Detected one evening in a flagrant attempt to defraud his adversary, he was very unceremoniously turned out of the house, with a threat, that if he ever made his appearance there again, he should be thrown out of the window. The next day he called upon M. de Talleyrand to relate his misfortune and protest his innocence: 'Ma position est très embarrassante,' said the vicomte, 'donnez-moi donc un conseil.' Dame! mon cher, je vous conseille de ne plus jouer qu'au rez-de-chaussée."

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From the Westminster Review.

## THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.\*

A SERIOUS chasm in English historical literature has been very remarkably filled. The revolt of the Netherlands, in many respects the most extraordinary of the convulsions of the sixteenth century, has been hitherto better known to us in its effects than in any narrative of its details. The name of Alva has come down shrouded with horrible associations; Count Egmont has been a hero of romance; and the Prince of Orange has been familiar to us as an illustration of the manner in which the Catholic powers delivered

themselves of their dangerous enemies. But the actual lives and exploits of these men, and those fifty desperate years of struggle, out of which a revolted province of Spain emerged the first naval power in the world, have been visible to general readers only through a mist. Watson's "Philip the Second," till now the best English authority, distributes the attention over so wide a range, that the effect is vague and inadequate. Schiller, though undertaking a special history of the revolt, has confessedly produced only a few striking fragments, divided by long gaps of darkness. And, in fact, neither to Watson nor to Schiller were the sources open for consistent information which

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\* *The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History.* By JOHN LOTHEPOT MOTLEY. In Three Volumes. London: John Chapman, King William street, Strand; Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly. 1856.

modern researches have exposed. The correspondence of Philip the Second, from the archives of Ximencas, the letters and state papers of the Orange Nassau family, edited by Groen van Prinsterer, and the many other collections of contemporary correspondence, have placed material at the disposal of the student, which, if it increases the labor of the research, makes possible a result infinitely increased in value; and the first fruits of these publications have been two works, both of which are likely to secure themselves a perpetual place in English literature—Mr. Prescott's "Philip of Spain," and the history which on this occasion we have most especially to notice. Of Mr. Prescott's book we have already spoken. Like all his writings, it is elegant, rational, cultivated, written in a kindly, genial spirit, dispassionate and tolerant. Like the work of Mr. Watson, it is, however, a history of Spain, and not exclusively of the Netherlands; and the scope of the writer has not permitted him to follow minutely and closely a single section of his subject. That the United Provinces required a more complete treatment than he was able to afford to them, no one was more sensible than himself; and in a graceful note he has referred to the work by which his own would be soon succeeded, with a high compliment, yet a compliment as the result must by this time have shown him, not more than deserved, to the industry and talent which it would display. Mr. Prescott will not, therefore, suspect us of disrespect to himself, if for the present we attempt no comparison between books which do not challenge rivalry—if we leave his graceful sketches to be valued for their separate merit, and in this place dwell exclusively on the elaborate pictures of his brother artist—pictures, we are assured, which he will be generously anxious to see welcomed as they deserve.

A history, then, as complete as industry and genius can make it, now lies before us, of the first twenty years of the revolt of the United Provinces; of the period in which those provinces finally conquered their independence and established the Republic of Holland. It has been the result of many years of silent, thoughtful, unobtrusive labor, and unless we are strangely mistaken, unless we are ourselves altogether unfit for this office of criticising which we have here under-

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taken, the book is one which will take its place among the finest histories in this or any other language. If we may not claim the writer as an Englishman, we have reason to be glad that in these dangerous times a book should have appeared by an American writer which will form a link among all who speak one common language, and which will not fail to show that America and England are not united only in blood and interest, but that the soundest thinkers there as well as here agree at heart in far higher subjects. Even so slight a matter as a book of history will not be without its immediate value, if it serves to remind us that however aristocratic pettiness and republican fanaticism may quarrel upon the surface, in truth and reality the Americans are nearer to the English in heart, in sympathy, in their deepest and surest convictions, than to any other nation in the world.

All the essentials of a great writer Mr. Motley eminently possesses. His mind is broad, his industry unwearied. In power of dramatic description no modern historian, except perhaps Mr. Carlyle, surpasses him, and in analysis of character he is elaborate and distinct. His principles are those of honest love for all which is good and admirable in human character wherever he finds it, while he unaffectedly hates oppression and despises selfishness with all his heart. For his finer feelings, the Netherlands of the sixteenth century unfortunately offer not many subjects. One noble form towers up out of the confusion, surrounded by undistinguished masses of the people, who were a nation of heroes; but except the Prince of Orange, his gallant brothers, and the said "people," the individual figures who stand out preëminently in the struggle had better most of them never have been born. Nevertheless, while his admiration is for Orange alone, Mr. Motley uses no sweeping colors, no rhetorical invectives; there is scarcely a superlative or a needless expletive in his book. Among the crowds who fill his canvas every face is minutely drawn, each offender bears but his own burden of iniquity, and the character of every actor whom he introduces is shaded in with care as scrupulous as if he were writing not a history of real men but a drama of his own creating. And this is the true charity of history. Mr. Motley has none of that spurious

charity which delights in washed-out colors, which palliates iniquity, and to avoid the sharpness of contrast tints with conjectural suspicion the great and the good. He is not afraid to describe Philip as a villain unredeemed by any trait of goodness, for such was the Philip of history. But he tells his story with fact, not with commentary, and trusts for his effects the quiet and simple truth.

In the limits which we can here permit ourselves, it will be impossible to give an idea of the results of Mr. Motley's book; neither can we calculate on sufficient information in our readers to enable them to enter profitably into any of the detailed discussions which it provokes. The work consists of three volumes, each containing nearly six hundred pages, and the matter is only compressed within this large compass by the elaborate finish of the style. We are brought in contact minutely and closely with the most celebrated men of that most remarkable age. Directly or indirectly the history of the Netherlands was the history of Europe itself. Scarcely a figure of note or moment in any country is passed over; and by the side of these great ones who were gambling for the most part with the destinies of the world, as if poor mankind were counters with which they might toy and trifle for their little vanities and selfishnesses, rise the dim masses of a patriot people, stirring into organic life and freedom. The treatment of such matter by a master's hand is not to be described in a brief article of a review; and our business here is rather to introduce the author himself to our readers, and to persuade them, by specimens of his style and matter, to seek his closer acquaintance for themselves.

The book opens with a description of the Netherlands, brief but most effective. After an allusion to Cæsar and Tacitus as the earliest authorities on the state of these countries, Mr. Motley continues:

"The three great rivers, the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheld, had deposited their slime for ages among the dunes and sandbanks heaved up by the ocean around their mouths. A delta was thus formed, habitable at last for man. It was by nature a wide morass, in which oozy islands and savage forests were interspersed among lagoons and shallows; a district lying partly below the level of the ocean at its higher tides, subject to constant overflow from the rivers, and to frequent and terrible inundations by the sea.

"The Rhine, leaving at last the regions where its storied lapse, through so many ages, has been consecrated alike by nature and art—by poetry and eventful truth—flows reluctantly through the basalt portal of the Seven Mountains into the open fields which extend to the German Sea. After entering this vast meadow, the stream divides itself into two branches, becoming thus the two-horned Rhine of Virgil, and holds in these two arms the island of Batavia.

"The Meuse, taking its rise in the Vosges, pours itself through the Ardennes wood, pierces the rocky ridges upon the south-eastern frontier of the Low Countries, receives the Sambre in the midst of that picturesque anthracite basin where now stands the city of Namur, and then moves towards the north, through nearly the whole length of the country, till it mingles its waters with the Rhine.

"The Scheld, almost exclusively a Belgian river, after leaving its fountains in Picardy, flows through the present provinces of Flanders and Hainault. In Cæsar's time it was suffocated before reaching the sea in quicksands and thickets, which long afforded protection to the savage inhabitants against the Roman arms, and which the slow process of nature and the untiring industry of man have since converted into the Archipelago of Zealand and South-Holland. Those islands were unknown to the Romans.

"Such were the rivers which, with their numerous tributaries, coursed through the spongy land. Their frequent overflow, when forced back upon their currents by the stormy sea, rendered the country almost uninhabitable. Here, within a half-submerged territory, a race of wretched ichthyophagi dwelt upon *terpen*, or mounds, which they had raised, like beavers, above the almost fluid soil. Here, at a later day, the same race chained the tyrant ocean and his mighty streams into subserviency, forcing them to fertilize, to render commodious, to cover with a beneficent network of veins and arteries, and to bind by watery highways with the farthest ends of the world, a country disinherited by nature of its rights. A region, outcast of ocean and earth, wrested at last from both domains their richest treasures. A race, engaged for generations in stubborn conflict with the angry elements, was unconsciously educating itself for its great struggle with the still more savage despotism of man."

The workmanship of this description is admirable. It is at once brief and exhaustive, and with a few pregnant paragraphs, lays the country out before us, as in a picture. A rapid sketch follows of the various races which composed the population. They resolve themselves into the two broad divisions of German and Celtic; and the effects of the distinction, after becoming for thirteen centuries invisible, are shown to reappear singularly at the Reformation, and to determine the contrasted fortunes of the Southern and



the Northern Provinces. When the narrative opens, Catholic Belgium and Protestant Holland are one country, governed by the same laws, united under the same institutions, zealous for the same freedom. The Reformation rises, and the separate races follow instinctively their separate tendencies. As the struggle for freedom deepens, the contrast of races becomes more and more sharply defined. At length the spirit of liberty, once distributed over the whole of Flanders, becomes concentrated in its proper home. The Batavians become a commonwealth of Protestants; Belgium clings to Romanism, and settles into slavery.

Mr. Motley, however, in originally describing these divisions, contents himself with indicating the later consequences of them. He does not anticipate his story, and leaves it to unroll itself. After mentioning the distribution of the tribes, he sketches the revolt of Claudius Civilis against Rome, and follows Schiller in a parallel between Civilis himself and the Prince of Orange. The resemblance is rather fanciful than real. He does not dwell upon it, and proceeds with a swift summary of the fourteen centuries which followed. He traces the successive eras of barbarism, feudalism, and finally of commerce and municipal liberty; the people emerging gradually out of darkness to wealth and civilization, as their country emerged from under the ocean, and forest and morass were exchanged for smiling fields and thriving cities. Here too, perhaps the analogy is something imaginary. We are a little surprised to find so able a writer accepting the popular contempt of the Middle Ages, and dismissing so many ages of human history with so peremptory a depreciation. Something more is to be said for feudal society, and something more for the religion which during all those ages was so passionately believed. And the fault throughout Mr. Motley's book is the want, absolute and entire, of all sympathy with Catholicism, in its vigor as well as in its degeneracy. It is to him a thing of mere falsehood and sensuous superstition, and the secret of its higher influences is closed to him. Nevertheless, his sketches, as from the modern popular point of view, are singularly able; and they bring us down, with the scene continually expanding, to the time when the actors in the great drama of the Revolution begin to appear upon the stage.

They are introduced in a brilliant group, as the leading nobles of Spain and of the Netherlands were collected in the great hall of the Palace at Brussels, to witness the abdication of the Emperor Charles V. Charles himself, Philip, the Regent Margaret, the Duke of Alva, and some others, are reserved for a separate description; the assemblage on the platform are thus graphically laid out upon the board:

"Many individuals of existing or future historic celebrity in the Netherlands, whose names are so familiar to the students of the epoch, seemed to have been grouped as if by premeditated design upon this imposing platform, where the curtain was to fall for ever upon the mightiest emperor since Charlemagne; and where the opening scene of the long and tremendous tragedy of Philip's reign was to be simultaneously enacted. There was the Bishop of Arras, soon to be known throughout Christendom by his more celebrated title of Cardinal Granvelle, the serene and smiling priest whose subtle influence over the destinies of so many individuals then present, and over the fortunes of the whole land, was to be so extensive and so deadly. There was that flower of Flemish chivalry, the lineal descendant of ancient Frisian kings, already distinguished for his bravery in many fields, but not yet having won those two remarkable victories which were soon to make the name of Egmont like the sound of a trumpet throughout the whole country. Tall, magnificent in costume, with dark flowing hair, soft brown eye, smooth cheek, a light moustache, and features of almost feminine delicacy—such was the gallant and ill-fated Lamoral Egmont. The Count of Horn, too, with bold, sullen face and fan-shaped beard—a brave, honest, discontented, quarrelsome, unpopular man. Those other twins in doom, the Marquis Berghen and the Lord of Montigny. The Baron Berlaymont, brave, intensely loyal, insatiably greedy for office and wages, but who at least never served but one party. The Duke of Aerschoot, who was to serve all, essay to rule all, and to betray all—a splendid signor, magnificent in crimson velvet, who traced his pedigree from Adam, according to the family monumental inscription at Louvain, but who was better known as grand nephew of the Emperor's famous tutor, Chièvres. The bold, debauched Brederode, with handsome reckless face and turbulent demeanor. The infamous Noircarmes, whose name was to be covered with eternal execration for aping towards his own compatriots and kindred as much of Alva's atrocities and avarice as he was permitted to exercise. The distinguished soldiers, Meghen and Aremberg—these, with many others whose deeds of arms were to become celebrated throughout Europe, were all conspicuous in the brilliant crowd. There, too, was that learned Frisian, President Viglius, crafty, plausible, adroit, eloquent—a small brisk man with long yellow hair, glittering green eyes, round turned rosy cheeks, and flowing beard.

Foremost among the Spanish grandees, and close to Philip, stood the famous favorite, Ruy Gomez, or, as he was familiarly called, 'Re y Gomez,' (king and Gomez), a man of meridional aspect, with coal-black hair and beard, gleaming eyes, a face pallid with intense application, and slender but handsome figure; while in immediate attendance upon the Emperor was the immortal Prince of Orange.

"Such were a few only of the most prominent in that gay throng, whose fortunes in part it will be our humble duty to narrate. How many of them passing through all this glitter to a dark and mysterious doom! some to perish on public scaffolds; some by midnight assassination; others, more fortunate, to fall on the battle-field—nearly all sooner or later to be laid in bloody graves."

The pageant over, and the helm of the ship committed to the new pilot, the curtain rises, and the struggle begins. Philip II., as he ever avowed, had but one fixed principle in life—the destruction of the enemies of the Holy Catholic faith. False, malignant, licentious, a man who from his boyhood to his grave maintained unbroken acquaintance with all forms of human villainy, Philip lived in the conviction that by massacreing heretics he could earn a perpetually renewed forgiveness for his crimes—that a zeal for orthodoxy unwavering, unflinching, pursued through torrents of blood, would be accepted graciously in lieu of every other Christian virtue.

At his first accession he was embarrassed with mere earthly politics. He was entangled with wars in Italy and France, and Count Egmont and his Flemish subjects had first to win for him two magnificent victories before he could find leisure for his more serious labors. At length, at the close of 1558, the peace of Cambray set him free, and his mission commenced. His first object was a simultaneous slaughter of Protestants throughout Europe, to be conducted by all the Catholic Powers. Mary of England would have made no difficulty; the Lorraine faction at Paris entered cordially into the scheme, and Mary of Guise in Scotland was to be admitted into the partnership of crime. The outline of this grand conception was communicated strangely by Henry II. to the Prince of Orange when in France as hostage for the fulfillment of the treaty of Cambray, under the impression that the Prince, as a good Catholic, would loyally sympathize in the scheme. The accidents which occasionally mutilate the best laid enterprises, in-

terfered to mar the execution of this. Mary Tudor died, and the English throne fell to a heretic princess. The Huguenot nobles tied the hands of the Guises; and the Valois princes were able only to achieve an imperfect Massacre of Saint Bartholomew. Philip only resolutely, consistently and steadily followed out his design, and directed upon this one aim the full weight of the enormous power which he had inherited. In Spain he succeeded. Ten thousand heretics fell at the stake or on the scaffold; and the feeble light of the Reformation expired in the Peninsula for ever. His other effort to do the same thing in the Netherlands did not succeed; it was defeated by a resistance, which, however we consider it, whether with respect to the cause that was fought for, to the unequal resources of the combatants, to the duration of the conflict, or to the spirit in which the long battle with tyranny was fought out, must be considered as the grandest achievement in the whole history of mankind. There is nothing like it in antiquity—nothing in the conquest of their freedom by any of the greater nations of the modern world. The scanty population of two small provinces, no larger than two English counties (for on them at last the weight of the revolution fell), wrestled with the full power of Spain, backed by the wealth of half the world, and overcame it.

Protestantism found early a welcome in the Netherlands. The landed nobles there as elsewhere remained attached to the old faith; but the spirit of commerce in the body of the people, the enterprise which scattered them over the world, their long intercourse with England, and the political liberty which they had conquered for themselves, pointed out these provinces as the natural home of emancipated thought. In the early years of the Reformation religious exiles from France and England found a refuge under the free institutions of their cities. The Antwerp printing presses supplied the Reformers in London with translations of the Bible; and Charles V., in the commencement of his reign, had been embarrassed too seriously with the Turks, with Germany, and with France, to venture measures of violent repression. Ultimately, as he conquered his political difficulties, he was able to make amends for lost time. The great families to whose keeping the liberties of

the country were intrusted did not care to embarrass themselves with the defence of heresy, which was as hateful to them as to the Emperor; and Charles could boast at his abdication of having destroyed, in the Low countries alone, a number stated variously at from fifty to a hundred thousand of these wretched "enemies of mankind."

Yet, in spite of so considerable exertions, the contagion had continued to spread. The Northern provinces and the great towns swarmed with offenders; and the Catholic Philip, the defender of the faith, the champion of the Holy See, found his inheritance, when he took possession of it, in full progress towards apostasy.

His first effort, as we said, was for a general crusade of all the Catholic powers. Meanwhile, he could commence the good work within his own dominions; and as a first preliminary establish the Inquisition and the torture-chamber. There was a difficulty, because, while King of Spain, Philip was but Count or Duke in his provinces upon the Rhine, and his subjects there were under the protection of their own laws, by which at his coronation he was sworn to govern. He served a master, however, who happily had the power of dispensing with inconvenient oaths; and when the alternative lay before him of perjury and an undue toleration of Protestantism, it was his duty both to God and man to choose the lightest offence. Measures of moderate repression would have been possible without violating the constitution of the States; but an immoderate evil might not be moderately dealt with.

Accordingly, retiring himself to Spain, he left his sister, Margaret of Parma, with directions to set on foot the method found so efficacious in Spain, and with the assistance of Cardinal Granvelle to purge the Netherlands clean. There were two forms of the Inquisition—the Episcopal and the Spanish. The Episcopal offered the lightest outrage to existing forms, and this was therefore selected with an affection of outward lenity. The true explanation of the choice was given, however, by Philip himself. He could abundantly trust the zeal of his bishops. The Inquisition of the Netherlands, as the king acknowledged, was more pitiless than that of Spain. In fact, says Mr. Motley:

"The main difference between the two institutions consisted in the greater efficiency of the Spanish in discovering such of its victims as were disposed to deny their faith. Devised originally for more timorous and less conscientious infidels, who were often disposed to skulk in obscure places, and to renounce without really abandoning their errors, it was provided with a set of venomous familiars who glided through every chamber, and coiled themselves at every fireside. The secret details of each household in the realm being therefore known to the Holy Office and the monarch, no infidel or heretic could escape discovery. This invisible machinery was less requisite for the Netherlands. There was comparatively little difficulty in ferreting out the 'vermin,' to use the expression of a Walloon historian of that age; so that it was only necessary to maintain in good working order the apparatus for destroying the noxious creatures when unearthed. This inquisitorial system of Spain was hardly necessary for men who had but little prudence in concealing, and no inclination to disavow, their creed. That the civil authorities were not as entirely superseded by the Netherlands as by the Spanish system was rather a difference of form than of fact. The secular officers of justice were at the command of the inquisitors. Sheriff, jailers, judge, and hangman, were all required under the most terrible penalties to do their bidding."

The institution was therefore sufficient for its work. The provinces would be left a desert before there would be any sign of failure in the machinery of the institution. The one difficulty was that which was common to all contrivances of State craft—it could only be worked by beings who wore at least the human form; and, however great might be the energy of the bishops, the Catholic laity among the Netherlands had neither themselves wholly lost their human hearts, nor were disposed to allow the administration of the Government to lapse into the hands of foreigners and ecclesiastics. The Prince of Orange at that time still professed the faith in which he had been bred; but as soon as he became possessed of the fatal secret which Henry of France had communicated to him, he determined, if possible, to save his country; and, by birth, wealth, and influence, the first of the Netherlands aristocracy, he set in force the full resources which the constitution allowed to thwart the Government and stay the persecution. From 1559 to 1567—the eight years of the regency of Margaret of Parma—the constitutional conflict continued. The Government attempted to enforce the laws against heresy; Orange, with the support of the body of

the nobility, continued to thwart and oppose them. Multitudes were executed; but the numbers grew too fast for executioners who were hampered by forms; and Philip, with crippled finances, was unable to attempt the last extremity of force. He exhausted the resources of weakness, he fawned and flattered, he promised profusely; like Judas, he breathed his poison in a kiss; and though he yielded nothing, he deceived Egmont, he deceived Montigny, he deceived all but Orange. Orange only knew him; Orange only saw the malignity of his purpose, the settled venom of his fanaticism. Orange knew that the king would forget nothing, forgive nothing, surrender nothing; and his ever-watchful eyes penetrated the inmost secrets of the Spanish Cabinet, with a subtlety deeper than Philip's own.

"Already (in the last year of Margaret's regency), the prince had organized that system of espionage upon Philip, by which the champion of his country was so long able to circumvent its despot. The king left letters carefully locked in his desk at night, and unseen hands had forwarded copies of them to William of Orange before the morning. He left memoranda in his pockets on retiring to bed, and exact transcripts of those papers found their way, ere he rose, to the same watchman in the Netherlands."

Mr. Motley, perhaps needlessly, thinks it necessary to apologize for these subtle doings.

"No doubt (he says) that an inclination for political intrigue was a prominent characteristic of the prince, and a blemish upon the purity of his moral nature. Yet the dissimulating policy of his age he had mastered only that he might accomplish the noblest purposes to which a great and good man can devote his life—the protection of the liberty and the religion of a whole people against foreign tyranny. His intrigues served his country, not a narrow, personal ambition; and it was only by such arts that he became Philip's master, instead of falling at once, like so many great personages, a blind and infatuated victim. No doubt his purveyors of secret information were often destined to atone fearfully for their contraband commerce; but they who trade in treason must expect to pay the penalty of their traffic."

Guided by these hidden clues in the understanding of the dark purposes of the king, yet himself ever meeting those purposes by the open weapons of the constitution, the prince played steadily his baffling game, till Granvelle was driven away in despair, and Margaret of Parma was re-

duced to helplessness; and the king had to choose between toleration of heresy, or falling back upon the sword. Unhappily, the latter course was no longer difficult to him. The spread of the Reformation had alarmed the Walloon nobles; their patriotism had first wavered, then ebbed away; and even Egmont himself, who had for many years adhered faithfully to Orange, had allowed himself to be made an instrument of persecution. United, the nobility might have dictated to Philip the terms on which a titular sovereignty should be left to him; but the element of religion acted as a fatal dissolvent. The horror lest they should be suspected of heresy was a phantom which terrified them each from his duty; and they stood still in passive obedience, while the Duke of Alva, with a Spanish army, took the place of Margaret.

On the 10th of May, 1567, that army sailed from Carthagená—ten thousand veterans, the picked troops of the world, under command of the greatest general. Both army and commander appear to have existed for the purpose of showing that military excellence of the highest kind is compatible with the absence of every other human virtue. The discipline of the soldiers extended even to their vices: two thousand prostitutes, formally enrolled and organized, attended their march. They were, perhaps, the most perfect instruments of unscrupulous wickedness that have been ever seen. The general was worthy of his men. In person, Alva "was tall, thin, erect, with a small head, a long visage, lean yellow cheek, dark twinkling eyes, a dusk complexion, black bristling hair, and a long sable-silvered beard descending in two waving streams upon his breast." His moral characteristics are thus generously described:

"Philip," Mr. Motley says, "was fanatically impressed with his mission; his viceroy was possessed by his loyalty as by a demon. In this way alone, that conduct which can never be palliated, may at least be comprehended. It was Philip's enthusiasm to embody the wrath of God against heretics. It was Alva's enthusiasm to embody the wrath of Philip. Narrow-minded, isolated, seeing only that section of the world which was visible through the loophole of the fortress in which nature had imprisoned him for life; placing his glory in unconditional obedience to his superior, questioning nothing, doubting nothing, fearing nothing, the viceroy accomplished his work of hell with the tranquillity of an angel. An iron will, which clove through every obstacle; adamantine

fortitude, which sustained, without flinching, a mountain of responsibility, were qualities which, united to his fanatical obedience, made him a man for Philip's work, such as could not have been found again."

There was no ambiguity in the instructions which Alva brought with him. Philip would rather reign over a desert than over Paradise if peopled with heretics; and to a desert, if necessary, the Duke of Alva was commissioned to reduce the Netherlands. Orthodoxy was to be no security. To have resisted the persecution—to have obstructed in the smallest degree the pious work of destruction to which the king had devoted his life—was crime sufficient. Egmont dreamed that he had earned his forgiveness by his unhappy zealousness of the last year; but he had to do with a sovereign who never signed a pardon. His doom was sealed before Alva left the presence of his master. All the inhabitants of the provinces, high and low, with a few specially named exceptions, were declared by the Holy Office to have incurred penalty of death; and Alva was come with the fixed intention of carrying out this sentence, till the heart and life of the country lay dead at his feet, and every vestige of resistance was extinguished. No imagination could have divined so infernal a depth of malignity. Orange knew it, and withdrew in time: but it was in vain that he warned Egmont. Philip flattered, and Egmont believed him: we all know with what result. With Egmont fell Count Horn, and all the crowd of minor patriots. The heads of the leaders struck off, the nation, bewildered and helpless, sank passively under its doom. We have shuddered at September massacres, at Fouquier-Tinville's death-tribunal, at the fusillades at Lyons, and the noyades of the Loire. The democratic fanaticism of Robespierre was tame beside the orthodox fury of Alva; and the Jacobin club, "the mighty mother" of the Revolution, was but a driveller in cruelty, compared to the conclave of which the Iron Duke was the instrument. The ordinary tribunals were set aside. The functions of justice were superseded by the Blood Council, which, with its affiliated societies, ruled over the Netherlands. Here is a description of one of its councillors, Juan de Vargas, drawn by a master hand:

"Two Spaniards, Del Rio and De Vargas, were the only members of the council who could

vote. Del Rio was a man without character or talent—a mere tool in the hands of his superiors; but Juan de Vargas was a terrible reality. . . . To shed human blood was, in his opinion, the only important business, and the only exhilarating pastime of life. His youth had been stained with other crimes. He had been obliged to retire from Spain because of his violation of an orphan child to whom he was guardian; but in his manhood, he found no pleasure but in murder. He executed Alva's bloody work with an industry which was almost superhuman, and with a merriment which would have shamed a demon. His execrable jests ring through the blood and smoke and death-cries of those days of perpetual sacrifice. He was proud to be the double of the iron-hearted duke, and acted so uniformly in accordance with his views, that the right of revision remained but nominal. There could be no possibility of collision, when the subaltern was only anxious to surpass an incomparable superior. The figure of Vargas rises upon us through the mist of three centuries with terrible distinctness. Even his barbarous grammar has not been forgotten; and his crimes against syntax and against humanity have acquired the same immortality. '*Heretici fraxerunt templa, boni nihili faxerunt contraergo debent omnes patibulari*,' was the comprehensive but barbarous formula of the man who murdered the Latin language as ruthlessly as he slaughtered his contemporaries."

The work of murder thus commenced under these accursed auspices; and at the end of a few months, the condition to which Alva and his council had reduced the provinces, is thus summed up. Let no one suspect Mr. Motley of exaggeration. His work is the result of patient labor among writers of all sides and all opinions, and his most terrible relations are too faithfully copied from the language of immediate witnesses.

"The whole country became a charnel-house; the death-bell tolled hourly in every village; not a family but was called to mourn for its dearest relatives, while the survivors stalked listlessly about the ghosts of their former homes. The spirit of the nation was hopelessly broken. The blood of its best and bravest had already stained the scaffold; the men to whom it had been accustomed to look for guidance and protection were dead, in prison, or in exile. Submission had ceased to be of any avail, flight was impossible, and the spirit of vengeance had alighted at every fireside. The mourners went daily about the streets, for there was hardly a house which had not been made desolate. The scaffold, the gallows, the funeral piles which had been sufficient in ordinary times, furnished now an entirely inadequate machinery for the executions. Columns and stakes in every street, the door-posts of private houses, the fences in the fields were laden with human carcasses, strangled, burned, beheaded. The

orchards in the country bore on many a tree the hideous fruit of human bodies."

This general summary is illustrated in some hundreds of pages of hideous and too authentic detail. Wretched cities which dared to close their gates against the executors of the decrees of the council suffered worse horrors than the most delirious cruelty in open war has ever dared to inflict. Entire populations, by the direct command of Philip and his general, were massacred with the hideous accompanying atrocities of rape and pillage. Every crime which the madness of mankind can execute, was sanctified by the blessing of the Church, and was perpetrated under the eyes of princes and prelates in the cause of the father of mankind. We cannot regret that a man has been found who has dared to lift the curtain over these scenes, and show them to us as they were. In the "Catholic reaction" of these late times, a bastard sentimentalism has stolen over us; we have talked mincingly of the intolerance of the Protestants in their ultimate victory, caring little to know what that thing was which they refused to tolerate. We have dreamed of Catholicism not as the destroying fiend which the nations of Europe experienced it to be in the last years of its power, but as it plays on the imagination in its associations—in its theory—in the spirit which haunts the aisles of the cathedrals, and the broken arches of monastic ruins. It is well that we should see it once more face to face as it was. It is well, too, when revolution is a thing of horror to so many of us; when the higher classes in so many countries look on with acquiescence, while in the name of order the liberties of centuries are trampled down, through some dim fear of what the people might do if they gained power—it is well at such a time that the world should be reminded what despots also have sometimes done.

"It is not without reluctance," writes Mr. Motley, in a passage which might be written in letters of gold, when relating, out of Alva's correspondence, the massacre at Naarden—"it is not without reluctance, but still with a stern determination, that the historian should faithfully record these transactions. To extenuate would be base; to exaggerate impossible. It is good that the world should not forget how much wrong has been endured by a single nation at the hands of despotism, and in the sacred name of God. There have been tongues and pens enough to narrate the excesses of the people bursting from time

to time out of slavery into madness: it is good, too, that those crimes should be remembered, and freshly pondered; but it is equally wholesome to study the opposite picture. Tyranny, ever young and ever old—constantly reproducing herself with the same stony features—with the same imposing mask which she has worn through all the ages, can never be too minutely examined, especially when she paints her own portraits, and when the secret history of her guilt is furnished by the confessions of her lovers. The perusal of her traits will not make us love popular liberty the less."

How the Prince of Orange, with his brothers, labored meanwhile to rescue his bleeding country; how he flung into the cause his fortune, his credit, his life, raising from his own resources armies of German mercenaries, after a short gleam of success to be disastrously defeated; how, as the atrocities of the Inquisition showed ever in darker colors, his mind was slowly weaned from the creed in the name of which those atrocities were perpetrated; and how, in the midst of his disasters, the mere human wisdom and human generosity of heart with which he had commenced his career became absorbed into a high, passionate faith, and in belief and conviction he became one with the poor sufferers for whom he struggled; how, at length, in the darkest hour, when all seemed hopeless, a gang of outlaws, patriot exiles turned pirates, seized in a sudden freak on the town of Brill, and by a common impulse the two provinces of Holland and Zeeland broke into revolution, drove out the Spanish garrisons, and made a home for freedom which, though shaken desperately, was never again broken down—all this must be read in the brilliant and deeply sympathizing pages of Mr. Motley, to whom the chivalry of these poor people, and the after career of the Prince who made haste to throw himself at their head, appears, he says, as "a great Christian epic"—the finest of which the history of Europe has to boast.

Desperately Alva struggled to crush those poor Calvinist "beggars," for so they called themselves. But the beggars, even the women and the children among them, were lifted by the passions of the times into preternatural defiance. The Spanish army could crush them inch by inch, but at a cost of blood and treasure which made victory scarcely less disastrous than defeat. Philip could destroy, but he

could not overcome. Harlem alone, the first weak town which the Spaniards attacked, though it fell at last, cost the Duke seven months of labor and twelve thousand of his choicest troops. And the finances of Spain, being thrown into confusion by the ruin of the Netherlands, were unequal to support the struggle with a few hundred thousand peasants and petty burghers. Alva was baffled, and at last withdrew. His place was filled by a milder viceroy. *Requiescens*, it was thought, might perhaps conciliate when Alva had failed to crush. *Requiescens*, however, fared no better. The army was invincible in the field; but the treasury was barren of the means to pay the soldiers: they broke into open mutiny, wandered hither and thither at their will, seized cities as an indemnity for their wages, sacked, ravished, burnt, and pillaged. In the midst of these confusions, *Requiescens* died. The Netherlands was without a governor; and in the interval "the Spanish fury" at Antwerp, a carnage more horrible than even the massacre of St. Bartholomew, broke the spell of submission. In all Belgium the people rose at once out of their torpor; and the day of freedom promised soon to dawn. If the two provinces of Holland and Zealand alone were able to defy Alva so long, the seventeen, united in heart and soul, had but to claim their independence to secure it. This great union, unfortunately, was not to be. The difference in race forbade it, and still more the difference in creed. The Protestants of Belgium were inexile, or in their graves. The remaining population were moderately orthodox; and their faith soon paralyzed them.

But a vast step was gained—five other provinces adhered to the Prince in the Union of Utrecht. Don John of Austria was sent from Spain in the blaze of his glory to end the struggle; and as force had signally failed, to finish it by concession. The Prince of Orange for himself might have had all which he desired—toleration and pardon, and wealth. The provinces might have all except the one thing for which they were contending—religious liberty. It was in vain. The Prince cared only for his duty to the people who had trusted him. Don John must yield all, or again try the sword. He did try the sword, but with no better issue. He could win battles, but he could not conquer men who were utterly

fearless of all evil which he had power to inflict upon them. He too sank before the impracticable task, and died broken-hearted.

Alexander of Parma, Margaret's son, followed Don John—a far abler man, who alone in any way was able to cope with Orange. He did something. Among other things, he found, at last, an efficient person who undertook the Prince's murder, and who too faithfully accomplished the work. It was not wholly too late, for Parma saved Belgium, which, if Orange had lived, would have followed, perhaps, at last in the track of the Union of Utrecht. The hope of Spain rested, as he knew, on the destruction of that one life; and both he and Philip were ready with no niggard payment for so great service. Countless wealth and the highest order of Spanish nobility were promised to the successful assassin, to be enjoyed by himself in his own person, if he came off with life, to be given to his heirs if his life fell a sacrifice.

The golden bait succeeded. Many attempts were made. At length, under the inspiration of the Jesuits, a miserable fanatic did the work; and the Prince of Orange fell as the Regent Murray had a few years before him fallen in the streets of Linlithgow, as two Kings of France fell, and as Elizabeth was to follow also, if the Roman ecclesiastics could have their way. But though not wholly useless, the Prince's death could not undo the work which he had accomplished; and those little wasted provinces which he had rescued from the destroyer were saved for freedom and for the world.

We must extract some portion of Mr. Motley's sketch of the Prince's character. For the justification of his estimate of it, our readers must seek themselves in Mr. Motley's own pages.

"Of the soldier's great virtues—constancy in disaster, devotion to duty, hopefulness in defeat—no man ever possessed a larger share. He arrived through a series of reverses at a perfect victory. He planted a free commonwealth under the very battery of the Inquisition, in defiance of the most powerful empire existing. He was, therefore, a conqueror in the loftiest sense; for he conquered liberty and a national existence for a whole people. The contest was long, and he fell in the struggle; but the victory was to the dead hero, not to the living monarch. . . . The supremacy of his political genius was entirely beyond question. He was the first statesman of his age. The quickness of his perception was only

equalled by the caution which enabled him to mature the results of his observations. His knowledge of human nature was profound. . . . It is instructive to observe the wiles of the Machiavellian school, employed by a master of the craft to frustrate, not to advance, a knavish purpose. This character, in a great measure, marked his whole policy. He was profoundly skilled in the subtleties of Italian statesmanship, which he had learned as a youth at the Imperial court, and which he employed in his manhood in the service, not of tyranny, but of liberty. He fought the Inquisition with its own weapons. He dealt with Philip on his own ground. He excavated the earth beneath the king's feet by a more subtle process than that practised by the most fraudulent monarch who ever governed the Spanish empire; and Philip, chainmailed as he was in complicated wiles, was pierced to the quick by a keener policy than his own. Ten years long the king placed daily his most secret letters in hands which regularly transmitted copies of the correspondence to the Prince of Orange. . . . Casuists must determine how much guilt attaches to the Prince for his share in this transaction. Judged by a severe moral standard, it cannot be called virtuous or honorable to suborn treachery, even to accomplish a lofty purpose. Yet the universal practice of mankind in all ages has tolerated the artifices of war; and no people has ever engaged in a holier or more mortal contest than did the Netherlands in their great struggle with Spain.

"It is difficult to find any other characteristic deserving of grave censure; but his enemies have adopted a simpler process. They have been able to find few flaws in his nature, and therefore have denounced it in gross.

"It is not that his character was here and there defective, but that the eternal jewel was false. The patriotism was counterfeit. He was governed only by ambition—by a desire of personal advancement. They never attempted to deny his talents, his industry, his vast sacrifices of wealth and station; but they ridiculed the idea that he could have been inspired by any but unworthy motives. God alone knows the heart of man. But as far as can be judged by a careful observation of undisputed facts, and by a diligent collation of public and private documents, it would seem that no man, not even Washington, had ever been inspired by a purer patriotism. . . . He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrow with a smiling face. 'God pity this poor people,' were the last words upon his lips, save the simple affirmative with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime commended his soul in dying to his great captain, Christ. The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their 'Father William.' Not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind, to which they were accustomed in their darkest calamities to look for light. He was the guiding star of a whole brave nation during his life, and when he died, the little children cried in the streets."

In these critical days, when faith in heroism is growing faint, and the aim of historians is to drag the great men of past times from their pinnacles, and dwarf them into commonplace mediocrity, it is pleasant to meet with language so warm, so genial, so admiring. The same spirit pervades the whole book. There is no desire to gloss over ascertained blemishes, no attempt to hide good men's faults any more than to invent supposititious virtues for the bad. Mr. Motley, in his determination to be just, concedes too much to the horror felt by some good persons for "Machiavellism." Perhaps it is not permitted to a man to stoop to intrigue in defence of his own private interests. But those to whom the safety of nations is intrusted in a contest with cruel and treacherous enemies, must meet the destroyers with their own weapons; and Orange was no more bound to keep open terms with the satellites of the Inquisition, than with serpents or savage beasts. But wherever Mr. Motley finds a generous, true-hearted man, he treats him generously; where he finds a great man, he treats him with the reverence and admiration which is his due; and he distributes his moral judgment (strange that it should be so rare a virtue in historians) by the same rules and with the same good sense with which reasonable men learn to judge each other in actual life.

Only in one direction do we see reason to think that he has erred in his estimate. Acquainted chiefly with the continental writers and continental state papers, or at least having been long deeply and exclusively occupied with them, he has judged the policy of England to the Netherlands as it appeared to the Netherlands themselves; and in representing that policy to have been entirely selfish, he has scarcely measured fairly either what Elizabeth actually did, or her difficulty in venturing to do more. William of Orange looked for help wherever help might be found—to Germany, to France, to England. And Mr. Motley thinks that the hesitation which he met with from Elizabeth was unworthy alike of herself and of her people. Yet Elizabeth's first duty assuredly was to her own country; and during the whole period which Mr. Motley's history covers, England was at any moment exposed to a reaction into Catholicism, and to a struggle as tremendous as that with which William himself was contending. The



English Romanists, till the last quarter of the sixteenth century, certainly outnumbered the Protestants. They were prevented from moving partly by the energy of the government, but much more by a spirit of loyalty to their legitimate sovereign—a feeling so sacred with the vast majority of Englishmen, as to outweigh the counter-obligations of their creed. This it was which made Elizabeth so deeply unwilling to countenance any form of rebellion elsewhere, or any thing which could bear the appearance of rebellion. To encourage resistance to a legitimate sovereign was to sanction conduct by her own example which might instantly and terribly be repeated against herself. Undoubtedly she held high notions of the royal prerogative. Her own temper corresponded to the temper of her people. But her conduct was controlled by policy as well as influenced by principle; and the extremity of danger, even at her own doors, could scarcely induce her to change her course even for a moment. In 1559, when Mary of Guise, with the help of a French army, had crushed the Scotch reformers, and an insurrection in the northern counties of England was immediately imminent, supported by a French invasion, it was only by a threat of resignation that Sir William Cecil prevailed upon her to send troops across the Tweed and prevent the entire ruin of the Protestants. For the same reason she was unable, or thought herself unable, to give open support to William of Orange. If religion was a fair plea for the Low Countries to rebel against Philip, her Catholic subjects would retort the argument fatally upon herself—so at least Elizabeth thought, and whether her own judgment or that of her ministers was at the moment the wisest, is less easy to decide than it may seem.

Yet, after all, the help which she actually rendered was very far from insignificant. There was peace in name between Elizabeth and Philip; but it was the peace of mortal enemies who were but watching the moment to strike each other with deadliest advantage. Philip might keep peace with England—he kept none with its Protestant queen. From the moment at which she refused his hand, and chose her course as a champion of the Reformation, she was the one mark of every villain whom Spanish gold could bribe to murder her. Fresh light has been thrown by Mr. Motley on some of these plots. They

were incessant, and always of a single form; Elizabeth was to be murdered, Mary of Scotland was to be proclaimed her successor, and a Spanish army was to sweep across in the confusion out of the Netherlands.

Elizabeth, intimately aware of these schemes, was not likely to have wished to see Alva triumphant, or to have felt herself under very strict obligations to his master. She did not send Philip's ambassador his passports, or recall her own from Madrid. But her subjects were permitted to volunteer by thousands into the service of the Prince of Orange—a breach of neutrality which an American writer ought surely to recognize; and far more than that, she granted roving commissions to the young adventurers of the day—the Drakes, the Oxenham, the Hawkinses—to seek their fortunes in the southern seas, to seize the Spanish towns, to plunder the Spanish treasure-ships, and to cut off at the fountain the streams of gold which fed the armies of Alva and of Parma. If those streams had flowed unbroken, the Brussels treasury would never have been drained; the Spanish troops would not have mutinied; and who can say then, how long the provinces could have stemmed the tide. This was not much, perhaps, but it was something. Elizabeth was not wholly occupied with jealousies of France, and dubious coquetry with liberty; and we could wish that, since Mr. Motley found it necessary to speak of her, there had been some more clear acknowledgment both of her domestic perils and her services in the great cause. The Prince of Parma said that the Netherlands were to be conquered only in London. Perhaps in the promised continuation of his work, Mr. Motley will tell us how Parma was brought at last to that conclusion.

It is ungracious, however, even to find so slight a fault with these admirable volumes. Mr. Motley has written without haste, with the leisurely composure of a master; and among the most interesting portions of his narrative are the details of the subsidiary intrigues of the Spanish king. The archives of Ximencas have yielded up many an infernal secret never designed for light. And although Philip the Second has long borne a character in history tolerably hateful, the scientific malignity of his nature has not yet, it seems, been adequately appreciated. Two

illustrative stories we must find room to mention. The first relates to the execution of the Seigneur de Montigny, the brother of Count Horn. This nobleman, accompanied by the Marquis Berghen, had been sent by Margaret of Parma into Spain, to represent to Philip the condition of the Netherlands. The envoys had been received with the highest courtesy, but on various pretexts they were detained in Madrid. At length Berghen died; and Montigny, whose crime had been merely to have defended in council, and by petition, the constitutional liberties of the provinces, was first placed under surveillance, and afterwards imprisoned. Thus he remained till the Duke of Alva had been two years at Brussels, and the executions were slackening for want of victims. Montigny's crimes, however, had been the same as Egmont's; and Philip was resolved that sooner or later he should suffer the same penalty. His case, by the King's order, was laid before the Blood Council at Brussels. That the accused should be present on his trial was held to be a needless formality: he was condemned in his absence to death, and the sentence was transmitted to Madrid.

For many reasons, chiefly because the world would have called such a proceeding by hard names, a public execution was thought undesirable. The Madrid Council suggested poison. The expedient was a natural one; but Philip's conscience hesitated. Poison was informal, and wore an ugly resemblance to assassination. The prisoner, for the sake of justice, must be regularly disposed of; but the death, at the same time, must be so contrived that the world should believe it natural.

"This point having been settled," says Mr. Motley, "the king now set about the arrangements of his plan with all that close attention to detail which marked his character. The patient industry which, had God given him a human heart and love of right, might have made him a useful monarch, he devoted to a scheme of midnight murder, with a tranquil sense of enjoyment which seems almost incredible."

The first step was to remove Montigny from Segovia, where he had been previously confined, to the more secure and retired castle of Ximencas. The alcaide of this fortress was informed of the intended execution, and of the necessity of observing a profound secrecy. The refinement of the next proceedings is so curious

that some attention will be required to follow them.

The prisoner, on being brought to Ximencas, was allowed some little liberty: he was permitted to walk in the corridor adjoining his apartment. The object of the indulgence presently appeared. In a few days an emissary of the Government brought down from Madrid two letters, each of them the composition of his most sacred Majesty. The first was addressed to Montigny himself. It was unsigned, and contained a suggestion of a plan for his escape. This was to be thrown into the corridor at a time when it would be found by the alcaide, or by some officer of the castle, and was to form a pretext for instant and close imprisonment. The other letter was one addressed *by Philip to himself*, which was to be signed by the alcaide. It related to the intended escape. It stated further, that Montigny, in consequence of the confinement to which it had been necessary to subject him, had fallen grievously ill; but that he should receive all the attention compatible with his safe keeping. Philip's directions were faithfully observed. The first paper was thrown into the corridor. The alcaide found it. Montigny, in spite of his protests, was locked in a single room, and Philip's letter to himself was signed and returned. The court physician was dispatched in haste to attend on the sick prisoner; and, on coming back to Madrid, declared publicly that his patient was suffering from a disorder from which it was scarcely possible that he could recover.

A few days were allowed to elapse, and the public having been thus prepared to hear of Montigny's death, it was time to inflict it. A party of officials, accompanied by an ecclesiastic, came down to Ximencas, and Philip was once more his own correspondent. He informed himself in a dispatch, which was again to bear the alcaide's signature, that in spite of all precautions the Seigneur Montigny had continued to grow worse, and had at length expired; that a priest had attended him in his last moments, and that he had died in so catholic a frame of mind, that good hopes might be entertained of his salvation. The preparations were thus nearly complete. The delicacy of Philip's touch in such matters, added, however, one further refinement. Montigny was now told that he was to die. He was not allowed to make a will; being under sentence for

high treason, his property was supposed to be confiscated; but he was permitted to draw up a memorial of his debts, under the stipulation that he was to make no allusion to his approaching execution, but was to use the language of a man seriously ill, who feels himself at the point of death.

"By this infernal ingenuity," observes Mr. Motley, "it was proposed to make the victim an accomplice in the plot, and to place a false exculpation of his assassins in his dying lips."

Under these exquisite arrangements the murder was completed. Montigny was strangled at midnight. He was buried decently by the king's orders; a grand mass and seven hundred lesser masses were said for the repose of his soul, the king himself having particularly fixed the number. Philip's epistle explanatory, announcing the fatal termination of the illness, was duly signed and sent. And this, with the other which preceded it, was published in the Netherlands with complete success. The truth was never even conjectured, and Montigny was believed universally to have followed his brother ambassador into a grave which had been dug for him by disease.

It may be asked how the authenticity of a story has been ascertained, which is more like an incident out of a highly seasoned French novel than an occurrence of actual human life. And, indeed, Alexander Dumas might put himself to school with Philip, and borrow a finish for his fictions which the delicate hand of a greater master of the art of plotting once gave to reality. The accuser, in this instance, is the King of Spain himself; the evidence is the secret narrative with which he furnished the Duke of Alva; and the entire unconsciousness, the innocence, the simplicity with which he relates all the horrible details to the viceroy is perhaps the most amazing feature in the whole transaction. He describes the minute particulars of his treachery with quiet, formal conscientiousness; and the curious inquirer in such matters will find in the concluding passage of the dispatch a remarkable evidence of the effects which a Jesuit training can achieve with human nature.

"The king observed that there was not a person in Spain who doubted that Montigny had died of a fever. He added, that if the sentiments of the deceased nobleman had been at all in conform-

ity with his external manifestations according to the account received of his last moments, it was to be hoped that God would have mercy on his soul. The secretary who copied the letter took the liberty of adding to this paragraph, the suggestion that if Montigny were really a heretic, the devil, who always assists his children in such moments, would hardly have failed him in his dying hour. Philip, displeased with this flippancy, caused the passage to be erased. He even gave vent to his royal indignation in a marginal note to the effect that we should always express favorable judgments concerning the dead. . . . It seemed never to have occurred, however, to this remarkable moralist that it was quite as reprehensible to strangle an innocent man as to speak ill of him after his decease."

We recommend this story to the consideration of English historians. The Anglo-Catholics and the Latitudinarians have united, of late years, in invectives against the repressive measures which the government of Elizabeth adopted against the Romanists. We must desire them to study, in the character of the great Romanist champion, the disposition with which that government had to deal.

The secret history of another intrigue, gathered by Mr. Motley from MSS. in the library at the Hague, will furnish a companion picture to that of the murder of Montigny.

Don John of Austria, when succeeding Requesens in the regency of the Netherlands, had undertaken an occupation which in itself he detested, for the accomplishment of a scheme to which he had devoted himself with the enthusiasm of a crusader. He was the representative, in its most brilliant form, of the pseudo-chivalry of the age; and aspiring at once to be the Hero of Romanism and the Knight of the Holy See, he had settled his ambition on delivering from her cruel prison the beautiful and interesting Mary Queen of Scots. The throne of Elizabeth and the head of her tyrannical rival were to be the votive offerings for which he trusted that the widow of Darnley would reward him with her hand; and Mary and Don John kneeling at the foot of the Pope were to present to the Holy Father the recovered submission of penitent England.

On the achievement of this exploit, which a perverse future seemed resolved to thwart, Don John's hopes were centred. The poor "winebibbers" whom he was sent to govern were merely hateful to him, and he bore with his office only in the prospect of his dream of glory. For

this dream, the prince and his devoted secretary, Escovedo, were incessantly laboring. A never-ceasing correspondence was passing to and fro, upon the details, between Rome, and Madrid, and Brussels. It was to be the great throw of the dice which was to retrieve the Catholic world; and of course the simultaneous murder of the Prince of Orange, to paralyze the rebellion in the provinces, was an important feature in the scheme. All this was well. It was the repetition of a plan which was first conceived by Alva, and it had remained a legacy to the successive viceroys of the Netherlands. Philip, however, in this instance, though anxious for the conquest of England, was yet afraid of it. Don John, surrounded by the halo of the achievement, might become a rival to himself: and the prudent king imagined that, among the collateral contingencies of his brother's enterprise, there might lurk treason against the majesty of Spain. Philip's confidential minister at this time was the infamous Antonio Perez—a man whose deeper subtlety played with Philip as with a child; and who at the moment was intriguing with Philip's mistress, the Princess of Eboli. To Perez Philip intrusted the management of a secret correspondence with Don John, and with Escovedo. He was to pretend to them that it was carefully concealed from the king; he was directed to draw them out, to tempt them, to play upon them, to wind into their most secret confidence.

"The plot," says Mr. Motley, "was to draw from Don John and Escovedo, by means of this correspondence, the proofs of treason which the king and minister both desired to find. The letters from Spain were written with this view; those from Florence were opened with this end. Every confidential letter received by Perez was immediately laid before the king; every letter which the artful demon wrote was filled with hints as to the danger of the king's learning the existence of the correspondence, and with promises of profound secrecy upon his own part, and was then immediately placed in Philip's hands to receive his comments and criticisms before being copied and dispatched to the Netherlands. The minister was playing a cold, murderous, and treacherous game, and played it in a masterly manner. Escovedo was lured to his destruction; Don John was made to fret his heart away; and Philip, more deceived than all, was betrayed in what he considered his affections, and made the mere tool of a man as false as himself, and infinitely more accomplished."

There was no real treason, or thought

of it, on the part of Don John. The supposed plot had been invented by Perez for his own dark purposes. But the inexhaustible faculty of suspicion in the king was never addressed by any one without response; and to pass into the secret closet of men's hearts, wrapped in the invisible mantle of treachery, was the occupation in which, beyond all other earthly enjoyments, his nature delighted. This drama, too, had a terrible ending. Escovedo, sent by Don John to Madrid, discovered not the mine which had been dug by the king and Perez, but the intrigue between Perez and the Eboli, and in his unsuspecting fidelity, he threatened to inform Philip. This sealed his doom. In a few days he was murdered in the streets, and Philip had been duped by his mistress and her paramour into directing the assassination.

Mr. Motley, who himself takes a sort of scientific interest in the structure of these underplots, traces the story through all its refined subtleties. He then concludes with the following terse summary of the relative position of the parties:

"No apology is necessary for laying a somewhat extensive analysis of this secret correspondence before the reader. If there be any value in the examples of history, certainly few chronicles can furnish a more instructive moral. Here are a despotic king and his confidential minister laying their heads together in one cabinet, the viceroy of the most important province in the realm with his secretary deeply conferring in another, not as to the manner of advancing the great interests, moral or material, of the people over whom God has permitted them to rule, but as to the best means of arranging conspiracies against the throne and life of a neighboring sovereign, with the connivance and subsidies of the Pope. In this scheme, and in this only, the high conspirators are agreed. In every other respect mutual suspicion and profound deceit characterize the scene. The king, while expressing unbounded confidence in the viceroy, is doing his utmost, through the agency of the subtlest intriguer in the world, to inveigle him into confessions of treasonable schemes; and the minister is filling reams of paper with protestations of affection for the governor and secretary, with sneers at the character of the king, and with instructions as to the best method of deceiving him, and then laying the dispatches before his majesty for correction and enlargement. To complete the picture, the monarch and his minister are seen urging the necessity of murdering the foremost man of the age upon the very dupe who was himself to be assassinated by the self-same pair; while the arch-plotter who controls the strings of all these complicated projects is equally false to king, governor, and secre-

tary, and is engaging all the others in these blind and tortuous paths for the accomplishment of his own most secret and most ignoble aims."

With this extract we now take our leave of Mr. Motley, desiring him only to accept our hearty thanks for these volumes, which we trust will soon take their place in every English library. Our quotations will have sufficed to show the ability of the writer. Of the scope and general character of his work we have given but a languid conception. The true

merit of a great book must be learned from the book itself. Our part has been rather to select varied specimens of style and power. Of Mr. Motley's antecedents we know nothing. If he has previously appeared before the public, his reputation has not crossed the Atlantic. It will not be so now. We believe that we may promise him as warm a welcome among ourselves as he will receive even in America—that his place will be at once conceded to him among the first historians in our common language.

## C O U N T O R L O F F .

WE give the following brief sketch of the distinguished personage whose portrait embellishes our present number :

"Count Orloff was the intimate friend and confidential adviser of the late Czar, and he is well known to the statesmen and diplomatists of Europe. He belongs to an illustrious family, as families go in Russia ; is about seventy years of age, but still brisk, healthy, and active ; Aide-de-Camp General, General of Cavalry, Commander of Cavalry, Commander of the Military Household of the King, and Member of the Council of the Empire. He took part in almost all the wars which signalized the commencement of this century, was wounded at Austerlitz, and seven times at Borodino. He was a general when Nicholas mounted the throne, and commanded in that capacity the regiment of Horse Guards which in December, 1826, first hurried to suppress the *émeute*. Count Orloff gave tokens that day of boundless courage and devotion, and from that moment dated his intimacy with the Emperor Nicholas.

"In 1828 he commanded in Turkey the division of horse chasseurs. In 1829 he was named plenipotentiary, and signed the treaty of Adrianople. He was sent to the conferences concerning Belgium and

the Netherlands ; he invariably accompanied the Czar Nicholas on his visits to foreign Courts—to London, Olmütz, and Berlin. In 1845 he succeeded Count de Benckendorff as chief of the third section of the Private Chancellery of the Emperor, and of the gendarmerie of the Empire, the colonels of which, distributed over all the governments, have less a mission of police, properly so called, than a general inspection of all the administration of the country, and also of control over the governors as well as the governed. This post, full of trust, gave to Count Orloff free access at all hours of the day to the Emperor, and the right to speak to him of any and every thing.

"He is described as a man of quiet manners and moderate views, and to have disapproved of Menschikoff's mission and style of execution. The following remark is attributed to him : 'Menschikoff demanded much, to receive little ; I demand little, to receive much.' No Russian diplomatist could come to Paris more fully possessed of his master's confidence, more familiar with the policy of the Empire, or better qualified to meet the other Plenipotentiaries on equal terms.

"It appears that of all the distinguished foreigners now present in Paris, Count Orloff is the one about whom the most

curiosity is manifested by the Parisians. The other day, at the magnificent *fête* which was given by Count Walewski, at the hotel of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in honor of the representatives of the European Powers, Count Orloff was the object of considerable attention. He is said to be 70 years of age, but appears fifteen years younger, and is a wonderful-looking man for his age. He is of large size, very erect, and his countenance denotes robust health and great resolution. He has a very large head, covered with iron-gray hair, cropped close, and is, altogether, what may be called a portly-looking person, of a military aspect, and, whether from associations connected with his name or not, people remarked something like an expression of sternness on his countenance. He was in a plain evening dress, and wore two stars composed of brilliants on his left breast, with a broad blue riband *en écharpe*. His deportment was extremely quiet, his whole manner one of repose; and with the ease of a grand Russian nobleman,

and with that elegance of manner which seems so charming when allied with military bearing, he conversed readily with the various groups which in succession collected round him.

"Count Orloff, in fact, is the 'lion' of the day; the fairer portion of humankind, whose taste is as little likely to be disputed in Paris as an ukase in Russia, speak most favorably of him. Though far beyond that mediæval term which awakes a feeling more partaking of veneration than of sentiment, the Parisian ladies admire him much, and, as has been observed, evidently look upon him as something between 'Abelard and old Blucher.'

"Count Orloff, on encountering Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers in the *salons* of the Tuileries, is said to have observed smilingly: 'Ah! M. le Marshal, it is you, I think, who lately visited our country.' 'Yes, Count,' replied the Marshal, 'it is I who had the pleasure of leaving a card at Bomarsund.'" — *London Illustrated Times*.

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From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## S P E C U L A T I O N .

### I.

It was past midnight, and London was in its glory. The crowd of carriages and pedestrians was swollen by the contributions of the theatres, which now gave forth their audiences in dense volumes; and talking, laughing, and sometimes singing, the denizens of the metropolis passed proudly along their illumined streets in all the security of noonday. It was impossible to observe the aspect of the night, for the lamps of the sky—never at any time so bright to that multitude as the gas-lights of London—were invisible; and when a sudden shower descended it took every body by surprise. Almost immediately the great bulk of the pedestrians vanished, you could not tell how or where,

absorbed as it might seem by the ducts at their side; and in the same mysterious fashion, the vehicles were instantly doubled and trebled in number, and their gliding pace and rattling wheels became a rush and a roar.

In one of the more aristocratic quarters of the town, a lady and gentleman, after endeavoring in vain to find a hackney-carriage, were fain to run up the steps of a house they were passing, and take shelter in the doorway. The gentleman was a man about middle age, well-dressed and well-mannered; and the lady, who was much younger, had something nearly approaching fashion in her frank, self-possessed London air.

"Well, this is provoking!" said she;

"but I am rightly served for putting on my best bonnet to go to the pit."

"Hang the bonnet!" replied the gentleman. "Look how these carriages are rattling past us—what lucky fellows they contain! Why should you and I be trudging home, after midnight, through the sloppy streets and the plashing rain?"

"Tush! there you are harping on that again! We might have a cab, if we had thought of it; and we can afford one on the rare occasions when we go to the theatre. And it is not a great many years, you know, since I could say that much; but a man with a gentlemanly employment in a public office, and a snug salary of 250*l.* a year has no reason to be dissatisfied."

"Every man has reason to be dissatisfied when he sees fortune before him, and yet is allowed no opportunity to grasp it. If I had not been such a fool as to allow you to over-persuade me to refuse Jones's offer of a share in his speculation, we might at this moment have been so far on the way to wealth."

"I would not have interfered, John—I declare I would not, if I had thought you would merely have lost your 100*l.*; but I know you too well, and I suppose you are not different from other people. If the speculation had failed, you would have tried to bolster it up with more money; you would have got into debt; you would have lost your appetite and spirits; you would have been a miserable man, perhaps for the rest of your life."

"All that is nonsense—the speculation was perfectly safe."

"All speculations are safe—till they fail. But what has Jones gained by it?"

"Only a cool hundred: cent. per cent.—that's all."

"I deny it, John—I see nothing like a cool or a warm hundred about him. His apartments are not half so handsome as ours; I miss in them a hundred things that you and I reckon indispensable for comfort; and instead of being a happier man, he looks every day more anxious and careworn. You may depend upon it, both his hundreds are now in jeopardy, and perhaps something more besides—and speculations don't always succeed."

"Hush, hush! there is a carriage stopped two doors off. I wonder who it is that is coming out. A man about my own age."

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"And neither better looking or better dressed," whispered the wife smiling.

"See, he turns towards us to pay the cab."

"And gives, I dare be sworn, neither more or less than the fare."

"And now he mounts the steps, with his man-servant waiting, bareheaded, to receive him; and now he goes to his home of luxury and splendor, and the door shuts out the vulgar world behind him!"

"Why, John, it is not for nothing you have been to the theatre to-night! What is so interesting to you in that man?"

"Oh, nothing. He merely comes in, in the midst of my reflections, like an impersonation of my thought. I wish I were in that man's position!" Here a wilder splash of rain came down; and a person they had seen emerge from a neighboring area without his hat, sprang up the steps beside them, to keep his bare poll from the blast."

"Pray, sir," said the new-comer, "was it at the second door off the carriage stopped just now?"

"It was."

"And set down a gentleman?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. That was my master."

"Pray, is your master," asked the lady, smiling archly to her husband, "a very rich man?"

"A very rich man? Oh, no doubt; every body thinks so."

"But have you no evidence of it yourself? Does he keep a great establishment? Does he give fine entertainments?"

"Nothing of the sort: he's a very quiet gentleman, my master is."

"Does he spend money on his dinner and wine?"

"He usually dines at his club—I suppose for about half-a-crown; and although he has plenty of good wine in his cellars, he never takes more himself than a glass or two of sherry."

"Then how does he show that he is a man of fortune? Does he game?"

"Oh, bless you, no—nothing of the kind."

"Has he an extravagant wife?"

"No wife at all."

"Then how does he amuse himself?"

"He has two or three horses down in the country, and follows the hounds, on some occasions when he happens to have time. But he is much taken up with

business; when at home, he does nothing but pore over papers and accounts. And that reminds me that he is at home now. Good-night, ma'am; and taking advantage of a pause in the rain, the communicative domestic ran off to his master's house, and let himself in with the latch-key.

"Now, you see, John," said the young wife, hardly able to smother a laugh—"now you see what the object of your envy is. Why, you enjoy life more yourself! You entertain some friends; sometimes you are by no means satisfied with a couple of glasses of sherry; you ride after the hounds more than once in the year, without the trouble of keeping horses; you never think of business without the walls of Somerset House; and besides all that, John, you have the advantage of a little wife to laugh when you are merry, comfort or rally you when you are sad, and keep you in order when you are naughty."

"That is all very well," said the husband, walking thoughtfully along, for it was now fair; "but I wish I were in that man's worldly position!"

## II.

The little wife was at home, looking wonderfully well in a low dress, although it had long seen its last party, and fidgeting about the room in expectation of her husband coming in to dinner. It was long past his hour; and as the Somerset House gentlemen usually introduce their official methodism at home, she was more surprised than the occasion would have seemed to require. By-and-by, she became a little nervous; and as his well-known knock at length shook the door, she thought to herself that the sound was not so authoritative as usual. No wonder, for when he came in, he was pale and haggard looking, and sat down without tendering a word of explanation, or even seeming to know that he was later than usual. The wife made no remark; but getting a glass of wine from the cupboard, made him drink it, with one of those pretty gestures of command that never fail with right-minded husbands.

"That has done me good," said he; "I wanted it, and you couldn't guess why in a month."

"Is it any thing about Jones?"

"Jones? No—what put that in your

head—it is about somebody you saw more lately than Jones."

"I am curious to know who it is, and what it is: but wait till after dinner; you are not looking so well as usual."

"Let me tell you now, while dinner is coming up; I shall eat all the better for getting it off my mind. You must know, I have been looking in at a coroner's inquest."

"A coroner's inquest—are you sure it is not about Jones?"

"Don't be silly, or I won't say another word. Am I always to have Jones flung at my head in this way?"

"I am sure I never mentioned his name before, since the night we were at the theatre. You must have been thinking of him yourself—that's it."

"I tell you, I looked in at the coroner's inquest; but I kept staring so much at the witness who was giving evidence when I went in, that I lost a good deal of what he said at first. I was sure I knew the man; his face, his gestures, the tone of his voice, all were familiar to me; but I could not call to mind where I had seen or known him. He described the appearance and manner of the gentleman who had died under the circumstances that were to be investigated; and, from what he said, nothing could be more unlikely than that the unfortunate man had died by his own act. What he told, however, of the way of living of the deceased, called up a strange suspicion in my mind. I could not learn from those around me, who had come in late like myself, the name of the street talked of; and I waited with an impatience I can hardly describe, throughout the whole proceedings, till it was painfully clear to every body present that it was actually one of the most deliberate cases of suicide on record. The jury, however, came to no decision; some other evidence was wanted, and they adjourned to a future day. The moment the court broke up, I flew to look at the dead body."

"Well, John," cried the wife, "you knew the unhappy man? He was one of our acquaintances? Speak!"

"He was no acquaintance of ours; we never saw him but once in our lives; and yet I am sure you cannot help being shocked when you hear that the corpse I saw lying in the dead-house, stiff and stark, was that of the man we saw alight from a carriage on our way home from the theatre, and in whose worldly position I so



earnestly wished myself to be!" The young wife trembled visibly, and the color left her cheeks.

"Well, John," said she, "and his worldly position—what had that to do with it?"

"Nothing, of course—nothing that any body knows. There were surmises in the court, whispers, rumors; but that is always the case. Nothing more is known than that the gentleman left his home late at night—or rather early in the morning—with the implements of destruction in his pocket, and that he was never seen again alive."

"But his worldly position—the business he was constantly brooding over, according to his servant's account—surely he did not abandon that in its prosperity to rush into an accursed grave?"

"How can I tell? I know nothing about his business, but that it was great, heavy and multifarious. That, however, is nothing to the purpose: men commit suicide from other causes than business."

"Such was not the case here, John," said the little wife decisively. "I remember his look, and it had nothing in it of love, hate, jealousy, or revenge. That man had more than 100% at stake—more than was his own to lose—more than he could lose and live! Was Jones there?"

The husband muttered something terribly like an oath.

"He *was* there, but at a distance from me."

"How did he look?"

"Just like every body else—flushed with excitement."

"Did you not go together to the dead-house?"

"No, what business had he in the dead-house? He never saw the man when living, and had no curiosity about him when dead. That was not likely, for he was not fool enough to spend his money in the theatre, and trudge home through the rain and mire; and so, as soon as the court broke up, he set out full speed for home. I saw him at a distance still rushing along, and then he vanished."

"I can understand his haste—there was somebody after him."

"Somebody after him! What do you mean? Who was after him?"

"The corpse in the dead-house!"

"I declare you will make me angry. Jones is not the fool you take him for: he is a very clever, and a very thriving man. In a few days, he is to get the use of a considerable sum of money, and it will

work, I have no doubt, like his first hundred."

"That is, it will run off to some region of hope, and another considerable sum of money with it."

"You don't understand business, my dear," said the husband contemptuously; "you would have a man sit down all his life with his hands across, without making any attempt to elevate his position."

"On the contrary, I would have a man make the most strenuous attempts to elevate his position, but not by placing himself in circumstances of constant worry and constant temptation. When you placed a number of pounds in that Hamburg lottery—which you afterwards called the Humbug lottery—I made no opposition, because I saw you were bent upon it—and, in fact, I had a hankering myself after the folly; although I knew very well it was hundreds or thousands to one against us. But what then? The money was spent, and there was an end. I had to do without a new dress for a while, that was the very worst of it; and in the mean time we enjoyed a waking dream, now and then, and after it a laugh, about the fairy fortune that was coming to us. That was a mere folly, but a comparatively harmless one, because we knew the cost, and, by a trifling sacrifice, could afford it. But such speculations as Jones's!"

"I tell you Jones will ride in his carriage while we are still tramping through the mire. But enough of this. I cannot get the dead-house and its still tenant out of my head; or that last midnight ramble, alone but for the haunting shadows that pursued, surrounded, and marshalled him the way that he was going; or the white dead face, with the fixed open eyes that were found looking up to God in the morning. Get me another glass of wine—there's a good girl!"

"No, dear," said the little wife; "I will get you a glass of brandy-and-water, and make it, as they say, 'screeching hot;' and we will talk no more to-night about the dead man or our friend Jones."

### III.

Some little time after this, the husband and wife were passing the evening sociably together after tea—the gentleman reading aloud, and then joining the lady in a song at the piano. They were very comfortable, and it is to be hoped they knew it. The fire was bright, but not

glaring; the curtains were drawn so closely as to keep out even the idea of the dark gusty night; and the little woman was in excellent voice—yet she stopped in the middle of a duet, and said to her husband suddenly:

"Why were you not at the adjourned inquest to-day?"

"Because," he replied, "I had heard about nothing else ever since the morning. There are terrible rumors about—of crimes that take away one's breath by their magnitude; and, in short, I was sick of the whole affair, and determined to wait for the morning paper, which will tell us all about it. But hark!—a double knock—I wonder whether it is for us."

"It is Jones's knock—with a little additional flourish, but I could swear to the substance;" and presently the room door opened, and the servant announced "Mr. Jones."

Jones was a smart fellow, some years younger than our friend; he had a look of business in his face, as if he knew what he was about; but on the present occasion, this seemed to be mantled over with an air of satisfaction, which surprised the lady very much. She had expected to find him pale, haggard, anxious-looking; and the horrid little woman could not help feeling disappointed.

"And so, Mr. Jones," said she, when the greetings were over, and they were all three seated round the fire, "I am told you have become quite a prosperous man."

"That is true," replied he.

"And therefore, no doubt, a tranquil, happy, satisfied, easy-minded man?"

"All true."

"Then you have, of course, heard of your last venture?"

"Yes; it is all gone, money and gains—every shilling."

"And the large sum you were to have got the use of," put in the husband, "all that is settled?"

"Quite settled: I have refused to take it. In short, I am just a hundred pounds worse than I was eight months ago—that is, in money."

"And in what else are you worse? I hope you have no bills out, or other obligations?"

"No: I alluded to the want of comfort at home, to the want of regular sleep, to the want of quiet thoughts; all these I have been minus for eight months. But the worst time I have had was between

the inquests; for the opportunity that was before me of making an attempt to retrieve my loss, and on a scale so large as to offer the chance of enormous gain, was a temptation I could hardly stand, and it shook my mind till it tottered."

"What had the inquest to do with it?" said the husband, looking down, for he could hardly bear the keen look of Jones's eyes, although he felt impelled to ask the question.

"Come, come," replied his friend, almost sternly, "have done with affectation. You know what the inquest had to do with it. The time was when that wretched man was as comfortable as yourself; and he might have remained so if he had only been satisfied with the risk of losses he could bear."

"If all men were so satisfied," said the husband, doggedly, "what would become of the commercial greatness of England?"

"The commercial greatness of England would be far more secure than it is, if founded on reality instead of illusion. I tell you there is not a business failure in this country, however inconsiderable, which does not so far affect our prosperity; and it does so, because nearly all business failures, however honest the immediate bankrupts may be, are traceable in their ultimate causes to that want of integrity which speculates at the expense of other people, pocketing the gains, if any, and throwing elsewhere—anywhere—the loss. Overtrading, as that want of integrity is mildly called, accompanies the greatness of England; but it is illogical to suppose that for that reason it is an essential part of it. So far from being so, it would not stand for a moment unless it assumed the character, and received the credit, of honesty, thus trading on a lie in more senses than one."

"Well, Mr. Jones," said the wife, looking very much pleased, "now do tell us about the inquest."

"All the rumors are confirmed, and more than confirmed; and by the man's own written confession of a guilt that makes one's brain reel. I foresee, however, that the moral guilt will be measured by the pecuniary amount, and that the pressure of circumstances, which would extenuate the crimes of an ordinary malefactor, will have no effect in lessening the public abhorrence of the *forger of a million*. For my own part, I do not see that the amount has much to do with the question, further than that the mind of the tempted is not

so much startled by the idea of a small fraud as of a large one, and, therefore, not so apt to consider seriously the nature of the guilt."

"That, I think, is very just; but tell us what was the course of the unhappy man, what were the circumstances which led him on to destruction. You must know, my husband and I are personally interested in the question; for we saw him when alive, and had a great deal of conversation about him, and—"

"And I solemnly wished," broke in the husband.

"Hush, John, not a word!—for I am anxious to hear Mr. Jones."

"I have little to tell. He was a provincial attorney in Ireland, in very moderate business; but being a man of talent and firmness of character, he was instrumental in establishing a bank in the county, and became a person of some consequence. He at length felt his field to be too small, and in an evil hour came to London, where his connection with the bank introduced him at once to the speculators and capitalists of the city; and this led to large business as a parliamentary agent, and to his becoming chairman of the directors of a great joint-stock bank in London. The road of ambition was now fairly opened. He got into parliament, made himself the leader in the Irish Brigade; then deserted his party, and became a Lord of the Treasury. In the meantime, he was very busy with the Encumbered Estates Bill; and having procured from the commissioners under it almost unlimited authority, he organized an association in England for purchasing, and afterwards selling to enormous advantage, properties sold in the Encumbered Estates Court. He now became chairman of the Swedish Railway, arranged a new insurance company, established a newspaper of his own in Dublin, and plunged deep into English, Italian, Spanish, and American railways. This is the rough outline: but when and where the pressure first began; when this originally obscure and moneyless man found that he could not pursue such schemes without funds; and what were the precise circumstances that originated his crimes, and led him on, step by step, to perdition, is not yet known. It is known, however, that he obtained money on the security of forged titles, as from the Encumbered Estates Court. He fabricated shares of

the Swedish Railway to the amount of a quarter of a million; and besides the assignments of numerous deeds he held in trust, he forged on private individuals to the amount of at least 100,000*l*."

"What a gigantic criminal!" cried the young wife. "Can it be that it is the same man we saw paying the coachman a shilling?"

"It appears that for some time he must have contemplated his violent release from the fever of mind in which he had lived so long. But at length the occasion came; the forgery of one of the Encumbered Estates deeds was on the eve of discovery; and the wretched man went forth from his own house in the dead of night, with the instruments of death in his pocket." A pause here ensued, which was at length broken by the husband.

"All this is very dreadful, Jones," said he, "but the case is not different, except as regards magnitude, from numerous other cases of a similar kind. Why should it have greater effect than they?"

"On the same principle that a sleeper is awakened by the crash of thunder, who would not hear a knock at the street-door. This will have an effect which it is impossible to over-estimate, because the sleepers it will rouse must be counted by tens and hundreds of thousands. Many a restless night will this news give rise to throughout the length and breadth of the land—many a ghastly look, many a pale and haggard face. In many an imagination will the midnight course of the suicide be traced in his wanderings over that dark heath; and by many a bedside will stand the appearance of the lifeless form lying in the dead-house. To-night, I myself should have been visited by these fancies, if I had not taken means to enable me to set them at defiance. I am very, very thankful." And the speaker's voice trembled. "I trust that many thousands more will receive a lesson from the fate of John Sadleir! But I must now go. Good-by—God bless you!"

Both of them followed him to the door.

"I thank you, Jones, for this visit," said the husband—"I thank *you* sincerely."

"And—I—too!" said the wife. Her voice was broken, and tears were streaming down her cheeks; and when the door shut, the little woman threw herself into her husband's arms and sobbed outright.

## A NEW POMPEII.

FOR a whole year rumors have been flying about our antiquarian world that excavations were to be commenced in the island of Capri. Such favorite and imperial resort, it has long been conjectured, must abound in antiquarian wealth; former researches had, to a certain extent, proved the truth of the conjecture, and traditions and facts have given an impulse to the curiosity which is now in the course of being gratified.

The site selected was a bit of garden-ground belonging to the cottage of a poor man, in the very centre of the village. Here, whilst planting his vines, the proprietor had often turned up bits of mosaic, lucernæ and coins—of which I have purchased many—and it was determined to penetrate somewhat lower, even to the roots of this plentiful crop of small objects. The result has been that portions evidently of an imperial palace have been exposed to view—and a palace, too, which, it is fair to conjecture, must have been one of the most splendid, not only for the situation, which commands a view of the Bay of Palermo and Naples, but from the nature of its fragments. The largest chamber must have been, in the opinion of Bonucci, a vestibule. It is just at the entrance; and its dimensions are greater than those of any room yet found in Pompeii, measuring thirty-six palms in length and twenty-eight in width, and yet the whole extent is not all ascertained. Even the doorway, which is of white marble, measures twelve feet in width. In this room were discovered 530 pieces of marble, varied and rich, evidently for floor work, together with forty-five pieces of *rosso antico*, and seventy of "*giallo antico*," which were fragments of cornices.

It is worthy to be noted that these pieces were placed one upon the other as by intention, showing that this chamber had been used as a depository, and that there might have been some idea enter-

tained of a restoration. This room—the walls of which are painted yellow and the pavement of a composition of a similar color—is separated from the other portions of the palace by the public pathway; but resuming the excavations on the other side, there have been discovered apparently two corridors, paved with white mosaic with a double border in black, of a similar construction. From those we pass into another room, which is paved with a variety of colored marbles of regular forms. Adjoining it is a room paved with white mosaics with a black border, whilst the next chamber has a black mosaic pavement with a white border. The walls of these rooms are painted, some yellow, and some blue, and some red. Two rooms, which, from the fact of their being in a great measure still under the pathway, it has been impossible to examine thoroughly, have the appearance of having been baths. In one of them there is a canal for carrying off water. Three hinges were found in one part of the ruins, and the inference drawn from this fact is, that the doors were not removed "on purpose," in obedience to any command, but by the gradual operation of time.

Since I began this letter I have received additional intelligence, from which I gather that 700 pieces of varied and colored marble have been disinterred. Several coins, too, of the reigns of Augustus and of Tiberius, have been found with the altar and the legend "*Providentia*," whilst the reverse of one has "*Imp. T. Vesp. Aug. rest.*"—disclosing a curious fact, though one not altogether unknown to the antiquary, that the coins of one reign were at times re-coined in a later reign. Another coin of Antoninus has the legend "*Munificentia Aug.*," and "*Hippopotamus*"—one of the wonderful animals then introduced in the spectacles of the Amphitheatre. The works have now been suspended for want of funds.—*Letter from Naples.*

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## ROGERS AND HIS TABLE-TALK.

"ANNO DOMINI" 1786, and two new poets. 'Tis seventy years since. Both the poets have had time to die in that long space. In fact, one of them, Robert Burns, only survived the *début* ten years, having been dead sixty. The other, Samuel Rogers, has just been carried to his last long home—his tale of Human Life told (almost twice told)—his Pleasures of Memory drained to the dregs.

To come out as a poet at four-and-twenty, and to survive the experiment for three score years and ten, is indeed a rare lot. When Samuel Rogers published, in thin quarto, his "Ode to Superstition, and other Poems," Johnson was only just dead; both the Whartons were flourishing; Horace Walpole was in good condition; Macpherson had a ten years' lease of life to run; William Pitt was just beginning to feel his way; the French Revolution wanted years of preparation; Miss Seward was sending forth new editions of "Louisa;" Mrs. Barbauld was settling down with Mr. Barbauld at Hampstead, to write Whig pamphlets, and aid and assist in "Evenings at Home;" Charlotte Smith was yet unknown as a novelist; Dr. Darwin had only issued Part I. of his "Botanic Garden;" William Hayley was enjoying (together with a captivated nation) his "Triumphs of Temper;" Cowper had only just published the "Task;" Gibbon was only just drawing towards a close his immortal History. When Samuel Rogers died, generation after generation of poets, politicians, philosophers, had, meanwhile, flourished and faded, won their public and lost it, lived their life and died their death. Byron and the Satanic school had come and gone. So had Wordsworth and the Lakers. So had Scott and the Romantics. The Table-Talk\* of such a veteran may well look for as eager a welcome as

that of "old Nestor," Shakspearean version, to inquiring youth:

"Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,  
Thou hast so long walked hand in hand with  
time:—  
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee."\*

"When the tomb had closed upon Goldsmith," writes Dr. Beattie to Rogers, in dedicating to him the Life of Campbell, "when, for a season, the oracles of Poetry were almost dumb, it was your happy destiny to break the silence, to revive the spirit, and introduce a new era of polished song. Your 'Pleasures of Memory' found Thomas Campbell—a youthful but ardent votary—in the 'lonely Hebrides;' it struck his heart with inspiring impulse, and quickened all his noblest inspirations." Campbell was not the only bard of lasting renown whose soul was moved by this poem. Byron wrote these lines on a blank leaf of his copy of it:

"Absent or present, still to thee,  
My friend, what magic spells belong!  
As all can tell, who share, like me,  
In turn, thy converse and thy song.  
But when the dreaded hour shall come,  
By Friendship ever deemed too nigh,  
And "MEMORY" o'er her Druid's tomb  
Shall weep that aught of thee can die,  
How fondly will she then repay  
Thy homage offer'd at her shrine,  
And blend, while ages roll away,  
Her name immortally with *thine*!"

### \* *Troilus and Cressida*.

By the way, the author of "Living Poets and Poetesses," writing in 1832, with whose critical rhymes old Christopher North made merry, in the merry times of Maga, has the following curious and chronological couplet in his address to Samuel Rogers:

"How swiftly time's life-sapping waters flow!  
For thou wert born just seventy years ago."

Sir Kit's comment is worth referring to, on the logic of this "*For*," and on the general treatment of "the worthy Banker," as an illustration, or *argumentum ab homine*, of Pollok's "Course of Time."

\* Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers. To which is added Porsoniana. Moxon. 1856.

The "dreaded hour" has come, and the tomb of the Druid is sealed up. A later generation hardly regards the harp of the Druid with the same admiration as Byron did. *He*, in fact, placed Rogers, as a poet, on an eminence the height of which is rather puzzled over than assented to by most judges; for in that outlinear pyramid he once drew, divided into four sections, Byron assigns the topmost division, in solitary state, to Samuel Rogers, the next highest being apportioned to Moore and Campbell; while Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge are huddled together in the bottom but one; and the bottom, or broad base itself, is allotted to the indefinite Many, the infinite mob of sucking poets and gentlemen who write with ease. It is something to be *sic laudari à laudato*—possibly something too much.

Taste is the predominant characteristic of the bard of "Italy." He is no way profound, or energetic, or impassioned; he never starts a speculation too high for mortal sense, nor a thought that lies too deep for tears. He is scrupulously tasteful, elegantly refined. As Jeffrey remarked of one of his later productions, we have none of the broad and blazing tints of Scott, nor the startling contrasts of Byron, nor the anxious and endlessly repeated touch of Southey, but something which comes much nearer to the soft and tender manner of Campbell, with still more reserve and caution, perhaps, and more frequent sacrifices of strong and popular effect, to an abhorrence of glaring beauties, and a disdain of vulgar resources. Never, John Wilson prophesies, will the "Pleasures of Memory" be forgotten till the world is in its dotage. But ask him, is it then a great poem? and he will answer, About as much so as an ant or a molehill, prettily grass-grown and leaf-strewn, is a mountain purple with heather and golden with woods.

"Italy," too, being a thing of beauty, ought to be a joy for ever—at least the illustrated edition. The Banker Poet's taste extended to "compliment extern," and the aids and appliances of elegant "getting up," as well as to the polish and perfection of his lines. Some of his good-natured friends, in the technical sense, ascribed an improper fraction of his popularity to his printer, engraver, paper-maker, and binder. To Lady Blessington is ascribed the malicious couplet:

"Of Rogers's *Italy*, Luttrell relates,  
That it would have been dished were it not for  
the plates.

But the poem is strong enough to endure many a paper pellet of this sort; and as for the prose essays interspersed, Sir James Mackintosh said of one of them: "Hume could not improve the thoughts, nor Addison the language." On the whole, never, probably, was a poetical reputation of a like degree more easily won and more steadily maintained. *Not* so "easily won," though, after all, perhaps the reader will object, who remembers the perpetual evidences, on Rogers's pages, of the *labor limæ*, and also the jest fathered on "sportive Sydney," to wit, that when Rogers was anxious to be safely delivered of a couplet, his practice was to take to bed, get straw laid before the house, and bid the servant say to all callers that his master was as well as could be expected.

The "steady maintenance," too, of this "bubble reputation," the cynically disposed will trace in part to the poet's open house and breakfast table tactics. The bank and the banquet, it is hinted, had a deal to do with it:

"Si verò est unctum\* qui rectè ponere possit," &c.

If, however, the invited, and the non-invited, to St. James's Place, were cynical at times on the venerable Amphitryon, they only indulged in a mood to which he was, by all accounts, considerably addicted, and were thus a little of kin, though less than kind, to his table-talking self. "I have heard him called cynical," writes Miss Sedgewick, in her "Letters from Abroad," after the "pleasure of a breakfast" with him, "and perhaps a man of his keen wit may be sometimes over-tempted to demonstrate it, as the magnanimous Saladin was to use the weapon with which he adroitly severed a man's head from his body at a single stroke." Very good of Miss Sedgewick. We must own, nevertheless, that the keen wit is not demonstrated to much advantage in the volume of Table-Talk before us. It is not a satisfactory demonstration. The proposition halts in its progress to the Q.E.D.

But if the Table-talker by no means dazzles us with the brightness of the blade

\* "Unctum," *id est*, says the scholiast, *convivium*; "si sit Poeta, qui unctum, *id est* convivium laetum dare possit."

he flourishes in the face of the company, nor, "magnanimous Saladin"-like, severs heads from bodies at one fell swoop of its trenchant omnipotence, he is full of anecdote, and gossips away, sometimes prosily, sometimes pungently, about a variety of topics, generally amusing enough in their way, though hardly up to the mark that expectants may have set, to whom his name and fame in this line of things have long been matter of interest and curiosity.

Sharp remarks have been made on the "indelicacy" of publishing so speedily this collection of *ana*. Already, too, the accuracy as well as good taste of the editor has been called in question. Leaving the aggrieved (real or supposed) to record and support their own protests, we can but bear testimony to the seeming fidelity, the pervading air of *vraisemblance*, the literal aspect of good faith, which, on the face of it, characterize the volume. We seem to hear the Table-talker himself, with nothing but the table between us—certainly not a garbling or obtrusive reporter. As we listen, we are carried back by our urbane host to times and scenes which 'tis strange, 'tis passing strange, to see revived in the "pleasures of memory" of a survivor. He "well remembers" one of the heads of the rebels upon a pole at Temple Bar—a black shapeless lump. He recalls his wearing a cocked-hat at school, like other schoolboys: "we used to run about the fields, chasing butterflies, in cocked-hats. After growing up, I have walked through St. Paul's Church-yard in a cocked-hat." He remembers seeing Garrick act *Ranger*, and remembers how a fit of the mumps prevented his going to see Garrick in *Lear*. He remembers going with his friend William Maltby to call on Dr. Johnson, in Bolt court—putting his hand to the knocker—and then, courage failing, retreating both of them, *rê infectâ*. He remembers talking with General Oglethorpe, "then very, very old, the flesh of his face looking like parchment," at the sale of Dr. Johnson's books, and the General's assertion that he had shot snipes in Conduit street. He remembers talking, too, with a very aged boatman on the Thames, who recollected "Mr. Alexander Pope," whom he had assisted his father in rowing up and down the river—the poet generally sitting the while in a sedan-chair. He was present at Sir Joshua's last lecture at the Royal Academy, and

when Burke went up to the retiring painter, as he descended from the rostrum, took his hand, and said:

"The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice, that he a while  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear."

He recollects when it was still the fashion for gentlemen to wear swords, and has seen Haydn play at a concert in a tie-wig, with a sword at his side. He has gone to Ranelagh in a coach with a lady who was obliged to sit upon a stool placed in the bottom of the coach, the height of her head-dress not allowing her to occupy the regular seat. He has received Wilkes, at his father's banking-house, and felt proud for a week after when Wilkes (who was canvassing for the City) shook hands with him at parting. He has often seen Lord North in the House. He was present on the second day of Warren Hastings' trial in Westminster Hall; "when Sheridan was listened to with such attention that you might have heard a pin drop." He knew Murphy long and intimately, having been introduced to him by the Piozzis at Streatham. And though he never saw Tom Warton, and Gibbon, and Cowper, and Horace Walpole, "it is truly provoking," he remarks, "to reflect that I *might* have seen them."

Though there are next to "no effects" at this banker's to draw upon, in the specie of wit of his own, that of others is to be met with, of more or less value. The following is very like Quin, and as "rich" in its way as the pudding which was the occasional cause of it. "Sir George Beaumont once met Quin at a very small dinner-party. There was a delicious pudding, which the master of the house, pushing the dish towards Quin, begged him to taste. A gentleman had just before helped himself to an immense piece of it. 'Pray,' said Quin, looking first at the gentleman's plate and then at the dish, 'which *is* the pudding?'"

Some bons mots of Sheridan's are recorded, but have mostly been on record long since. Perhaps this fling at a Prince of the blood will be new to many. "When the Duke of York was obliged to retreat before the French, Sheridan gave as a toast, 'The Duke of York and his brave followers.'"

A ready reply of Lydia White's is given on the authority of Mr. Harness. "At

one of Lydia White's small and most agreeable dinners in Park street, the company (most of them, except the hostess, being Whigs) were discussing in rather a querulous strain the desperate prospects of their party. 'Yes,' said Sydney Smith, 'we are in a most deplorable condition; we must do something to help ourselves: I think we had better sacrifice a Tory virgin.' This was pointedly addressed to Lydia White, who, at once catching and applying the allusion to Iphigenia, answered, 'I believe there is nothing the Whigs would not do to raise the wind.'

Hare's wit, once so famous, depended much for its success, by all accounts, on the manner of the "utterer." Mr. Rogers corroborates this. As a specimen of it, we are told that Fox, sitting at Brooks's, in a very moody humor after large losses at cards, was lazily moving a pen backwards and forwards over a sheet of paper, when some one said to Hare: "What is he drawing?" "Any thing but a draft," was the reply. A reply after the banker's own heart.

Several characteristic sayings of Sydney Smith are introduced. The two following are of a kind to "call for" the reverend editor's *caveat*, that it must not be supposed from "such-like quaint fancies," in which the jovial canon occasionally indulged, that his wit had "any mixture of profaneness — he certainly never intended to treat sacred things with levity. Nevertheless, if parsons fiddle, after *this* fantasia and bravura sort, what may not laymen do, with impunity?"

"At one time, when I [Rogers *loquitur*] gave a dinner, I used to have candles placed all round the dining-room, and high up, in order to show off the pictures. I asked Smith how he liked that plan. 'Not at all,' he replied; 'above, there is a blaze of light, and below, nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth.'"

"He said that '*his* idea of heaven was eating fois [*sic in orig.*] grass to the sound of trumpets.'"

Less exceptionable is Sydney's saying

of — that, so fond was he of contradiction, that he would throw up the window in the middle of the night, and contradict the watchman who was calling the hour.

There is a pure smack of his idiosyncrasy in "witty conceit" making, in this note of interrogation to his physician. The latter advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." Smith asked, "Upon whose?" And again, in his remark, "The Bishop of — is so like Judas, that I now firmly believe in the apostolical succession."

Of the anecdotes and ana scattered through this volume of table-talk, a "good few" are old acquaintance. Some of the jokes may, by a Millerism, be rated as "old Joes." Thus we have Sheridan's voluminous éloge of Gibbon; and Lord North's "I wish I had" retort, to the charge of having gone to sleep on the Treasury bench; and Lord Holland's sick-bed message to corpse-crazed George Selwyn; and Lord Ellenborough's interruption of the prosy counsel's tautology about his "unfortunate client," with, "There, sir, the court is with you;" and Colonel Armstrong's consolation to Monk Lewis, when, his eyes glistening with tears at being patronized by her Grace of York, the mannikin exclaimed, "Oh, the Duchess spoke so *very* kindly to me!"—"My dear fellow," the colonel soothingly said, "pray don't cry; I dare say she didn't mean it; and Horne Tooke's *mot* about the law being "open to all," rich and poor, like the London tavern. But, this abatement allowed for, there remains a goodly residuum of amusing matter, at which the professional carvers for magazine and review, and lovers of "good table" talk in general, may cut and come again.

The "Porsoniana" tagged on at the end may be cavilled at as having no business there. The contents, however, are often racy and "relishing" in no common degree, and so well deserve to have seen the light long ago, that we have no mind to quarrel with the manner in which they come to it at last.



From Dickens' Household Words.

## MEN AND WOMEN OF THE TIME.\*

THE attempt to present to the public some account of the more remarkable men who figure on the world's arena is not new; but it has never before been made on so comprehensive a scale as in the work before us. It is an attempt, however, of a nature that cannot be expected to succeed at once; the plan will require to be matured by reflection and experience; and in the new editions promised from time to time, we hope to see numerous amendments. The most obvious of these will be the omission of many names of no note at all, and the insertion in their stead of others well worthy of the distinction. Among the latter we may mention, as examples belonging to one profession, those of Sir James Clark, the queen's physician, and William Ferguson, one of the first surgical operators in England. Such omissions are the more remarkable in a work in which undue space has been allotted comparatively to the profession to which these individuals belong—a remark which may likewise be made of the class of artists. The most important amendment, however, we would propose, is the entire withdrawal of the critical opinions of the editor. Criticism in an "article" or a "notice" in a review is perfectly fair, for there the journalist writes a dissertation on the subject, and cites passages from his author in support of his own opinions. This appeal to the reader's judgment cannot be made in a work like this, where the anonymous editor merely gives his own verdict *ex cathedra*—a verdict which the general voice of the public will in many cases overturn in a few years, thus rendering the book so far obsolete. Analyses of important works are of course not only admissible but desirable; and these might be given in

such a way as to exhibit the peculiar characteristics for which the writers are remarkable. We have only to add, that if the biographies were submitted for revision, when this might be practicable, to the persons referred to, there would be the less chance of mistake; although of course, the editor would find it necessary to examine closely the emendations of parties so nearly interested.

In passing through this interesting work, some curious considerations will present themselves to the heedful reader. He will inquire, for instance, into the comparative contributions made respectively to the ranks of the Men of the Time by those different portions of the United Kingdom which still present tokens of distinct nationalities. In the part of the book devoted to the male sex, there are—not including foreigners—385 celebrities, or persons assumed to be such; and of that number 259 are English, 89 Scotch, and 37 Irish. Now, taking the population in round numbers, of England at 18,000,000, of Scotland at 3,000,000, and of Ireland at 6,500,000, this will show a proportion for which some of our readers will hardly be prepared. The Scotch celebrities they will find to be a little more than double the number, according to population, of the English; and the Irish celebrities less than half. In the female sex, the same calculation holds good with regard to Irish women of note, who are less than half the number of English; while Scotch women of note, instead of being double the number, like the men, do not quite come up to the English quota. When the work progresses nearer towards completeness, such calculations will be highly interesting; and perhaps some person, with more time at command than ourselves, may do for the different counties what we have thus attempted for the different nationalities.

Even a very cursory perusal of this

\* *Men of the Time. Biographical Sketches of Eminent Living Characters. Also, Biographical Sketches of Celebrated Women of the Time.* London: Bogue. 1856.

volume cannot fail to leave an impression on the observant reader highly favorable to the liberality of an age which furnishes instances so numerous, or rather so innumerable, of men rising not merely to wealth, but to greater or less distinction of other kinds, from the humblest and most unpromising circumstances. To begin with the letter A, and dash hastily and skipingly on through the alphabet—we find that Andersen, the popular Danish novelist, was the son of a cobbler, and educated at a charity school; and that he tried for years to gain a living by various handicraft trades, being frequently on the very brink of starvation. Béranger, the celebrated French lyric poet, neglected by his vagabond father, lived with his godfather, a poor tailor, and was a *gamin* on the streets of Paris till promoted for a time to the dignity of a pot-boy. Elihu Burritt, as all know, was a blacksmith's apprentice. Carleton, the Irish novelist, who now enjoys a pension of 200*l.* a year, is the son of a peasant, and begged his way to knowledge. Rafael Carrera, President of the republic of Guatemala, began life as a drummer-boy and a cattle-driver. Mr. Cobden is the son of a small farmer, and, entering a warehouse in London when a boy, rose through its various grades of service. Sir William Cubitt was a working miller, then a joiner, and then a millwright. Dumas, the French novelist and dramatist, is the illegitimate son of a planter and a negress, and was in all but starvation in Paris, till he hit upon the way to distinction. Faraday, the eminent chemist, is the son of a poor blacksmith, and began his career as the apprentice to a bookbinder. Millard Fillmore, late President of the United States, was first a plough-boy, then tried the trade of a clothier, and was then apprenticed to a wool-carder. The present Emperor of Hayti was born a slave. Herring, the animal-painter, began the profession of art with sign-boards and coach-panels. Jasmin, the Burns of the south of France, is the son of a tailor, and the grandson of a common beggar. Mr. Lindsay, M.P., the great shipowner, left his home in Ayr with 3*s.* 6*d.* in his pocket, to push his fortunes as a ship-boy; he worked his passage to Liverpool by assisting in the coal-hole of a steamer; and for a part of the time after he arrived, begged during the day, and slept in the sheds and

streets at night. Lough, the distinguished sculptor, began the world in the capacity of a plough-boy. Minié, the inventor of the well-known rifle, was a private soldier. Robert Owen was a shop-boy to a grocer, and then to a draper. Johannes Ronge, the leader of the German Catholic movement, tended sheep when a boy. Stanfield, the distinguished landscape-painter, was a cabin-boy, and the shipmaster was his first patron. Thiers, the well-known historian, and ex-minister of France, is the son of a poor blacksmith, and was educated gratuitously at the public school of Marseilles. Thomas Wright, the Manchester prison-philanthropist, was a weekly worker in an iron-foundry for forty-seven years, till a large sum of money was raised by subscription to enable him to carry on his philanthropical labors.

There is encouragement here, we fancy, for the poor and downhearted; and likewise rebuke for those who are continually harping on the wrongs of the indigent, and the impassable barriers between high and low.

There are several interesting sketches of more or less distinguished females, and we hope to see this department fuller in another edition. We shall now give two or three instances of the enthusiasm of the sex, directed, in each case, to a widely different object. First,

THE PRINCESS CHRISTINE BELGIOJOSO.—"The history of this lady, a native of Lombardy, affords an instance of female heroism and the strange fluctuations of fortune, such as would have merited a prominent place in the annals of a far more romantic age than the one in which we live. Endowed with high rank, large possessions, and no common share, it is said, of wit and beauty, the Princess Belgiojoso was, during the earlier portion of her life, the object of universal homage and admiration. A leader of fashion, and a distinguished patroness of literature and art, authors, artists, and musicians vied with each other in laying the productions of their genius at her feet, and borrowed from her name honor and éclat. But the scene changed, and the lady emerged from a *lionne* into a heroine. Deeply sensible of the wrongs of her country, and sympathizing heartily in the efforts of her countrymen to free themselves from the yoke of their oppressors, she raised a troop of 200 horse at her own expense, and at

the time when Italy was convulsed by revolution, led them herself against the Austrians. She is reported on this occasion to have displayed a skill and bravery which would have done honor to an experienced soldier. This act of patriotism, however, for a time proved fatal to the worldly fortunes of the princess, as her property was sequestered by Austria, and she herself banished from its dominions. At this juncture, she sought an asylum at a farm in Asia Minor, and, being totally destitute, was compelled to labor with her hands for the supply of each day's necessities. This occurred some six years ago. Since then, she has devoted her attention to literature, and has contributed successfully to some of the leading journals of Paris and New-York. The Sultan of Turkey subsequently granted some tracts of land on the Gulf of Nicomedia for the use of this remarkable woman and the Italian emigrants attached to her fortunes; and finally, by an edict of grace, the court of Austria annulled its former sentence of banishment and sequestration, leaving her free to revisit her country, and to resume the rank from which she had been deposed by her own patriotic zeal and heroism."

The next specimen is taken from a family of gifted daughters. "Miss Elizabeth Blackwell affords the first instance on record, in modern times, of a woman pursuing one of the learned professions with sufficient earnestness to level the countless barriers which defend its dignities from her grasp, and at the same time to reflect back by her acquirements that honor which she derives from her calling. The renown of 'the lady-physician' is not confined to America, the land in which the great project of her life was nursed and matured; it has travelled across the Atlantic, and has been discussed among us, with admiration often, with sneering contempt sometimes, and with stern disapproval, it may be, now and then. But even those who would desire that women should remain stationary whilst all around them is progressing in light and knowledge, must yield their respect to the marvellous energy displayed by this pioneer of her sex. A closer acquaintance with her sound and reasonable motives might even carry them further, and gain their sympathy for her purpose. It is not generally known that the subject of this notice is an Englishwoman by birth, having first seen the light at Bristol about

the year 1820. Her father emigrated to New-York whilst his family of nine children were still young; but misfortunes in business overtook him, and at his death the widow and orphans found themselves in somewhat embarrassed circumstances. Elizabeth was at this time seventeen years old, and the succeeding seven years of her life were devoted to instruction in a school which was established by herself and her two elder sisters. The fruits of their combined exertions sufficed to support and educate the other members of the family, to purchase a comfortable homestead, and to smooth away pecuniary difficulties. It was not until 1843 that Miss Blackwell, after much consideration, finally resolved to undertake the study of medicine. She was influenced in this determination, not by a personal taste for and curiosity about its mysteries, for that she entirely disclaims, but first by a desire to open a new field for the exercise of feminine talent and energy, hitherto restricted within limits wholly inadequate to their requirements; and, secondly, by a conviction, that she herself, and others after her, might minister far more tenderly and suitably than men to the necessities of their own sex during periods of illness and suffering. The first step on her self-appointed course was the acquisition of Greek and Latin; for two years she devoted her leisure hours to this object, and then felt that the time had arrived when she must put her hand to the plough, and make study the business as well as the pleasure of her life. But, although the will was not wanting, the means seemed very difficult of attainment. Fifty medical men, and at least a dozen schools, denied her the advantages she sought; but her firm conviction, 'that she had a place in the world which she should find sooner or later,' was destined to be realized, and her path, although not smooth, was at least practicable. In 1845, she went to North-Carolina, where she read medicine under the direction, successively, of two gentlemen distinguished alike by their professional abilities and their superiority to the narrow prejudices of society. When dismissed by them, she gladly availed herself of the advantage offered by Dr. Allen, of Philadelphia, of admission to his private anatomical rooms; for, although she shrank with the natural sensitiveness of a woman from these painful

details of her career, she appreciated its responsibilities too well to neglect any part of the preparatory duties it involved. During the time thus occupied, Miss Blackwell continued to give lessons in music and languages, defraying in this way the whole expense of her education, amounting to 200*l*. It happened, fortunately, that she encountered amongst the institutions of America that small element of liberality which had befriended her with individuals; and during one summer she resided at the Blockley Hospital, Philadelphia, where she was much encouraged by the kindness of the principal, and profited by the number and variety of the cases brought under her observation. She was also permitted to attend the requisite lectures at Geneva College, New-York; and here she graduated in 1849, receiving with her diploma the heterogeneous designation of 'Miss Dr. Blackwell.' It is worthy of remark, that her thesis on the subject of ship-fever was deemed worthy of publication by the faculty. At this point, where most men would have rested from their labors, she started anew, and sought in England a varied field for observation. She experienced a warm reception from many distinguished fellow-workers, and was welcomed at the various schools and hospitals with unwonted honors. This was, however, by no means the case in Edinburgh, nor to the same extent in Paris, although she resided for some time as a pupil at the excellent Hôpital Maternité, in the Rue du Port Royal, where she concentrated her attention on the diseases of women and children. It was suggested that her attendance at classes might be facilitated if she would adopt masculine attire—a proceeding to which the French were habituated by the example of more than one distinguished individual; but this suggestion was indignantly rejected by Miss Blackwell, whose varied experiences could never tarnish that feminine delicacy which has distinguished and ever will distinguish her. Before we bid adieu to this fine-spirited and adventurous woman, it may not be *mal-à-propos* to mention, that her name has received additional lustre from the poetical talents of her sister, Anna Blackwell, an authoress of considerable promise, whose works have been republished in England; and that another sister, Emily, has since studied medicine and obtained a diploma."

We must conclude with Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, the female animal-painter, who was born at Bordeaux in the year 1822. "As the avocations of her family necessitated a residence in Paris, the indulgence of her own particular tastes in the choice of subjects for study was somewhat difficult of attainment; and it is a matter of surprise, no less than of congratulation, that the influence of external circumstances did not lead her to swerve from that path of her profession to which a natural instinct alone pointed. It was no unaccustomed thing, we learn, for Rosa Bonheur, when scarcely past the age of childhood, to start early in the morning for the environs of Paris, with her drawing-box at her back, and to return only at nightfall after a long day of hard work and earnest study of rustic scenes and objects. At other times, the pencil would be replaced by a large piece of modelling-clay, and with no rules for her guidance beyond those suggested by her own intelligent mind, she would execute animals in relief with a fidelity which gave evidence of such plastic talent as would have conducted her to excellence in sculpture, had not her ambition sought other laurels. After a time, these rural expeditions were diversified by others less agreeable—to the *abattoirs*, or public slaughter-houses of the capital, which offered models too valuable to be neglected, in spite of feminine taste or timidity. It is said to have been in such a scene that the young artist received her first practical encouragement, in the form of a commission for a design to be carried at the head of the procession of the 'Bœuf Gras.' At the early age of seventeen, she entered fairly upon her career, by the exhibition of two pictures, *Chèvres et Moutons* and *Deux Lapins*, which went far towards determining her reputation. . . . Up to the present time, she assiduously frequents the horse-market, adopting the masculine garb, which is not ill suited to the decided character of her face, for the purpose of avoiding remark and enjoying greater freedom for observation. The dealers, with whom she is thus frequently brought in contact, imagine her to be a youth ambitious of a knowledge of horses—an idea which is confirmed when, as is often the case, she exchanges the rôle of spectator for that of purchaser, and, mounting the object of her admiration, conducts it in person to its destina-

tion, an ante-chamber divided only by a partition from her studio, and fitted up as a stable for the convenience of the various animals domesticated therein. She has recently established a small fold in its immediate vicinity for the accommodation of sheep and goats; and it has been suggested that in due time a choice selection of cows and oxen will probably be added to her existing stock of models. It is un-

doubtedly owing in a measure to this conscientious examination of the developments of animal life, that we owe such master-pieces of representation as the Horse Fair, a picture which formed the great attraction of the French Exhibition in London during the season of 1855, and which almost monopolized for a time the attention of artists and connoisseurs."

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## L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S .

MASTER-PIECES OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE, is the title of a massive work in two volumes, issued from the press of M. W. DODD, which has many features of novelty. It is a compilation of sermons from the pens of the most eminent preachers in all ages of the Christian Church. In the list are the Fathers of the Greek and Latin Churches; the leading divines of the Reformation in Germany; the lights of the French pulpit, both Catholic and Protestant; the great names of English religious history, of all denominations, from Wickliffe to John Foster; the leading American divines from Cotton Mather; and the specimens of the Welsh pulpit. These several eras are properly divided, and sketches of the men represented are given. The object of the work is to present a reflex of the religious spirit, and the method of preaching, which characterized the successive ages of the Church; to show the practical unity which has prevailed in the different periods, and among the different sects, and to present honored and famous specimens of pulpit eloquence of those whose names are familiar to all readers of history. To accomplish this purpose, it has been necessary to translate several of the discourses, so that they now appear for the first time in an English dress. The idea is one which will strike the student as very important and suggestive. It has been carried out with great spirit and good taste. We doubt not it will be held in high esteem by all who study sermons professionally, and may assuredly be repaid to with profit by all who desire to see the gravest and deepest truths presented in the most eloquent language. The work proceeds from Rev. Henry C. Fish, a Baptist clergyman of Newark, already distinguished by his contributions to theological science.

THE BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES EXPLAINED. A work of exegesis, by the Rev. Dr. Macdonald, of Princeton. It refers to one of the most difficult and perplexing books of the sacred canon. It presents a new version, and a full commentary upon the text,

with practical inculcations. It is evidently a work of learning, however much its conclusions may be dissented from. We believe Dr. M. takes, in the main, the ordinary view of the book, regarding it as the product of Solomon in his days of irreligion and skepticism. It is not our purpose to criticise the work, but merely to indicate our sense of its worth and ability. It is the work of a scholar of sound sense, of orthodox views, and unquestionable scholarship; and as such will be welcomed.

MISSIONS IN INDIA. The venerable Dr. WINSLOW, for nearly forty years a missionary of the American Board to India, now on a visit to this country, has published a little volume sketching, in concise manner, the past progress and present attitude of the missionary work in that country, as related to his own labors. The view is deeply interesting and instructive, as it could hardly fail to be, and gives a more encouraging account of the moral condition of the Hindoos than we have been accustomed to entertain. In connection with the subject, Dr. W. also refers to the questions of missionary policy raised by the recent visit of the deputation of the Board, and their action, from much of which this venerable missionary is constrained to dissent. The book will command attention just now in the quarters reached by this discussion.

THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS. By Frederick Cozzens. A lively, witty effusion, purporting to be a cockney's first experiences of country life. The shrewd observations of men and things, and the genial satire on fashionable foibles, make it a suggestive as well as a readable work. It is not often that more real humor, with less pretension, is to be met with. The papers originally appeared in *Putnam's* and the *Knickerbocker*, and their popularity there has called forth this handsome edition. It is published by DERBY & JACKSON.

KINDLING WOOD AND THE WAY TO DO IT, is the singular title of a work designed to demonstrate the utility of Sabbath-schools. The writer has an enthusiastic admiration of the system he advocates, and shows great familiarity with the details of Sabbath-school history in this country. It is well adapted to its purpose. (M. W. DODD.)

The following announcements embrace most of the new English publications of the month:

Dr. Bath's "Travels and Discoveries in Africa;" "The Englishwoman in Persia;" "Barkie's Voyage up the Quarra and Tchadda," Finlay's "Greece under Ottoman and Venetian Domination;" the Duke of Buckingham's "Memoirs of the Court of the Regency;" Miss Bunbury's "Summer in Northern Europe;" Henry Morley's "Cornelius Agrippa;" "Life of Sir John Malcolm;" "Bothwell," a Poem by Professor Aytoun of *Blackwood's Magazine*; and new works of fiction by Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Marsh, Miss Marryat, Mrs. Gore, Miss Mulock, Miss Jewsbury, and other lady writers. Henry Mayhew announces the immediate continuation and completion of "London Labor and the London Poor," and has commenced a new periodical. "The Great World of London," which promises well. A large collection of Assyrian marbles and antiquities, being the second installment obtained from the excavations by Sir Henry Rawlinson, has been received at the British Museum from the East. They were taken from a newly discovered suite of chambers in the mound of Kofunjek, in the centre of the ruins of Nineveh, and include as many as seventy-six sculptured slabs, (of a much more artistic character than any previously discovered,) two statues of the god Nebo, and fifty cases of minor articles. Marbles, filling 250 cases more, are expected in London in June. The marbles received belong to the time of Asshur-bani-pal, the son of Esar-Haddon, the middle of the seventh century before Christ. Amongst the sales in connection with literature, Mr. Hodgson announces for the middle of May the remainder of the works printed for the English Historical Society, consisting of forty copies large paper, and some small-paper copies of the series of "English Chronicles" printed for the Society, but not published.

The Cambrian Institute is about to publish the "Celtic Remains" of Lewis Morris, the eminent Welsh antiquary. These Remains are at present in the British Museum, and in an unfinished state, the author having died before he had prepared them for the press.

The Dublin *University Magazine*, which was lately purchased by a London house, has returned to Irish proprietorship, and is now published by Hodges & Smith, of Dublin. Mr. Lever (whose "Fortunes of Glencove" have advanced to the 18th chapter, continues his connection with this periodical, and William Carleton, the Irish novelist, is again one of its contributors.

The Geographical Society at Paris, in its first annual meeting for 1856, (which took place on the 5th ult.,) has awarded its prize for the most important discovery during the last year, to Dr. Heinrich Barth. The next prize, of a golden medal, was adjudged to Mr. G. Squier, of the United States, for his Central American researches. A great deal of interest was created by the reading of a letter from

M. de Bonpland to one of the members. The Nestor of French travellers and naturalists announces in it his intention to return to Paris and to his old lodgings in the Rue du Mount Thabor—only, however, in order to deliver to the Museum his collections and manuscripts, and then to return for ever to his plantation in Uruguay. M. de Bonpland is now eighty-three years of age.

A great number of letters written by Napoleon, when a pupil at Brienne, to his family in Corsica, have just been discovered in that island—they are dated 1785, and are signed "Napoleone di Buona parte."

We learn from a foreign contemporary, that Heinrich Heine, the poet, has left all his MSS. to his nephew, Herr Embde, a resident of Hamburg, with the intention of having them revised, and, when put in order, incorporated in the entire edition of his works which is now preparing for the press. Herr Campe, the Hamburg publisher, whose name has come prominently before the public, in the last few weeks, in connexion with the alleged libels in Dr. Vehse's history of the German courts, of which a translation has this week been published by Messrs. Longman, has made arrangements with Dr. Christiani, of Hanover, a relation of Heine, to edit the work, and to undertake the necessary abbreviations and omissions. Heine in his will forbids the removal of his body from France to Germany. His brother, who resides at Vienna, has forwarded plans for Heine's monument to the poet's mother, who is now eighty-three years of age. The monument selected is to be in the form of a lofty obelisk, to be surrounded by trees and shrubs, the whole inclosed with an iron railing.

Dr. Kuno Fischer, who has recently quitted Heidelberg to establish himself in Berlin, and who was at once admitted a member of the Philosophical Society, has been suspended in his lectures (after delivering the first,) by an order of the "Cultus minister," (minister of ecclesiastical affairs.) No cause for this arbitrary step has been assigned, notwithstanding that a strong remonstrance has been sent in by the philosophical faculty.

The University of Göttingen has just suffered a severe loss of the natural historian, Professor Meier, whose death took place on the 19th March, at the ripe age of seventy-six, being born in 1780. His first work of note was a "Flora Hanoveriana," since which his contributions to various periodicals, on the subject of natural history—his favorite science—have been frequent and instructive.

The first volume of a new "Life of Mozart," by Otto John, has appeared in Germany. The Mozart letters, preserved at Salzburg and extending from 1777 to 1784, the most important part of the composer's life, have been largely used in this work.

At Venice has just been published the first portion of "The Secret and Anecdotal History of Italy," as told by the ambassadors of Venice. The editors of the work—which has been enriched by the contributions of several documents from one of the best-arranged and most interesting collections of "State Papers" in Europe, the *Archivi* at Venice—are Signors Barozzi and Berchet. It is intended to publish in this work, in chronological order, a selection of the most interesting dispatches of the Venetian ministers to the various Italian courts.

On 60¢ per





punched; when this last process is completed, the plate is lettered with two or three separate letters, indicating the precise place it has to take in the ship. Thus the hull is first carefully thought out in detail, and is then regularly and mechanically put together, in much the same way as a tessellated pavement.

The process of fastening the plates affords another curious contrast to the old method of bolting employed by the ship-carpenters. The holes in the plates to be held together being brought in exact apposition, bolts at a white heat are one by one introduced, and firmly riveted whilst in that condition by a group of three men, one the upholder, who holds the bolt in its position by placing a hammer against its head on the inside of the ship, whilst two sturdy Vulcans, with alternate blows, produce the rivet-head on the other. The bolts contract in cooling, and draw the plates together with the force of a vice, and hold them so for ever afterwards. The rapidity with which this process is performed strikes the spectator with astonishment. A set of three men, and a boy to shovel the hot bolts out of the furnace, will in the course of a day close up four hundred rivets; and speed in the process is requisite, when we remember that before the ship can swim three million of them must be made secure.

If we clamber up the ladders which lead to her deck, some 60 feet above the ground, we perceive that her interior presents fully as strange a contrast to other vessels as the construction of her hull does. Ten perfectly water-tight bulkheads, placed 60 feet apart, having no openings whatever lower than the second deck, divide the ship transversely; whilst two longitudinal walls of iron, 36 feet apart, traverse 350 feet of the length of the ship. Thus the interior is divided, like the sides, into a system of cells or boxes. Besides these main divisions, there are a great number of sub-compartments beneath the lowest deck, devoted to the boiler-rooms, engine-rooms, coal and cargo, &c.; whilst some 40 or 50 feet of her stem and stern are rendered almost as rigid as so much solid iron by being divided by iron decks from bulwark to keel. Her upper deck is double, and is also composed of a system of cells formed by plates and angle irons. By this multiplication of rectilinear compartments, the ship is

made almost as strong as if she were of solid iron, whilst, by the same system of construction, she is rendered as light and as indestructible, comparatively speaking, as a piece of bamboo. There is a separate principle of life in every distinct portion, and she could not well be destroyed even if broken into two or three pieces, since the fragments, like those of a divided worm, would be able to sustain an independent existence.

A better idea, perhaps, of the interior of the ship can be gained at the present moment than when she has progressed farther towards completion. As you traverse her mighty deck, flush from stem to stern, the great compartments made by the transverse and longitudinal bulkheads, or parti-walls of iron, appear in the shape of a series of parallelograms, 60 feet in length by 36 in width; numerous doors in the walls of these yawning openings at once reveal that it is here that the hotels of the steam-ship will be located. If we were to take the row of houses belonging to Mivart's and drop them down one gulf, take "Farrance's" and drop it down the second, take Morley's at Charing Cross and fit it into a third, and adjust the Great Western Hotel at Paddington and the Great Northern at King's Cross into apertures four and five, we should get some faint idea of the nature of the accommodation "The Great Eastern" will afford. We speak of dropping hotels down these holes, because the separate compartments will be as distinct from each other as so many different houses; each will have its splendid saloons, upper and lower, of 60 feet in length; its bedrooms or cabins, its kitchen and its bar; and the passengers will no more be able to walk from the one to the other than the inhabitants of one house in Westbourne Terrace could communicate through the parti-walls with their next-door neighbors. The only process by which visiting can be carried on will be by means of the upper deck or main thoroughfare of the ship. Nor are we using figures of speech when we compare the space which is contained in the new ship to the united accommodation afforded by several of the largest hotels in London. She is destined to carry 800 first-class, 2000 second-class, and 1200 third-class passengers, independently of the ship's complement, making a total of 4000 guests. A reference to the longitudinal and transverse sections will explain

her internal economy more readily than words. The series of saloons, together with the sleeping apartments, extending over 350 feet, are located in the middle instead of "aft," according to the usual arrangement. The advantage of this disposition of the hotel department must be evident to all those who have been to sea and know the advantage of a snug berth as near as possible to the centre of the ship, where its transverse and longitudinal axes meet, and where, of course, there is no motion at all. It will be observed that the passengers are placed immediately above the boilers and engines; but the latter are completely shut off from the living freight by a strongly-arched roof of iron, above which, and below the lowest iron deck, the coals will be stowed, and will prevent all sound and vibration from penetrating to the inhabitants in the upper stories. As the engines and boiler-rooms are separated from each other by bulkheads, in exactly the same manner as the saloons, a peculiar arrangement has been made to connect their machinery without interfering with their water-tight character. Two tunnels, of a sufficient size to give free passage to the engineers, are constructed fore and aft in the centre of the coal bunkers, through all the great iron parti-walls. By this arrangement the steam and water pipes which give life and motion to the ship will be enabled to traverse her great divisions, just as the aorta traverses in its sheath the human diaphragm.

Let us return, however, for a few moments to the deck, in order to give the reader a clear idea of the magnitude of the structure under our feet. The exact dimensions "over all" are 692 feet. There are few persons who will thoroughly comprehend the capacity of these figures. Neither Grosvenor nor Belgrave Square could take the "Great Eastern" in; Berkeley Square would barely admit her in its long dimension, and when rigged, not at all, for her mizen-boom would project some little way up Davies street, whilst her bowsprit, if she had one, would hang a long way over the Marquis of Lansdowne's garden. In short, she is the eighth of a mile in length, and her passengers will never be able to complain of being "cooped up," as four turns up and down her deck will afford them a mile's walk. Her width is equally astonishing. From side to side of her hull she measures

83 feet—the width of Pall Mall; but across the paddle-boxes her breadth is 114 feet—that is, she could just steam up Portland Place, scraping with her paddles the houses on either side. With the exception of the sky-lights and openings for ventilating the lower saloons, her deck is flush fore and aft. However splendid this promenade might appear with respect to those of other ships, we question if it is at all too large for the moving town to whose use it is dedicated. Room must be found for the holiday strolling of between three and four thousand persons, whilst she is careering through the heated atmosphere of the tropics, and not merely for a few score blue-nosed gentlemen, such as use the deck of the transatlantic steamers for a severe exercising ground. The manner in which this moving city rather than ship will be propelled with the speed of a locomotive through the ocean is not the least noticeable of the arrangements connected with her. Mr. Brunel has, we think wisely, decided not to trust so precious a human freight and so vast an amount of valuable cargo to any single propelling power, but has supplied her with three—the screw, the paddle, and the sail. Her paddle-wheels, 56 feet in diameter, or considerably larger than the circus at Astley's, will be propelled by four engines, the cylinders of which are 6 feet 2 inches in diameter, and the stroke 14 feet. The motive power of these will be generated by four boilers. Enormous as are these engines, having a nominal power of 1000 horses, and standing nearly 50 feet high, they will be far inferior to those devoted to the screw. These, the largest ever constructed for marine purposes, will be supplied with steam by six boilers, working to a force of 1600 horses—the real strength of the combined engines being equal to 3000 horses. When the spectator looks upon the ponderous shaft of metal, 160 feet in length and 60 tons in weight, destined to move the screw, and the screw itself of 24 feet in diameter, the four fans of which, as they lie on the ground, remind him of the blade-bones of some huge animal of the pre-Adamite world, he better comprehends the gigantic nature of the labor to be done, and the ample means taken to perform it. As the screw and the paddles will both be working at the same time, the ship will be pulled and pushed in its course like an invalid in a Bath chair, and each power will be called upon to do its best. The

calculated speed of the ship under steam is expected to average from fifteen to sixteen knots, or nearly 20 miles, an hour. We all know, even on a calm day, what a wind meets the face looking out of a railway train going at that pace, and consequently it can be understood that sails, except on extraordinary occasions, would act rather as an impediment than as an assistance to the ship's progress. It is not probable, therefore, that they will be much resorted to except for the purpose of steadying or of helping to steer her. In case, however, of a strong wind arising, going more than twenty-five miles an hour in the direction of her course, she is provided with seven masts, two of which are square-rigged, and the whole spreading 6500 square yards of canvas. It is to be observed that she carries no bowsprit, and has no sprit sail. We do not know the reason of this departure from the ordinary rig, unless it be to avoid her ploughing too deeply in the sea. Her bow is also without a figurehead; and this peculiarity, together with her simple rig, gives her the appearance of a child's toy-boat. If beauty is nothing more than fitness, this form of bow is undoubtedly the most beautiful, and the Americans, who have long adopted it in their transatlantic steamers, are right; but to ordinary eyes it looks sadly inferior to the old figurehead projecting out before the ship, as if eager to lead her onward over the wave. Fewer hands will be required to navigate the "Great Eastern" than her size would seem to demand. Her whole crew will not exceed 400 men—a third of the number composing the crew of a three-decker. The difference is made up by what we may term *steam* sailors. There will be four auxiliary engines appointed to do the heavy work of the ship, such as heaving the anchors, pumping, and hoisting the sails; for the gigantic arm of steam will be imperatively called for to deal with the vast masses of iron and canvas required to move and to hold the ship. These engines will, in all probability, communicate their power to a shaft running through an aperture in the upper iron deck, by which arrangement motive power in any required quantity will be laid on from stem to stern of the ship.

It is obvious that some special means must be adopted to direct this vast mass of moving iron as she flies on her course, threatening by her speed destruction to

herself and whatever may cross her path in the great highway of nations. The usual contrivances will not apply. No speaking-trumpets, for instance, could make the captain on the bridge heard either by the helmsman, or the look-out at the bow, more than three hundred feet away. Even the engineer, sixty feet beneath him, would be beyond the reach of his voice. As in the railway, we have to deal with distances which necessitate the use of a telegraph, and the "Great Eastern," in this respect, will be treated just like a railway. On ordinary occasions a semaphore will, in the daytime, give the word to the helmsman, whilst at night, and in foggy weather, he will be signalled how to steer by a system of colored lights. The electric telegraph will also be employed to communicate the captain's orders to him and to the engineer below.

Thus the nervous system, if we may so term it, of the vessel will be provided for. Starting from the bridge, or post of the commander, which leads directly from his apartments, located between the paddle-boxes, the fine filaments will reach to the helmsman at the stern and to the look-out at the bow, whilst a third thread will communicate with the engineer. By this means the captain, or brain of the ship, will be able in a moment to put in motion, to drive at full speed, to reverse the action, or to stop, the iron limbs which toil day and night far out of sight in the deep hold, or as instantly to direct the helm so as to alter the vessel's course.

In most iron vessels great precautions are taken to avoid the incorrectness to which the needle placed on deck is liable on account of the proximity of attractive masses of metal. The commonest expedient is to have placed high up in the mizenmast, beyond the influence of the iron sides of the ship, what is called a standard compass, and which may be said to realize Dibdin's "Sweet little cherub who sits up aloft, and takes care of the life of poor Jack." In the "Great Eastern," a special stage or framework will be erected for this dainty Ariel, at least forty feet in height, and the helmsman will probably either read off the points from above as they appear through a transparent card illuminated like a clock-front, or the shadow of the trembling needle will be projected down a long pipe upon a card below, so as to avoid the necessity of the helmsman looking up, and to obviate the

difficulty which would occur in foggy weather. The experiments with respect to this important adjunct to the ship are not yet concluded, however, and we must be considered to speak speculatively as to the plan which is likely to be adopted.

The anchors of this mighty steamer would, with their accessories, alone form the cargo of a good-sized ship. The ten anchors with which she will be fitted, together with their stocks, will weigh fifty-five tons. If we add to this ninety-eight tons for her eight hundred fathoms of chain-cable, and one hundred tons for her capstans and warps, we shall have a total weight of two hundred and fifty-three tons of material dedicated to the sole purpose of making fast the ship.

It was prophesied that Mr. Brunel's first ship, the "Great Western," would be doubled up as she rested upon the crests of the Atlantic waves, and we all know how the prophecy was fulfilled. When it was made, indeed, we were very much in the dark as to the size of ocean waves, and it was not until the introduction of long steamers that they could be measured with any accuracy. Dr. Scoresby, whilst crossing the Atlantic in one of the Cunard boats, some years since, closely observed the waves, and by means of the known length of the ship, was enabled to form a pretty accurate idea of their dimensions. The old vague account of their being "mountains high" was well known before that time to be an exaggeration; but we do not think even philosophers were prepared for the statement made by this observer at a meeting, some years since, of the British Association, that they averaged no more than twenty feet in altitude, and rarely exceeded twenty-eight feet. The popular impression principally produced by marine painters that waves formed valleys thousands of yards across, down the sides of which ships slid as though they were about to be engulfed, seems to have been equally erroneous; as the maximum length of ocean waves, according to Dr. Scoresby, is six hundred feet; whilst in a moderate gale they are only three hundred, and in a fresh sea about a hundred and twenty feet in length. A moment's consideration of these facts leads to the conclusion that long ships must have a great advantage over short ones with respect to the rapidity with which they make their journey, as it is quite evident that whilst the latter have

to perform their voyages by making a series of short curves—much to the impediment of their progress and to the discomfort of their inmates—the former, by ruling the waves with their commanding proportions, make shorter and smoother passages. As steamers grow larger and larger, the curse of sea-sickness must therefore gradually diminish. The "Great Eastern," from her length and the bearing which she will have upon the water, being a paddle as well as a screw ship, will, in all probability, neither pitch nor roll, and will therefore be most comfortable to the voyager. Her immense stride, if we may use the term, will enable her to take three of the three hundred feet waves of an Atlantic gale as easily as a racer would take a moderate-sized brook. She will still have to encounter the six hundred feet waves of storms, and there may be those mistrusting her length and the great weight she will carry amidships, in the shape of engines and coal, who may be inclined to repeat with respect to her the prophecy which was made with respect to the "Great Western." Mr. Brunel, by the method of launching which he intends to adopt, will, however, set these misgivings at rest before she even touches the water. Although the total weight of the ship, together with her engines, which will be erected in her whilst she is still on land, cannot be less than twelve thousand tons, she will rest entirely on two points as she enters the water broadside on. No statement could give a more powerful idea of the strength of her fabric.

The reasons which have induced Mr. Brunel to adopt this method of launching are given as follows in his Report:

"Launching is generally effected by building the ship on an inclined plane, which experience has determined should be at an inclination of about 1 in 12 to 1 in 15, the keel of the ship being laid at that angle, and the head consequently raised above the stern say 1-15th of the whole length of the ship. In the present case this would have involved raising the fore part of the keel or the forefoot about forty feet in the air, and the fore-castle would have been nearly 100 feet from the ground; the whole vessel would have been on an average twenty-two feet higher than if built on an even keel."

"The inconvenience and cost of building at such a great height above ground may be easily imagined; but another difficulty presented itself which almost amounted to an impossibility, and which has been sensibly felt with the larger vessels hitherto launched, and will probably, ere long, prevent launching longitudinally vessels of great

length. The angle required for the inclined plane to insure the vessel moving by gravity being, say 1 in 14, or even if diminished by improved construction in ways to 1 in 25, is such, that the end first immersed would become waterborne, or would require a very great depth of water before the fore part of the ship would even reach the water's edge. Vessels of 450 or 500 feet in length would be difficult to launch in the Thames, unless kept as light as possible; but our ship could not be so launched, the heel of the sternpost being required to be, as I before said, about forty feet below the level of the forefoot; some mitigation of the difficulty might be obtained by an improved construction of the ways; but the great length of ways to be carried out into the river would, under any circumstances, be a serious difficulty.

"These considerations led me to examine into the practicability of launching or lowering the vessel sideways; and I found that such a mode would be attended with every advantage, and, so far as I can see, it involves no countervailing disadvantages. This plan has been accordingly determined upon, and the vessel is building parallel to the river, and in such a position as to admit of the easy construction of an inclined plane at the proper angle down to low-water mark.

"In constructing the foundation of the floor on which the ship is being built, provision is made at two points to insure sufficient strength to bear the whole weight of the ship when completed. At these two points, when the launching has to be effected, two cradles will be introduced, and the whole will probably be lowered down gradu-

ally to low water-mark, whence, on the ensuing tide, the vessel will be floated off. The operation may thus be performed as slowly as may be found convenient; or if, upon further consideration, more rapid launching should be thought preferable, it may be adopted."

Astonishing as are all the proportions of this monster ship, of course it will not be supposed that mere size is claimed, either by the engineer or the Company to which she belongs, as any merit independently of the substantial benefits which accompany it. Her length is not her only advantage. Indeed, length in a steamer is merely a comparative term, and applies entirely to the extent of the river or ocean-path she has to traverse. The "Himalaya," for instance, would be an enormous vessel to run to Margate and back, but is only a full-size one to cross the Atlantic or to navigate the Mediterranean. The "Great Eastern," again, would be large for the passage to New-York, but is only duly proportioned to make a voyage round the world.

It is interesting to note the progressive advance of size in steam-vessels that has taken place within the last thirty years, which the following table will render clear to the reader:

Date.	Name and Description.	Length.	Breadth.	
		feet.	ft.	in.
1825	Enterprise, built expressly to go to India, coaling at intermediate stations .. .. .	122	27	0
1835	Tagus, for the Mediterranean .. .. .	182	28	0
1838	Great Western, first ship built expressly for Atlantic passage ..	236	35	6
1844	Great Britain, first large screw ship, and the largest iron ship then projected .. .. .	322	51	0
1853	Himalaya, iron ship for the Mediterranean .. .. .	370	43	6
1856	Persia, iron ship .. .. .	390	45	0
—	Eastern steamship, iron .. .. .	680	83	0

Thus the ocean going-steamer of 1856 is nearly six times the length of that of 1825, whilst the difference between their tonnage is still more in favor of the last-built vessel. The augmentation has gone on in an increasing ratio, and if it is still to continue, we wonder over what space of water our Leviathan of 1870 will extend! As our commercial steam marine is in the hands of shrewd men of business, it can well be imagined that the reasons for this progressive advance in size are sound. Steamship-builders are, in fact, only accommodating the tonnage of their vessels to the length of the voyages they

have to perform, so that they may be enabled to carry their own coals over and above their due proportion of cargo. This the "Great Western" did, and succeeded; this the various screw-steamers which have run the Australian voyage have not done, and consequently they have failed.

No one can fail to have observed that within these last two years steam, in long voyages, has apparently suffered a defeat. Clippers of all kinds, the "Marco Polo," "Red Jackets," and "Morning Stars," seem to have recovered their own again, and in the race round the world, sails have distanced the paddle and the screw.

When the question comes to be examined, however, it is clear that it is the want of steam that has caused the failure: vessels, in short, as little fitted to make a passage of thirteen thousand miles, as the "Sirius," though by a lucky accident it managed to cross the Atlantic at the same time as the "Great Western," was to go a continuous stage of three thousand miles. They have all the expense of the new motive power without its full advantages, and, in consequence of their having to go out of their direct course to coal, they lose from twelve to twenty days on the passage. The tortoise in this instance has not fairly beaten the hare, because the latter has willfully broken her leg.

Mr. Brunel, in constructing a ship of such large dimensions, is only doing for the long Eastern voyage what he did for the shorter Western one, namely, making her own coal-bunkers the bank on which she can draw to any extent during her progress out and home, instead of employing from six to eight ships of 500 tons burthen each to carry fuel for her over half the globe, as the vessels at present running are obliged to do—a system which may be likened to the extravagance of a man who employs half-a-dozen porters to carry parcels which, by proper management, he could manage to stow in his own knapsack.

The Report of the Directors for the year 1853 puts the calculation, with respect to her immense advantage, in carrying power so well, that we quote it entire:

"In avoiding the *delay* of coaling on the voyage, your ships will also escape the great *cost* of taking coals at a foreign station. Coals obtained on the Indian and Australian route cost on the average, including waste and deterioration, four or five times as much per ton as in this country. But your ships will take their whole amount of coals for the voyage from near the pit's mouth, at a rate not exceeding for the best quality, 12s. to 14s. per ton. On the voyage of existing steam vessels to Australia or India and home, the consumption amounts to from 4000 to 6000 tons; the cost of which would supply 15,000 to 20,000 tons if taken on board at some port in immediate communication with the coal field.

"Each of the Company's ships will carry, besides their own coals, upwards of 5000 tons measurement of merchandise, and will have 800 cabins for passengers of the highest class, with ample space for troops and lower-class passengers. These you will not only be able to carry at rates much smaller than those by any existing steamships, but with an unprecedented amount of room, comfort, and convenience.

"In thus determining the size of the ships, your directors believe that they are also obtaining the elements of a speed heretofore unknown; and if hereafter coals applicable to the purposes of steam can be supplied from the mines of Australia, the carrying capacity both for cargo and passengers will be proportionately increased. The great length of these ships will undoubtedly, according to all present experience, enable them to pass through the water at a velocity of at least fifteen knots an hour, with a smaller power, in proportion to their tonnage, than ordinary vessels now require to make ten knots. Speed is, in fact, another result of great size. It is believed that by this speed, combined with the absence of stoppages, the voyage between *England and India*, by the Cape, will be reduced to from thirty to thirty-three days, and between England and Australia to thirty-three or thirty-six days."

It may be objected that the route by way of Egypt, now that the railway is in progress and a canal is projected, will prove a too powerful competitor for the traffic round the Cape; but independently of the inconvenience and tediousness of embarking and then reëmbarking, which will be fatal to vessels containing such bulky cargoes as cumber the Australian steamers, it is asserted that the ocean path is the direct route to the focus of Australian connection with Europe. Thus the navigable distances from Land's End to Port Philip are as follows:

	Miles.
"Via the Cape of Good Hope,.....	11,819
" Cape Horn,.....	12,700
" Gibraltar, Malta, Alexandria, Aden, Point de Galle, and Singapore, including transit through Egypt,	12,034
" Panama, including transit across the Isthmus,.....	12,678

The General Association for the Australian Colonies have indeed recommended for the mail line the overland route as far as Aden, and from thence by way of Diego Garcia and King George's Sound to Melbourne, an estimated distance of 10,348 miles, which they fancy can be done in forty-four days. If the Eastern Steamship Company have not anticipated too great a speed for their vessel—and we scarcely think they have done so, considering that the "Persia" has made fourteen and a half knots with very far inferior powers of propulsion—this passage will be beaten by between eight and ten days without the expense and trouble of making a long land journey across the isthmus. Surely this, if it comes to pass, will go far to accomplish the Almaschar dream of the "Times," that the period

will arrive when we shall be able to communicate with our friends at the antipodes in a month.

As far as the commercial part of the speculation goes, we are of course incapable of giving an opinion. The value of the exports to the young empire, which is springing up with such rapidity in Polynesia, is, however, so great—in 1853 the declared value being 14,506,532*l.*—that we cannot conceive there would be any lack of cargo even for our Leviathan. That she will be *par excellence* the emigrant ship, who can doubt, when we find that, with all her splendid accommodation, she will be able to take passengers of the first class for 65*l.*, of the second class for 35*l.*, and of the third class for 25*l.*?

Her great proportions will indeed almost deceive her passengers into the idea that they are sojourning in some noble mansion. Let us imagine her saloons blazing at night with gas, which will be manufactured on board and supplied to every part of the ship; let us picture to ourselves her magnificent sweep of deck filled with gay promenaders, listening to the band as she sails over a summer's sea; annoyed by no smoke, for, in consequence of the use of anthracite coal, none will be emitted from her five funnels; and distressed by no motion, as in consequence of her length she will stride with ease over the waves of the Pacific. We might also dwell for a moment upon the mighty larder of our Leviathan, prepared for her flight of five-and-thirty days, without a stoppage, across the ocean desert with a whole town on board; or we might draw a comparison between her and the Ark (which, by-the-bye, had not half her capacity), as she receives on board her flocks and herds to furnish fresh meat for the passage. But we believe we have said enough to enable those who have not visited the rising edifice, to realize the vast extent of this latest experiment in ship-building. And as a contrast to this fair side of the medal, let us fancy her rushing through the night in full career—an arrow, 27,000 tons in weight, propelled by a bow of 3000 horse-power. Can we without a shudder contemplate the possibility of a collision with such a resistless force?—a line-of-battle ship with a thousand hands on board cleft in two as swiftly as the apple by the shaft of Tell.

Every precaution will indeed be taken to avert such a catastrophe. The electric

light will be fixed at the mast-head, so that in dark nights the ship will carry a moonlight atmosphere wherever she goes. In case of any fatal injury to herself, which could not well happen, boats have been provided capable of taking off her passengers, even if counted by thousands. Thus she will have two screw-steamers of 90 feet in length as paddle-box boats, and in addition to these she will carry a large number of the new collapsing, or bellows boats, as the sailors call them. These curious structures, the invention of the Rev. E. L. Berthon, expand and shut like a Gibus hat or the hood of a carriage, occupying so little room that half a dozen of them of a large size can be stowed away in the same space as would be occupied by an ordinary jolly-boat, and seem to be as easily opened as a parasol or umbrella.

If we mistake not, the success of the "Great Eastern" will constitute a new era in the art of aggressive war. We question whether Europe during the course of the present contest has not been more struck by our enormous power of moving suddenly large masses of men from one end of Europe to another, than by any other operation which we have performed. The "Himalaya," as she steamed up the Bosphorus, filled the lazy Turks with astonishment; and the cloud of steamers and sailing vessels which carried the Allied army to the shores of the Crimea, has been dwelt upon as an exposition of maritime magnificence such as the world never witnessed before. What will the reader say when we tell him that five vessels such as the "Great Eastern" could bring home our 50,000 troops from the Crimea, with all their artillery and baggage, in the course of ten or twelve days!

Contemporaneously with the remarkable tendency to an increase of size in our merchant vessels, the thoughts of scientific men have been turned in an opposite direction with respect to vessels of war. As we stand on the deck of the "Great Eastern," and look across to Deptford, we see riding at anchor one of that famous fleet of gun-boats, called forth by exigencies of Baltic warfare. She is scarcely bigger than the screw-boats which the vessel under our feet will carry on each side of her paddle-boxes. She looks like a cock-boat in comparison with the great "Duke of Wellington." The

idea of any number of such little Davids attacking Goliath would appear to be preposterous. An examination of the subject, however, makes it seem probable that in fighting-ships size is a great element of danger, and diminutiveness of safety. The massacre of Sinope—the first blow of the present war—gave us evidence of the effects of a new order of projectile, which will, in the opinion of those versed in gunnery, very much modify our ideas with respect to building such enormous men-of-war as we have done lately. Sir Howard Douglas, in his admirable work on the “Art of Naval Gunnery,” takes this view of the case, in the most decided manner, and quotes with applause a letter by General Paixhans, published in the “Moniteur” of February, 1854, entitled, “Observations on the Burning of the Turkish Frigates by the Russian Fleet in the Black Sea.” From the report of the Russian admiral, the writer shows that the almost instant destruction of the frigates of our ally was caused by Paixhans’ shells, fired from the Paixhans’ guns on the lower decks of the Russian ships. These shells, according to the Turkish official report, first “set fire to the ships, and then blew them up.” Arguing from the proved destructiveness of these projectiles, the inventor of them draws the following conclusions:

“Guns which fire shells horizontally will destroy any vessel, and will do this with a greater certainty in proportion as the vessels are large; because the circulation of powder and projectiles during an action being more multiplied for the service of a greater number of these guns will multiply the chances of an entire explosion of the ship. From this fact results the important question, whether, instead of concentrating in a single ship of 80 or 130 guns and 1000 men, and exposing that large quantity of military and financial power, and that amount of lives to perish suddenly, it would not be better, from motives of humanity and considerations of economy, to lay out the same sum of money in constructing two or three much smaller vessels, which might together carry the same amount of armament, and the same number of men? Our principal ships, being then far less enormous, and drawing less water, may enter a greater number of our ports, which at present are limited to five, accessible to large ships. The construction of three smaller vessels would neither require so much time nor timber, nor be so costly. Our fleets would then find at home, and in our colonies, more ports of refuge accessible to them; and they would find more points accessible to attack on the coasts of the enemy. The battery of a frigate may, as well as the battery of a large ship, carry the means of

keeping at a distance, or of destroying an enemy. In the combat of two or three such ships against one adversary of colossal magnitude, the latter may doubtless, if near, be able to destroy either of the others singly; but these might concentrate upon him at a distance mortal blows, and remain masters of a field of battle, from which the greater ship will have disappeared. With an arm, the effect of which is very destructive, the advantage will evidently be in favor of those who know best how to give it length of range and accuracy; thus, both in our actual armaments and in the progress to be made, these two conditions, together with the superiority of calibre, should above all others be satisfied; to this I shall add, that if the same effects would be produced by lighter pieces of artillery of the same description, which do not require vessels of such great draught of water, nor expose so many men, we should have resolved a problem which, together with great speed in our steamers, and greater number of them, would give to France a system of naval economy which suits her in the highest degree.”

May we not carry General Paixhans’ idea of a subdivision of force still farther, and ask whether a cloud of swift and powerful gun-boats would not often be still more effective than large frigates? Let us imagine even the “Duke of Wellington,” of 131 guns, attacked by a score of these Cossacks of the sea, each armed with 68-pounders, placed fore and aft, firing Paixhans’ shells, would she not be very much in the position of a parish beadle stoned by a mob of mischievous boys? A broadside such as hers, towering high above the water, would present a target which it would be difficult to miss; whilst she would have as little chance of shooting swallows with her long guns, as these nimble gun-boats, for ever warily keeping their sterns on, at a respectful distance, and presenting a mark not more than twenty-two feet to her gunners. The difficulty of hitting such mere specks would be immense; and even the turning of these minnows on the water would expose them to little harm, as the experience of the attack on Sweaborg proved; for the gun-boats, which kept moving about on that occasion, were never once struck.

If this view is correct, and the concentrated fire of a few gun-boats is likely to overpower the radiating fire of three-deckers, and if the dire effects of a single shell bursting on a ship’s side, be, indeed, so great as General Paixhans affirms, it may be that the necessity of building a peculiar class of vessels for shallow seas will open our eyes to the glaring mistake we have committed in building such enor-



mous ships of war. It is a maxim among military engineers that no fortification is stronger than its weakest place. Now, if a Paixhans shell, striking a three-decker near the water line, and exploding in the side, as it is most likely to do, from its extreme thickness, is capable of smashing the timbers for many feet around it, her very size and weight will only the more speedily cause her to disappear under the water. The tremendous batteries of such a ship would have but little effect upon these boats, which by the use of Lancaster guns could fight at 4000 yards distance, at which range they would not appear to the huge liner much bigger than floating tubs; whilst they would be able to destroy their big antagonist with as much certainty as Gordon Cumming brought down an elephant at his leisure with his resistless "Purday."

The four divisions of gun-boats now collecting in the Channel are living proofs of the energy of our private enterprise, and of the strength which England is capable of putting forth at the shortest notice. Of the 200 gun-boats, more or less, which are now, like dogs of war, straining at the leash off the Mother Bank, more than two thirds were not even laid down three months ago. Not an engine had been wrought out of the shapeless mass of iron; not a boiler of the ten scores which now lace the leaden sky with their thin, white wreaths of steam, had been put together.

If we can be proud of any thing during the late war besides the gallantry of soldiers and the magnificence of our transport system, it must be of our manufacturing energy, which has created a host of armed ships, moved by complicated machinery, almost as quickly as Cadmus created legions of armed men out of the ground. No other nation could by any possibility have accomplished the same

task, for the simple reason, that they have neither the tools nor the skill to direct them. The Messrs. Penn of Greenwich, for instance, received an order three months since to complete, by the beginning of April, eighty marine engines of sixty horse power each; the entire moving power, in short, of nearly half the Mosquito fleet. If such an order had been given to any continental engineer, he would have treated it as a joke; but the Messrs. Penn have not only completed it within the specified time, but have put them in working order on board the fleet. Of course, so enormous a task could not have been accomplished by one house. A pattern engine once agreed upon, the contracting firm sent duplicate patterns to all the principal engineers throughout the island, ordering so many different portions to be delivered on a certain day. In this manner the whole force of the country was put upon the work; and cylinders, connecting-beams, stuffing-boxes, piston-rods, &c., from a dozen different factories, have been steaming for weeks past across the island, towards the Messrs. Penn's fitting-shops, where they met and were put together for the first time. The major portion of the gun-boats themselves have been furnished by the private shipyards. From half-a-dozen points of the Thames these handy little craft, sometimes in twos and threes, ready rigged and with engines on board, took the water during the last six weeks. At Liverpool, Bristol, Newcastle, Sunderland, Northam, Southampton, and Cowes, this tiny fleet has been fashioned through the long winter nights by the light of gas twinkling between their ribs. Although in outward appearance the boats are all precisely alike, their tonnage, draught, and propelling powers are widely different, as we see in the following table:

				No.	Tons.	Draught of Water. (Light.)		Horse power.	Speed.
						ft.	in.		knots.
Snapper Class	..	..	..	123	233	5	4	60	9½
" Class	..	..	..	3	232	4	10	40	8½
Cheerful Class	..	..	..	20	212	4	3	20	7
Dispatch Boats:—									
Flying-fish Class	..	..	..	3	868	{ from 9½ to 12 feet.		350	} about 13 knots.
Wrangler Class	..	..	..	6	477			160	
Vigilant Class	..	..	..	14	670			200	
Mohawk Class	..	..	..	2	267			80	

These vessels, together with those already in commission which did service in the Sea of Azoff and Baltic last season, bring this stinging little cloud of mosquitoes up to the round number of two hundred mentioned by Sir Charles Wood in his speech in the House of Commons.

The armament of all the gun-boats is alike, namely, two 68-pounders, made to fight fore and aft, with pivots to fire broadside if required. When not in action, the guns, of 96 hundredweight each, are housed in the middle of the deck. Each vessel will be a separate command, and the whole will be formed into four squadrons. The ships of the line, in which the commanders of squadrons will hoist their flags, will serve as nursing-mothers to this light artillery of the sea, which will scour the ocean on every side, returning ever and anon to the parent ship, as chickens return to the maternal wing, for warmth and support, in the shape of coals, food, and ammunition. The great diversity of power, and the difference of draught in these vessels, varying as they do from 20 to 350 horses, and from 5 to 12 feet of water, will make them free of the shallows and inlets of any sea in which their services may be required. Against this ubiquitous and resistless force the Russians had, in the early portion of the year, nothing but row-boats to oppose; and we heard with wonder that the crews of these inefficient craft were armed with lances, and with a curious kind of mace studded with spikes, such as the Scandinavians used when the heroes of the *Nibelungenlied* were in the flesh. The dispatch-boats differ materially from the gun-boats, inasmuch as they are built of iron, with very fine lines, and are designed for speed as well as for fighting; hence they are classed as the light squadron. The swiftest of them are capable of running fifteen miles an hour, and are armed with two Lancaster guns and four 68-pounders, and are not much smaller than the old 36-gun frigates of the last war. In 1850, Messrs. Laird of Liverpool and Mr. Scott Russel of Blackwall built powerful iron vessels, of a light draught, for the Russian and Prussian governments. Their capabilities were reported upon to the Admiralty before they left this country; nevertheless, the war found us entirely destitute, and we entered the Baltic with our huge liners, which were about as well adapted to the shallow waters of that sea

as the life-guards would be to pursue Caffres in the bush. The whole country has witnessed, with mingled feelings of shame and indignation, the paltry attempts of Sir James Graham to throw upon the shoulders of Sir Charles Napier the whole blame of our ignoble promenade in the Baltic in the year 1854. What better could he have done with the means at his command? And whose fault was it that he had no better means? As early as the month of May in that year, the attention of the Admiralty was drawn by Captain Claxton to the fact that Mr. Scott Russel would engage to turn out of hand any number of light-draught gun-boats in ten weeks from the date of the order. That offer was disgracefully refused, on the plea that iron was not approved of as a ship-building material! Why, as a naval authority has well observed, they should have built paper boats, if they could have managed to bring our long-range guns and mortars to bear upon the fortresses of the enemy. Dispatch was the one thing needful. Had Sir James Graham closed with Mr. Scott Russel's proposition, Sir Charles Napier would have got the weapons he wanted, and would not, we predict, have come "bootless home and weather-beaten back," from the campaign of 1854. If there was such an insuperable objection to iron vessels, why, we ask, did Sir James Graham exchange the "Thetis" frigate with the Prussian government for the gun-boats "Nix" and "Salamander," both of this obnoxious material? Early in 1855, the Aberdeen Admiralty was partially forced out of its disgraceful inactivity by the loud calls of the public press for gun-boats; and in order to quiet the storm, one of its members stated in the House of Commons that several had at last been laid down.

When the first was launched, in the summer of 1855, it was found to draw twelve feet of water—a draught which would render it as incapable of running up the shallows of the Baltic as a camel would be of going through the eye of a needle. By the autumn of the same year, the Admiralty managed to build sixteen gun-boats of a more suitable size and sixteen old dockyard lighters were fitted up as mortar-vessels, and sent out to Admiral Dundas. With these, together with the aid of a few mortars and light steamers furnished by the French, the vast stores contained in the arsenal of Swea-

borg, together with the greater part of the town and naval buildings, were destroyed. We have only to learn the performance of this insignificant and hastily-fitted force to read the utter condemnation of Sir James Graham's Admiralty. The mortar-boats, moored at 3700 yards distance, with 400 fathoms of cable to veer upon in case the enemy should get their range, threw 3099 13-inch shell into the Russian stronghold, each shell falling with a force of 75 tons; whilst the sixteen gun-boats, at 300 yards distance, with perfect impunity to themselves, threw into the arsenal 11,200 shot and shell. Under such an infernal rain of iron as our own and the French vessels projected, no wonder that the whole place on the second day was one vast sheet of fire. If with such a limited force we managed to deal so disastrous a blow to the enemy, what might we not have done with the fleet of gun-boats now collected together, in addition to the eighty-odd mortar-vessels, mostly constructed, by-the-bye, of iron? We venture to say that neither Revel nor Cronstadt would have reared their granite fronts above the water twelve hours after they had been bombarded by such a force. We will go further, and assert, with little fear of contradiction, that if a score of these gun-boats had entered, in the autumn of 1854, the Sea of Azoff, the Russian army

would not have been able to have maintained itself in the Crimea through the ensuing winter, and, as a consequence, the flower of our army would have escaped destruction. The first great blow aimed at the power of the enemy was dealt by Captain Lyons; and the most successful of his little fleet was the gun-boat "Recruit," alias the "Nix," which the Prussians had built on the Thames as a pattern for us to go by as early as 1850; and was the identical vessel pointed out by Captain Claxton as an example to be followed in May, 1854. This admirable iron boat destroyed all the military stores at Taganrog, at 1400 yards distance, without the slightest injury to herself. Why, we ask, was this pattern vessel neglected for four years, at a time when all the world knew that by such vessels only, the naval warfare we were engaged in could be carried on? Posterity will sternly ask this question; and Sir James Graham will not be considered to have answered it by his miserable *tu quoque* arguments against a blustering old Admiral. Now it is too late and the horse is stolen, an admirably constructed lock is placed upon the stable-door; now that the just war we have been waging has been strangled by diplomacy, the Channel is covered with flying artillery, which is paraded before the eyes of Europe—just in time to fire a salute in honor of the proclamation of peace!

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## GREAT WITS AND LITTLE STORIES.

"WHEN Rogers"—such was the commencement of a sentence, destined to be drowned for ever in the merriment of a pair of illustrious scape-graces. "When Rogers"—thus far Moore and Byron went over and over again, upon one memorable evening; but what was to have followed never came—a roar of laughter at

each attempt extinguished the sequel. "When Rogers"—a burst of eloquence was supposed to hang upon the words. They were the opening of an epic. What followed ought to have been Homeric. Whatever it was it was strangled at its birth—it died in convulsions. But a time must come for all things—it has come for

Rogers. Nobody need fear that if the sentence "When Rogers" is now begun, it will be cut short by any one, contemporary or survivor. Strong in this conviction, we dare to pronounce the insuperable words, and fill up the chasm that has gaped for forty years.

When Rogers died he left a large property behind him. Part of this was what is commonly called wealth; but the most important portion was a mass of memories, accumulated during seventy years of a literary and London life. Some of these had been converted into memoirs by himself, and might be said to represent the real property of the deceased. Some had been borrowed and treasured up by friends and associates, resembling mortgages and such regular securities. Others again had been long appropriated by the public, and passed freely from hand to hand, like money in the funds; while no small portion still floated airily within the brains of those who had intellectual dealings with the mental *millionaire*, after the manner of unascertained balances on current accounts.

One of these debts has lately been paid in.\* A friend and associate of the clay which once was Rogers has hastened to relieve his estate, his conscience, of the burden upon it. The Rev. Alexander Dyce has refunded in one lodgment the advances made from time to time for so many years, and placed the sum total to the credit of the poet's true executors, the public.

Doubtless the obligation pressed heavily on the reverend gentleman's mind. He felt, in all probability, that the amount he had borrowed had swelled to an alarming sum. With commendable anxiety he has totted his books and brought the balance, vast as it seemed to him, honestly to our credit.

Nobody can object to this proceeding of the Rev. Alexander Dyce. On the contrary, every right-minded person will be inclined to praise him for what he has done. If he but act as conscientiously in all his worldly transactions, he need not dread being brought "to compt" at any future day of settlement.

But while the world will agree in appreciating and commending the reverend

gentleman's motives, there may be considerable difference of opinion as to the amount of the debt, and consequently as to the actual value of what has just been refunded. Samuel Rogers was a banker's son, nay, was a banker himself; and was not likely to under-estimate what he thus deposited in the hands of friendship; especially when he came to know, as he did early, that these successive loans were intended to fructify and to be repaid into the hands of those who were to follow him, with a large accumulation of interest. In point of fact, the whole of what we find here is not much. From Samuel Rogers the poet, the wit, the banker's son, the *millionaire*, it is trifling. There must be a much larger amount coming to us, or we shall feel like legatees who have a right to be disappointed as to the testamentary dispositions of one from whom large expectations were reasonably formed.

What opportunities that man had of collecting memoirs! Perhaps nobody was ever before so favorably circumstanced for the purpose of eliciting, preserving and transmitting good things as the same Samuel Rogers. Born to comparative opulence without the rank which might have brought that opulence to waste—bred with care in habits of mingled industry and learned lucubration—induced to literature by association and to study by habit—thrown early among wits and poets, with whom his tastes and his opportunities enabled him to associate without servility—himself enabled to offer no mean contribution to the stock of his country's literature, escaping nevertheless the ordinary mischances of literary life, and able from first to last to patronize as well as court the muse—living out of one generation in which he learned, through another with which he worked, into a third which he taught—enabled, during all that time, to sit in placid observance, collecting the choice effects of society and social progress into a sort of silent camera obscura, where they were reproduced with a life-like fidelity, just as he collected into various apartments of his house the gems and *chef d'œuvres* of each age, so as to make it an epitome of the wonders and beauties of the world—distinguished, thus gifted, and thus privileged, he might naturally be looked to as himself a cabinet of curiosities illustrative of the times he belonged to. And such, in fact,

\* "Recollections of the Table-talk of Samuel Rogers, to which is added Porsoniana." London: Moxon. 1856.

he was. If the glass through which you view what he has to show has a slight tinge of green, you have only to make due allowance, and be thankful that there are no bull's eyes. The effect upon the objects is not to distort, but to discolor: things appear as they are in reality, faithful to the shape and outline of truth; the light is at fault; and for this a due correction must be made. Indeed, we have only to look at the man, as he has been seen up to a few years ago—as he may still be seen in the fine portraits executed by the master-hands of his day, to account for and rectify these defects. Observe the feeling and appreciative yet wary eye, the firm but lubricated and flexible lip, the smooth sickliness of skin, the delicate reticulation of wrinkle, the slight sneer of nose, the expansion of the not quite noble forehead, the shrunken chest and the raised shoulder, and you will have no difficulty in reading off the man's character. You will expect to find high refinement, polished taste, shrewd appreciation of character, considerable mental and eminent social powers. Along with these you will not look for very lofty qualities, great disinterestedness, high principle, warm philanthropy, generous devotedness, unshaken constancy. Somewhat of the stoic, a little of the cynic, perhaps, will color his philosophy. His thoughts will be often those of Pascal; but the maxims on which his estimate of others will be based will more nearly approach those of La Rochefoucauld.

Let us turn to a contemporary of his. What a contrast to all this was Sydney Smith! If ever there was a man altogether deficient in the acids which go to the composition of our nature, it was this. He was a perfect dairy of human kindness. Loud, boisterous, almost burlesque in his tone and temperament, he had a heart made of true tender stuff; and we cannot choose but love him. A sound head too. A man of vigorous understanding and of varied learning. A high and gallant gentleman, if not a dignified clergyman (even *that* he could be when he chose); he might have risen to any eminence in a convulsed state of political society. Two mistakes were made in Sydney Smith. He ought *not* to have been a churchman, and he ought to have been a Tory. He was doubly out of his place. People may listen patiently to a sermon from a man in a shooting-coat; but a joke in a cas-

sock is not to be endured. And so also it came ill from the luxurious, institution-loving, constitutional, thoroughly aristocratic Englishman to assume the democrat. It became him as ill as the other. Men were outraged when they saw him don the fustian jacket and hob-nailed shoes; identifying himself with Hodge and Humphry. It was not for *him* to do this, though by others it might be becomingly done. Something there was, indeed, in the perfect fairness of his mind, which led him to hate with an instinctive hatred exclusiveness of privilege and tyrannical demeanor from superiors to their inferiors. All this was revolting to him in theory. But in practice he was the gentleman—the member of the dominant caste—the Norman among Saxons, the lord among his serfs. It was absurd, if it escaped being ridiculous, to see a great, luxurious, laughter-loving gentleman like this, assuming the attitude of an injured partisan or trodden-down farm-laborer, and railing in the very caricature of an incongruous sympathy against the class and conduct he represented and practised. Sydney Smith could not *un-tory* his nature. He was born in the purple and could never dye himself any other color in the tan-pits of whiggism. All the virtues and some of the faults and follies of the aristocrat were his. He had done well to avow and dignify them. With all the celebrity attained by this most learned of drôles and grotesque of wits, but little was known of him which could be quoted apart from a laugh or an anecdote, until his daughter, Lady Holland, gave to the world something which may by courtesy be admitted as a memoir,\* calculated to exhibit him in a character more important and personal than that of the "wag who was by." The outline of an amiable and consistent life makes itself visible through the hedge of anecdote which clings to it like a laughing bloom of roses to a parsonage wall. We can discern the solid and durable masonry of character through the clusters that half conceal it. There is, we are enabled to conclude, order and regularity and goodness and charity and principle and piety within, notwithstanding the flexible and flaunting luxuriance

\* "Memoir of the Reverend Sydney Smith, by his daughter, Lady Holland; with Selection from his letters, edited by Mrs. Austin. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longman. 1855.

without. The affection of a daughter has led us through the rustic porch and introduced us to the true economy of the paternal mansion. And, in doing so, she has pointed with no unbecoming pride to the marks, everywhere apparent, of strong sense and sound judgment, guided by the truest taste, presiding inside the walls abandoned on their exterior to the tendrilled mercies of the least dignified of climbing plants. We had known Peter Plymley well, and had laughed at Sydney Smith's dinner-sayings and after-dinner doings; but we have here learned to know, love, and respect the man with whom our intercourse had previously been a joke: we feel that Smith is no longer a modern Joe Miller; he is a laughing philosopher.

But whom have we here, pacing measuredly after the others? A London exquisite, as we live! "Thomas Raikes, Esquire." A great man? some one will ask. Well, great in some respects; great according to circumstances; great north, north-west; great if you consult his own self-estimate. Great, if to rub familiarly with the great constitutes greatness. Some men have greatness thrust upon them. Some put it on for themselves with their great-coat. There he is, in his habit, as he lived. More carefully got up even than Hamlet's father's ghost. A glossy beaver crowns his respectable trim gray locks. A puffy complacency harmonizes respectable features into the semblance of distinction, while the languid droop of eye and over-swelling of dewlap make disclosures of turtle, truffles, and tokay. Over the manly chest buttons tight the most unwrinkled of coats; while the length of the somewhat shaky limb conveys itself through immaculate tweeds into the polish of indubitable Wellingtons. The man has lived and moved and had his dinners in St. James's street, when he has not lived and moved and had his "dinners" in the Faubourg St. Germain, and we can no more imagine him shouldering through the thoroughfares of life, or breasting its obstacles, than we can by any stretch of fancy divine what might be the aspect of that face released from its stock, or the proportions of that form, denuded of the padding, wadding, screwing, lacing, and strapping which constitute it the faultless model of the George the Fourth era.

Now, considering that it was a feather to know him in his day, it is a confession to own that we never laid eyes upon

Thomas Raikes, Esquire, in the flesh. Nor shall we now; seeing that his stock has been taken finally down, and his frock-coat unbuttoned for ever. We have only seen him in lithograph. He stands, his own frontispiece, in the beginning of a book. Indeed, we do not say that it might not be possible, given the book, to argue up to the lithograph, to reconstruct Thomas Raikes, Esquire, out of his own memoirs. The thing might be done, as far as we see, by any careful Cuvier of literature. But it saves a world of trouble to have him got up and put together for us. It enables us, indeed, to understand much of what he has written; and here and there to correct, modify, reject, or adopt dubious matter by the light of the author's own countenance. We refer from Raikes in word, to Raikes in figure, and make our corrections and verifications accordingly. In short, Thomas Raikes' book begins with himself. None but himself can be his frontispiece. He stands before what he has said, like a champion, ready to defend his own assertions.—"I tell a great many stories, and make a great many wonderful disclosures—if you don't believe me, here I am!"

Who was Thomas Raikes! and what is the book about? we fancy we hear some one ask. What! Not know Thomas Raikes? "Not to know him"—you know the rest. But seriously, who was Thomas Raikes? Perhaps the safest reply is to say, that he was nobody. An individual—a person, an identity—a "particulier"—nothing more. He was neither highly born, nor highly educated, nor highly gifted, nor highly fortuneed, nor highly distinguished. Nor was he the reverse of all this. Mediocrity was his essence. He glided through an eventless life, without ruffling its current or his own feathers. He swam down his destined canal, leaving not a ripple and scarcely a wake behind him. What, it may well be asked, then, *can* his book be about? Simply about what he saw, heard, and read; and any body else circumstanced as he was could write a readable book—and we consider his book *very* readable—on the same subject. Fate threw him into the company of great—occasionally of illustrious personages. The want of bristles in his nature, corresponding to the scrupulous beardlessness of his countenance, enabled him to rub against these personages without making himself disagreeably felt. He was sub-

mitted to without objection or suspicion, as a domestic tabby, which passes its affectionate velvet across our legs without exciting so much as a *souppçon* of tooth or claw. With this sleekness were associated a keen perception, a ready memory, and an industrious pen. He was, through life, and in all society, "among them, takin' notes." Here we have in the two volumes before us,\* the first installments of these notes, which will probably run, according to the estimate we are able to make, to a length equalling those of our own genial and journal-making countryman, Thomas Moore.

Nevertheless, Thomas Raikes notes well. We can safely say, if we cannot show it, that he has picked up, at his dinners at Oatlands, and at his suppers in the Rue St. Florentin, crumbs which ought not to have been swept off the table of life into oblivion. And thus we have no hesitation in admitting the less prominent journalizer as the appropriate complement—the *tertium quid*—in this compound of the choicer elements of society in the beginning of the nineteenth century. Truly, among them they *do* make the "*thè complet*" of their time. Tea! Hot, high-flavored, stinging, gossip-growing, scandal-raising, irresistible tea! who is there who does not own thy potent spell? Here is animated tea—written tea, tea of mighty minds and mighty personages—dangerous, explosive, gunpowder tea, thickened with the cream of society—flavored with the sweets of piquancy—irrigated from the fount of stolen waters—all standing ready, only wanting a stir from our silver spoon to be a beverage fit for those divine objects of our worship—the old maids.

Now, what is to be gathered from this fresh three-fold contribution to our stores of amusing and instructive literature? What is the trefoil to produce? Great truths have been taught from the triune leaves ere now. Can we extract small truths from these? We dare not promise it. Carefully have we scanned the volumes lying before us, and conscientiously have we set to work to extract a remunerative amount of instructive material out of them: we have painfully applied the severest tests, chemical, mechanical, logical,

and moral. Yet we are concerned to state that the quantity of actual value which resulted would have passed through a gold-digger's sieve. Thus disappointed, we felt naturally inclined to abandon the task of noticing them altogether. It would be, we felt, both cruel and ungraceful to animadvert with rigor upon this trifling defect in works so favorably received by the public. Why should we set ourselves up in unpopular opposition to the world? Why must we assert ourselves at the risk of becoming gratuitous martyrs? Better be silent and think the more—rather indulge in the luxury of holding our tongue. Besides, there is a satisfaction in being able to know one's self beforehand with the world, in case it should ever come to make the discovery for itself. There is a pride in being able to say, with the poet:

"Omnia percepi atque animo mecum ante peregi."

Fortified with this logic, we had made up our minds to place Rogers, Smith, and Raikes on the shelf side by side, amidst the innumerable multitude of volumes which have passed to their silent sepulchres in our library, when it occurred to us that it might be as well, as we could not instruct the world by means of their pages, to try whether we could not make a few of our friends laugh out of them. It struck us that we had possibly expected too much from these departed worthies. Nay, as our thoughts continued to flow in this vein, we began to suspect that we had made a mistake. We had sunk for ore, where we ought to have bored for water. What right had we to dictate to the poet, the divine, or the dandy, the exact quality of the material he chose to supply to the public? If our adust and melancholic habit prompted us to look for the heavy metal suitable to the workshops of the world, ought we to be offended if there burst up at our feet a gush of brilliant, sparkling, living wit, drenching our morality, and escaping through a thousand channels to reach the haunts and hearts of mankind? We discovered our mistake just in time. The top step of the ladder had been reached, the volumes were on their way to the mausoleum on the highest shelf, when our hand was staid—a relenting smile passed across our face—we came down—the books were restored to the library table—the pen was

\* "A Portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1847: comprising Reminiscences of Social and Political Life in London and Paris during that period. London: Longman, Brown, Green & Longmans. 1856.

resumed, and we set to work. By the time this process had been gone through, we had realized to ourselves the fact that while these three works are deficient in most of those qualities which can give sterling value to literature, and an enduring fame to their authors or heroes, wanting in a connected and continuous interest, defective in character if not in tone and taste, to a great extent destitute of curious, novel, and interesting information, and unennobled by original and comprehensive views of men and society, they possess one merit in common, they are interspersed with odd, quaint, comical stories—with flashes of humor, in fact; and, at a sacrifice of our loftier sensibilities, draw from us, in numberless places, in spite of ourselves, a hearty laugh.

And, after all, what a capital, kindly, honest, jolly, glorious good thing a laugh is! What a tonic! What a digester! What a febrifuge! What an exorciser of evil spirits! Better than a walk before breakfast, or a nap after dinner. How it shuts the mouth of malice, and opens the brow of kindness! Whether it discovers the gums of infancy or age, the grinders of folly, or the pearls of beauty; whether it racks the sides and deforms the countenance of vulgarity, or dimples the visage and moistens the eye of refinement—in all its phases, and on all faces, contorting, relaxing, overwhelming, convulsing, throwing the human form into the happy shaking and quaking of idiotcy, and turning the human countenance into something appropriate to Bully Bottom's transformation—under every circumstance, and everywhere, a laugh is a glorious thing. Like "a thing of beauty," it is "a joy for ever." There is no remorse in it. It leaves no sting—except in the sides, and that goes off. Even a single unparticipated laugh is a great affair to witness. But it is seldom single. It is more infectious than scarlet fever. You cannot gravely contemplate a laugh. If there is one laugher, and one witness, there are forthwith two laughers. And so on. The convulsion is propagated like sound. What a thing it is when it becomes epidemic! Half a dozen laughs round a table is a sight to see. But visit a popular assembly—a great multitude at a hustings, say, or in a theatre. Go to see Buckstone. Observe, if you can keep yourself clear of the infection, the first approach of the throng towards laughing. The irre-

gular, interrupted, confused disturbance, not quite fully participated in, or thoroughly welcome, but spreading, gathering, growing. See an uneasy commotion, as if people were making room amongst each other for an approaching riot, which demands play of elbow. Behold the color mount, the universal visage widen, the general eye glisten as the wizard weaves his spell—be he clad in that irresistible Noah's Ark, or whatever other garb his supreme potency may please to assume. Watch the agitation increasing, the witchery becoming more and more ecstasically dominant, till to each movement, gesture, word, look, the whole mass responds in obedient and simultaneous thunder, and rocks and roars and raves with awful regularity of pulsation, as the billows of mirth burst and surge upon the shore of reason, threatening to tear it into the abyss of madness. And then, as it dies off from sheer exhaustion, ever and anon, as some incontrollable sob relieves one overlabored breast, the paroxysm gains fresh strength, and bursts into wild and wondrous abandonment once more.

In the limited societies amid which he moved, no man who ever lived had the power of exciting this short madness which is not anger, more thoroughly than the reverend divine of Combe Florey, Sydney Smith—unless indeed we except a certain William Bankes, who is fabled to have overpowered even him. "When in good spirits," says one who knew him well, "the exuberance of his fancy showed itself in the most fantastic images and most ingenious absurdities, till his hearers and himself were at times fatigued with the merriment they excited." His biographer relates that on some occasions the servants, forgetting all decorum, were obliged to escape to conceal their mirth. After a story—"Oh, Mr. Sydney!" said a young lady, recovering from the general convulsion, 'did you make all that yourself?' 'Yes, Lucy,' throwing himself back in his chair and shaking with laughter, 'all myself, child; all my own thunder. Do you think, when I am about to make a joke, I send for my neighbors C. and G., or consult the clerk and churchwardens upon it? But let us go into the garden;' and, all laughing till we cried, without hats or bonnets, we sallied forth out of his glorified window into the garden." This glimpse shows as much as any elaborate detail the power of the reverend



Canon of St. Paul's over the risible muscles of his auditory. Although refinement was a frequent attribute of that wit, and strong pungent philosophy and common sense occasionally dignified it, broad joke was its characteristic. Broad, blustering, boisterous fun. The roars he excited were partaken of by himself. Nay, he was chorægus of the cachinnation. He intoned the laugh of which the multiplied response was involuntary and from the heart. There can be little doubt in the mind of any one who has read much of the literature of modern conversation, that of all the brilliant group of talkers of that day, our countryman Luttrell was the one whose observations were most pointed and whose wit was most sparkling. Rogers himself admits this. But in *humor* Sydney Smith stood alone. The humor was fresh, too—you found the *deu* on it, as his friend Mr. Howard remarked. Out of so little, too! Take the following absurdity for instance:

"Talking of absence: The oddest instance of absence of mind happened to me once in forgetting my own name. I knocked at a door in London; asked, 'Is Mrs. B—— at home?' 'Yes, sir, pray what name shall I say?' I looked in the man's face astonished: what name? what name? ay, that is the question; what is my name? I believe the man thought me mad; but it is literally true, that during the space of two or three minutes I had no more idea who I was than if I had never existed. I did not know whether I was a Dissenter or a layman. I felt as dull as Sternhold and Hopkins. At last, to my great relief, it flashed across me that I was Sydney Smith."

Or a still more utterly absurd anecdote:

"I heard of a clergyman who went jogging along the road till he came to a turnpike. 'What is to pay?' 'Pay, sir? for what?' asked the turnpike-man. 'Why, for my horse, to be sure.' 'Your horse, sir? what horse? Here is no horse, sir.' 'No horse? God bless me!' said he suddenly, looking down between his legs, 'I thought I was on horseback.'"

Rogers has continued to pick up, in his talk at table (as Boswellized by the Reverend Alexander Dyce,) some crumbs of the Canon of St. Paul's, dropped from the board. "At one time," he says, "when I gave a dinner, I used to have candles placed all round the dining-room, and high up in order to show off the pictures. I asked Smith how he liked that plan. 'Not

at all,' he replied; 'above, there is a blaze of light, and below, nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth.'"

This is quaint. The next is of doubtful merit. His physicians advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." He asked, "Upon whose?"

Poor, dear old Lady Cork! Well do we remember thee as thou satest amongst the young and light-hearted, using, at a hundred, the efforts of a school-girl to be young and light-hearted as they! Not easily shall we forget the little white bundle of satin and muslin out of which a merry little eye peeped and a cheerful little voice piped, surmounted by a white-plumed turban, suggesting to a wag the resemblance to a shuttle-cock, "all *cork* and feathers." Nor will it quickly pass from our memory the start we gave when the little muffle of gauze sprung up, as the move of the ladies for the dining-room took place, and, leaning upon the arm of the loveliest of hostesses, actually gambolled, with infantine and (apparently) irrepressible *abandon*, to the door! Her heart, all the time, was not quite as young as her ways. "'Lady Cork,' says Smith, 'was once so moved by a charity sermon, that she begged me to lend her a guinea for her contribution. I did so. She never repaid me, and spent it on herself.'"

But Smith's professional jokes were, after all, his happiest. We dare to add, in passing, that, as a rule, the Church admits of a better class of conventional and technical wit than the bar. We feel a pang as we say this; for the vengeance of the long robe is before us; and they have a thousand ways of wreaking it—at this side of the grave, too; which makes a difference. But nevertheless, we must be candid. Whether it is that all men are and must necessarily be familiar with a portion of the technicalities which form the staple of clerical wit; or that the very sense of the impropriety, according to the Duchess de Longueville's theory, enhances the charm, we will not decide: the fact is, in our estimation, incontrovertible. Church wit is universally relished and universally understood. Bar wit is only partially understood, and chiefly appreciated by barristers and those attorneys whom they entertain at dinner.

Let Sydney Smith speak for himself. "I had a very odd dream last night," said he; "I dreamed that there were thirty-nine muses and nine articles; and my

head is still quite confused about them." We can imagine its being a little perplexing to the waking divine to have got the idea, in an after-supper nap, that good old Burnet was the God of the Sun, and Apollo bishop of Sarum.

The few scraps we have been able to give, the reader will see, are chiefly gathered at second-hand from Rogers. We have chosen them as the newest. It is only fair to the Canon Residentiary and laughter-loving Rector of Combe Florey, before turning from him, to relate one among the many traits of generosity of heart which so creditably distinguished him, and secured to him the affectionate regard of the great and good wherever he was known. A wag was he; and as a wag will he descend to posterity; but he was also a philosopher. He wrote, and he preached, and he spoke, and he joked, to the purpose. He was, however, better than all this. He was a man of kind, quick, and tender sensibility. And of this, our parting anecdote, characteristic as it is, shall satisfy the reader. We give it in his own words, as it is contained in a letter to his wife.

"I went over yesterday to the Tates at Edmonton. The family consists of three delicate daughters, an aunt, the old lady, and her son, then curate of Edmonton; the old lady was in bed. I found there a physician, an old friend of Tate's, attending them from friendship, who had come from London for that purpose. They were in daily expectation of being turned out from house and curacy. . . I began by inquiring the character of their servant; then turned the conversation upon their affairs, and expressed a hope the Chapter might ultimately do something for them. I then said: 'It is my duty to state to you (they were all assembled) that I have given away the living at Edmonton, and have written to our Chapter clerk this morning, to mention the person to whom I have given it; and I must also tell you, that I am sure he will appoint his curate. (A general silence and dejection.) It is a very odd coincidence,' I added, 'that the gentleman I selected is a namesake of this family; his name is Tate. Have you any relations of that name?' 'No, we have not.' 'And, by a more singular coincidence, his name is Thomas Tate; in short,' I added, 'there is no use in mincing the matter, you are Vicar of Edmonton.' They all burst into tears. It flung me also into a great agitation of tears, and I wept and groaned for a long time. Then I rose, and said I thought it was very likely to end in their keeping a buggy, at which we all laughed as violently."

There never was a story told which bore on the face of it so palpable a stamp

of truth: the whimsicality of the way in which the disclosure was made; the weeping *and groaning* of the kind-hearted humorist; the quick revulsion, and finale in the common chord of merriment; all this is genuine, and points to the photographic accuracy of the self-narration.

Hydropathists assert that it is good for the human constitution to box one's self up in a vapor-bath, and when one is nearly suffocated, and the pulse is up to a hundred and twenty, to dart out, and plunge into ice-cold water. And thus it may, by some obscure analogy, be wholesome to start from the general philanthropy and overwhelming jocularity of Sydney Smith, and tumble head-foremost into Rogers. Rogers was a frequent visitor at Oatlands, where he often came across Thomas Raikes. Monk Lewis was a great favorite there, it seems. "One day after dinner, as the Duchess was leaving the room, she whispered something into Lewis's ear. He was much affected; his eyes filled with tears. We asked what was the matter. "Oh," replied Lewis, "the Duchess spoke so *very* kindly to me!" "My dear fellow," said Colonel Armstrong, "pray don't cry; I dare say she didn't mean it."

This is good; and we bear the dash of vinegar, in the case of a man for whom we have little respect. It is otherwise when Byron comes on the table. The "table-talk" then begins to be offensive. The truth is, the revelations of modern literature, as one by one the contemporaries of the great bard die and disclose their secrets, offer a startling result. We find here, as in the case of one still less excusable, the further ramification of a wide-spread system of conventional depreciation, which seems to have existed as secretly as the Holy Vehme of Germany, and to have judged and executed with as little remorse. In Moore's case, there was the concurrent treason—the adulation of the book as it proceeded day by day, balanced off by the daily detracting of the journal. We do not find so much fault with Raikes, who speaks of the poet as a man of the world might be expected to do. But here we discover the heartless half-Halifax, half-Dennis of his day—embellishing his table-talk with habitual sneers and inuendoes pointed against the man who had begun by honorably distinguishing him above his contemporaries, who continued to the last to keep his

breast open to him, and of whom he had volunteered to sing:

"Thy heart methinks,  
Was generous, noble—noble in its scorn  
Of all things low or little; nothing there  
Sordid or servile."

How is all this to be accounted for? In one way—and in one only. Moore and Rogers *felt*, and it galled them—what Scott, more generous, *said*, without feeling galled—"Byron *bet* me." Well, it only swells the noble bard's triumph. Of the cannon of a defeated enemy have the grandest monuments been reared to heroes. These little poisoned arrows are not enough to make a pillar of; but they may dangle as trophies over a tomb which called for an epitaph like Swift's: "Save me from my friends;" for thus might it be paraphrased.

Well: now that we have made a clean breast of it, let us try to think no more about it. We wish from our soul that these pleasant, witty, sparkling fellows had not put it upon us to be seriously angry with them for a single instant. It is not our fault, but theirs. We have already forewarned the reader that as far as Sam Rogers is concerned, somewhat of an envious, disparaging temper runs through all this table-talk of his. Perhaps it does not go farther than an absence of real freshness of feeling, where feeling is most ostentatiously paraded. It is the rouge assuming the place of the blush, that offends. A defect, this, which may, after all, let us charitably hope, be partly traced to the reporter, the Reverend Alexander Dyce, who may possibly—we speak without any disparagement to his own temper or principles—have only caught the pointed and poisoned ends of the poet's discourse on the target of his memory, and allowed the harmless shaft and the downy feather to quiver outside.

Nevertheless, it is certain, absence of heart weakens the wit in Rogers' instance as much as its presence in that of Sydney Smith strikingly enhances it. We do, after all, laugh with a heartier abandonment when a slight touch of emotion ripples the fountain of tears. At the same time there are themes in which the heart has no concern: and here we have no fault to find. How well and shortly put is the following, in which the closing parenthesis forms the point!

"An Englishman and a Frenchman having quarrelled, they were to fight a duel; and, that they might have a better chance of missing one another, they agreed that it should take place in a room perfectly dark. The Englishman groped his way to the hearth, fired up the chimney, and brought down the Frenchman. (Whenever I tell this story in Paris, I make the Frenchman fire up the chimney.)"

Talleyrand ought to have been a man after Rogers' own heart. Nobody said such good things as Talleyrand; yet here we have nothing worth recording, as coming from him. A few ordinary remarks and a strange account of Napoleon in a fit constitute the sum total. By the bye, talking of Napoleon reminds us of an anecdote we remember to have heard many years ago related by a witty Scotch baronet, who had served in a regiment of dragoons in the French war, and who happened to visit Paris in 1802, during the short peace. Every one flocked to pay court to the First Consul. Amongst these were numerous English officers, including militia in abundance. Whoever could make an excuse for a red coat, availed himself of it. A gentleman of some property in the neighborhood of Kingston was amongst these, and appeared, his portly person arrayed in the conspicuous uniform of the Surrey militia. As he passed into the presence, Napoleon, not recognizing the dress, put to him the question, "Quel regiment, monsieur?" The Saxon, whose French was more that of "Stratford atte Bowe" than of Paris, felt suddenly at a loss: and after some hesitation stammered out: "Le regiment de Souris? Monsieur." Le regiment de souris," repeated Napoleon, slightly frowning; but the next moment relaxing into a smile, added: "Ah, apparemment c'est une uniforme de fantaisie que vous portez!"

There is something revoltingly characteristic of the man in the frequency with which Talleyrand's thoughts and words turn upon apopleptic fits, sudden palsies, &c. He seems to revel in the convulsions of his friends as much as in those of empires. We all remember the scene at that dinner, where the *gourmet* archbishop had dropped upon his next neighbors's shoulder, and his servant, who was behind his chair, after trying in vain to unclench his master's teeth with a fork, pulled him out of the room to die, while the feast closed over him, and went on. Here we have it, on the same authority, that Napoleon had

a fit at Strasburg, and foamed at the mouth. Raikes gives a choice *bon mot* on the same attractive subject :

"Talleyrand's friend Montrond has been subject of late to epileptic fits, one of which attacked him lately after dinner at Talleyrand's. While he lay on the floor in convulsions, scratching the carpet with his hands, his benign host remarked with a sneer : '*C'est qu'il me paraît, qu'il veut absolument descendre.*'"

It appears that this prince of wits could indeed, like Scarron, jest with visitations of this shocking kind, even in his own person. Lord Stuart de Rothsay related the following anecdote to Raikes :

"The Prince was unwell at Paris, some years ago, but wished to take a journey into the country. Stuart called upon him, and strongly advised him to defer the journey ; which he fortunately did, and in two days afterwards he was seized with a fit, from which he only recovered by severe bleeding. After a few days Stuart paid him another visit, and found him quite well, eating some soup, when Talleyrand said : '*C'est bien heureux que je ne sois pas parti pour la campagne ; je calcule que je serois arrivé à Chartres le jour de ma maladie ; j'aurois de suite envoyé chercher des sangsues chez mon ami l'Evêque ; il est très dévot, il ne m'auroit envoyé que l'extrême onction, et je ne serois pas sûrement ici à manger ma soupe aujourd'hui.*'"

We had hoped to have entered more at our leisure upon Mr. Raikes's volumes, the rather as we wished to make the *amende* for what might appear a too disparaging tone with reference to them, when we first mentioned them. The fact is, they are a great deal better worth reading than one at least of the other books we have been quoting. A fuller insight is given in their pages into the best society of London and Paris twenty years ago, than we remember to have found elsewhere. A diary is scrupulously kept ; and although it is here and there much too frequently eked out by cuttings from the newspapers, there is less of self and more of others than in that of the other journalizer of that day, whose notes have been of late so prominently before the public—we mean Thomas Moore. Thomas Raikes was, as we have said, an undistinguished but regular habitué of the salons and drawing-rooms of London and Paris. In that capacity he saw, heard, read, and wrote diligently. It would be more appropriate to say that he looked, listened, studied, and noted down dili-

gently. He was all eye, ear, and hand ; and, except where his passion for toadyism carried him away, he may be considered as having been a shrewd and competent judge of character. The portion of the journal we have here was written while he lived *en retraite* in Paris. But he seemed all the while to know as much of the *dessous des cartes* of London life as if he was connected with it by the telegraphic wire. How he was blinded by the rays of royalty and aristocracy is abundantly and constantly manifest to any one who reads his book. Those who do not, will be amused by such entries as this. Raikes had just presented the Duke of York with a picture of Louis XV. when a boy. The following was the reply (bad English and all) :

"DEAR RAIKES : I cannot sufficiently thank you for the picture which you have been so good as to send me.

"You do not do it justice in abusing the painting of it ; besides which, I think it extremely curious, and will, I can assure you, be considered by me as a great addition to my collection.

"Ever, my dear Raikes,  
"Yours most sincerely,  
"FREDERICK."

The literary value of this document, as a specimen of the epistolary style, can only be equalled by its worth as a memorial of affection : both may be left to be determined by those who can see with the eyes of Mr. Raikes.

Here is an interesting obituary. It deserves to be placed beside the epitaph of Lady O'Loony.

"Tuesday, 16th April, 1833. A sad, melancholy day. At seven o'clock this morning died my deeply-regretted friend Lord Foley. One short week's illness has carried him to the grave. For twenty-five years have I lived with him in the closest intimacy, and never knew a kinder or more friendly heart than his. The unbounded hospitality of his nature brought him into pecuniary difficulties, which embittered the latter years of his life ; and I very much fear that anxiety of mind contributed to render his last illness fatal. He was of a noble and princely disposition ; a kind, affectionate parent, and a warm friend. He married the sister of the Duke of Linster, and has left eight children. He was lord of the bedchamber, and captain of the band of Gentlemen Pensioners to the present King."

But it will not do to make selections in an invidious spirit. The reader who turns over these volumes will sometimes light upon matter which will interest, amuse,

and instruct him. A good healthy tone of politics pervades the journal. Mr. Raikes was a conservative on principle as well as from personal friendships; and often deals shrewdly with party questions then perplexing the wisest heads in England. But he is best in his *croquis* of character. Nowhere do we find Beau Brummell so freely and delicately sketched as here. He was an intimate of Beau Raikes, who understood his rival thoroughly, yet depicts him with a kindly and unenvious pen. Some of the events recorded are to be found both in the journal and in the Table-Talk. For instance, the Marchioness of Salisbury's death in 1835. Here the wit and the beau exhibit their several peculiarities. Rogers has a sly *souçon* of humor crossing his pathetic. "Ah!" he exclaims, "the fate of my old acquaintance, Lady Salisbury! The very evening of the day on which the catastrophe occurred, I quitted Hatfield; and I then shook her by the hand—that hand which was so soon to be a cinder!" "Thus," says Raikes, musing after his manner, "perished old Lady Salisbury, whom I have known all my life as one of the leaders of *ton* in the fashionable world. She was a Hill, sister to the late, and aunt to the present, Marquis of Downshire." On one point, however, the man of letters and the man of *ton* differ. "She was one of the beauties of her day," says Raikes. "She never had any pretensions to beauty," says Rogers. Both these men were of an age to have been able to judge for themselves. Rogers was thirteen years younger than Lady Salisbury; Raikes was twenty years younger. She retained her youthful appearance, such as it was, to an advanced age; and both knew her early in their lives. Raikes, after describing her adherence to old customs, informs us that after the disfranchisement of the boroughs, her ladyship went by the *sobriquet* of Old Sarum, "with the exception, that to the last she bid defiance to reform." We have heard from another source, that her pride, which was excessive, indulged itself in unmeasured scorn of the Lamb family. This broke out into furious paroxysms when a member of it became premier. It appears that the ancestors of that house, for one or two generations, had been men of business connected with the property of the Cecils. The Dowager, on one occasion, being asked how the Lambs made their money,

replied with magnificent generalization—"By robbing the Lords Salisbury!"

We must quit these pleasant, if not quite satisfactory pages. In the case of the first published of the works we have glanced at, scarcely more could have been looked for than what has actually been given. It was the misfortune of Sydney Smith to have been, in society, what Barham was in poetic literature, a professed drole, who was expected to act up to his character. A misfortune for themselves in each of these instances, for this reason, that both of the men belonged to a profession which refused to license the legitimate performance of their rôle, and possessed talents that might have insured them a more forward place in their respective walks than they could ever attain by bolting into burlesque. The two canons of St. Paul's thus gravitated by their levity, as Horne Tooke said of himself; but, what was worse, deprived the world, the one of a bold and brilliant philosopher and philanthropist, if not a distinguished divine, the other of a rich and harmonious poet. Taking it for granted, then, that Sydney Smith mistook his part in life—perhaps it might be said forfeited his best claims upon our respect, by relinquishing his true and noblest vocation, it could not reasonably be expected that his biographer, with every pious intention, could produce a full continuous flowing narrative of the father's life. Gracefully as Lady Holland, (or rather Lady Holland's mother, for the memoir was composed principally by her, and at her death came into her daughter's hands for publication,) gracefully and feelingly, we say, as the biographer has performed her task, it is easy to see the disadvantages under which she labored—disadvantages, nevertheless, by which the public are not quite losers to a proportionate extent; since the biographical memoir (taken along with the correspondence) may probably be as *entertaining* in its present form, or formlessness, as it would have been had it been drawn from more uniform materials in a more regular way.

We have already explained—at least hinted—in what way Rogers's reminiscences must be considered defective. They do not, indeed, aspire or pretend to be more than a foretaste of what is to come. The public had a right to expect, nevertheless, that these first pressings of the grape should have had at least the average amount of flavor and strength. Can we

believe that such is the case? If we must, then let us not fret ourselves with impatience for what remains. It will not be to-day. We can afford to wait. But there is one hope. These table-sayings are selections, made by another. Let us not pronounce till we hear what the poet-wit has to say for himself. We have seen what memories of him have lived in the brain of a friend. Let us bide our time, and see what his own "pleasures of memory" have been.

In giving to the world any reminiscences, however, of such men as these, an editor cannot make a mistake. As public characters themselves, their lives and thoughts are public property. No apology is necessary for presenting them to the world, in any commonly respectable garb. The same excuse will not serve in a case such as that of the publication of Mr. Thomas Raikes's diary. There was nothing to call it forth. It might have remained in manuscript, in the hands of his family, and the world could not and would not have complained. And consequently, when it does appear, a more rigid rule of criticism must naturally be applied to it than in the other case. It will be

asked—is it presumption, or is it not, that thus prompts the publication of the private journal of a private gentleman, who lived at a period not yet to be treated as historic? The answer to this question will depend upon the contents of the book—how it is written, what it is about. We have already acquitted the editor of blame on this score. We venture to predict that the public will very generally agree in the verdict. With every disposition to vindicate the negative as well as positive rights of readers as regards the matter submitted to them, we have felt justified in pronouncing that the student of life and manners would have been a loser had this journal been withheld. It forms a pleasant and readable addition to the stock of individual experiences on which a general estimate of the tone and temper and complexion of English and French polite society within the last twenty years will have some day to be made. With all its faults and some shortcomings, it enables us to commend, as we do, the zeal of the editor which has forced through these discouraging circumstances into print a private diary not undeserving of public notice.

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From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## S T A R S   A N D   S P A C E .

WHEN the star-shepherds (astronomers) of olden Greece kept nightly watch upon the twinkling flock that strayed or rested in the unmeasured fields of dark immensity, their eyes often turned in wonder upon a stream of "milky" light, that mysteriously engirdled the star-sown space as with a belt or zone. As these early observers possessed a language that was richer than their science, they found a very happy name for this interesting object, although they could not determine any thing concerning its nature: they called it *Galaxias kuklos*, or "the Milky

Circle;" and this designation proved to be so appropriate and full of force, that it has remained in favor with star-craftsmen even to the present time. Whenever the living successors of the early astronomers—observers who have gone far towards interpreting the mysteries that so puzzled their predecessors—wish now, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, to allude to this remarkable circlet of the nocturnal sky, they still recur to the expressive epithet conferred upon it by the Greeks, and speak of it as the "Milky Way," or "Galaxy."

But the star-craftsmen of modern times, having caught a glimpse of mysterious gleams, do not sit down and wonder at them, as the old star-shepherds did; they, on the contrary, open their eyes to a million times their natural size, and then, with these wonderfully enlarged organs of vision, they look into the mysteries, and detect in their depths meaning and purpose. Sir William Herschel made his eye four feet wide, three-quarters of a century ago, in order that he might scrutinize this milky stream of the sky; and with his organ of vision thus rendered telescopic, or "far-seeing," he discerned in it stars by hundreds of thousands. Upon one memorable occasion, he counted no less than 50,000 stars in a small strip of it not more than thirty times the breadth of the full-moon. In that narrow region, therefore, he saw twelve times as many stars as the unaided eye perceives in the entire heavens. Here, then, is the explanation of the phosphorescence of the Milky Way: it is composed of myriads of stars, withdrawn so far from the eye into the remoteness of space, that the entire light of the collective host is blended into one faint misty gleam, that is almost upon the point of vanishing from unaided human vision, even when contemplated in contrast with the utter blackness of night's deep shadow. A "galaxy" is a mighty star-host, banded together in thickly serried ranks, but so confused with each other in extreme distance, that the several ranks and individuals are alike incapable of being distinguished. It is the "sheen of their spears" alone that glances to the earth.

Of the army of stars that stands guard round man's dwelling-place, some four or five thousand are visible to the naked eye: these are the nearer lines of the wonderful armament, resting within the scope of the short-sighted human organ of vision. But let it be imagined, that whilst man and his ponderous earth hang upon nothing in the void, as they do—balanced by the Almighty hand—these four or five thousand stars are drifted away to join their companions in the milky zone; and, next, let it be further conceived that they do not stop even there, but that they and the milky zone then float onwards, deeper and deeper into the far-stretching realms: then the entire form of light would be gathered up, as it was removed further and further, into smaller and narrower dimensions. From a wide and long stream, it would

first be dwarfed into a narrow patch; then this patch would dwindle into a speck; and at last it would be a filmy something, seen and yet not seen, cheating the sharpest eye, and floating nevertheless as a dream of a vision hardly beyond its reach. If, however, a large telescope were now directed towards this "dream of a vision," it would again become a vision, as large perhaps as a fourpenny piece, and as bright, on the dark field of the midnight sky, as the faintest whiff of curl-cloud that the eye ever discerned on the blue canopy of a summer's day. The stars would all have been absorbed into the "galaxy," and this galaxy would then be seen from without, instead of from within. It would be contemplated as a curious miniature, hung upon the black walls of space, instead of being surveyed as a glorious surrounding panorama. Such, then, is the remote and external aspect of a star-galaxy.

But how, if the deep black walls of space are really hung by a series of such galactic miniatures? How, if the sable curtains that infold the earth are really the draperies of a picture-gallery, in which star-systems are exhibited by hundreds to telescopic gaze? Such really is the case. The magical telescope of the present day not only sees stars by myriads in the Milky Way, but out far beyond, in other directions, it contemplates other wondrous star-groups, completely encompassed by the void, and cut off from each other, as from the star-firmament of man's nocturnal sky, by chasms of absolute desolation and emptiness—*islands without number* on the broad ocean of the infinite; archipelagoes of the unfathomable depth, separated by intervals of all but inconceivable vastness. Not less than *four thousand* such galaxy miniatures have now been marked and numbered in the catalogues of the star-exhibition; all of them forms that are familiarly known, and that can be identified at any instant by the zealous exhibitors who have constituted themselves their enumerators; and more are continually presenting, as telescopes of the highest power are directed to fresh regions of research.

But, although of almost inconceivable extent, the intervals that lie between these shining islands of the void are not immeasurable: an approximate idea of their vastness has been realized by science. The measure, however, that is used in the estimation is of a very novel kind: it starts with

the circumference of the great earth as its standard unit; but it very soon finds that this unit is all too small for the work that is on hand, and so converts this into a term of a much higher order. The terrestrial sphere is 25,000 miles round; it would take a railway carriage, travelling continuously at the rate of 100 miles every three hours, one month to encircle it. Such a material vehicle cannot be transported to the nearest star, as there are no railways laid down through space; but there is a messenger that habitually performs this journey, and that gives intelligible indications of the rate of its progress whilst doing so. Light-beams pass from star to star through the intervening chasms, and unite the whole by a net-work of connection. It is by means of such light-beams that information is brought to the earth of the existence of these surrounding bodies. These light-beams flash along in their progress so rapidly, that they go eight times as far again in a second as the railway carriage does in a month. As far as mere speed is concerned, they are able to put a girdle eight times round the earth while a common clock makes a single beat. Can it be ascertained, then, how long the light-beam that comes from the nearest star, to tell of its existence, has to spend upon the journey? because if it can, this may give an elementary expression that will prove to be manageable in yet higher computations. By converting twenty millions of units that are determined by periods of steam-speed, into one unit that is determined by light-speed, a new comprehensive span is obtained, that may certainly be used as a link in a very long chain indeed. Since light goes eight times as far in a second as steam-carriages do in thirty-one days, the speed of light is better than twenty millions of times as great as that of steam.

The sun is 3800 times as far again from the earth as the earth is round. This distance is so great, that it would take a railway carriage, moving at the rate of 100 miles every three hours, 330 years to get through it; but the earth itself, travelling with the speed of better than 68,000 miles per hour, gets through a journey of a like extent—that is, ninety-five millions of miles—in something like two months. The earth sweeps through ninety-five millions of miles in this interval. Suppose, then, some clever surveyor were to take advantage of this movement of the earth,

and were to make an observation upon some remarkable star on two different occasions, when he was in situations of space ninety-five millions of miles asunder, he would then, on the two occasions, look at the star along lines which converged together to meet at the star, but which were separated from each other at their further extremities by a line ninety-five millions of miles long. Now, if the surveyor could find how great or how small the degree of convergence was by which these lines approached each other; or, in other words, if he could make out how far they had to go before they met at the star, he would obviously know how far the star is away. This clever piece of star-surveying has really been successfully performed. The nearest star is at least 200,000 times further away than the sun. In the triangle formed for the purpose of the survey, the two long lines run 200,000 times farther than the length of the base separating them before they meet. The light-beam comes from the sun to the earth in eight minutes and a quarter, but it must consume *three years and a quarter* upon its journey before it can arrive from the nearest star.

But the nearest star is only on the inner confines of the vast star galaxy; the space that it takes the flash of light three years and a quarter to traverse, is nevertheless but a little space, almost swallowed up in the immensity by which it is surrounded. By the application of another principle, Sir William Herschel convinced himself that the most remote stars of the Milky Way are 750 times as far again away as the nearest one. In making this estimate, he gave up *surveying* and its proceedings, as no longer of any avail in the task in hand, and he took to *sounding* the vast depths before him in its place. First, he ascertained, by experiments on the way in which light is weakened by increasing distance, that if the nearest star were withdrawn until ten times its present distance, it would appear like the faintest star that can be discerned by the naked eye. He next satisfied himself, that if the star were yet again withdrawn to seventy-five times that distance, it would still be seen by a telescope, with an aperture eighteen inches across, as a faint star. Then, knowing that he could see myriads of such faint stars in the Milky Way, when he employed a telescope of this dimension in seeking them, he at once arrived at the conclusion, that those stars were seventy-five times



ten times as far again off as the star from which light-beams come in three years and a quarter. These stars consequently twinkle in a region so stupendously remote, that even the flashing light-beams cannot reach the earth from them—when sent upon its telescopic mission of revealing their existence to man—in a less period than 2625 years. The astronomer, looking through his wonderful tube, now sees those stars by means of light that started off from them on its errand of revelation to his eye when Rome and Jerusalem were both in their early glories, and ruled by their kings.

By an extension of the same ingenious reasoning, it has been determined that the external galaxies are themselves many times more distant than the remotest stars of the Milky Way. Sir William Herschel found that a star-group, consisting of 5000 individuals, would have been discerned in the midnight heavens, by the help of his large four-feet wide telescope, as a faint speck of light, if 300,000 times as remote again as the nearest star in the firmament. As, therefore, numbers of such faint specks of light were visible to the glance of this noble instrument, he inferred that those specks were star-galaxies thus far away; that they were really star-groups, so far off that light-beams could only flash from them by a passage of close upon a million of years. The recent discoveries of Lord Rosse have gone a long way to confirm the sagacious deductions of the illustrious astronomer of the eighteenth century. In his still more gigantic instrument, many of Sir William Herschel's faint specks are now seen as glorious masses of stars, clustering round each other as thick as bees in a dense swarm. The leviathan telescope of Lord Rosse, which has accomplished this interesting result, opens its

enormous pupil with something like an 80,000-eye penetrating power; and pierces as far again into remoteness as the great telescope of Sir William Herschel did. Still, it seems only to have carried human vision a comparatively trifling and unimportant step nearer to the bounds of universal space; for there, upon the new horizon which its penetrating glance brings into sight, fresh faint specks of starless light loom, as intractable and irresolvable to its powers as the old ones were before. The veteran philosopher, Baron Humboldt, a very high authority in these matters, after a deliberate consideration of all the circumstances concerned, has placed his belief upon record in the pages of *Cosmos*, that some of these specks reveal themselves to the observer by means of light-beams which started from them *millions of years ago*. And so again, in all probability, still larger telescopes, that would discern stars in these specks, would still find other specks beyond them which have never yet presented themselves to human vision. Such is the universe which astronomical science now calls upon the intellect of man to recognize; a scheme in which star-systems, each composed of myriads of orbs, are as numerous as the stars themselves are in the glorious firmament of night, and in which these star-systems are distributed through an expanse that flashing light cannot cross in millions of years, although it can circle round the earth, seemingly so vast, eight times in a second! To an intelligence that has been made capable of fathoming these depths, and comprehending these results, the universe really presents itself as "unfinished" or "infinite." "Infinity" properly means that which is not finished or bounded (*infinitus*) within the scope of human investigation or research.

From the Quarterly Review.

## T H E H A L D A N E S . \*

THIS work, though clumsily executed, and without pretence to literary merit, is yet neither uninteresting nor unedifying. It is a biography of two noble-minded men, whose character we cannot but venerate, even when their actions furnish warning rather than example. It has been said of the saints and worthies of the Old Testament, that whatever were their defects, and however far they fell short of the standard of Christian virtue, yet they were all distinguished by this characteristic—that they lived for God and not for self—they walked by faith and not by sight. The same praise can truly be given to the heroes of this biography, whose piety, indeed, in many important points, belonged rather to the Judaic than to the Evangelic type. It may be that their zeal for God was not altogether according to knowledge; it may be that their religion, though pure, was hardly peaceable; it may be that they did not join to their faith wisdom, nor to wisdom patience, nor to patience charity. They inherited the traditions of the Scottish Puritans, and the milk of human kindness in their bosoms may have been curdled by the acidity of their hereditary creed. But nevertheless, their life and energies were given wholly and unreservedly to God's service. They devoted their labors and their substance to promote the cause which they believed the cause of truth. They lived as they taught, and preached nothing they did not practise. And therefore, a Mammon-serving generation may well profit by their example and venerate their memory.

Robert and James Haldane were the sons of a captain in the East-India Company's merchant-service, who inherited a property, near Stirling, which had been purchased early in the reign of George III., by his uncle, who was also the commander

of an East-Indiaman. The latter having returned from India with a fortune bought the estates of the ancient family of Haldane, and took their name.\* He left the estate of Airthrey in Stirlingshire to his above-named nephew James, the father of our heroes.

His two sons were left orphans by the death of their father and mother, at an early age. Upon this circumstance their biographer has the original remark, that—

“The union of parent and child is a bond, of which it has been finely said, that it strengthens with life, acquires vigor from the understanding, and is sealed and made perfect in the community of love. *Once severed, it is a tie too sacred and holy to be renewed.*”—P. 14.

The last assertion is certainly indisputable where (as in the present case) the death of both parents renders the existence of stepfather or stepmother an impossibility.

The boys were educated under the care of their uncle, Captain Duncan, afterwards well known as Admiral Duncan, and raised to the peerage for his services. Under his auspices Robert Haldane (who is the chief subject of the biography before us) entered the navy in 1780, at the age of fifteen.

In the following year he joined the *Foudroyant*, then commanded by Captain Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent; and was engaged in the celebrated midnight action in which that officer took the *Pégase*, a French ship of the line. Robert Haldane distinguished himself by his courage and coolness in the engagement, and was selected by Captain Jervis to accompany the lieutenant who took possession of the French ship after she had struck.

In 1782, while the grand fleet, which

\* *The Lives of Robert Haldane of Airthrey, and of his Brother, James Alexander Haldane.* By ALEXANDER HALDANE, Esq. Fourth Edition. London. 1855.

\* His former name is not mentioned, but as he was only connected with the old family of Haldane by the half-blood, we infer that he must have changed it. But we shall revert to this subject at the conclusion of our article.

was to relieve Gibraltar, was lying at Spithead, our young midshipman witnessed the loss of the *Royal George*. From the deck of the *Foudroyant* he was watching through a telescope the operation of heeling the great ship over when suddenly she capsized, filled, and sank, with twelve hundred souls on board. The boats of the *Foudroyant* were instantly manned and pushed off to save the drowning multitude, one of them being in the charge of Robert, who distinguished himself by his zeal and activity in rescuing some of the victims of this great catastrophe.

The naval and military power of England had at that epoch reached their nadir; Gibraltar was besieged by the combined armies and navies of France and Spain, and its capitulation was daily expected. The loss of the *Royal George* was felt even as a national calamity, diminishing as it did the strength of that British fleet, which was already unequal in number to the enemy. On the 11th of September, Lord Howe sailed with only thirty-four ships of the line, to relieve a fortress which was blockaded by fifty. A storm partly reduced this disparity of force, and the enemy having put to sea to the westward of the Rock, the British fleet contrived, by a skillful manœuvre, to sail round them, and entered the Bay from the eastward, carrying the convoy safely into Gibraltar, to the inexpressible relief of the starving garrison. In this manœuvre the *Foudroyant* was the leading ship.

During the return of the fleet to England, an incident occurred which tested the character of Robert Haldane. His ship was in full chase of a Spanish first-rate, and carrying a press of canvas, when he was ordered to take his post on the fore-top-gallant mast, and remain on the look-out till recalled. The mast sprung, and as there was no order to come down he expected at every blast to be hurled into the sea. Another midshipman who was with him, thought himself justified in descending to a safer position. But Haldane (like young Casabianca at the battle of the Nile) refused to quit his post, acting on his captain's maxim, 'Never make a difficulty in obeying orders.' He therefore stood fast, with one old seaman beside him, who advised him to lay hold of the lower parts of the ropes, so that when the expected plunge should come there might be a better chance of keeping

hold of the mast with their heads uppermost. At this moment there arose a cry of "a man overboard;" upon which the captain gave orders to shorten sail; and then first discovering the danger of those on the look-out, instantly relieved them from their perilous position.

This was the last adventure in the brief nautical career of our hero; the peace, which immediately followed, put an end to the promise of professional excitement and success, and, at the age of nineteen, he quitted the navy. The next two years he spent in a continental tour; and upon attaining his majority, he married, and settled down on his property as a country gentleman.

But he was not destined to the life of an ordinary squire; and even during the first ten years after he took possession of his estate, though he lived in the country and devoted himself to rural pursuits, his energetic character and vehement force of will found means to display themselves. He took to landscape gardening, and determined to make Airthrey the prettiest park in Scotland. Wood and water were both requisite for this object, and he had neither; but he resolved to get both, and he got them. He excavated an artificial lake, to which he sacrificed many acres of his best pasture, and into this he conducted distant brooks from among the hills. Timber, too, he obtained, with equal determination to triumph over nature, by transplanting full-grown trees of eighty years old to the sites where he chose to have them. He seems to have set the earliest example of this method of transplantation, which Sir Walter Scott and others afterwards successfully adopted. In a letter dated June, 1788, he writes of it as follows:

"The trees I transplanted are full-grown ones of about eighty years old. This is their second year, and they are doing as well as I could wish. Indeed, from the manner in which I transplanted them, I had little fear of their doing well, from the first, as the whole root was always taken along with them, which, from its weight, kept them perfectly steady, and afford the same nourishment as before. I measured one of the roots, which is about forty-five feet in circumference."—P. 39.

Besides these greater feats of gardening, he made walks through the glens, built gazaboos on the crags, and finally erected a hermitage, "on the model of the

woodland retreat to which Goldsmith's Angelina is led by the taper's hospitable ray."

"The wicket opening with the latch, the rushy couch, the scrip with herbs and fruit supplied, and all the other sylvan articles of furniture described by the poet were there; whilst on the sides of the adjacent rock, or within the hut itself, were painted, at proper intervals, the invitation to the houseless child of want to accept the "guiltless feast, the blessing, and repose."—P. 38.

Nay, feeling the hermitage incomplete without its tenant, Mr. Haldane actually advertised in the newspapers for a real live hermit, specifying the conditions, which were strictly in accordance with Goldsmith's ballad, including the prohibition of animal food. He received many applications in answer; but there was one condition which proved too unpalatable to be swallowed by any one. This was not the diet, but the solitude enforced; no one was found willing to pledge himself to spend his life without ever quitting the hermit's wood. We mention this anecdote the rather because it shows that, in his youth, Mr. Haldane was not altogether destitute of a sense of humor. From such trifling pursuits, however, he was roused by that trumpet call which woke Europe from its slumber. The French Revolution first called out the whole latent earnestness of his character. In common with most of the ardent and generous minds of his own generation, he hailed the dawn of liberty in France with sanguine enthusiasm. Writing at a later period of his then feelings he says:

"A scene of melioration in the affairs of mankind seemed to open itself to my mind, which I trusted would speedily take place in the world, such as the universal abolition of slavery, of war, and of many other miseries that mankind were exposed to."—P. 79.

These hopes he continued to entertain even after the sanguinary excesses of the Reign of Terror, which, he tells us, he then ascribed "solely to the state of degradation to which the minds of the French had been reduced during the ancient despotic government." He was therefore a determined opponent of the war with France; and he showed his courage and independence by openly maintaining his opinions in opposition to the government at a time when (particularly in Scotland) it required

no little nerve in any man to avow such doctrines, exposing him, as they did, to political suspicion, and social excommunication. Special sensation was excited by a speech which he made at a meeting of the freeholders of the county of Stirling, in July, 1794, held to consider the propriety of arming corps of volunteers. The following is part of a summary of this address, which he afterwards published:

"I then delivered my opinion upon what I conceived the impolicy and injustice of the war. I afterwards described what I considered to be the true character of a person properly called a democrat—as a friend of his country, a lover of peace, and one who cherished the sentiments of general benevolence; and contrasted it with that of persons who held opposite sentiments, who were desirous of hugging their prejudices, and of adapting the maxims of government belonging to the seventeenth to the end of the eighteenth century, a period so much more enlightened. . . . I then declared to the freeholders that I thought they would have been much better employed had they been meeting to consider how all abuses that were generally allowed to be such might be reformed."—Pp. 81, 82.

It is easy to imagine the indignant clamor which must have been excited in Scotland, at that epoch of alarm, against a man of property who openly gloried in the name of democrat.

It was not long, however, before he was led, by the course of events, to abandon his dream of human perfectibility. He saw that the miseries of man lay too deep to be remedied by revolutions; yet this conviction did not cause his enthusiasm to subside into Epicurean indifference. On the contrary, it led him to raise his aspirations to higher objects, to rise from earthly politics to the city of God, and to seek for that perfection in things eternal which he had vainly thought to witness in things temporal. He himself describes the change which was thus wrought in his religious sentiments:

"Before the French Revolution, having nothing to rouse my mind, I lived in the country, almost wholly engaged by country pursuits, little concerned about the general interests or happiness of mankind, but selfishly enjoying the blessings which God in his providence had so bountifully poured upon me. As to religion, I contented myself with that general profession which is so common and so worthless, and that form of godliness which completely denies its power. . . . When politics began to be talked of, I was led to consider every thing anew. I eagerly caught at them, as a pleasing speculation. As a feeling

phantom they eluded my grasp. But missing the shadow, I caught the substance; and while obliged to abandon these confessedly empty and unsatisfactory pursuits, I obtained in some measure the solid consolations of the Gospel. So that I may say, as Paul concerning the Gentiles of old, *He was found of me who sought Him not.*"—P. 84.

At the same time his biographer informs us that the coldness shown towards him by the gentry on account of his politics, threw him more into the society of some of the best of the Presbyterian clergy, whose conversation made a deep impression upon him; and this impression was increased by intercourse with his younger brother, whose mind had also been awakened at this time to a more intense consciousness of spiritual truth. It should be added that the early instruction received from a pious mother had never been effaced from his recollection, and now the seed which she had sown sprang up and bore fruit abundantly: for Robert Haldane was not a man to do any thing by halves. When once he had determined in his mind that religion was the one thing needful, he did not hesitate or waver between God and Mammon. He chose his service and his master once for all, and abode by his choice to the end.

"Christianity," he said himself, "is every thing or nothing. If it be true, it warrants every sacrifice to promote its influence. If it be false, then let us lay aside the hypocrisy of professing to believe it."

The first manifestation of his zeal was shown by an almost literal compliance with the precept, "sell that thou hast, and follow me." The proximate cause of this determination was the deep impression made upon him by the early accounts of the Serampore mission, which had then recently been established by Carey and a few other apostolic emissaries of the English Baptists. On reading their simple narrative, he says:

"It immediately struck me that I was spending my time to little profit, whilst, from the command of property which, through the goodness of God, I possessed, I might be somewhere extensively useful. . . . I had seen the accounts of the Baptist mission in Bengal, which pointed out both the condition of the natives as destitute of the Gospel, and also the wide, promising field then opened for the exertions of Christians. A strong desire occupied my mind to engage in the honorable service. The object was of such magnitude that, compared with it, the affairs of time appear-

ed to sink into nothing; and no sacrifice seemed too great in order to its attainment."—P. 91.

Animated with such feelings, he determined to sell his estate in Scotland, and devote the proceeds to the establishment of a mission among the Hindoos living under British government. It is probable that in choosing this special object of Christian benevolence, he was influenced partly by the fact that his property had been purchased by money accumulated among these oriental idolators, and perhaps (for such was the popular impression concerning all large fortunes made in India during the last century) wrung from the wretched natives by oppression and cruelty. It might have seemed to him, therefore, that, in devoting the price of his estate to their spiritual benefit, he was in some measure redeeming the past, as well as consecrating the future.

However this may be, he decided on devoting his life and substance to the evangelization of India, and after taking six months to deliberate, lest he should act precipitately, he parted with his estate of Airthrey for this holy purpose. His design was to embark, accompanied by a band of brother missionaries, together with all the means and appliances necessary for translating and printing versions of the Scriptures. To this end he engaged the services of Mr. Ritchie, a printer in Edinburgh, with a staff of assistants, to act as catechists and schoolmasters; and he selected three eminent and pious clergymen of the Scottish Kirk, Dr. Innes, Mr. Bogue, and Mr. Ewing, to share his labors among the heathen, and especially to devote their literary and theological attainments to the task of translation. Upon each of these ministerial coadjutors he undertook to settle 3500*l.*, as a compensation for the sacrifice of their professional prospects. Besides this, he was to defray all the expenses of the outfit, voyage, and establishment of the missionaries. And to secure the mission from the consequences of his own death, he proposed to invest a further sum of 25,000*l.* in the names of trustees. Benares, the holy city of Brahminism, he chose with characteristic boldness as the scene of his future labors.

But before finally embarking his fortune in this noble enterprise, he determined to obtain the sanction of the Indian Government. For this purpose he ad-

dressed himself to Mr. Dundas, then President of the Board of Control; and likewise, in conjunction with his clerical co-adjutors, petitioned the Court of Directors for their license. The latter petition, by a strange oversight, is not given in this biography; but it was no doubt identical in substance with their second petition to the same body, presented after the failure of the first, which runs as follows:

"If we obtain leave from your Honorable Court, we propose to go out to Bengal with our families, to take a few persons with us as catechists, and to settle in a part of the country which may be found most convenient, both on account of a healthful situation and for furnishing opportunities of communicating instruction to the natives. When we have made ourselves masters of the language, we design to employ our time in conveying the knowledge of Christianity to the Hindoos and Mahometans by translating the sacred Scriptures for their use, by conversation, and by erecting schools to be kept by the catechists for teaching the children the first principles of religion. Such is our object, and we have sufficient funds for its support.

"The favor we ask of you, gentlemen, is leave to go out to Bengal, and protection there while we demean ourselves as peaceable subjects of the government and good members of the community."—P. 108.

It now seems strange that there could be a possibility of the refusal of such a petition. But in those days there was nothing so dreaded and abhorred by the Mammon-loving merchants who swayed the destinies of India as an attempt to Christianize their unhappy subjects. The danger of upsetting their government by offending the superstition of the natives was their favorite bugbear. And every copper-colored nabob who returned from the banks of the Ganges was a new and eager witness to prove the madness of interfering with the monopoly of Juggernaut. Just before this period (in 1793), when the new charter was granted to the Company, Mr. Wilberforce had carried in the House of Commons a resolution asserting the duty of "promoting, by all just and lawful means, the religious improvement of the natives." He had also obtained the insertion of clauses in the charter for establishing schoolmasters and chaplains throughout India. But the Court of Directors protested, and the clauses were struck out on the third reading of the Bill. There was, therefore, from the first, but little chance that the

Directors would sanction such a project as Mr. Haldane's by any official consent; although they might, perhaps, have given it their tacit toleration if he had gone without asking their leave. Accordingly, he received from the Board, in due time, the following answer to his petition:

"GENTLEMEN: The Court of Directors of the East-India Company have had under consideration your letter of the 29th ult., requesting permission to proceed to India with your families, and reside in the Company's territories, for the purpose of instructing the natives of India in the knowledge of the Christian religion. And I have received the Court's commands to acquaint you, that, however convinced they may be of the sincerity of your motives, and the zeal with which you appear to be actuated in sacrificing your personal convenience to the religious and moral purposes described in your letter, yet the Court have weighty and substantial reasons which induce them to decline a compliance with your request. I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"W. RAMSAY, Secretary.

"To Robert Haldane, Esq.

"The Rev. D. Bogue.

"The Rev. G. Ewing."—(P. 107.)

This was exactly such an answer as might have been expected, and only worthy of a confederation of traders who, regarding the world as one big market, without the least relation to moral and religious influences, were resolved to govern a mighty empire on the lowest principles of commercial speculation. They had truly, as they said, "weighty and substantial reasons" for defending the shrine of Juggernaut; the same reasons which made Demetrius the silversmith so eager to maintain the idolatry of Diana—the true and only object of adoration in both cases being the great god Mammon, "whom all Asia and the world worship-peth."

Under these circumstances, and after a second application had met with a second refusal, Robert Haldane gave up his design. He might, no doubt, have gone out, as the Baptist missionaries had already done, without the official consent of the Company. This course might have been expected from his uncompromising character, and was recommended to him by some of his advisers. His reasons for not adopting it are not explained in the biography before us; but whatever they were, we may be very sure that they were not such as are suggested by his biographer, who seems utterly incapable of comprehending

the unworldly character and aims of those whose actions he records. Mr. Haldane, he tells us,—

"was not disposed thus to peril his property, his time, or his character, on such a foolish errand (!). It was one thing for a few *obscure* but noble-hearted men, like him who was sneered at as 'the consecrated cobbler' [Dr. Carey], to *steal into a Danish settlement at Serampore* and begin those translations of the Bible which have already shaken the superstition of India to its foundations. It was quite another for a man of *position to devote a fortune to an object*," &c.—P. 97.

On behalf of Robert Haldane's memory, we repudiate the attribution to him of any such low-minded self-exaltation. We are very sure that he did not plume himself on his "*position*" or his "*fortune*," or shrink from sharing the risks and humiliations of Carey and his companions. His motives for receding from the enterprise were probably in part that he was unwilling to subject his mission to the risk of destruction by the active opposition of the Indian Government, which might, perhaps, have been provoked by the great scale on which he proposed to operate. But the principal cause of his abandonment of missionary labor abroad is to be found in the fact, that during the discussion of and preparation for this undertaking his attention had been called to the need which existed for missionary labor at home. He began to doubt whether, in deserting Scotland for India, he might not be forsaking a certain for an uncertain field of usefulness. And he took the refusal of the Indian Directors as a Providential intimation that he was called to labor for the spiritual benefit of his fellow-countrymen.

To understand this alteration in his views, we must give some explanation of the state of the Scottish Church as it existed at the end of the last century—a period which has been called *the midnight of the Kirk*. The *Moderate* party, as they were termed, had then supreme rule in the Assembly. Their leaders were more than half suspected of infidelity; and the bulk of the party were applying in practice the principles of their chiefs. The ordinary class of ministers are thus described, with the fidelity of an eye-witness, by their brother-presbyter, Dr. Hamilton of Strathblane, in his autobiography:

"The parishes were occupied by the pupils of such divines as Simpson, Baillie, and Wight.

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Many of them were genuine Socinians. Many of them were ignorant of theology as a system, and utterly careless about the merits of any creed or confession. They seemed miserable in the discharge of every ministerial duty; they eagerly seized on the services of any stray preacher who came within their reach. When they preached, their sermons generally turned on honesty, good neighborhood, and kindness. To deliver a Gospel sermon, or preach to the hearts and consciences of dying sinners, was as completely beyond their power as to speak in the language of angels. And while their discourses were destitute of every thing which a dying sinner needs, they were at the same time the most feeble, empty, and insipid things that every disgraced the venerated name of sermons. The coldness and indifference of the minister, while they proclaimed his own aversion to his employment, were seldom lost on the people. The congregations rarely amounted to a tenth of the parishioners; and one half of this small number were generally, during the half-hour's soporific harangue, fast asleep. They were free from hypocrisy; they had no more religion in private than in public. They were loud and obstreperous in declaiming against enthusiasm and fanaticism, faith and religious zeal. Their family worship was often confined to the Sabbath; or if observed through the week, rarely extended to more than a prayer of five or three minutes. But though frightfully impatient of every thing which bore the semblance of seriousness and sober reflection, the elevation of brow, the expansion of feature, the glistening of the eye, the fluency and warmth of speech, at convivial parties, showed that their heart and soul were there; and that the pleasures of the table, and the hilarity of the light-hearted and the gay, constituted their paradise, and furnished them with the perfection of their joy."—P. 122.

The above description is illustrated by the account of a clerical dinner given by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, to which Mr. Haldane was invited about this time. He went, hoping for spiritual, or at least rational conversation. Instead of this, the company were treated to bacchanalian songs, the wit of which consisted in absurd allusions to their own ministerial functions. The burden of one song was the prescription of "a bumper of Nottingham ale" to be taken in the pulpit at the different stages of a Presbyterian discourse; which would certainly have given a most unfair advantage to the preacher over his audience.

Another illustration of *Moderatism* is supplied by the account of a tour which the brothers took in England in their school days under the care of Dr. Adam, the head-master of the High School at Edinburgh, and Dr. Macknight, the well-known commentator on Scripture. So

long as their route lay through Scotland the travellers attended divine service on the Sunday. But—

"When they had crossed the Border, and arrived in an Episcopalian country, Dr. Macknight persuaded his learned friend that, being out of the bounds of Presbytery, and under no obligation to countenance prelatical worship, it would be very absurd to allow their journeying plans to be deranged by the intervention of the Sabbath. This convenient doctrine at first surprised, but at last proved very palatable to the young travellers. For a time Dr. Adam felt very much ashamed when they entered a town or village when the church-going bells were calling the people to the services of the sanctuary. But these scruples were soon overcome by the doughty commentator."—P. 21.

Mr. Haldane's biographer observes, in explanation, with much truth, that at this period—

"The infidelity of David Hume, Adam Smith, and their coadjutors, first infecting the universities, had gradually insinuated its poison into the ministrations of the Church. Some had altogether thrown off the mask, like the eminent Professor Playfair. . . . Other ministers, with more inconsistency, exhibited the same infidelity, while they still ate the bread of orthodoxy. Dr. M'Gill, of Ayr, had published a Socinian work, . . . yet even he was absolved by the Assembly. . . . Dr. Robertson, the friend of Hume and Adam Smith, was not without reason more than half suspected; while Dr. Blair's moral sermons had shown how, in Scotland as well as in England, the professed ministers of Christ could become (in the words of Bishop Horsley) little better than 'the apes of Epictetus.'"—P. 122.

The readers of the Life of Dr. Chalmers will remember how he bears testimony to the existence of the same state of things, and acknowledges that he was himself an unbeliever when he was first ordained to the ministerial office.

Robert Haldane was at first, as we have seen, brought into contact with clergymen of a very different stamp from those of the dominant faction—men like Dr. Innes of Stirling, who preached the genuine doctrines of the Westminster divines, and enforced their preaching by their example. But as he gradually learnt that such ministers formed only a small minority of their order, and as further experience showed him how much there was of spiritual destitution and heathenish brutality among the people, he became convinced that his native country opened before him a field of labor no less important than that of India.

This impression must have been much strengthened by the debate on Christian missions which took place in the General Assembly in 1796, at the very time when Mr. Haldane was occupied with the preparations for his own departure, and only a few months before the Indian government rejected his petition. A resolution had been proposed by the religious party in the Synod, to the effect "that it is the duty of Christians to carry the Gospel to the heathen world." This resolution was opposed by the "*Moderate*" party, and actually rejected by a large majority. Its opponents based their resistance partly on the alleged uselessness of converting barbarians, partly on the duty of providing for domestic before foreign needs. "Why not look at home?" they asked. "Why send missionaries to foreign parts, when there is so much ignorance, unbelief, and immorality, at your own doors?" The appeal was not lost upon Robert Haldane, who felt its urgency the more, from his conviction that those who made it had no intention of exerting themselves to supply the needs, the existence of which they hypocritically put forward as an evasion. In the year after this debate took place he began, in concert with his brother James, to give practical effect to his new views of duty. Together they founded in Edinburgh the "Society for Propagating the Gospel at Home," with the object of sending out, at Robert's expense, itinerant preachers, catechists, and schoolmasters, to Christianize the population wherever it should be found most destitute of religious teaching.

Such a step necessarily involved a breach of the discipline of the Scotch establishment, and, of course, excited violent opposition. But neither of the brothers had any strong feeling of the evils of religious separation, and they at once emancipated themselves from the yoke of Presbytery; and without waiting for ordination, travelled through the length and breadth of Scotland preaching the Gospel. Their zeal and earnestness were contagious, and they were listened to by crowded audiences wherever they went. The result of this was the formation of several independent congregations, who seceded from the communion of the Kirk. For these worshippers Robert Haldane built "*tabernacles*" in many places, and provided ministers and endowments. In order to furnish a succession of such pastors, he established



theological seminaries at Dundee, Glasgow, and other places, and there maintained between sixty and eighty students, entirely at his own expense, according to a graduated scale for each married and unmarried student. Besides this, he printed for circulation many thousands of religious tracts, and distributed many hundreds of Bibles and Testaments, at a time when the London Tract Society and the Bible Society did not as yet exist.

Nor did all this profuseness exhaust his generosity. While engaged in the maintenance of so many expensive institutions at home, he no sooner heard that money was wanted for religious objects abroad than his purse was instantly opened. Thus, when he heard that the Serampore translation of the Scriptures was languishing for want of funds, he at once sent a hundred pounds to its conductors. And again, on learning that a plan for educating thirty African children in England was abandoned on pecuniary grounds, he wrote to Mr. Z. Macaulay, then the governor of Sierra Leone, guaranteeing six thousand pounds, for the cost of bringing over, educating, and sending back the children, and requesting him to select them, and send them without delay to Edinburgh.

Ultimately Mr. Haldane withdrew from this latter scheme, on finding that its originators were not willing to intrust him with the education of the young Africans; but this does not detract from the munificence of his offer, to which he had always annexed the condition of exercising personal superintendence over the children. The disagreement, however, which took place between himself and some of his religious friends upon the subject, illustrates the love of power which was one of his chief faults. In fact, like most other men of strong character and great force of will, he was apt to be overbearing, and could not go on long with any object in which he was denied his own way. Thus it happened that almost every scheme in which he was engaged in concert with others ended in some quarrel. And hence, after spending ten years of his life in organizing, managing, and maintaining the extensive congregational secession which we have mentioned, he at last retired from his work disheartened, leaving the "New Connection," as it was called, in a state of hopeless disruption.

We will not weary our readers with any detail of the causes of this disunion,

or the minute points of theology and discipline on which the New Connection split. A principal cause of its dissolution was a difference of opinion between Mr. Haldane and one of his chief allies, a Mr. Ewing, the pastor of the Glasgow congregation, upon certain questions of ecclesiastical order. Finding that they could not agree, Mr. Haldane deemed it his duty to withdraw from Mr. Ewing the maintenance which he had hitherto allowed him. This called forth a most acrimonious pamphlet from the dismissed minister, to which Mr. Haldane replied; whereupon followed rejoinders and sur-rejoinders, to the amount of, we are afraid to say how many hundred pages. Mr. Ewing seems to have been, or, at any rate, to have put himself in the wrong, and was even ungrateful enough to charge his munificent patron with covetousness. Mr. Haldane was himself a very bitter and unsparing controversialist; yet it is gratifying to find that a sense of the Christian duty of forgiveness prevailed over his naturally proud and overbearing temper, even when he had such just cause of provocation. The following letter to Mr. Ewing, written some years after the rupture, is a touching example of the power of Christianity in softening his stern spirit:

"MY DEAR SIR: Having had, the other night, a pleasing dream respecting an interview which I thought I enjoyed with you, and which recalled all that tenderness of affection I once had for you, I cannot let the feeling it excited pass without sending you these lines. Life is too short for such a prolonged contention. A great portion of yours and mine has passed since the unseemly strife began. Peace be with you."

"I would not, however, desire to place so important a matter merely on the foundation of feeling; but it appears to me, considering the complication of circumstances which were, and perhaps still are, viewed by us in different lights, and the long period which has elapsed since we met, that while to each of us there are strong grounds for searching of heart, all real or supposed offences may now be mutually set aside, and give place to peace and cordial good-will. . . . Being at such a distance, it is uncertain whether we shall ever meet on earth. May we enjoy a blessed eternity in His presence. I am, my dear Sir, yours,

"ROBERT HALDANE."—P. 349.

It was in the year 1810 that Robert Haldane retired from the public labors to which he had devoted the ten best years of his life. Since the sale of his estate he had lived in Edinburgh, except when he was engaged in the inspection of the nu-

merous institutions which he had established in other parts of Scotland. At first, as we have said, he had itinerated as a preacher; but the weakness of his lungs, and the rupture of a blood-vessel, obliged him soon to desist from this employment. His work had consisted in establishing Sunday-schools, building chapels, superintending the education of preachers, catechists, and Scripture-readers, and sending out nearly three hundred home and foreign missionaries. In fact, he was discharging in his own person the functions of those societies which have since been established for the sending forth of Bibles, tracts, and missionaries, and other similar purposes. And upon these objects he had, between the years 1798 and 1810, expended no less than 70,000*l*.

This munificent expenditure, however, had not exhausted his large fortune. And now, when he made up his mind to retire from labors whose results had disappointed him, he was able to purchase another estate of considerable size and value, named Auchingray, in Lanarkshire. Here he principally spent the next six years of his life, occupied in his old employments of fencing, draining, planting, and gardening; and all this with so much success, that a property which he found a barren and treeless wilderness, he left a waving forest, studded with slated cottages and new farm-houses.

Such employments, however, were now but the relaxations of his leisure, not the serious business of his life; for, though disheartened by what appeared, comparatively speaking, the fruitlessness of his own labors, he had not abandoned his religion. He now gave himself up to religious meditation and theological study. For the latter, indeed, he was, strictly speaking, disqualified, by his ignorance of the learned languages. But this was a disqualification which he did not himself appreciate; and he seems to have carefully and conscientiously studied the chief English works upon the interpretation of Scripture and the evidences of Christianity. On the latter subject he himself compiled a work at this period, which was published in 1816, and has had some popularity in Scotland. In addition to these private labors, he conducted public worship on Sundays in a chapel which he built close to his own residence, where he expounded Scripture to the neighboring peasants. His doctrine

proved so palatable as to draw from the adjacent churches a considerable proportion of their congregations. A *Moderate* minister in the vicinity asked one of his truant sheep what there was in Mr. Haldane's preaching that took away so many people to hear him. "'Deed, sir," replied the sturdy Scot, "I'm thinking it's just the contrary to your preaching."

After six years spent in this way, Mr. Haldane's energetic spirit began to tire of repose; and in 1816, the continent being once more open to Englishmen, he started upon a missionary tour in Europe. His first object was to propagate his views of the Gospel among the Roman Catholics of France; but when he reached Paris, he found, to his surprise, that the French Protestants themselves were farther from Christianity than their Catholic brethren. Even their pastors were either Deists or Socinians; and the seats of French Protestant theology, Geneva and Montauban, were the seminaries of infidelity.

This intelligence caused an alteration in his plans; he resolved to attempt the conversion not of the Catholics, but of the Protestants. And in order to do this more effectually, he would establish himself at the fountain-head, whence whatever influence he might gain would necessarily diffuse itself far and wide. Acting on this plan, he first took up his residence at Geneva, and at once commenced a crusade against the Socinian professors of theology at that university.

It was a singular coincidence that, after his long warfare with the "*Moderates*" of Scotland, he should now be engaged in a similar struggle with the "*Moderates*" of Geneva, defending in either case the traditional theology of Knox and Calvin against their degenerate representatives. His present undertaking, however, would have seemed to every one far less likely to succeed than his former efforts; indeed, the very conception of it must have struck the world at first sight as Quixotic, when we take into account the character and aspect of the man, and the nature of those youthful students of theology whom he sought to rescue from the toils of their heterodox teachers. If we picture him to ourselves as he is described by some of his converts—an elderly gentleman, with stiff Scotch manners, powdered hair and pigtail, and an English Bible in his hand, striving, by the aid of an interpreter, to gain the attention of a set of lively young

Frenchmen whom he could not even address in their own language—who would suppose that such an attempt could have had any issue, save to provoke mockery and derision? Yet such is the persuasive influence of earnest zeal, so great is the convincing power of personal holiness, that in a few months the foreign teacher was surrounded with a crowd of attached converts, who continue the disciples of his doctrine to the present hour, and gratefully look up to him as their father in the faith.

He commenced operations by inviting all the students who were so disposed, to discuss matters of religion with him in his apartments. “Voilà le berceau de la seconde réformation de Genève,” exclaimed the celebrated Merle d’Aubigné, not long ago, pointing to the house in which Mr. Haldane had lodged. Here, in a saloon upon the ground-floor, were placed seats for about thirty students, who sat around a long table, with good store of Bibles in the centre. Curiosity attracted an audience at first: the remarkable character of the man, and the unmistakable depth of his piety, so strongly contrasting with the lazy irreligion of their professional instructors, riveted their attention and won their hearts.

The following is a description of the scene by Mr. F. Monod, then a student, now, like his more celebrated brother, a distinguished preacher among the French Protestants:

“Even after this lapse of years, I still see presented to my mind’s eye Mr. Haldane’s tall and manly figure, surrounded by the students; his English Bible in his hand, wielding as his only weapon that word which is the sword of the Spirit, satisfying every objection, removing every difficulty, answering every question by a prompt reference to various passages. He never wasted his time in arguing against our so-called reasonings, but at once pointed with his finger to the Bible, adding the simple words, “*Look here. How readest thou? There it stands, written with the finger of God.*” He was, in the full sense of the words, a living Concordance. . . . I reckon it as one of the greatest privileges of my now advancing life to have been his interpreter, being almost the only one who knew English well enough to be thus honored and employed. . . . What struck me most,” he adds, “and what struck us all, was Mr. Haldane’s solemnity of manner. It was evident that he was in earnest about our souls, and about the souls of all who might be placed under our pastoral care; and such feelings were new to all of us.”—P. 402, 403.

It was a most happy circumstance that

Mr. Haldane chose Geneva instead of Germany for the field of his battle against Protestant infidelity. Had he challenged all comers at Berlin or Tübingen, it may be feared that he would have encountered champions far more deeply conversant with the language of Scripture than himself. But the Socinian professors of Geneva were shallow and flippant sciolists, as utterly unacquainted with scriptural exegesis as Mr. Haldane himself, and destitute of that knowledge of the vernacular Bible which he so eminently possessed. Consequently he had not merely the moral advantage over them of zeal over sloth, and piety over irreligion, but likewise an intellectual superiority, inasmuch as he had studied the subject in dispute earnestly and honestly, while they had neglected the study of it altogether.

Their careless indolence may be appreciated by the following statement of Mr. Monod:

“During the four years I attended the theological teachers of Geneva, I did not, as part of my studies, read one single chapter of the word of God, except a few Psalms and chapters exclusively with a view to learning Hebrew; and I did not receive one single lesson of exegesis of the Old or New Testaments.”—P. 401.

With young men of candid minds, thus wholly ignorant of Scripture, Mr. Haldane had an easy task. They had been trained in the shallowest school of Socinianism—a school which professed to acknowledge the authority of the New Testament, and explained away its plainest teaching by the most palpable evasions. It was not difficult to expose their sophistries, or to show that a theology which denied the divinity of our Lord, the influences of the Holy Spirit, and the corruption of man, was very different from the theology of the apostles. It is true that if Mr. Haldane’s hearers had been more conversant with the original of that English Bible upon which he lectured, they might in their turn have proved that the dogmas of the Westminster Assembly, which he taught them as divine, were not much nearer to the views of St. Paul than those of the Genevese professors. But their ignorance disqualified them for any such critical examination of his assertions, and his affectionate zeal and fervent exhortations carried them along wheresoever he led. Thus they saw Scripture only through his spectacles, and embraced his

narrow system of traditional Calvinism as a complete interpretation of God's revelation to man.

His success may well have filled him with astonishment and thankfulness. The students thronged to hear him, in spite of the vehement opposition of their tutors, who vainly attempted to withdraw them from the seducing influence of this "Momier Anglais." The professor of theology, M. Chenevière, an ardent disciple of Socinus, attempted to awe them into obedience, by pacing backwards and forwards under the trees of the boulevards, in front of Mr. Haldane's door, at the hour of meeting, and noting down the names of those who entered. But such opposition only added a zest to the pleasure of their new pursuit, by enlisting on its side the juvenile love of independence. The final result was, that Mr. Haldane's views of religion were embraced by the ablest of the theological students, some of whom have since attained a European reputation. The best known are Merle d'Aubigné, who, at the time of Mr. Haldane's arrival, was president of a Socinian association, Gonthier, Monod, and Malan, the last of whom, soon after Mr. Haldane's departure, was deprived of his ministerial and academic offices by the ecclesiastical authorities of the canton, as a punishment for preaching the divinity of our Lord—an act of persecution which greatly strengthened the party it was designed to intimidate.

These striking results were effected by Mr. Haldane's labors at Geneva in a single year. At the end of that time he believed his work there to be accomplished, and proceeded to Montauban, the chief seminary in France for the education of Protestant pastors. Here he spent two years, but without the same remarkable success which had attended his Swiss mission. Meanwhile, he had left behind him, at Geneva, a successor, who carried on his crusade against the unfortunate divinity-professors with still keener relish. This was no other than the now celebrated Mr. Henry Drummond, concerning whose early life and adventures there are some curious anecdotes in the work before us. We give the following account of his arrival at Geneva, partly because it derives an interest from him who is the subject of it, partly because it amusingly illustrates some peculiarities of the author of this biography.

"The occasion of Mr. Drummond's arrival at Geneva had in it something providential. Early satiated with the empty frivolities of the fashionable world, and pressed by the address of our Lord to the rich young man, he had first broken up his hunting establishment, and finally sold his magnificent house and beautiful estate of the Grange in Hampshire. His plans of usefulness were, however, indistinct, and he was going *with Lady Harriet* to visit the Holy Land. *As the nephew of the First Lord of the Admiralty*, he had been accommodated with a passage on board the *Tagus* frigate, whose captain was the now well-known Admiral Deans Dundas, whose pious mother (*a sister of the late Lord Amesbury*) was a frequent hearer of Mr. J. Haldane. . . . Standing on deck beside the captain, just as they were going to dinner, Mr. Drummond's quick eye perceived at a distance a ripple on the waters. He remarked it to Captain Dundas, when in an instant orders were given to take in sail and trim the ship. The ripple indicated the approach of one of those sudden storms for which the Mediterranean has been famed from the day when the Apostle Paul was caught in the euroclydon. In this instance it was the means of sending Mr. H. Drummond to Geneva. The ship took refuge in the port of Genoa before nightfall, and *Lady Harriet begged with tears that they might land*. At Genoa Mr. Drummond accidentally heard of Mr. Haldane's doings, and the commotion at Geneva. His resolution was taken. He came to Geneva, and introduced himself to Mr. Haldane two days before he left the city. . . . Mr. Drummond's great wealth and boundless liberality made him to the persecuted ministers a wall of defence against the bigoted zeal of the Consistory. Taking up his abode at the beautiful hotel of Secheron, near the lake, but outside the walls of the town, his hospitable apartments were open to all who chose to visit him. The Company [that is, the Academical Council] had hoped that, in getting rid of Mr. Haldane, they were going to enjoy an easy victory. But the gallant zeal, the untiring energy, the splendid generosity of Mr. Drummond, filled them with despair. They appointed a deputation to go to Secheron and remonstrate. . . . This deputation, consisting of Messieurs Pictet and Chenevière, found Mr. Drummond in the garden, in conversation with a friend. M. Chenevière, with a manner more resembling that of a dancing-master than a professor of divinity, pompously demanded if he were going to teach the same doctrines as Mr. Haldane. Mr. Drummond, with consummate address, baffled the impertinent inquirer, by requesting an exposition of Mr. Haldane's doctrines. In the sequel, the deputation returned in a rage. A violent letter of remonstrance was met by a reply, which added fuel to the flame. In a Geneva newspaper, it is described as a letter in which Mr. Drummond dared to treat the venerable company as heretics and blasphemers. Mr. Drummond was summoned to appear before the Council of State; and after an interview, intended to intimidate, in which he was required to withdraw his letter, he removed his quarters from Secheron into the French territory,

where, at a villa in sight of the irate Company and their supporters, he remained at a time when his countenance and support were of the greatest consequence to the Christians suffering under their Arian persecutors."—P. 428.

From his foreign warfare Mr. Haldane returned triumphant to Scotland, but not to repose. The excitement of theological controversy had gradually become necessary to him, and he now took the earliest opportunity of plunging into a new contest, which lasted for the twelve following years. This time it was not against infidels or Socinians that he made his onslaught, but against his own familiar friends and co-religionists. The occasion of the strife was as follows: The Bible Society, which was founded at the beginning of the century for the circulation of the Scriptures, was instituted on the most comprehensive principles, and admitted all sects of Christians among its members. It had adopted a fundamental rule, forbidding the circulation of any notes or other extraneous matter in addition to the Bible itself. But, in order to enable it to circulate the Scriptures among the Roman Catholics, it had printed the Apocrypha in several of its editions, the apocryphal books being reckoned canonical by the Church of Rome. This conciliatory practice, however, was contrary to the strict letter of its law, and was highly offensive to Mr. Haldane; the more so, because it enabled some of the "servants of the Beast" (so he called the Romanists) to join the Society, which at that time reckoned even Roman Catholic priests among its members. He, therefore, organized a fierce agitation against the publication of the Apocrypha; his war-cry being "the sin of adulterating the word of God." His vehement invectives were answered by the leaders and friends of the Bible Society, against whom he rained a storm of pamphlets in reply. His opponents numbered among them many of the chiefs of the "Evangelical" party, some of whom had hitherto been his chosen brethren in the faith. On the other hand, his chief ally was a Scotch divine of the name of Thompson, with whom he had formerly been engaged in pamphleteering hostilities. The advent of the latter to the fray is described with truly epic grandeur by Mr. Haldane's biographer as follows:

"It was at this crisis that the Rev. Dr. Andrew Thompson for the first time appeared in the field,

in a cause worthy of all the energies of his colossal mind. His gigantic intellect, his unflinching courage, his elastic spirits, his buoyant humor, his indomitable industry, his vigorous pen, his powerful eloquence, and his wonderful capacity for business, entitled him to rank among the first men of his age."—P. 495.

Alas for human greatness! We fear that this "colossal mind," this "gigantic intellect," has long been forgotten by our readers south of the Tweed. And yet we now find that he was "among the first men of his age." Truly saith the poet:

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."\*

Animated by the support of this doughty champion, Mr. Haldane dealt redoubled blows against the foe, and raised a perfect tempest in the religious world by the fury of his assault. The pertinacity of his temper and the fluency of his pen may be estimated from the fact that he published no less than fifteen separate pamphlets upon this controversy alone. The magnitude of its dimensions in his eyes, and the keenness with which he snuffed the battle from afar, may be seen by the following characteristic letter to one of his supporters:

"I trust that Mr. White will not faint in this business, and become weary of well doing. Remind him of the magnitude of the question, which refers to the purity of the divine word, and the expulsion of that dreadful abomination the Apocrypha—a question which now shakes all Europe, and which was never before agitated on its true merits, or to such an extent. Never in his life, it is probable, will he have such another opportunity of glorifying God. So far from sinking under the persecution and evil speaking which he has to encounter, he should take fresh courage from them, like the apostle Paul, and, like him, fight the good fight of faith. Let him by no means give up attending the committee, but watch more earnestly and sedulously than ever. Let all of us remember the words of God, and not incur the rebuke, *If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small; if thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? . . .* Most gladly, then, let him rejoice in these tribulations. *Be not afraid of their faces, for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith Jehovah.* Could the enemy desire any thing better than that the servants of God should flee from their post like Jonah, and succumb in such a struggle?"—P. 509.

As we read the above, might we not fancy that it was written by Balfour of Bur-

\* Taylor's "Philip van Artevelde."

ley as a testimony against the Prelatists, or by David Deans as a screed anent Erastianism? In truth, Mr. Haldane was a kind of mean proportional between those two worthies, uniting the agricultural pursuits of the latter with the martial propensities of the former. Among those whom he here reckons as the enemies of God were included such men as Owen and Brandram (the Secretaries of the Bible Society), Daniel Wilson (now the Bishop of Calcutta), and even Simeon of Cambridge. Such were the lengths to which he was carried by the intemperate eagerness of his zeal.

Yet we must not forget that, with all this bitterness, there was no mixture of personal malignity. He had really persuaded himself that it was an awful sin to print the Apocrypha under the same covers with the Bible. Nay, he believed that if, as a member of the Bible Society, he failed to protest against this sin, he would incur the curse pronounced against those who add any thing to the word of God. And the intensity of his feelings was much increased, when, in the progress of the controversy, questions were mooted touching the nature of inspiration and the authority of the canon. On the former point especially he was a most superstitious alarmist. He had a microscopic eye for the slightest deviations from the narrow path prescribed by his idolatry of the letter. He trembled at every investigation which seemed to threaten the palladium of his faith, the doctrine of "verbal inspiration." He believed the inspired writers to have done nothing more than hold the pen with which the finger of God wrote every word of Scripture. Hence an acknowledgment of the smallest discrepancy in chronology, or the slightest variation in narrative, seemed to him equivalent to the denial of revelation and the destruction of Christianity. In short, he was one of those who, in the words of Bishop Hall, "make every point of heraldry in the sacred genealogies matter of no less than life and death to the soul." The only parallel we have ever met which fully illustrates his views on this question was supplied by the teacher of a school, who, whenever a pupil misplaced a syllable in a text of scripture, or omitted the word *Selah* in saying a Psalm, used to compel the offender to recite the anathema in Rev. 22: 18, 19, beginning, "*If any man shall take away*

*from the words of the book.*" Mr. Haldane's ignorance of the original languages of Scripture, and of the researches of modern criticism, rendered it possible for him to hold a theory which, by all men even moderately acquainted with such subjects, is now abandoned as untenable. And the same ignorance explains and excuses his presumption in putting forth what his biographer calls a "systematic treatise" on the "Inspiration of the Scriptures." Indeed, this was less astounding than his previous exploit in publishing a voluminous and elaborate "Commentary on the Romans," while utterly unacquainted both with Greek and with exegesis. We are told, however, by way of palliation, that he got all that required scholarship done for him by some assistants whom he employed.

His Apocryphal agitation was in great measure successful, at least so far as to compel the Bible Society to desist from any further "adulteration of the Scriptures;" but he did not consider that a sufficient acknowledgment was made of the Society's previous transgressions, and finally renounced connection with it. By the time that this wearisome controversy had worn itself out, he was already advanced in age. The repose of his remaining years was only broken by a dropping fire of occasional pamphlets against societies or individuals whom he detected in any right-hand transgression or left-hand deflection.

At length the time came when the energies of his vigorous constitution were exhausted, and he sank into a state of languor, which in a few months ended fatally. The following death-bed scene occurred on the day when his doctor had announced to him his hopelessness of recovery. It is a striking example of that system of interpretation so characteristic of his school, which wrests the plainest texts into forced accordance with a theory of rigid and unbending dogmatism:

"He had told no one of the doctor's announcement, and he did not notice it now; but his manner was grave, and his countenance evinced the intensity of his self-searching meditations. He began at once: "I have been thinking of our Lord's words to his disciples, *He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me*; and the parallel passage, Rev. 3: 20, (which he also repeated). Now, I have been asking myself what must my answer be, if tried by this test. Have I kept his commandments? Have

I kept his sayings?" And with emphasis he exclaimed, "I bless the Lord that through his grace, I can say *Yes*; that I *have* his commandments, and have *kept* them." He explained that the *commandment* is to believe in *Jesus Christ*; and the Lord had been pleased to give him grace to believe."—P. 582.

Yet, whatever we may think of his premises, no Christian will doubt the justice of his conclusion. His life had been devoted to the cause of God to the best of his ability, and according to the measure of his knowledge; and his death might well be peaceful, for he fell asleep in Christ. The last words he was heard to utter were several times repeated at intervals: "For ever with the Lord"—"for ever"—"for ever."

In estimating his religious character, we must not forget the national influences under which it was formed. We must regard him as faithfully endeavoring, amid the complications of modern life, to carry out the stern creed of a Scottish Covenanter. He was led to assail the Bible Society and anathematize the Apocrypha by the same conscientious intolerance which would, in an earlier generation, have led him to hang papists and burn witches. To do him justice, we must look at his life through the medium in which he himself regarded it. If we do this we shall see him a noble type of strict adherence to duty, united to the personal devoutness of one who had his conversation in heaven. He lived by faith, and overcame the world. His life was a perpetual rebuke to the sordid spirit of our age, free from its paltry motives, its low aims, its grovelling ambition. And his faults, such as they were, sprang not from a baseness of the soul, but from a weakness of the understanding.

We have not left ourselves much space for an account of the other hero of this work, James Haldane, the younger brother of Robert. But there is the less need to enlarge upon his career, because he was in almost every point a fac simile of his elder brother, only with less force of character.

His early life was spent in the merchant service of the East-India Company, which he entered as a midshipman at sixteen, and he gradually rose to be captain of an Indiaman, as his father and great-uncle had been before him. This circumstance evidently not a little troubles his son, the author of the work before us, who exhib-

its great alarm lest his readers should think such an employment derogatory to the aristocratic pretensions of his heroes. He therefore takes pains to inform us how far superior the East-India merchant-service was in those days to its present state. "Many of the captains," he says, "were the younger sons of the nobility; some of them were baronets; most of them were either connected with the landed aristocracy or the great merchants, and frequently indulged in expensive habits, which rendered them rather objects of jealousy to the juniors in the Royal Navy."—(P. 44.) And again: "It was then unusual for an officer of any East-India ship to travel with less than four horses."—(P. 49.)

James Haldane made several voyages to the East-Indies, and showed himself a bold and skillful seaman. Before he left the service he had an opportunity of proving his coolness and courage on a remarkable occasion, when he quelled the mutiny of the Dutton Indiaman at Spithead, in 1794. The following account of this occurrence is given by his biographer:

"In paying off certain men at Portsmouth from the Dutton such a spirit was evinced as induced the captain to apply for assistance to H. M. ship the *Regulus*. The men complained that owing to their detention, their stores were exhausted, and they demanded an additional advance of pay. It was refused, and hence the mutiny. On the evening of the 19th March, Lieutenant Lucas of the *Regulus*, with his boat's crew, came on board to demand four of the ringleaders, when the greatest part of the crew hastily got up the round shot on deck, threatening they would sink the first boat that came alongside. The crew emboldened and increasing in fury, the Lieutenant thought it prudent to leave the ship, as did also the captain, under the impression that their absence might assist in restoring peace and quietness. The crew, however, becoming outrageous, were going to hoist out the boats. The *Carnatic*, Indiaman, hearing the confusion, fired several alarm-guns, and armed boats from the other ships were now advancing. By this time, the crew of the Dutton, being in a most serious state of mutiny, had begun to arm themselves with shot, iron bars, &c., and at last made a determined attack on the quarter-deck. The officers, having lost their command, were firing pistol-shots overhead, when one seaman, getting over the booms, received a wound, of which he died six days after."

"It has been said the mutineers threatened to carry the ship into a French port. But at this moment far more serious apprehension was felt lest the men should gain access to the powder-magazine, and madly end the strife by their own death, and that of all on board. One of the two

medical men had serious thoughts of throwing himself into the water to escape the risk. It was at this critical moment that Capt. Haldane, of the Melville Castle, appeared at the side of the vessel. His approach was the signal for renewed and angry tumults—the shouts of the officers, ‘Come on board, come on board!’ were drowned by the cries of the mutineers, ‘Keep off, or we’ll sink you!’ The scene was appalling; and to venture into the midst of the angry crew seemed an act of daring almost amounting to rashness. Ordering his men to veer round by the stern, in a few moments Capt. Haldane was on the quarter-deck. His first object was to restore to the officers composure and presence of mind. He peremptorily refused to head an immediate attack on the mutineers, but very calmly reasoning with the men, sword in hand, telling them that they had no business there, and asking them what they hoped to effect in the presence of twenty sail of the line, the quarter-deck was soon cleared. But observing there was still much confusion, and inquiring where the chief danger lay, he was down immediately at the very point of alarm. Two of the crew, intoxicated with spirits, and more hardy than the rest, were at the door of the powder-magazine, threatening with horrid oaths, that whatever it should prove, heaven or hell, they would blow up the ship. One of them was in the act of wrenching off the iron bars from the doors, whilst the other had a shovelful of live coals ready to throw in. Capt. Haldane, instantly putting a pistol to the breast of the man with the iron bar, told him that if he stirred he was a dead man. Calling at the same time for the irons of the ship, as if disobedience were out of the question, he saw them placed first on this man, and then on the other. The rest of the ringleaders were also secured, when the crew, finding that they were overpowered, and receiving the assurance that none should be removed that night, became quiet, and the Captain returned to the Melville Castle. Next day the chief mutineers were put on board the *Regulus*, and the rest of the crew went to their duty peaceably.”—Pp. 62–64.

Soon after this event, Mr. Haldane retired from his profession into private life, having shortly before married. He lived at first chiefly in his brother’s house, and it was at this period that both the brothers experienced that decided change in their religious principles of which we have previously spoken. That this change was no mere brain-sick fancy or sentimental delusion is sufficiently proved by its permanence and its fruits. Thenceforward they gave up their former habits and pursuits, and renounced in great measure their social stations and domestic comforts, in order to devote themselves to promoting by fifty years of labor the spiritual good of others. And the moving spring and original cause of all this energy they derived from that change of feeling which

they deemed to have been their conversion to God.

We have already seen that both brothers began their religious career by itinerating through Scotland as home missionaries. James Haldane’s first tour was in 1797, when he travelled through the west of Scotland, with a view to establish Sunday-schools and distribute tracts. At first he had no intention of undertaking regular ministerial duties; but the popularity of the occasional addresses which he delivered was so great as to induce him ultimately to devote his life to the work of preaching. In 1799 he was ordained at Edinburgh as pastor of a congregation of seceders from the Kirk, which assembled in the “tabernacle” in that city; and there he continued to officiate for above fifty years. His labors during all that time were entirely gratuitous, his private fortune enabling him to dispense with any salary. For some years, however, he continued to itinerate through Scotland, as a field preacher, in the summer months. In this capacity he had an opportunity of making himself thoroughly acquainted with the religious necessities of his country, and witnessed many curious scenes. The following is an interesting illustration of the primitive simplicity of Highland manners fifty years ago:

“On a sacramental occasion, he had been present in a parish church where there was a pause, and none of the people seemed disposed to approach the communion tables. On a sudden he heard the crack of sticks, and looking round, saw one descend on the bald head of a highlander behind him. It was the ruling elders driving the poor people forward to the tables, much in the same manner as they were accustomed to pen their cattle in the market.”—P. 260.

The field-preaching of the Messrs. Haldane and their associates at first excited a good deal of local opposition from magistrates and clergy, which the sailor-parson encountered and overcame with nautical boldness and resolution. Once, while his attendant was announcing the intended field-preaching to the congregation as they were going out of church, he was interrupted by the minister of the parish, in a style savoring rather of Ireland than of Scotland. Standing with a heavy-loaded whip in his hand, the reverend gentleman exclaimed: “If you repeat that notice, with one stroke of my whip I’ll send you into the eternal world!” On another occasion, Mr. Haldane and his colleague



were actually arrested by a magistrate's warrant, and sent twenty miles over the country under a guard of soldiers to the sheriff of Argyll.

"To the sheriff they were very unwelcome visitors. He was an old man, and having been apprised of their coming, was by no means disposed to commit himself to the violent proceedings of the anti-preaching chiefs. He put several questions, which were satisfactorily answered; and after consulting with a gentleman who sat with him as his adviser, he said: 'But have you taken the oaths to Government?' They replied that they had not, but that they were most willing to do so. The sheriff said that he had not a copy of the oaths, and that they must therefore go to Inverary for the purpose. A merchant from Glasgow, who had joined the itinerants, quoted the words of the Toleration Act, to show that, if required to take the oaths, they were to be administered *before the nearest magistrate*. 'Now (said Mr. J. Haldane) you are the nearest magistrate. We are peaceable, loyal subjects, transgressing no law, and prepared to do all the law requires. But to Inverary we will not go except as your prisoners, and on your responsibility.' The sheriff had wished to make the affair a drawn battle, and to screen the magistrates from blame. But Mr. J. H. felt the importance of avoiding all compromise, and of bringing the question to issue. The sheriff was therefore obliged to give way; and, after once more consulting with his friend, briefly said: Gentlemen, you are at liberty.'"—P. 264.

The result of this failure was to establish the lawfulness of field-preaching, and no further legal opposition was made to the proceedings of our itinerant. He spent the half century which followed in the unvaried routine of his pastoral duties, and the even tenor of his useful life was but little disturbed by the storms which raged around him. The walls of his tabernacle were shaken not by assault from without, but by revolt within. The little church soon became the schism of a schism. It was plunged into dissension by such momentous questions as, whether the mutual exhortation of the brethren by means of public speaking were or were not a binding duty; whether a plurality of elders were or were not imperative; whether collections should be made from all the congregation, or from the communicants alone; whether the Lord's supper should be observed twice a year, once a month, or once a week; whether it were lawful for Baptists and Pædobaptists to communicate together. On some of these points of controversy a rupture took place, and the tabernacle was split in twain. But James Haldane peacefully

continued his ministrations to a diminished flock, and the true devotedness of his character and the zeal of his preaching gave him through life a great and constantly increasing influence over his fellow-townsmen.

In theological opinions and ecclesiastical controversies he ranged himself uniformly on the side of his elder brother, between whom and himself a warm and unbroken affection existed through life, cemented not merely by the *eadem velle atque eadem nolle*, but by the *idem sentire de civitate Dei*. They took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends. Such perfect intellectual and moral harmony between two brothers, engaged for fifty years in the same pursuits, and living in constant contact, is so rare and beautiful a spectacle, that it might well call forth the admiring sympathy of all who knew them. "There they are," exclaimed their friend Mr. Murray, as he saw them walking together in their old age, "There they are! the two brothers that have always dwelt together in unity!" The younger survived the elder eight years, and died at the age of eighty, in 1851.

We turn with reluctance from the lives of these high-minded and venerable men to notice the contrast to their unworldly spirit exhibited by the tone of their biographer. Few things are more painful to a serious mind than to observe the tendency so often exhibited by every type of earnestness to degenerate in the second generation. Truths which were spirit and life to the parents become stereotyped formulas in the mouths of the children. The regenerating creed is metamorphosed into a dead shibboleth; and a flimsy veil of cant vainly strives to hide the moral deterioration. The work which we are reviewing is a practical illustration of this remark. The most offensive feature of English worldliness, that servile worship of wealth, rank and title which is our national disgrace, is here found in unseemly conjunction and ludicrous contrast with the most devout religious phraseology and the most exalted pretensions to spirituality. We have already given some examples of this in the course of the above narrative. We may add the following specimens, taken at random from the volume:

"There were along with them, [the Haldanes,] attending the High School, . . . the Earl of

Rossmore, General Sir W. Erskine, two Vande-  
leurs (one of whom became a *titled* general, the  
other an Irish judge), also *Lord Decies*, eldest son  
of the Archbishop of Tuam," &c.—P. 17.

"Dr. Erskine rose with a dignity worthy of the  
descendant of Lord Cardross."—P. 125.

"Dr. Stuart was a lineal descendant of the good  
Regent Murray, and at one time stood third in  
prospective succession to the Earldom."—P. 139.

"In December Mrs. J. Haldane lost her mother.  
... Her father, [that is, Mrs. J. H.'s grandfather,]  
Mr. Abercromby of Tulliebody, was distinguished  
for his strong sagacity. ... He had four sons  
and four daughters. ... Of these daughters,  
Elizabeth married her cousin, Major Joaff, the  
grandson of General Abercromby, and great-grand-  
son and heir of line to George, second Lord Banff,  
and heir-general to the third and fourth barons,  
who died without issue. Two other daughters were  
married, the one to Colonel Edmonstone of New-  
ton, the other to Mr. Bruce of Kennet, whose  
family claim the male heirship of the royal house of  
Bruce, but who was himself better known by his  
title of Lord Kennett."—P. 379.

What possible interest can the readers  
of Mr. Haldane's life be supposed to take  
in learning who were the great-grand-  
fathers of the husbands of his wife's  
grandfather's four daughters? Or again,  
how can it edify them to know that Dr.  
Thompson (the man of "colossal mind"  
formerly mentioned), when on a visit to  
Mr. Simons, the rector of Paul's Cray,  
"*accompanied a niece of Lord Bexley's  
on the organ*"?—the said lady never ap-  
pearing in the book elsewhere, and the iso-  
lated fact above mentioned having no  
connection with any thing which precedes  
or follows it.

But still more absurd and objectionable  
are the pretentious claims to aristocratic  
birth and connection made on behalf of  
the single-minded heroes of the biography,  
by the parade of titles and pedigrees  
which prove illusory upon examination,  
and keep the word of promise to the ear,  
but break it to the sense.

Thus the mother of Messrs. Haldane's  
mother, whose real name was Mrs.  
Duncan, is in this book always called  
"their grandmother Lady Lundie," on  
the alleged ground that this title was "by  
the courtesy of Scotland then allowed to  
the wife of a minor baron," [that is, a lord  
of a manor.] If this justification be worth  
any thing, the title should at any rate have  
been *Liddy Lundie*.

Again, there is a pedigree of the Hal-  
danes given with great pomp and prolixity  
at the beginning of the volume, where  
it occupies the first nine pages. In it are

duly recorded the exploits of Aylmer de  
Haldane of Gleneagles, in 1296, who  
signed the Ragman's Roll, and swore  
fealty to Edward I. at the same time with  
the more celebrated ancestor of Sir  
Arthur Wardour; of Sir John Haldane,  
master of the household to King James  
III. in 1450; of another Haldane of Glen-  
eagles who fell at the rout of Dunbar;  
and so on. Ninety-nine readers out of  
every hundred of course suppose that  
these mediæval barons were the ancestors  
of Robert and James Haldane, whose  
uncle Robert possessed the old family es-  
tate. But on minutely examining the  
statement in page 7, we find that this  
uncle Robert only *purchased* Gleneagles  
with a fortune which he made in India;  
and that he was not one of the old stock  
of Haldanes at all, but only connected  
with it by the half-blood. In other words,  
his mother, whose child he was *by some  
other husband*, had formerly been married  
to a Haldane. The only parallel to this  
pedigree which we know is that of the  
"Newbiggen family" given by Theodore  
Hook in one of his novels, which runs as  
follows:—

"This ancient and honorable family is descended  
from Hugo de Hoaques, one of the followers of  
King William the Conqueror, who married on 19th  
August, 1058, Hermengilda, Duchess of Contance,  
daughter of Reginald D'Evreux, by Margaret,  
great niece of the Emperor Charlemagne.

"Stephen de Hoaques, of Tenterden, married,  
March 6, 1108, Emma, daughter of Sir Tristram  
Dummer, by Florence, daughter and co-heiress of  
Robert Chittenden, who was afterwards knighted  
by King Henry I., in memory of the great ser-  
vices he had rendered to his late Queen Matilda.

"Stephen had seventeen children by his wife,  
nine of whom survived him. He died April 1,  
1151, having been married forty-three years."  
[After several generations, the estates passed by  
marriage into the family of *Nethersole*.]

"In the reign of George II., the family of Neth-  
ersole were possessed of considerable landed  
property in Gloucestershire, of which county Mr.  
Isaac Nethersole was foreman of the grand jury in  
the year 1759. His daughter Anne, by Margaret  
Alicia, first cousin to the Honorable Patrick  
O'Callaghan of Sculdaddery, in the county of  
Tipperary, married, June 9, 1754, Sir T. Walk-  
ingham, knight and alderman of the city of Lon-  
don, who had by her

"Thomas, died young.

"Anne, born May, 1762, married, December  
21, 1778, John Hogmore, of Dilbury, in the coun-  
ty of Gloster, who dying, bequeathed his paternal  
estates to his nephew, George Bamford Hogmore,  
Esq., from whom a portion of them descended by  
purchase to the present owner, Isaac John New-

*biggen* of Bumbleford, Esq., now the representative of that ancient family.\*

It must be remembered, however, that none of these pretentious absurdities are chargeable upon Robert or James Haldane, the heroes of the biography. On the contrary, they appear to have both been men of genuine simplicity of character, and perfectly free from all such unreal assumption and ignoble vanity. Indeed they abandoned, of their own free choice, a higher for a lower social position; and the younger brother especially, in adopting the profession of a dissenting minister in Scotland, manifested a contempt for the prejudices of society and an absolute superiority to all such paltry considerations of personal aggrandizement.

Notwithstanding these grievous blemishes in its execution, we are glad to see that the work before us has had considerable popularity, and has already reached a fourth edition; for we regard it as a most hopeful sign of the times that religious biographies and manuals of devotion, however ill written, invariably command a larger circulation than any other species of literature. Thus even the enormous sale of the first two volumes of Mr. Macaulay's history was eclipsed by that of an insignificant devotional treatise, which was published at the same time. Thus the second-rate compilations of Bickersteth brought him in (as we learn from his life)

an income of 800*l.* a year. Thus the sickly sentimentalities of Mr. X. are printed by thousands annually, and the reams darkened by the dreary verbosity of Mr. Z. would already girdle the earth.† These facts are doubly cheering, because the very mediocrity of such authors proves that their works are bought for the sake of their religion, and for that alone; whereas the innumerable editions of such books as Keble's "Christian Year," Cecil's "Remains," or Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," may be explained in part by their literary as well as by their devotional merit. But hopes of religious benefit could alone lead any one to purchase the writings of Bickersteth and his compeers. Hence the great circulation of their works proves incontestably that the reading classes of England are sound at heart, and that, in spite of all which Mr. Carlyle tell us to the contrary, faith is not yet dead, nor Christianity obsolete. It is true that beneath those classes which furnish the readers of books like these, there is a lower stratum of operatives and artisans, many of whom are almost wholly given up to infidelity. But the unbelief of these poor laborers springs not from superiority of culture, but from ignorance. And it is surely not too much to hope that, as they rise in education to the level of the ranks immediately above them, so they will also rise to the level of their faith.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

### RUSKINISM.‡

It has been noted by physicians that new epidemics as plague or falling sick-

ness, or nervous distemperature, on every new recurrence, seize hold of some class of

\* "Jack Brag," by Theodore Hook, vol. iii.

† The popularity of a certain class of devotional works may be illustrated by the fact that a friend of ours complained (with perhaps a pardonable amount of exaggeration) that his wife and he between them had received among their wedding presents 119 copies of "Bridges on the 119th Psalm."

‡ *Modern Painters*. By JOHN RUSKIN. Vol. I., containing Parts 1 and 2. Fifth Edition, revised.

1851. Vol. II., containing Part 3, Sections 1 and 2. Third Edition, revised. 1851. Vol. III., containing Part 4. 1856.

*Pre-Raphaelitism*. 1851.

*Notes on some of the Principal Pictures Exhibited in the Rooms of the Royal Academy*. By JOHN RUSKIN. Third Edition. 1855.

*Giotto and his Works in Padua*. Part 1. (Printed for the Arundel Society.) 1854.

susceptible persons not attacked by them when disease last made its round; but, during one visitation the malady will be more fatal than during another, by reason of this very change in the victims of the infection. The remark holds good if applied to literature. Convulsions there must be, so long as the poet's imagination is liable to disorders, so long as the professor's brain is accessible to vanity. But when the convulsionary spirit passes from those who create to those who teach, the malady assumes its most malignant form, and engenders evils which it may take a century to eradicate. A "Werter," a "Nouvelle Héloïse," or any other morbid romance, does its immediate work of harm by exciting the passions; but its influence may at any moment be superseded by some such simple and healthy writer as Scott, more able than Goethe or Rousseau to enthrall millions, without quickening a single unwholesome appetite. Longer-lived may be the influence of the pulpit, when fanaticism by way of faith, and dogmatism in place of research, are recommended by theatrical gestures and declamatory periods. False taste in poetry or in art is bad; but false deduction in history and false doctrine in criticism, are the worst of all. So far as painting is concerned, we seem to be passing through such a period of false and superficial pedantry under the disguise of superior attainments and infallible authority. The right of imagination to confound terms and of self-will to fling out new definitions has been asserted with a rhapsodical fluency which has taken modest persons by storm. They have been stunned into submission while the teacher of principles has maintained that a series of contradictory paradoxes comprised the one saving consistency which is to regenerate art. They have been bidden to prove their humility by a total surrender of the functions of memory. But the frenzy has reached—possibly, has passed—its crisis; and Mr. Ruskin must forgive us if we deal with his vaticinations as if they were amenable to the laws of common sense, and proceed to examine some of his claims to be a master in Israel.

This third volume of "Modern Painters," if viewed in context with its writer's former works, shows the extent to which excessive pretensions and imperfect acquirements have bewildered and corrupted a mind rich in ingenious knowledge of

detail, and gifted with rhetorical powers which ought, if better guided, to have done service to the study and the philosophy of art. If we examine how far, in Mr. Ruskin's writings, desire for display has superseded the love of truth, the task is entered on, not because it is agreeable, but because it is seasonable. After having made a fame, by hanging on to the skirts of a famous artist, after deluding those craving for novelty into the belief that a dashing style must imply precious discoveries, after having met the humor of the time, by preaching the religion of architecture with a freedom in the use of sacred names and sacred things from which a more reverential man would have shrunk, after having served as an eloquent though too flattering guide to the treasures of Venice, after having enriched the citizens of this Scottish metropolis with recipes how to amend the architecture of our city by patching Palladian squares, streets, and crescents with Gothic windows, balconies, and pinnacles, after having lectured to decorators on the beauty and virtue of painting illegible letters on sign-boards and shop-fronts, the wisdom of Mr. Ruskin has of late begun to cry in the streets. He attempts to erect the most extravagant paradoxes into new canons of taste; and the virulence of his personalities is only exceeded by the eccentricity of his judgment. He now periodically enters the exhibition-room as an overseer, summoning gallery-loungers to stand and deliver their sympathies, calling on bad painters to tremble, and assailing those whom he dislikes with menaces and insults. Thus in the third edition of his *Royal Academy vade mecum* for 1855, after having referred to a former vituperation of a picture by Mr. Roberts:

"I have great personal regard for Mr. Roberts," says our oracle, "but it may be well to state at once, that whenever I blame a painting, I do so as gently as is consistent with just explanation of its *principal* defects. I never say half of what I could say in its disfavor; and it will hereafter be found, that when once I have felt it my duty to attack a picture, the worst policy which the friends of the artist can possibly adopt will be to defend it." (*Notes*, 3d ed. p. 36.)\*

\* Mr. Roberts and Mr. Maclise are, it seems, the peculiar objects of Mr. Ruskin's aversion; and he is said to have addressed to these gentlemen a formal sentence of his supreme disapprobation. Yet in the first volume of "Modern Painters," p. 116, we read, "Works of David Roberts, *their fidelity and grace*;"

Absurd and impertinent as this language is, especially when addressed to artists who do not owe their fame to Mr. Ruskin's favor, it is worth while to inquire what right he has to use it. It may be conceded that few English writers have devoted themselves to the literature of art, who have been more richly gifted by nature than Mr. Ruskin. He has that warmth of admiration which is eminently quickening to the spirits of colder pilgrims; he has that brightness of imagination which enables him to seize what is subtle in intention, and to comprehend what is noble in design. He commands an expressive style, fluent, versatile, and sonorous in no common degree. He can allow for the varying relations which exist betwixt art and society. Mr. Ruskin, too, has wrought industriously, travelled far, seen much, collected largely. These are precious attributes and qualifications; yet rarely has the value of such gifts been more completely neutralized than in the case of the author of "Modern Painters." Rarely has vanity so overweening in stature, so unblushing in front, so magisterial in language, risen up between a writer and his public. That the praise of others has encouraged this tone proves the weakness of the apostle, as much as the credulity of his auditory. There is much of folly and of fashion in all similar epidemics of admiration; but there is something, also, more generous than mere folly. The persons of quality who swooned and fainted on the pulpit-stair at Hatton Garden while Irving held forth during what Dr. Chalmers called "his exhausting services," must not bear the whole blame of Irving's aberrations and eccentricities. There lurked in the preacher's mind—there must lurk in the minds of all belonging to the school to which he belonged, and to which Mr. Ruskin belongs, including poets, critics, or social reformers—a morbid avidity for immediate effect, for immediate recognition, for immediate adulation, which becomes absolutely poisonous, and poisonous to none more than the professors or preachers themselves, since it destroys in them not only the will, but even the power of being truthful.

It is necessary, to avoid the imputation of unjust severity, to recapitulate some

and Maclise is certainly the artist in the whole Royal Academy who has carried to its highest pitch that finish which Mr. Ruskin admires in the Pre-Raphaelite school.

facts of our author's past career. Mr. Ruskin, after having made himself favorably known as a writer of fugitive verse, was tempted into his first emission of prose in the hope, he says, "of compelling the English public to do honor to an English painter of genius," who had not received his just dues. There may be generosity in such a case of officious advocacy, if the advocate does not, by way of advertising his own tropes and metaphors, take up a cause which stands in no need of it. But, strange as it may seem to Mr. Ruskin, Turner had his English appreciators and his English public previous to the year 1846. There were persons who delighted not in Turner's oil paintings only, but in his drawings, which our author eulogizes with such commendable warmth. There were already such connoisseurs as Lord Egremont, Mr. Fawkes, and Mr. Munro, eager to appreciate the best specimens of that painter's varied and original genius. There was already a circle of enthusiasts prompt to form itself round every new specimen of Turner's extraordinary powers, and even to palliate the freaks and aberrations of his prismatic brush. It was not as a discoverer, but as a representative of the tastes and wishes of these partisans, we imagine, that Mr. Ruskin began to harangue. But the teacher on such subjects could only collect crowds by the singularity of his own contortions, by the daring vehemence of his paradoxes, and by the abuse of all pilgrims who, either from old faith or new conviction, bowed at any other altar. Accordingly, the landscape-painters, from whom Turner had derived many of his models, and learned many of his secrets, the Vanderveldes, Salvators, and Claudes, were branded by Mr. Ruskin as idiots, ruffians, liars; and the preacher, snatching up Truth and Nature as his watchwords, but forgetting that these also imply Love, Charity, and Reverence, rushed into the arena, Malay fashion, thrusting here, smiting there, foaming at the mouth, to establish his professional sanctity; yet resting adroitly, by fits and starts, to utter some old truth that sounded like a new revelation, or to relieve himself after his bursts of rant by some outpouring of genuine poetry. Gorgeous and delicious descriptions of Nature, high-flown appeals to conscience, religious faith and duty (as though these had been standards not dreamed of by any modern save our

author) seduced some readers, awed others. The timid held their breath; the imaginative were warmed; the thoughtful deferred pronouncing sentence on the doctrines of one claiming so high a mission, so new an inspiration. Meanwhile Turner continued to paint away, more puzzled than pleased, it is said, by the antics of his adorer; whether to paint more wisely or more wildly as age came on, we will not here inquire. It does not come within our province to examine one by one the claims advanced by Mr. Ruskin for Turner, as compared with other landscape artists, on the strength of which he has awarded to that painter a pedestal by the side of our Bacons and Shakspeares—the highest minds and the most versatile and vigorous poets of England. But one remark must be offered. Completeness is necessary to a work of art, though indication justifies a man in styling himself an artist. By completeness we do not mean subscription to certain forms of arrangement, to certain niceties of finish; but we cannot count as a picture the work which has been considered by its painter as a field for experiment, and thrown aside when that experiment had been tested. It matters little whether the experiment be that made by a Reynolds, when he painted with liquor from a South Sea shell in the hope of finding something like the *murex* of the Tyrians, to obtain a new flesh tint; or whether it be the attempt of a Turner to fix on his canvas those evanescent atmospheric effects which defy all attempts to perpetuate them, as invincibly as the voice of a mountain echo defies the best-skilled musician—or as the breath of rose and orange flowers which greets the traveller through the dusk of a summer night as he drops down on the Lake of Como eludes the art of the most magical chemist. To experiment there is no limit; to art there are many limits placed by circumstance, by finite mortal power. By the labors of the experimentalists are won extensions of these limits, few and far between—enlargements of the boundaries established by the schools of past ages. Yet the most courageous experimentalists, though they may be among the greatest poets, are not after all the greatest artists. They are too bold, too breathless; they are, after a time, too willing to devote themselves to experiment for experiment's sake. They are too apt to count upon the appreciat-

ing power of those whom they have trained up step by step to relish a manner, and to neglect that juster and less mannered section of the public which arrives direct at a real work of art, and cares little for that which can be only rightly enjoyed from some prescribed point of view, or after a recondite explanation of the painter's intentions. In the pursuit of novelty they lose that simplicity which is the purest gift of the artist and the highest merit of art. Some such want of clearness, some such inefficiency of execution wholly to bear out the intention, are all chargeable against Turner by those who have not penetrated the peculiar qualities of his style and educated themselves to admire it. But intolerance or indifference on the part of the English public, in regard to his great genius, there has been none. Our collectors, our gallery-haunters, have not ignored the previous existence of practical or poetical landscape art, in order to glorify the discoveries or vagaries of one given man; but the English world of connoisseurs was not "blinded to the presence of a great spirit among them till the hour of its departure" (which Mr. Ruskin declares to be historical fact). Mr. Turner not only lived to see his fame rise above vulgar criticism, but in the course of a long life, he realized a large fortune by his works. There was no cruel neglect of Turner before Mr. Ruskin rose to protect him; there was much toleration for his visions and eccentricities. This was extended to him long before Turner had a champion; and although Turner may owe something to so fervent a disciple as Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Ruskin owes a great deal more to the celebrity he has contrived to borrow from so great an artist as Turner.

After this fashion has been the progress of Mr. Ruskin as a writer on art. His next device was to transfer to the newest eccentricity of the day—that of what are called the Pre-Raphaelites—the devotion he had hitherto paid to a painter who was not only their superior but their opposite. But the real direction and consequence of such efforts cannot be for ever disguised by the most adroit master of rhapsody, let him be ever so able to amuse his readers, and to keep them from thinking. When the excitement of novelty has subsided, even the most stupid of those who have been commanded to believe will find a spirit of inquiry stir, and the faculties of

comparison awaken. And thus students of Painting will not, because it is Mr. Ruskin's pleasure, receive Turner's scenic effects, and the finish of the Pre-Raphaelites as the growth of the same tree, as illustrations of the same system. They will not consent to denounce all Greek architecture as base, disgusting, utterly to be scouted from earth, with all its dependencies and descendants, when they recollect that it was on Greek forms that the mediæval builders based their edifices, and from Greek fragments and materials that they drew their first examples of decoration. They will ask how far it is just that a censor, who in some cases adduces every exception as an example, every blemish as a beauty, and every irregularity as a sign of enterprise, in others shall denounce the smallest deficiencies as damnatory of those who exhibit them. They may inquire, for instance, how an arbiter of taste, who finds the festoon and garland decorations of the Palladian architecture abominable because they are not natural, can delight in the pillars supporting porches and resting on the backs of couchant animals, which flank so many a mediæval door-way. Nor will honest persons rest till they have endeavored to ascertain how far all these contradictory prejudices can be reconciled; how far they are based on a burning desire to surprise and to overrule—how far on the love of truth, how far on the knowledge of it. We have no doubt as to the result of such inquiries. The strange assumption and inaccuracy of Mr. Ruskin as an oracle of art will become clearly evident even to those who recognize his industry in collecting detail, his ingenuity in finding a reason for every thing that it suits his whim to invent, and the poetry of language with which he embellishes what he attempts to describe.

But all who desire to be taught have a right to claim from those who profess to teach them, besides the name of truth, something of its nature—truth in research—truth in definition—truth in reasoning—truth in interpretation. That these things go far to make up truth in belief, few of those who are the most profoundly impressed with mortal fallibility will dispute. Hence, in proportion as the cry of truth is raised by the empiric to justify paradox, to excuse license, to accredit insolence, in so much is the wrong done cruel. But the offence is common, and profitable.

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The most unscrupulous persons are the noisiest in assuring mankind of their scrupulosity. Who are so hypocritical as those whose lips overflow with the profession of sincerity? Who are so inexact as the dogmatists, who, *not* having satisfied themselves by warrantable means, choose that no subsequent inquirer shall be able to ascertain on what *data* they rest their conclusions? No one has ever exposed his claims to truthfulness to a sterner examination than Mr. Ruskin; since rarely has the serviceable cry been raised more loudly than by him, whether to authenticate the examples he has collected, to recommend the principles he expounds, or to praise the artists whom he delights to honor. "He will not" (he says) "put forth an example of Raphael's tree-work without having copied the trees leaf for leaf."\* He will not defend the irregularities on the *façade* of Pisa Cathedral, without having precisely counted the arches in each arcade. He does not specify merely the colored marbles which harmoniously incrust a Murano archivolt, but he calls attention to the very spots in some of the fragments. The speciousness of such professed accuracy is calculated to inspire confidence, and to discourage all counter-examination. Yet those who rely on Mr. Ruskin's precision of detail will receive severe shocks when they come to test it precisely. We have ourselves detected more than one gross misrepresentation in the recondite and remote examples which he is much given to quote. If any one, for example, examine, with these "Lectures" in hand, the bracket from the front of Lyons Cathedral, engraved (plate ix. fig. 15) for the Edinburgh "Discourses on Architecture and Painting," and there elaborately descanted on, he will find that the lecturer sketched that quaint morsel of stone-work through a glass as delusive as the veriest lilac or orange pane which bears the name of Mr. Ruskin's peculiar aversion—Claude Lorraine. Or, again, let the student of architectural detail search in the portal of Bourges Cathedral for the hawthorn-wreath more than once referred to by Mr. Ruskin as a lovely specimen of rural realism applied to the purposes of devotional art. He may search long before he finds what stands to Mr. Ruskin for hawthorn, and will turn away from his discovery,

\* Modern Painters, vol. iii. p. 320.

when he has made it, astounded at the imagination of the writer who has wrought up an example so unimportant and so questionable into a type of disproportionate value and beauty. Or (to offer a last example) let him take Mr. Ruskin's rapturous exposition of the Mosaic olive-tree (*vide* "Stones of Venice," vol. ii. p. 178) and compare it with the lecturer's contemptuous mention of such Greek patterns as represent the wave of the sea, the flowers of the honeysuckle, or the leaves of the acanthus. We are satisfied that the stilted exaggeration of such praise, and the injustice of such blame, will strike the student as among the artifices of partisanship, which amount, in every sense of the word, to *partial* abandonment of veracity and a total want of candor.

We could work out these comparisons much further in following Mr. Ruskin as a collector of examples, most perversely swayed by sympathy and antipathy, did we propose to do more than to invite those who put implicit faith in his accuracy, to test for themselves whether these things be true. But let us turn from example to precept. If Mr. Ruskin's assumptions and deductions, as set down in his third volume of "Modern Painters," be studied attentively, if we read his apologetic defence of Giotto's carelessness in landscape in the *brochure* issued by the Arundel Society, it will be seen that he has used the pen not merely to flatter the eye in a favorite outline—not merely to entice the student to excuse that which was by circumstance barbarous, as if it were by purpose reverential—but also to frame definitions, which may be adroitly turned to any purpose. The following *dicta* (so far as we comprehend them) are sound in themselves, but fallacious to a point of hypocrisy if by their aid we try Mr. Ruskin's criticism on the sinners whose pictures it suits him to blacken, in order that he may burnish the reputation of those whom he has chosen for his saints. Speaking of Giotto:

"When we know a little more of art in general," says Mr. Ruskin, "we shall begin to suspect that a man of Giotto's power of mind, did not altogether suppose his clusters of formal trees, or diminutive masses of architecture, to be perfect representations of the woods of Judea, or of the streets of Jerusalem; we shall begin to understand that there is a symbolical art which addresses the imagination as well as a realist art which supersedes it."—(*Giotto and his Works in Padua*, p. 38.)

Now surely, this liberal saying might be brought to bear on the works of more professed landscape artists than Giotto, by any one really possessing the catholic spirit of toleration. Had Mr. Ruskin allowed it to guide him among Salvator Rosa's rocky coasts and gloomy wildernesses—to cast the light of its charity on Claude's Arcadian compositions, he would not have been so rancorous in abuse of the banditti painter, so lofty in contempt of the artist who (we are quoting Mr. Ruskin again) first set the sun in heaven, pictorially.

Here is a second passage concerning truth in art, by aid of which anything may be rejected, or every thing accepted, according as the truth-lover is in a critical or credulous humor.

"There are some truths," says Mr. Ruskin, "easily obtained, which give a deceptive resemblance to nature: others, only to be obtained with difficulty, which cause no deception, but give inner and deep resemblance."—(*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 131.)

The convenience of this theory of inner and deep resemblance need scarcely be pointed out, since it invests the seer with full power to pierce where others cannot enter—to decide where simpler observers doubt, to assume or lay aside authority in proportion as his tendencies are peaceful or warlike.

Many more such elastic definitions of truth will be found under the section "Sincerity," in the chapter "On the real Nature of Greatness of Style" (*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 36-7, &c.), by a skillful application of which the most glaring infidelity might receive canonization, and the deepest ignorance pass for wisdom. Having recommended them to the attention of those who imagine that language was given for the purpose of clear expression and not of concealment, let us proceed to illustrate Mr. Ruskin's appreciation of truthfulness in performance, as exhibited by his favorites among the painters. Such truth, it will be remembered, is claimed by him as the crown of glory for those minute finishers who have banded together by similarities of humor into the school called Pre-Raphaelite. To hear these persons extolled for their literal veracity has always amazed us, even while recollecting the lengths to which advocacy will go in favor of a theory, and the courage with which a sophist can prove



affectation to be simplicity and simplicity affectation, should he take up the defence or the attack of *della Cruscanism*. The energy and minuteness with which the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood have mastered and recorded certain individual details has not yet taught them truth in arrangement, truth in form, truth in color, let Mr. Ruskin declare the reverse as loudly as he will. Is it the truth of Mr. Millais' pictures which has caused the Exhibition loungers to pause before them—these to scoff—those to pray? Or is it the truth of some solitary expression, some accessory decoration so preternaturally wrought out as to atone by its special virtue for half a hundred absurdities? The fact is, that these artists mistake a puerile and servile fidelity to certain minute details for that broader character of truth which affects the whole mind of the spectator; and as all details are in nature infinite, for one object which is delineated with distressing precision, a hundred others are slurred over or distorted. Yet these analytical principles of criticism are rigorously and not very fairly applied by Mr. Ruskin. Thus Mr. Maclise is to be cruelly flagellated because he has slighted seven circular golden ornaments in the Duke's robe, in his picture of the wrestling scene from "As you Like it" (*vide* Exhibition Notes, &c., p. 9); Mr. Herbert is to be reproached for the "profile of firwood" given to his "Cordelia," and for the mistaken lights in the four jewels of his "Lear's Coronet;" but in the works of the Pre-Raphaelites, blue flesh-tints, bad drawing, and the miserable conceits of the monkish painters are to be admired, because they happen to be the objects of his predilection. We do not undervalue the talents of Mr. Millais and Mr. Hunt, but the service rendered to them by Mr. Ruskin is of a questionable character, since he has labored to confirm them in their peculiar defects, and to render them supremely ridiculous in the eyes of the public.

There is such a thing as color-blindness. Every one has heard the story of the excellent Quaker philosopher who believed that he was bearing testimony to the saving grace of drab, when he was in fact clad in a scarlet coat. By some such natural infirmity in Mr. Ruskin, if we may speak with disrespect of any of his faculties, we can alone account for his repeated abuse of the Palladian style of architecture as gray, melancholy, and not ad-

mitting of color. It is true that Buonarroti's dome of St. Peter's exists, it is true any one could appeal to the myriad or Jesuit churches, gorgeous with all that parti-colored marble can do, and gold, crimson and purple decoration, to remind us that the matter is not as Mr. Ruskin has stated it; but what are these examples against his authority.

When he speaks of a modern landscape painter, whom he wishes to demolish, because of his over-neatness, in order to extol Turner's slovenliness as sublime, he becomes poetical in the deification of dirt.

"And this, by the way," (says Mr. Ruskin, *à propos* of Mr. Stanfield,) "ought to be noted respecting modern painters in general, that they have not a proper sense of the value of dirt. Cottage children never appear but in freshly got up caps and aprons, and white-handed beggars excite compassion in unexceptionable rags. In reality, almost all the colors of things associated with human life, derive something of their expression and value from the tones of impurity."—(*Modern Painters*, revised ed., p. 120.)

But when it suits Mr. Ruskin to prate concerning "the nature of Gothic," in order that he may destroy all art and all artists that are not Gothic, Byzantine, or Pre-Raphaelite, he changes his tone, and reverses his sentence. Listen to him when, in "The Stones of Venice," it suits his humor to make an end of Murillo as a painter of beggar-boys:

"But observe another point in the lower figure of the Dulwich Gallery picture. It lies so that the sole of the foot is turned towards the spectator, not because it would have lain less easily in another attitude, but that the painter may draw, and exhibit the gray dust ingrained in the foot. Do not call this the painting of nature—it is mere delight in foulness. The lesson, if there be any, in the picture, is not one whit the stronger. We all know that a beggar's bare foot cannot be clean; there is no need to thrust its degradation into the sight, as if no human imagination were vigorous enough for its conception."—(Vol. ii. p. 193.)

Another example of self-contradiction we shall give, even more emphatic than these amazing theories of cleanness and uncleanness, since it refers to a branch of art at which Mr. Ruskin has labored unceasingly, especially since it has pleased him to advocate the Pre-Raphaelites, because of their affinity to the monkish misal painters in their love of gay colors. In this third volume of "Modern Painters,"

he denounces our times as sad, though the sadness is "noble sadness," as compared with the times of old, when the monks were such brave colorists. This sadness, he says, we moderns evince by our love of grave, and melancholy, and mixed hues, of bad grays, dirty ash colors, and the like. What, then, are we to make of such a definition of good color as the following?—

"The fact is, that, of all God's gifts to the sight of man, color is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn. We cannot speak rashly of gay color and sad color, for color cannot at once be good and gay."—(*Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. p. 145.)

It would seem impossible to exceed these examples of childish inconsistency; but Mr. Ruskin enables us to do so. It will be remembered by all who are familiar with the first volume of his "Modern Painters," that among the chapters most admired as profound, convincing, and novel, was one in which Turner's superior knowledge of the regions of the air, and his familiarity with cloud, mist, and other atmospheric phenomena, were signalized as an advance on the practice of the elder painters. Mr. Ruskin has, however, recently entangled himself in the love of "*luminousness*," and pure color: he defends semi-savage instinct, as possessing the only true system of coloring; and to abuse the times we are living in, he condemns the increased tendency of modern landscape-painters to look upwards, as follows:

"The aspects of sunset and sunrise," he says, "with all their attendant phenomena of cloud and mist, are watchfully delineated; and in ordinary daylight landscape, the sky is considered of so much importance, that a principal mass of foliage, or a whole foreground, is unhesitatingly thrown into shade, merely to bring out the form of a white cloud. So that if a general and characteristic name were needed for modern landscape art none better could be invented than the service of clouds. And this name would, *unfortunately*, be characteristic of our art in more ways than one."—(*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 254-5.)

Surely to nothing in modern art can the above definition be more "*unfortunate*" than to Mr. Ruskin's credit as the teacher of a new creed. In the first volume of "Modern Painters," pages were devoted by him to Turner's drawing of Coventry, "as a further example of this

fine suggestion of irregularity and fitness, through very constant parallelism of duration, both in rain and clouds." Ten years ago he could delight in such admirable affects as "the rolling cloud," "the twisted rain," "the gusty changefulness of the wind," "flickering sunshine," "fleeting shadow," "gushing water," "*silent flakes of the highest cirrus*," &c. But now, in his third volume, Mr. Ruskin tells us that such love of cloud-painting is "*unfortunate*;" he preaches that all "sincere and modest art" (amongst us) is profane, "Pre-Raphaelitism excepted;" profane because our darkness of heart, want of faith, "profanity of temper," are shown in a strong tendency to "deny the sacred element of color—in our sombreness, sadness, preference of mist," devotion to the "service of clouds," and the like!

But not merely does Mr. Ruskin contradict in one volume the definitions which he has laid down in some former book: he will be found, in one and the same chapter, giving himself a license beyond the bounds of common sophistry. Let us recommend to all who are curious to see how far absurdity will venture, to study the ninth chapter of this third volume of "Modern Painters," which is devoted to "Finish." In opening this subject our author innocently admits, that "the reader must be almost tired of hearing about truth;" and, possibly for this very reason, in the sequel, a double-refined dose of fallacy is served up to him.

If we turn back to a few high-flown passages in the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," we shall find the oracle recommending to the workman, among the sacrifices which the latter is called on to make, some such exercise of his craft as the following:

"Cut one or two shafts out of a porphyry, whose preciousness those only know who would desire it to be so used; add another month's labor to the undercutting of a few capitals, whose delicacy will not be seen nor loved by one beholder out of ten thousand; see that the simplest masonry of the edifice be perfect and substantial and to those who regard such things, their virtues will be clear and impressive." (*Seven Lamps: Lamp of Sacrifice*, p. 17.)

Now let the workman see what light the writer of this third volume of "Modern Painters" will throw upon his delicacy of undercutting, and his perfection of masonry:

"There are many little things which to do admirably is to waste both time and cost. . . . So far as finish is bestowed for purposes of polish, there is much to be said against it: this first, and very strongly, that the qualities aimed at in common finishing, namely, smoothness, *delicacy*, or fineness, cannot in reality *exist*, in a degree worth admiring in any thing done by human hands. . . . God alone can finish; and the more intelligent the human mind becomes, the more infiniteness of interval is felt between human and divine work in this respect. *So that it is not a little absurd to weary ourselves in struggling towards a point which we can never reach, and to exhaust our strength in vain endeavors to produce qualities which exist inimitably and inexhaustibly in the commonest things round us.*" (*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 116-17.)

That the porphyry-cutter, who was invited to sacrifice labor for sacrifice's sake, may not be utterly disheartened by hearing his struggles after the perfection and delicacy now called "absurd," our lecturer, having, in paragraph "five," of the same chapter, declared that there is one only Finisher, God, goes on in paragraph "seven" to say, "assuredly there *is* a meritorious finish;"—and by way of exemplification flies off into the old series of comparisons betwixt Claude and Turner.

This time Mr. Ruskin accuses the French painter of folly and falsity in the drawing of his trees, because "the trunks of trees fork, and fork mostly into two arms at a time . . . but under *as stern anatomical law as the limbs of an animal.*"—(P. 123.) To this law Mr. Ruskin goes on to say Claude was disobedient, and abuses him as "singularly wrong" in his boughs and stems, denouncing them because they "are stiff and yet have no strength; curved, and yet have no flexibility; monotonous, and yet disorderly; unnatural, and yet uninventive." This diatribe is accompanied by a sheet of examples. But in the face of his diagrams Mr. Ruskin must be called upon to prove, first, the "stern anatomical law" appealed to; secondly, that these very specimens outrage it. If so, Nature is full of such outrages; and, as usual, Mr. Ruskin will at once furnish us with a peremptory contradiction of this assertion. When he says that "the trunks and boughs of trees are under *as stern anatomical law as the limbs of an animal,*" he must be understood to mean, that any deviation from the rectilinear proportions of the skeleton are alike offensive in vegetable and in an-

imal nature; and to exemplify this paradox, a diagram of a distorted human form is introduced to illustrate the growth of Claude's trees. But in the very next page all this is reversed.

"Study this bit of Turner's work, note the subtle curvatures within the narrowest limits, and, when it branches, the unexpected, out-of-the-way things it does, just what nobody would have thought of its doing; shooting out like a letter Y with a nearly straight branch, and then correcting its stiffness with a zigzag behind. In what I have to say about trees, I shall need to dwell much on this character of unexpectedness. *A bough is never drawn rightly if it is not wayward.*"—(*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 124.)

So that in one passage, trees are described as under "the same stern anatomical laws as the limbs of an animal," but in the next lines "waywardness" and "unexpectedness" are the indispensable characteristics of the treatment of vegetable forms by a great artist.

As we proceed in this singular chapter, more curious still are the licenses of definition which we have to master. Mr. Ruskin here, as elsewhere (especially in his architectural lucubrations), insists on the necessity of all the work which is nearest to the eye being the most delicate, forgetting that if the eye be fixed by such delicacy, there is small chance of its passing beyond the obtrusive detail to take in the entire scene, of which that detail is merely an accessory portion. In what manner does our lecturer recommend the truth of this canon to be tested? "If you will lie down on your breast on the next bank you come to (which is bringing it *close* enough, I should think, to give it all the force it is capable of), you will see clusters of leaves and grass close to your face." No doubt we may; and Mr. Ruskin favors us with a delicate drawing of leaves and grass (some of the latter, by the way, with its roots uppermost), to prove that the popular notion of "making foregrounds 'vigorous,' 'marked,' 'forcible,' 'and so on,' " is a lie, the propagation and acceptance of which is "wonderful." But unless we are to look on painted landscapes as a snail, a field-mouse, or a ground-lark does—though by lying down on our breasts we may learn what spathe and stem and straw are like,—we shall learn little for a painter's use. What is more (and this will sufficiently show the wanton incoherence of Mr. Ruskin's use of language), after having

thus solemnly spoken of such minute and close study of insulated details as a true test of "finish," he cites as foremost among the finishers the very two men whose pictures beyond almost any that exist will bear no near intimacy, "no lying down on the breast" close to their shells or pebbles, or thistle-tufts in the foreground—Titian and Tintoret; many of whose effects can only be seized from that arbitrary distance which the scene-painter calculates with mathematical nicety to make up for want of finish. That "scenic" and "minute" can bear the same meaning will seem inconceivable to those who have not studied the novel shades of English employed by Mr. Ruskin. But, supposing outline and picture admitted to be one and the same thing—supposing that a Covent Garden background and a Petitot enamel can be tried by the same rule, the student's faith in Mr. Ruskin's definitions is called to undergo yet more severe trials. The desire for perfection denounced by our Oracle as "base," because too audacious in its emulation of the one "only Finisher," must be further reconciled with such a saying as this, "*that no truly great man can be named in the Arts, but it is that of one who finished to his utmost.*"—(*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 127.) And Francia, Angelico, Durer, Henling, Perugino, are to be extolled, because there is "the same striving in all to such utmost perfection as their knowledge and hand could reach."—(P. 128.) Mr. Ruskin trusts much to the modesty or to the forgetfulness of his readers; but he has trusted too much. Few of them can have forgotten that this author, who bids us admire the borage blossoms, painted petal by petal, in Titian's "Supper at Emmaus," and the snail-shells in the "Entombment," was but the other day the impassioned advocate of Turner, who, in the foreground of most of his recent landscapes, neglected delicacy of finish altogether.

Closely akin to this arrogance, which enables the lecturer to define as he pleases, in order that he may defend what he pleases, is the abuse of interpretation, as applied by him to what others have said or done. Incorrectness of observation, incoherence of system, are but (as it were) two leaves of the trefoil. To adopt Mr. Ruskin's own jargon—"by stern anatomical law" the third leaf must be injustice in imputation; and this has been

rarely if ever carried further than in this series of books. Let us illustrate Mr. Ruskin's real power of dealing with great works of art by his appreciation of Raphael—for we can discover nothing more decisive of his true value as a critic. According to Mr. Ruskin, Raphael thought of the Madonna somewhat after the following fashion:

"He could think of the Madonna now very calmly, with no desire to pour out the treasures of earth at her feet, or crown her brow with the golden shafts of heaven. He could think of her as an available subject for the display of transparent shadows, skillful tints, and scientific foreshortenings; as a fair woman, forming, if well painted, a pleasant piece of furniture for the corner of a boudoir, and best imagined by a combination of the beauties of the prettiest *contadinas*. He could think of her, in her last maternal agony, with academical discrimination; sketch in first her skeleton, invest her, in serene science, with the muscles of misery and the fibres of sorrow; then cast the grace of antique drapery over the nakedness of her desolation, and fulfill, with studious lustre of tears and delicately painted pallor, the perfect type of the "*Mater Dolorosa*."—(*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 52.)

It is impossible to apply the above description to the *Madonna di San Sisto*, to the *Madonna di Foligno*, without a quick protest of indignation. But the feeling need be but momentary. There is something in the coxcombrity of Mr. Ruskin's allotment to Raphael of some pretty qualities and painstaking disposition—taken in conjunction with what he says of the "kicking gracefulness" of the accessory figures in Raphael's "Transfiguration"—which disarms us by the excess of its conceit. The Dogmatists and the Dellacruscans, after all, have much in common—the same exquisite self-satisfaction, the same delight in adjectives and epithets; the same happy assurance, that in their lips jargon becomes poetry, and flat assertion accepted truth.

In point of fact, Mr. Ruskin appears to us to be utterly incapable of comprehending either the greatness of conception or the refinement and ingenuity of execution, which mark the highest productions of the great painters. His mind is so unfortunately constituted that he analyses to the last excess what is intended to produce effect as a whole, though he generalizes in the same sweeping and extravagant manner when he is dealing with particulars. Let us take, for example, his

observations on that admirable and affecting work of Raphael, the "Charge to Peter," which even in the gallery of the cartoons is conspicuous above all its fellows for sublime and supernatural effect. Mr. Ruskin's description of that solemn scene amounts to this, that a couple of fishermen are tumbling over their nets on the beach of the Sea of Galilee, and that the others join them in the presence of our Lord and "eat their broiled fish as he bids."

"And then to Peter, all dripping still, shivering and amazed, staring at Christ in the sun on the other side of the coal fire, thinking a little, perhaps, of what happened by another coal fire, when it was colder, and having had no word once changed with him by his Master since that look of his; to him, so amazed, comes the question, 'Simon, lovest thou me?' Try to feel that a little, and think of it till it is true to you; and then take up *that infinite monstrosity and hypocrisy*—Raphael's cartoon of the Charge to Peter. Note first the bold fallacy—the putting *all* the apostles there, a mere lie to serve the papal heresy of the Petric supremacy, by putting them *all* in the background while Peter receives the charge, and making them all witnesses to it. Note the handsomely curled hair and neatly tied sandals of the men who had been out all night in the sea-mists and on the slimy decks. Note their convenient dresses for going a-fishing, with trains that lie a yard along the ground, and goodly fringes—all made to match an apostolic fishing costume. Note how Peter especially (whose chief glory was in his wet coat *girt* about him and naked limbs), is enveloped in folds and fringes, so as to kneel and hold his keys with grace. No fire of coals at all, nor lonely mountain shore, but a pleasant Italian landscape, full of villas and churches, and a flock of sheep to be pointed at; and the whole group of apostles, not round Christ, as they would have been naturally, but straggling away in a line that they may all be shown.

"The simple truth is, that the moment we look at the picture we feel our belief of the whole thing taken away. There is visibly no possibility of that group ever having existed, in any place or on any occasion. It is all a mere mythic absurdity, and faded concoction of fringes, muscular arms, and curly head of Greek philosophers.—(*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 54.)

As this is Mr. Ruskin's verdict on one of the finest works of Raphael, we are content to leave the worth of his writings to be weighed against the worth of that picture. That one or the other deserves the charge of "infinite monstrosity and hypocrisy," we have no doubt; but that one is *not* the work of Raphael. In the absence of any higher or better feelings in Mr. Ruskin, a little humility might

have spared us the pain of quoting a passage which is an outrage on the public taste; but to all such feelings it would be vain in this case to appeal. The charge of Christ to Peter, painted by a Catholic artist for the head of the Catholic Church, represents of course the divine commission to which that Church lays claim. But it also breathes the sublime spirit of that interview in which the Saviour, after his resurrection, assumed a more than human majesty and authority. The scene Raphael depicted was not that of a party of fishermen eating broiled fish on the beach of Galilee, but the solemn foundation of the Church itself, at once real and allegorical, and the parting charge of Christ to his disciples. It has been finely remarked by Mrs. Jameson, in speaking of the cartoons, that in them *the sense of power supersedes the appearance of effort*. But the sense of power is wanting in Mr. Ruskin; and whilst he mouths and gesticulates in presence of works which command the devout admiration of mankind, he is apparently unconscious that the deficiency he indicates is not in them but in himself.

Nor is it only the painters denounced by Mr. Ruskin, on whom he turns the "lamp" of his imputation and interpretation—he is still more weighty, still more marvellous, still more unerring, when he tells us how the poets whom he worships made their poems, entering into the chambers of imagery belonging to the mighty dead, instructing us why they left what they did leave there untouched, and what we are to think of all they have given us. In these chapters Mr. Ruskin has attempted to apply to literary criticism the principles which have led him to such unexpected conclusions in examining the works of the great painters; and we suspect that if the whole truth were told he is of opinion that as the art of landscape-painting began with the late Mr. Turner, so the art of fine writing began with Mr. Carlyle and himself, for he respectfully informs us that Mr. Carlyle is above all men the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of the author of these disquisitions. When, however, he asserts that all minute observation and relish of the aspects of Nature, such as bear on landscape painting, is a modern invention (which he assumes, with a simple patronage of Dante, Homer, Shakespeare, that is edifying), he goes too far, in reasoning from his own particular habits to the general tastes and tendencies of

thoughtful and poetical men. That the Greek may have been Epicurean in his preference for landscape, "when subservient to human comfort, to the foot, to the taste, to the smell," is possible. That the mediæval "priest or layman, lover, or monk," may have restricted his intercourse with Nature within the seven divisions so tersely laid down by Mr. Ruskin, is also conceivable. Easy and fascinating, however, as is this manner of pronouncing on the sympathies, desires, and dreams of man belonging to the elder world, it can only be indulged in with some caution. Although expatiation and minute description are modern practices, such things as a love, a passion for, an intimacy with, Nature have existed and have been cherished among those who neither trained the recording hand nor commanded the discriminating tongue. Other eyes than those of Superstition may, in the old days, have watched the piled clouds of evening, and regarded them for their own beauty's sake, not as portents foretelling battles red with blood, or pestilence covering the land as with a pall. The monk may have frequented his small inclosure of garden with other thoughts beyond those of the simples and herbs which eked out his fare, and furnished him with his healing balsams. Indeed, Mr. Ruskin himself (skilled at advocating both sides of an argument) devotes one of his most elaborate chapters to explain that the writers of old who described Nature are not to be read by the dictionary of their own academies, but by the divining sense of a skilled reader.

His commentary on Dante, contained in chap. xiv. (of this third volume of "Modern Painters"), exhibits sophism in its most elaborate form of self-complacency. What, for instance, as published by a teacher of art, and an illustrator of art from the poets, can be more irresistible than a couple of passages such as the following? In the first we shall find that the poet of the "Divina Commedia" is complimented as having shown the accuracy of daguerreotype in depicting a grotesque precisely as Mr. Ruskin knows such a grotesque existed and behaved. No poet, our author has asserted, can describe with any felicity unless he draws "either from the bodily life or the life of faith."

"For instance," continues the passage, "Dante's Centaur, Chiron, dividing his beard with his ar-

row before he can speak, is a thing that no mortal would ever have thought of, *if he had not actually seen the Centaur do it.* They might have composed handsome bodies of men and horses, in all possible ways, through a whole life of pseudo-idealism, and yet never dreamed of any such thing. But the real living Centaur actually trotted across Dante's brain, and he saw him do it."—(*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 85.)

The hyperbolical nonsense of this compliment is worthy of the best period of the *Concettisti*; and only to be surpassed by the bombast elsewhere used by Mr. Ruskin to describe that "supernatural lion of Tintoret" (in his picture of the Doge Loredano before the Madonna), *with the plumes of his mighty wings clashed together in cloud-like repose*; or by the pedantry of Mr. Ruskin's speculations on the nature and properties of griffins, true and false. But the modern seer has yet more of the mighty Florentine's secrets in his intimate keeping. If we proceed a few chapters further, we shall find that if Dante was actual in showing us how a trotting Centaur can behave, he laid on his colors very awkwardly when attempting to describe Nature. After running riot among the reasons of the Mediævalists for their choice in coloring—not forgetting a thrust at *Renaissance* architects for having brought into art meal-color and ash-color, "with all their woes"—Mr. Ruskin proceeds as follows:

"Both colors, gray and brown, were to them (the mediævals) hues of distress, despair, and mortification—hence always adopted for the dresses of monks: only the word "brown" bore in their color-vocabulary a still gloomier sense than with us. I was for some time embarrassed by Dante's use of it with respect to dark skies and water. Thus, in describing a simple twilight, not a Hades twilight, but an ordinary fair evening (Inf. ii. 1), he says, the "brown" air took the animals of earth away from their fatigues; the waves under Charon's boat are "brown" (Inf. iii. 117); and Lethe, which is perfectly clear and yet dark, is "bruna-bruna," "brown, exceeding brown." Now, clearly in all these cases, no warmth is meant to be mingled in the color. Dante had never seen one of our bog-streams, with its porter-colored foam; and there can be no doubt that in calling Lethe brown, he means it was dark slate gray, inclining to black; as for instance, our clear Cumberland lakes, which, looked straight down upon where they are deep, seem to be lakes of ink. I am sure this is the color he means; . . . . . So when he was talking of twilight, his eye for color was far too good to let him call it *brown* in our sense. Twilight is not brown, but purple, golden, or dark gray: and this last was what

Dante meant . . . . . But one day, just when I was puzzling myself about this, I happened to be sitting by one of our best living modern colorists, watching him at his work, when he said, suddenly, or by mere accident, after we had been talking of other things, "Do you know I have found that there is no brown in nature?" What we call brown is always a variety of either orange or purple. It never can be represented by umber, unless altered by contrast.'—(*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 240–41.)

We recollect few exercises of auto-crazy more pleasant than the above. It is consolatory, however, to be assured that Dante knew what purple was, though he talked of brown. It would be pleasanter still to hear Mr. Ruskin and the great "living colorist," his friend, explain the tones of certain pictures by Rembrandt, or by our author's idol, Tintoret, according to this new arrangement and expurgation of the palette. We do not apprehend that any difficulty would be felt—any discrepancy owned—any shame testified on the occasion. Mr. Ruskin has always some trick at hand to save his own idols from utter destruction.

The interpreter of art may proclaim himself infallible, while interpreting every other claim to infallibility as evil, mundane, pagan, and prideful. It is in some such fit of wanton immodesty, that our oracle, in completion of his defence of incompleteness in this "third volume," exhibits to the worshippers of art the utter worthlessness of all teaching, invites them, with the authority of one who has lectured, to believe in no lecturer. It is curious, after all this jargon concerning "purple," and "brown," and "orange," and "slate-gray," to find Mr. Ruskin pointing out that it is an actual necessity, in order to obtain power of coloring, that a nation should be "half savage." He asserts that "nobody can color anywhere, except the Hindoos and Chinese;" and records his assurance that "in a little while, people will find out their mistake, and give up talking about rules of color, and then everybody will color again, as easily as they now talk." Was it needful to write a library of precepts only to arrive at such a precept as this?

As a last illustration of the spirit in which this book "of many things" is written, of the truth which may be expected from its author, of the soundness of his judgment as a critic, and of his self-respect as a collector diligent in quali-

fying himself for his task, let us advert to his dealings with what may be called the collateral branches of his subject. Mr. Ruskin treats of the relations of art with civilization and society, and its reflection in literature, in the 16th and 17th chapters of this third volume, those devoted to "Modern Landscape," and to "the Moral of Landscape." That one who has fathomed the secrets of the ancient authors should also be able anew to judge and appraise the moderns, can be no mystery or cause of surprise. That a lecturer on art, who points out the uselessness of all lecturing to the artist, who would have the student fling to the winds all such academical discoveries as perspective and *chiaro oscuro*, who delivers his testimony in favor of bright colors, which can only reach their perfection when the colorist is in a state of savagery, should also hold peculiar ideas in morals, and politics, and civilization, was but to be expected. These "Latter-day Prophets" deal with no question by halves. Thus we find Mr. Ruskin launching off into the old diatribe against modern inventions and modern society, with a huge disdain of fact and possibility. The progress of the human intellect (a divine gift intrusted to man for man's improvement) is denounced, as a cheating and feverish delusion; and our author declares that the highest faculties of the human creature should be devoted uninterruptedly to watch the corn grow or the blossoms set, to "draw hard breath over ploughshare and spade." Long before this new school of believers in barbarism sprung up, the skeptics, tired of all established religions, were in the habit of expressing their discontent by satirizing every sign of progress and civilization. Long before Mr. Ruskin began to rhapsodize in favor of his stripes of primitive scarlet and blue, the painted savage was set up by many a French *bel esprit* and *philosophe* as a living example of wisdom, experience, and virtue, deserving the worship of rational and educated creatures. To denounce what never can be undone, to preach what never can be done, is one of the most stale resources of the fanatic; but it denotes a mind unsettled in its convictions, unstable in its principles, and falling from paradox to paradox into the abyss of skepticism and infidelity. For, as if resolute to destroy all such respect for his sincerity as may linger in some corner of the hearts of those who have

been enchanted by sonorous periods and bold assertions, in the seventeenth and eighteenth chapters of this "third volume," Mr. Ruskin does his best to discredit all minute observation of Nature as a humor characteristic of modern times, as false, morbid, and belonging to a time of unbelief and to a race of blasphemers!

Few essays by a man in whom trust has been reposed, and in whom genius must be recognized, are more amazing than Mr. Ruskin's lucubrations on the authors whom he refers to as having written concerning Nature, or than his classification of those among whom the passion for Nature was intense or subordinate. Walter Scott, we are told, was sorrowful, skeptical as an author, "inherently and consistently sad;" a politician whose love of liberty was at the root of all his Jacobite tendencies in politics; a man who believed in "destiny" (which Mr. Ruskin defines to be "not a matter of faith at all, but of sight"). But the love of Nature was *intense* in Anne Radclyffe (whose moon that rose twice in the same night has been a stock joke for these twenty years past;) it is intense in M. Eugene Sue, who is credited with having produced a beautiful pastoral scene in "Les Mystères de Paris," having *Fleur de Marie* for its shepherdess; whereas in Milton, despite of his "L'Allegro," despite of his "Lycidas," despite of his "Paradise Lost," the love of Nature is described as "*subordinate*."

We shall not follow Mr. Ruskin through the pages of æsthetic autobiography by which he has illustrated the "Moral of Landscape," from the day when this infant prodigy was taken by his nurse to the brow of Friar's Crag on Derwentwater, to the time when Scott's *Monastery* became his favorite book, and he lived "with a general presence of White Lady everywhere." These particulars will no doubt be of permanent interest to those who may hereafter examine the life of so remarkable an individual. Nor can we charge ourselves with an analysis of the

political rhapsody which terminates this volume, though we are told in Mr. Ruskin's finest language, that "the helmed and sworded skeleton that rakes with its white fingers the sands of the Black Sea beach into grave heap after grave heap, washed by everlasting surf of tears, has been to our countrymen an angel of other things than agony" (p. 335): and that "the scarlet of the blood which has sealed this covenant will be poured along the clouds of a new Aurora, glorious in that eastern heaven; for every sob of wrecked breaker round those Pontic precipices, the floods shall clap their hands between the guarded mounts of the Prince Angel." (P. 339.) To these elevated regions it is impossible for us to pursue Mr. Ruskin, and as for the "guarded mounts of the Prince Angel," we have not a conception where they are, unless this singular expression conveys an allusion to St. Michael's Mount, which is now turned into a prison or a madhouse.

We have already bestowed on this volume more space than its merits deserve, but its gross and glaring extravagancies and defects constitute a strong claim to notice. It is the worst book of a bad series of books, mischievous to art, mischievous to literature, but mischievous above all to those young and eager minds, animated by the love of art and of literature, which may mistake this declamatory trash for substantial or stimulating food. We are the less disposed to acquit Mr. Ruskin because he is not altogether without faculties which might have made him a useful and an elegant writer. His style, when it is not too inflated, is generally perspicuous, and sometimes forcible; his perceptions are acute; he is not devoid of industry or even of taste. But all these qualities are perverted and destroyed by the entire absence of masculine judgment, by the failure of the logical faculty, and by a strange propensity to mistake the illusions of his own fancy or his own vanity for the laws of reality and the principles of truth.



From Fraser's Magazine.

## REMARKABLE CRIMINAL TRIALS.\*

THIS collection of criminal trials has already reached its second series, and its twenty-third volume. So long as human nature is subject to the workings of violent passions, or until some remedy be found by religion, philosophy, or philanthropy to check the natural tendency of man to criminal excess, we do not see why the collection should ever come to an end.

The editors are Dr. J. C. Hitzig, a criminal judge of considerable repute, and Dr. W. Haring, who began life as a jurist, but deserted the thorny career of the law for the more flowery paths of literature: he is better known as a novelist, under the pseudonyme of Willibald Alexis. Dr. Hitzig died during the progress of the work, and we fancy we can trace in the volumes published since his death, the predominance of the romantic over the judicial element.

The title, we need scarce remind our readers, is taken from the name of Guyot de Pitaval, the author of the *Causes Célèbres*, from which, as well as from Feuerbach's work, the most striking materials have been selected; interspersed with cases taken from the criminal records of ancient and modern times in France, England, Germany and Spain.

Dr. Hitzig was in England, and present at the trial of Courvoisier; he expresses his admiration at the manner in which irrelevant matter is excluded in an English court of justice. From some observations, however, on the trial of Abraham Thornton—the last case on record where wager of battle was demanded—his colleague seems to think that this eliminating process is occasionally carried to an excess in this country. In England, a strong

light is thrown upon the conduct of the accused just before the occurrence of the crime for which he is arraigned. Dr. Haring would be better pleased if, as in Germany, the inquiry took a larger scope, and was extended to the criminal's former life. It is obvious that, although an English trial affords admirable mental exercise, it does not present the same features of dramatic or psychological interest as a criminal suit in Germany or in France. We will not, however, detain our readers with a discussion on the relative merits of English or German procedure, but will at once proceed to the book.

The first case which will select is that of Bernhard Hartung. In the original German it occupies 154 pages, but we have considerably condensed the details. Hartung was born on 18th Sept., 1819, at Burg, in Prussia; and was sent, at the age of fifteen, to England, to learn the trade of a merchant. He then went to Magdeburg, where, some years afterwards, he married his first wife, Emma Bünger. He entered into various unsuccessful speculations. In 1849 his first wife died of the cholera; and in 1850 he married his second wife, Marie Brancnionier, who died in the same year, and to whom we shall have to revert. He subsequently married a third wife, who survived him.

In 1852, Hartung was living in Magdeburg, and was considered by his fellow-citizens a man of decent fortune, and of more than average ability. Great was the consternation in Magdeburg when it was reported that he had poisoned his aunt; it was then rumored that his second wife, besides various other people, had been poisoned by him. As he was supposed to be rich, his crime was put down to the instigations of the Evil One.

Those, however, who had a more intimate knowledge of his affairs, ceased to wonder. They knew that Hartung was a distressed man, and his crime was taken

\* *Der Neue Pitaval: eine Sammlung der interessantesten Criminal Geschichten aller Länder aus Alterer und Neuerer Zeit* (The New Pitaval: a Collection of the most interesting Criminal Trials of all Countries, in Ancient and Modern Times). Leipzig: 1842-55.

at once out of the category of romance, and sank into the class of commonplace murders: and yet there were circumstances that invest Hartung's case with no ordinary interest.

On the evening of the 21st January, 1852, Bernhard Hartung returned home later than usual. He had been to several of his friends for pecuniary assistance. So low was he reduced that he had even asked his partner for a loan of ten thalers—about thirty shillings—and had been refused. He was therefore in urgent want of money, when, on returning home, he found his aunt, a certain Emma Schröder, sitting with his wife.

The two women welcomed him with playful allusions to the lateness of the hour. The aunt, a woman of an excitable and lively temperament, related to him how the children had kept her a long time listening to their prattle, and ended by saying: "As I was going to leave them, I told them to lie down and go to sleep: they answered me, 'Papa has not yet been to see us, or to hear us say our prayers.'" The aunt then heard them say their little prayers one after another.

During this conversation, Hartung's eye wandered round the room; and on his wife suggesting that they should have some supper, he said he must go out again, which he did, after eating one mouthful: he promised to return instantly.

Before the women expected it he returned, and not empty-handed; he brought back some open tartlets, of which dainty Emma Schröder was extremely fond.

He laughingly asked his wife to give him two dessert plates, and placed one plate, with a tartlet in it, on the right, nearly opposite his aunt's seat, the other he placed not far from where his wife was going to sit. Each took the plate nearest to her; Hartung stood watching the pleased look with which the two women ate the tartlets. Meanwhile he took another tartlet out of his pocket, of which he ate the greater part, leaving a bit for his wife. He incidentally mentioned to them the precarious position of the confectioner where he had bought the tartlets, who was ruined for the want of a few hundred thalers. The conversation then turned to music, and his aunt, who gave lessons in singing, spoke of some new songs which she could sing. She sat down, at Hartung's request, to the piano, and played a piece of music, while Hartung turned

the leaves for her. He then sat down to the piano, and played from recollection something which his aunt had just played, his aunt approvingly standing by, and praising him for his musical talent. They became more interested in the music; Hartung's wife sat neglected on the sofa, and a feeling of melancholy came over her, which at last found relief in tears. Hartung rushed to comfort her, and on asking why she was crying, whether he had annoyed or hurt her, she said that she was thinking of the unhappy confectioner, ruined for the want of a few hundred thalers. Little did she think of the results which the want of a few hundred thalers would produce in her husband's case.

Meanwhile, what with music, talking, crying, and administering comfort, the hours fled rapidly, and at ten the aunt rose to go, promising to come again the next day. Hartung was going to accompany his aunt down stairs, but she stopped him, saying he was heated with playing, and he saw her go with a perfectly impassive face.

Shortly after midnight his aunt, Emma Schröder, was awakened by terrible cramps and spasms, which lasted till morning, when she sank into a state of torpor. When the doctor came, he gave no hopes. Hartung was sent for, but did not answer the summons, as she had often been subject to similar spasms, which had passed. He went quietly to his office. But on messages coming in rapid succession, that she was worse, he hurried to her, towards three o'clock in the evening, when it was just too late: she was dead. Hartung rushed into the room, and threw himself, overpowered with grief, on the bed where she lay. After his first paroxysms of grief were passed, he asked the probable cause of her illness. Some one remarked that the deceased had attributed it to the tartlet, and had said she was poisoned. Hartung did not change a muscle, but attributed her remark to delirium, and so thought all the bystanders.

Hartung inquired after the state of his aunt's money, and on receiving the key of her secretaire, he said he would take what she had, and place it with a banker, for division among her heirs.

Hartung found some small sum, scarcely sufficient for the expenses of the funeral. He looked for papers, and took all the articles of trifling value with him in a parcel.

He hurried the funeral, chiefly, as he said, for the sake of the other people in the house, but added: "I had rather that she were buried on Saturday, otherwise I shall spoil all my Sunday." She accordingly was buried on Saturday. At first people wondered at the suddenness of the poor woman's death, and the speedy burial; but the illness was pronounced to be indigestion, and after a few days no one thought any more about her.

The Sunday following her burial he employed in looking over her papers, and dividing her property between the heirs. He inserted also a notice in the Magdeburg paper, that all who owed Emma Schröder any money were to address themselves to him. This made public his connection with the deceased, suggested a motive for her death; it was remarked as curious that Bernhard Hartung was unlucky with his relations—they died quickly.

Thus suspicion was again roused. Hartung's character underwent scrutiny; facts came out which made it possible that the smallest sum of money was necessary to him. It was said, too, that the doctor who had attended his two previous wives—who were supposed to have died of cholera, which was prevalent at that time in Magdeburg—had observed strange symptoms in the death of these two women, which he was ready to detail before a criminal court.

In consequence of these rumors, Bernhard Hartung was put under arrest on the 28th of January, 1852.

His only remark on being taken was: "I wish I had known it early this morning"—in other words, he would have fled to America.

At his first examination—a process somewhat analogous to our coroner's inquest—he displayed a degree of self-possession and calmness that usually only accompanies innocence. He repelled every imputation as wicked slander; he claimed his release as a right; his business would suffer, more especially as his partner was then absent. His behavior produced the desired effect. The police magistrate before whom the case was brought almost doubted the man's guilt, his perfect calmness carried with it such an appearance of truth.

The case came then before the examining judge (*untersuchungsrichter*). At the second hearing, Hartung was in excellent heart: he was convinced that his manner

and his unspotted reputation would have the same effect upon the examining judge as it had in the first instance upon the police magistrate, namely, that it would produce a conviction that he was innocent, and must be discharged from want of proof; he had not taken into account the moral influence which a skillful examining judge can bring to bear upon the accused.

It was evening, and two candles placed on the green table gave just sufficient light to distinguish objects.

Hartung had no personal knowledge of the judge. They bowed to each other, and the judge, while explaining why he was brought there, fixed his eye upon Hartung. The clear, simple manner in which the grounds of suspicion against Hartung were arrayed before him—suspicions which Hartung had flattered himself he had allayed—staggered him. This did not escape the judge, who placed before him in a few words the only means by which he could free himself from the pangs of conscience: he should make a clean breast of it, and thus effect his peace with God and man. Hartung evidently wavered under the influence of an entirely new sensation. He could no longer sustain his old theatrical bearing: it seemed to him as if giant proofs of guilt were within the grasp of the man who spoke as calmly and as surely of his guilt as if he actually had his confession in his pocket. This emotion on the part of Hartung was increased when he learnt the name of his judge—one who had made himself famous by the success with which, by his cross-examinations, he had extorted the truth from unwilling criminals. That this man should cross his path, staggered Hartung, alarmed and torn by various conflicting emotions. Hartung asked for a private audience; after some delay, the judge's assistant quitted the table, and on the judge asking the accused whether he was guilty or not guilty, Hartung placed his hand upon his forehead, and answered, "Partly so." This answer not satisfying the judge, Hartung, with strong emotion, replied, "Yes! yes! I am guilty!" The judge took advantage of Hartung's state of mind to ask him why he had committed this murder; whether from hatred, from personal or pecuniary motives. Hartung hesitated, but confessed that he wanted the money, which came to him as next heir. Having said so much that was true, he then made a ram-

bling statement to the effect that he had heard his aunt was going to marry some one, and that if there were children he should lose the inheritance—the whole story being an invention through which the judge seems to have seen; he pinned him to the fact that pressing pecuniary embarrassment drove him to crime—a conviction which Hartung contended against in every way. Rather than confess to poverty, he was content to cover the deceased woman with ridicule by accusing Emma Schröder, a woman of forty-two, of having a love affair with a young man half her age.

Hartung then described to the judge, by his desire, what took place on the evening of the 21st January. He stated that when he found his aunt sitting with his wife that evening, he had gone out with the express intention of getting some open tartlets, and of filling the fruity portion of the one for his aunt with arsenic. His project had completely succeeded. She had taken the tartlet next to her, and had remarked upon its odd taste. The arsenic he kept in a paper behind a large trunk; when he returned from purchasing the tartlets, he powdered one of them with the poison. To the question "what would he have done had his wife taken the poisoned tartlet?" he said that in that case he had a third tartlet ready, and would have found some excuse for changing one for the other.

There was nothing to throw any doubt upon this confession, although the prisoner subsequently retracted it.

The body of Emma Schröder was exhumed. It was a sunny morning in February; the deceased was unchanged; all trace of pain had disappeared from the face; she looked like one in a gentle sleep. Some one had placed a monthly rose in her cold hand; the rose likewise was as fresh as if just plucked from the stem. The rose was carefully laid on one side while the body was opened, and was as carefully replaced when it was again lowered into the grave.

Hartung was conducted to the coffin in which lay the cold figure of his victim; he was asked if that was his aunt, Emma Schröder; he had the nerve to look steadily at the corpse, and to answer in the affirmative with a firm voice.

Undoubted traces of arsenic were found in the intestines; there was no further need of inquiry in this case. More-

over, on diligent search being made in Hartung's house, preparations containing arsenic were found; but, besides, enough pure arsenic was found hidden behind a bookcase, to poison half a village. Hartung strenuously denied any knowledge of this large quantity of arsenic. He persisted in maintaining that he had used all the arsenic he had in the house on poisoning his aunt.

At the close of the second examination the judge asked Hartung whether he was not guilty of other crimes, and was disposed to confess them. But he denied his guilt with an oath. The court was as little satisfied with this declaration as was the general public.

Meanwhile the number of his victims had increased from hour to hour; nothing could be too gross for belief: every one who had died within several years was put down to Hartung's account.

Among the victims in his own family, the public reckoned his mother, his grandmother, his stepmother, his first and second wife. From among these the court selected his second wife, Marie Branconnier, as a subject of inquiry.

When the judge told Hartung that there was every reason to suspect him guilty of the death of his first and second wife, Hartung, who had recovered his self-possession, declared with great pathos that he was innocent. On the judge detailing the grounds of his suspicion, Hartung exclaimed: "I will stake the salvation of my children if any other crime can be laid to my charge." The vehemence of this asseveration stopped the judge, who did not attempt then to press the charge further.

We must now go back a few years in our story.

In the year 1850, Hartung's second wife, Marie Branconnier, a fresh, lively girl of twenty, the daughter of a doctor, was still living. Very much against her will, Hartung persuaded her to insure her life in a Lubec Life Insurance Office. This insurance, however, was never completed. He then managed to get his wife's name inserted, instead of his own, in a policy he held in a Hamburg Life Insurance Office, called "the Hammonia," for which office he acted as agent.

The cholera, of which there had been a few cases, now began to be rife in Magdeburg.

Hartung's pecuniary matters seemed to

be more prosperous than they had hitherto been. His position in the town of Magdeburg was secured. He had a nice house, made much parade about a new business he had started in gutta-percha, and was very active getting policies for "the Hammonia." Nevertheless it would not do, the pressure for money was great. It was with difficulty that his wife obtained a sum of three hundred and seventy-five thalers from her mother. This sum staved off immediate difficulties, but did not materially better his circumstances.

The next thing he did was to get his wife, who was a minor, declared of age. No one saw the object of this step, as she had no fortune. He then left her with her mother, and returned to Magdeburg.

He had scarcely gone before symptoms of cholera appeared, but her strong young nature triumphed over the insidious disease, and she returned in a few days quite well to her husband's house.

Meanwhile, Hartung had effected the substitution he wished, of his wife's name for his own in the Hammonia Insurance Office at Hamburg, and he felt secure now. Should any misfortune happen, no one, he thought, could contest with him the five thousand marks for which he had insured her life.

Hartung himself was suddenly attacked with symptoms of the prevailing epidemic; he showed the greatest fear, took every sort of palliative, and at last was persuaded by his anxious wife to go to bed, where he was nursed by her with the greatest care. She never left him; her own hands prepared the gruel, which she then took to him.

On her coming out of his room, and being asked to sit down to dinner, she said: "I am not hungry—I have had some of Hartung's gruel."

A few hours afterwards she sickened suddenly, and suffered fearfully. She died, and with her died an unborn babe.

Nothing could exceed the panic about the cholera that this death caused in Magdeburg. No one had the slightest suspicion of Hartung. How could any one imagine a sick man poisoning her who had watched him at the peril of her own life! The sympathy for his loss was universal.

Meanwhile Hartung recovered; and his first occupation was to put all the necessary papers in order. The very next day after his wife's death he was seen with the

policy in his hands. Some one came in to condole with him. "How lucky," said he, "it is that I have not yet got the policy of the Lubeck Insurance Office; people might otherwise talk about it." He then took his friend in to see the dead body of his wife, and actually detailed the whole history of her sickening and of her subsequent most painful death. On the following day she was buried.

The doctor's certificate gave Asiatic cholera as the cause of death, but the directors of the Hammonia Insurance Office had their suspicions. It struck the company as curious that Hartung had so suddenly exchanged his wife's name for his own; and an angry correspondence ensued between the company and their agent on the subject. However, a portion of the insurance was paid in August, and the remainder shortly afterwards.

Hartung now sold his house and his gutta-percha business, and started as a bookseller. This being settled, he determined to marry again, for the third time. He now married Alwine Schütze, and settled again in Magdeburg; but his affairs were again embarrassed; money was essential. This time he selected his aunt for his victim.

To return, however, to Marie Branconnier. Her body was exhumed in April, 1852, in the presence of the Criminal Commission and of the doctors, among whom was the doctor who had attended the unhappy girl's death-bed, and had expended all his resources in vainly attempting to stay the progress of an evil that baffled all medical skill. It was of the deepest importance for him to attain conviction on a point that he had before surmised. He at once identified the body before him as that of Marie Branconnier.

The results of the chemical examinations were similar to those in Emma Schröder's case: they found sufficient arsenic in the woman's body to account for death. In this case the proof was not absolute, as in that of his aunt, but the chain of evidence was sufficiently complete. When Hartung was told that arsenic had been found in the body of his second wife, he manifested no emotion. He had had time to recover his self-possession. He incidentally remarked that his wife had known that he had arsenic in his possession. If he intended by this to suggest that she might have destroyed herself, he did not urge this any further—the character of the

young girl was against such a surmise.

At length he said: "I quite understand that the judges will find me guilty. They will condemn me, and I wish it to be so. If I knew that matters would be shortened thereby, I would at once say I did the deed."

On the 3d March, 1853, the case was brought before the Magdeburg jury. The court was crowded, and a breathless silence prevailed when the President asked Hartung whether he was guilty of the crime laid to his charge. The prisoner answered, without hesitation, and with matchless calmness: "Not guilty."

The spectators were prepared for much, but such an announcement they did not expect.

When asked how this statement could be reconciled with the confession he had made with respect to his aunt, he entered into a rambling detail of his whole previous life. How he was born to bad luck, that every thing he undertook failed, and he was not responsible for his actions. Then he said that the prospect of a long imprisonment had induced him to urge any excuse that might hasten the examination, and thus place him in a position to prove his innocence. He suggested that his aunt might have poisoned herself through carelessness. He then went on to say she had tried several means to make herself look younger and prettier: her constant illness during the latter years of her life had its origin in this.

He likewise denied that he had poisoned his second wife, Marie Branconnier. He urged that if he wished to kill her, he would have chosen some better time. He would have waited till the policy on her life had been completed in the Lubec Insurance Company. He also would surely have waited till her child had been born, as there would have been this advantage, the child, as heir, would have secured to him the whole of its mother's property.

Meanwhile a letter was put in and read which had been found shortly before the assizes, hidden in the prisoner's bed. One passage was to this effect: "My request is this: I wish to call you to bear witness that my wife once said to me, 'I had rather destroy myself than survive to see my husband bankrupt.'" Hartung acknowledged having written this letter, but said it was done to try the honesty of one Hundt, his fellow-prisoner.

The counsel for the prosecution and the prisoner's advocate were now heard, and after a clear summing up of the judge, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty as regarding Emma Schröder. In the case of Marie Branconnier the jury was not so certain.

During the whole of the trial, Hartung had preserved his usual self-possession, and he stood equally unmoved when the judge pronounced sentence of death upon him for the murder of his aunt, Emma Schröder; he was acquitted on the charge of the murder of his wife.

In prison Hartung occupied his leisure in writing his last will and testament, and a memoir of his life, remarkable for its sickly sentimentality. He says a curse hung over him from his very youth, and that his father had died telling him that he would never be fortunate. But besides this memoir he composed aphorisms, and an opera on the subject of Gretna-green marriages.

In prison, Dr. Freiderich Crusius, the chaplain of this jail, had access to Hartung, and at length, with difficulty, succeeded in inducing Hartung to make a confession of guilt.

"Late in the evening (says Dr. Crusius, in his published account of Hartung's last days\*) I went again to the prison, as it is my custom to visit those condemned to death several times a day during the last days of their life. . . . After I had been some time alone with the criminal, the jail inspector came in, and an unbroken cross fire was kept up upon the bulwark of lies of the prisoner's hardened heart—for a long time in vain. The contest lasted two whole hours. The jail inspector related how he had held in his hands the bones of Hartung's unborn child. God then suggested to me an idea which might bring about the most important results. When I remembered what Hartung had said on the subject of the suicide of his wife, I sprang up from my seat near the criminal, stood opposite to him, seized his shoulder with my left hand, and exclaimed with a loud voice:

"'You lie, Hartung, your wife did not poison herself; one shortly about to become a mother cannot poison herself. No, of a

\* *Der Kaufmann Otto Bernhard Hartung, oder die letzten Lebensstage eines Giftmischers. Magdeburg. 1854.*

surety she did not poison herself. You are her murderer.'

"With the other hand I seized his right hand, and urged him to confess. He then began to tremble, and a blush stole over his face.

"To-morrow,' said he, 'I will confess.'

"Nay, Hartung, to-day; you did poison your wife.'

"His heart was then oppressed, and the confession, that he it was who did it, was wrung from his lips."

Hartung had appealed, but in vain, to the king. He expiated his crimes on the scaffold on the 7th December, 1853.

Hartung is described as a small, thin man, with a pleasant appearance, his face rather long, and his forehead high, the eyes grayish, and somewhat concealed behind dark eyebrows. There was, however, a sinister look of mingled cunning and contempt, that betrayed itself in the play of the mouth.

As a contrast to the cowardly poisoner for mere money, we will now present our readers with a case more like romance we make no excuse for giving it much more in full. ;

Between the years 1820 and 1830 the district of Schaumburg, in Electoral Hesse, was infested by a band of very active thieves, and several burglaries, as well as minor thefts, were committed. The stolen goods were mostly such as could be readily disposed of in ordinary trade, and this gave rise to the suspicion that the thieves acted in concert with some person in trade, a suspicion which was subsequently confirmed by investigation.

Sophia Eleanora, the wife of Joseph Scheurer, a blacksmith in the town of Obernkirchen, carried on a very thriving trade as general dealer and broker; things prospered with her, and she had the reputation of being well to do in the world. It is hard to conceive how, under such circumstances, a woman of seventy could be tempted to resort to unlawful means of gain; but covetousness drove her to the most odious courses in pursuit of money, and in securing her ill-gotten wealth.

She had no want of customers, but liked to deal almost exclusively in things which cost her little or nothing; and as she was either too honest, too old, or too indolent to steal with her own hands, she bought chiefly of those who could not venture to

put their own price on things, but were forced to be content with any thing she chose to offer; and, at last, she not only received stolen goods, but incited others to steal and bring her their booty.

She contrived to enlist three thoughtless, daring young men of the neighborhood in her service, and bespoke from them any thing for which she had a demand at the time—provisions, clothes, furniture, and the like, for which she fixed the price. These were Johan Heinrich Seidenfaden, a shoemaker at Kolsshagen, in the district of Obernkirchen; George Frederick Moller, a blacksmith; and Caspar Funk, also a smith, both of the town of Obernkirchen itself.

Seidenfaden, the natural son of a Hessian hussar, the wildest of the three, was about thirty in the year 1825. When only seventeen, he had robbed his master of seventeen louis d'ors, and, after a year's imprisonment, had led a disorderly kind of life, by turns a peddler, a messenger, and a day-laborer. He had married in the year 1820, and had children, but had at various times been punished for attempted rape, for poaching, and other minor offences.

Moller, the blacksmith, was in character and in fortune the counterpart of Seidenfaden. He, too, was the natural son of a Hessian hussar, had learned just as little at school, and had equally little love for honest industry or sense of religion. He, too, had been deserted by his father, and so neglected by a profligate mother, that, as a boy, he was clothed in rags, and had to subsist by begging. In the eleventh and thirteenth years of his age he had been whipped for thieving, after which he learned the trade of a blacksmith, and then became a soldier in the service of Curhessen. After twice undergoing punishment as a deserter, he was drummed out of the service for an assault on civilians. Moreover, he had been sentenced to hard labor for poaching, and some other disgraceful offences, but had since married, and was the father of several children.

With regard to the third confederate, Caspar Funk, all that appears is, that he was very like the other two, but as it would seem, less skillful or less lucky.

The police had long had an eye on these men; indeed, an investigation had already been set on foot against Seiden-

faden, and his apprehension was about to be decreed when Funk was arrested in the act of breaking into a house in the town of Sachsenhagen, during the course of the year 1826. He, however, contrived to escape across the Hanoverian frontier, and got work with a smith at Alfeld. At the end of a fortnight, however, he was re-arrested, on a requisition from the court of Obernkirchen, and was to be carried back thither by gendarmes. During the journey, however, he contrived to break out of prison in the village of Elze, and his quickness of foot and thorough knowledge of the country rendered all pursuit vain.

He had the audacity to steal back at dusk into his mother's house at Obernkirchen. She implored him to run away instantly, as he was not safe there for one moment, having been inquired for already. He succeeded in joining his two confederates unperceived, but they, too, advised him to be off at once, for fear of getting them all into trouble; they told him to hide himself somewhere in the neighborhood until they could take measures for his safety.

About two miles from Obernkirchen is a tract of forest called Brückeberg; near this place is a lonely hill-side called the "Firs," far from any road, and crossed by an almost impassable footpath, which is scarcely ever traversed by any human being. To this spot Funk fled, and hid himself, to wait for better times. He dug a hole in the earth as a shelter against cold and pursuit, and staid there for nine days, scantily supplied with food by Seidenfaden and Moller, who stole cautiously to his hiding-place; but he could not endure the confinement of his den, and made nocturnal expeditions in search of food or other booty; and on the tenth day, when the two confederates went to receive the commands of their patroness, Mrs. Scheurer, she overwhelmed them with reproaches, and asked what they meant by letting Funk wander about the neighborhood, as he would be sure to get them all into trouble by his imprudence and his tongue. She became more and more violent, and at last declared that the man who was able to ruin them all must be put out of the way, and rendered harmless. The two men agreed, or at all events did not contradict her. Mrs. Scheurer then promised to give five dollars and a quart of brandy to the man who should "make away" with Funk—at least,

so Moller and Seidenfaden afterwards declared.

What is quite certain is that they shared Mrs. Scheurer's fears, and that they combined, whether in so many words or by a sort of tacit understanding seems doubtful, to put Caspar Funk out of the way, in order to secure themselves against treachery or indiscretion on his part.

One night, accordingly, they stole privately to Brückeberg, carrying a pickaxe, a spade, some bread, bacon, and the brandy which Mrs. Scheurer had given them. The moon shone brightly as they came beneath the firs and whistled, as a signal to Caspar, who immediately joined them. It appears that they remained standing at the usual place of meeting, and that Funk then led them to his hiding-place for the first time, on their telling him that they had come to help him to make his hole deeper and warmer. If such was the case, it would seem that a certain distrust already existed among the confederates, which, however, vanished on Caspar's part when he saw the food and drink which he needed so much, and the tools which he was told were destined to make his dwelling-place more comfortable. He little knew that the brandy was intended to stupefy, and the tools to bury him.

On reaching the hole, they all three set to work with pick and shovel by turns, until they were tired. They then sat down to refresh themselves, and gave their poor starved and frozen comrade so large a share of the quart of brandy that he got drunk, lay down beside the hole, and fell asleep. As he lay there on his back, his skull was fractured with the axe, and he died without uttering a sound. Whose hand wielded the axe is still somewhat doubtful, although the examining judge concluded that it was Moller's. Be that as it may, the murderer, whichever it was, now called upon his comrade to help him to conceal the traces of the deed. Day was already breaking, and the confederates set to work to bury the murdered man in his own lurking-place. With considerable difficulty they got the body in, filled up the hole with earth, and covered it, as well as they were able in the time, with turf and dry brushwood to hide the freshly turned-up earth.

The disappearance of Funk, a thief, for whose apprehension rewards were offered,



created no surprise in the minds of the authorities or the police; none but a few of his own wild associates had any misgivings as to his possible fate. One day, however, more than a year after, in August, 1826, a stone-breaker, named Keil, had been working in the quarry of Brückeburg with Moller, and returned with him at evening to Obernkirchen, where they both lived. As they went along the footpath through the forest, which was their shortest way home, Keil said that he should much like to know what had become of Caspar. The question probably was not altogether accidental, for it came out in the end that Keil was in some degree implicated in the transaction, or at least that the accomplices had intended him to bear a part in it, as they had great confidence in him. Moller answered, with a sly look: "What will you give me if I tell you?" Keil rejoined: "I would not mind giving any man a dollar who would tell me the truth." They soon struck a bargain, by which he was to give a dollar and a half, and then to learn what he wanted to know.

Moller hereupon led him in among the fir trees beside the path, until they reached a small mound. On it he stopped, and said: "As true as that I stand here, Caspar lies buried under the earth beneath my feet since more than a year." Although Keil bound himself to secrecy by every sort of oath, Moller could not be induced to tell him the name of the murderer.

Spite of all his oaths and protestations, Keil did not keep the secret. In the same manner that Moller had betrayed the affair to him, he betrayed to the gendarme Kalb of Obernkirchen, that he knew something about it, and Kalb got all he knew out of him without even paying him for it.

The gendarme, as in duty bound, at once gave information to the court, and on the 19th January, 1827, Keil, Seidenfaden and Moller were arrested. Being charged with the murder of Caspar Funk, they were put in chains, and sent to the prison in which persons under examination are confined. The authorities did not scruple to proceed in this manner, inasmuch as there existed grounds for suspicion of so many other offences against the two latter, that they would have been arrested even without Kalb's information.

The stone-cutter, Keil, at once made a complete confession, but could tell no more than has been seen above.

On the same day, the members of the court proceeded to the fir trees on the Brückeburg, conducted by Keil, and followed by Moller and Seidenfaden, chained hand and foot, and guarded by a body of gendarmerie. Keil pointed out a spot on the slope of the hill as the one which Moller had shown him. Moller was silent, and the deep snow rendered it impossible to dig there. An attempt made next day was equally abortive; and, moreover, Keil seemed uncertain as to whether he had found the right place, or been misled by the different look of a forest in winter and summer. The authorities appear to have entertained some suspicion that Keil was trifling with them.

It was not till the third day that any result was obtained. On the 23d of January, while they were in the fir wood, Seidenfaden offered to show them the right place. He led them to the most hidden part of the wood, and said that here they would find what they were looking for. After the snow had been removed, they dug to a depth of nearly four feet in the earth, and found a corpse, partly decomposed. The hole which had become Caspar's grave must have been an inconvenient dwelling for him when he lived; though deep and broad enough, it was too short to have allowed him to lie at full length. The corpse was found lying on the side, with the knees bent and the back resting against a stone. The front of the skull was shattered; several parts of the clothing were well preserved, such as a checked neckcloth, braces made of list, trousers, shoes, and stockings.

Seidenfaden and Moller recognized the corpse as that of Caspar Funk. Moller trembled with fear and agitation, while Seidenfaden retained his composure. The sight did not appear to make any lasting impression on either of them.

The corpse was removed to Obernkirchen, in order to undergo the proper examination. It was carefully compared with the signalement of Funk, with which it exactly corresponded, spite of the decomposition it had undergone in more than a year. The physicians attached to the court pronounced the lesion of the skull to have been absolutely fatal, supposing it were inflicted on a living man, as it must have destroyed the brain and injured the blood-vessels. The blow, they said, must have been inflicted with a heavy blunt instrument, as there was no trace of

any cut. According to the declaration of the two principal accused, Funk had been killed with an axe which they even identified when shown to them. A comparison of the back of this axe with the shattered skull led to no result, partly because the opening was larger and differently shaped from what that would have produced, and partly because the physicians were forced to admit that the same injury might have been produced by repeated blows with even a much smaller instrument.

Moller was the first to make a confession. Before the body was found, he had requested an audience, and declared that if he was suspected of having murdered Funk, injustice was done him; that Seidenfaden had told him that it was he who had done it at the instigation of some person who had promised him a quart of brandy and five dollars for the job; that Seidenfaden had shown him the spot where the body was buried some time ago, and that that was how he came to be able to conduct Keil to it.

To this statement Moller adhered until the moment when he saw the corpse taken out of the earth. A sudden change then came over him; he seemed to become aware of what awaited him, lamented over his wife and children, and cried: "It will cost me my head!"

Moller and Seidenfaden now vied with each other in making confessions, which, though still far from the truth, threw sufficient light on the manner in which the crime was committed. From both statements it appeared that Mrs. Scheurer, of Obernkirchen, had not only concealed their thefts, and received the stolen goods, but had also planned and instigated the recently discovered murder. She and her husband were at once apprehended, and the criminal proceedings commenced against five persons—Moller, Seidenfaden, Keil, and the Scheurers, man and wife.

Both Moller and Seidenfaden confessed that a murder had been committed on the person of Caspar Funk, and their accounts of the attendant circumstances coincided in most of the details, only each accused the other of being the actual murderer, and each said that he had only accompanied the other, and lent a helping hand to bury the corpse; this, however, occurs in thousands of criminal cases.

Moller's statement, to which he adhered to the last, was to the following effect:

Mrs. Scheurer had previously induced him to commit various robberies, and then, when Funk lay hid in the hole on the Brückeberg, urged him to make away with the fellow for fear he should blab and get them all into trouble. She also promised that she would give a quart of brandy and five dollars to whoever would do the job. Of course he had declined her offer repeatedly. One morning, however, Seidenfaden came to him with a bottle of brandy, and said that Mrs. Scheurer had given it to him in order to make Funk drunk, and then to kill him. That evening they agreed to knock Funk on the head with an axe early next morning. Next day, however, Moller had changed his mind, and refused to go, saying that he was not well, but Seidenfaden persuaded him to go merely in order to help him. Moller at last agreed, but the execution of the project was put off till the following morning. They then consulted together, and settled how to do the deed, but not who was to do it.

Next morning at five o'clock, Moller took his axe, and went to fetch Seidenfaden, who carried the axe and the brandy, and who whistled for Funk when they reached the fir trees. Funk appeared, and led them to his hole, where they all sat down and refreshed themselves with food and drink before going to work. Funk ate very heartily, and then went hard to work at his hole, Seidenfaden taking it in turn to help him. Moller did not work, but lay down on the ground and covered himself with the other man's clothes, because he had an ague fit. When the hole was cleared out, Funk also threw himself on the ground, and fell asleep directly, overcome by so much brandy; he lay on his back.

Seidenfaden, who had been roaming about the forest, now came back, snatched up the axe, which lay on the ground, and struck Funk two or three times on the forehead with it. Funk never stirred again. Seidenfaden now called on Moller to help him to bury the dead man, and they took up the body each by one arm and one leg, and carried it into the hole; it lay on the right side, and, to prevent it from rolling over, Moller threw in a stone at the back to prop it up. After covering it with earth, turf, and brushwood, they returned to Obernkirchen, and went to Mrs. Scheurer's house, but did not find her at home. They therefore told her

husband that Funk was dead and could not peach upon any one. Mrs. Scheurer said that they had done quite right, and added: "I only hope you buried him deep enough, so that the pigs may not grub him up again."

A fortnight after, Seidenfaden asked Mrs. Scheurer, in Moller's presence, for the five dollars, but got no answer, nor did Moller believe he had ever had the money; as for him, he had never thought of asking for any thing.

Such was Moller's account of the matter. Seidenfaden's, as we have already said, was as nearly as possible the same, only that their parts in the performance were inverted. As usual in the confessions of criminals, each admitted, either from shame or from fear, no more than he was forced.

According to him, Mrs. Scheurer was the instigator of the deed, and Moller the first to adopt the plan. But Seidenfaden likewise implicated the stone-cutter Keil. He stated that the first suggestion of getting rid of Caspar was made to him in the presence of both Moller and Keil, and that there was a talk of throwing the victim into the quarry. Seidenfaden refused to enter into the scheme, and Moller and Keil would not undertake it by themselves. Moller and Mrs. Scheurer, however, never ceased urging him (Seidenfaden) to join with them, and he at last consented to accompany the former. Mrs. Scheurer, moreover, gave him plenty to drink, which had something to do with his resolution; she then gave him money to buy a quart of brandy, with which he was to stupefy Funk; this he refused to do, because it would have made his wife angry, and so Mrs. Scheurer bought the brandy herself, and gave him the full bottle.

According to his own account, Seidenfaden had shaken hands upon the promise to Mrs. Scheurer, but did not mean it in earnest, and only did so in order to get rid of her teasing, and because he did not believe that the murder would take place. Moller only wanted his company because he was afraid of Funk by himself. The same evening, at ten o'clock, he went to Moller's house and talked the matter over with him, and Moller expressly said that he would take the killing part upon himself: Seidenfaden was only to accompany him. Subsequently he declared that it was not until the following evening that he had let himself be persuaded by Mrs.

Scheurer and Moller to go with the latter.

Next morning, on the day of the murder, Moller came to his door at four o'clock to fetch him. Seidenfaden had a headache, and kept him waiting until seven, but Moller continued to ply him with entreaties and drams until he made up his mind to go. Moller took the axe, which he had left at Seidenfaden's house, and gave him the brandy-bottle to carry. When they got into the fir wood he did not whistle for Funk, as they could see him working at his hole. When he came to them, they gave him some of the bread and pork they had brought with them, and drank each other's healths, until Funk was overcome and fell asleep. As soon as Moller saw this, he laid the pick and the axe at the sleeping man's head, and made signs to Seidenfaden to take one of them and strike him too. Seidenfaden, however, shook his head, and walked away. At the same moment, Moller snatched up the axe and struck Funk upon the forehead with the back of it. Seidenfaden declared that he almost fainted at the sight, but that he could not do otherwise than help Moller to bury the dead man in the grave he had dug for himself. Moller took him by the head and Seidenfaden by the legs, and dragged him into the hole. Moller threw a heavy stone against his back, with the words, "Lie there, carrion!" After heaping earth upon him, they returned to Obernkirchen by different roads, and between ten and eleven he was at Mrs. Scheurer's house, in order to report what had been done. On hearing the news, old Mr. Scheurer said: "It was all right, and the best thing that could happen to Caspar himself;" he then inquired whether they had buried the corpse deep enough so that the pigs should not root it up again.

This was the result of the confession of both the murderers; each adhered to his own statement, and when confronted they loudly and violently accused each other of the deed.

Old Mrs. Scheurer denied as much as she possibly could. She had been well educated for her station in life; and only her avarice, which increased with her years, had made her into a receiver of stolen goods. She was forced to admit that she had bought the plunder of the vagabonds, but she denied that she had instigated the murder of Funk, though she owned that

she had been privy to the scheme, and also that she had lent Seidenfaden money to buy the brandy because he had asked her for it. She asserted that it was not she but Seidenfaden himself who had bought the brandy, and she denied having ever promised five dollars to whichever of the two men should kill Caspar.

Her husband (old Scheurer) denied every thing; he had heard nothing and said nothing; least of all had he asked whether the body was buried so deep that the pigs could not root it up. There were no indications against him beyond the assertions of the two criminals, and the fact of being Mrs. Scheurer's husband.

Keil, the stone-cutter, had laid himself open to suspicion by the question which he addressed to Moller, on the way back from the Brückeberg, by having concealed what he knew so long, and by having at first denied it all before the court. Moreover, the wives of Moller and Seidenfaden loudly asserted that he had taken part in the murder. But Keil's former conduct was unimpeachable, and it was only since he had become intimate with Moller and Seidenfaden that he had been induced to commit some petty thefts. These two men, who accused each other so vehemently, as well as their patroness, Mrs. Scheurer, who might still have paid them to be silent, made no serious charge against him; all he admitted at length was, that he might once have said that it would be a good thing to throw Caspar into a quarry, but that he said it without any particular meaning, least of all that of taking part in any thing of the kind.

The investigation lasted for three years, and on the 24th December, 1829, the chief court at Rinteln gave judgment as follows: Moller and Seidenfaden were to suffer death by the sword for the murder of Caspar Funk, as well as for various offences which had been proved against them during their trial. Mrs. Scheurer was sentenced to six years' imprisonment for aiding and abetting them in the murder and in robberies. Scheurer and Keil were acquitted.

Both the prisoners who were condemned to death appealed against the sentence. Moller's advocate called in question the fact of a murder having been committed at all, and contended that in any case his client ought not to have been con-

demned to death, as he had only assisted the other prisoner.

On the 9th September, 1830, the chief Court of Appeal confirmed the sentence. A petition for mercy was rejected on account of the brutal and treacherous nature of the offence; the Elector refused to attend to a memorial in Moller's behalf, and the sentence was executed upon him at Rinteln on the 15th of January, 1831.

In the mean time Seidenfaden had made his escape.

It was not the first time that Seidenfaden—a young man of prodigious bodily strength—had made the attempt. It appears that on the first night of his imprisonment he had endeavored to break out of his cell, and that he would have escaped then but for the energy and presence of mind of his jailors. Hereupon the court ordered the strait-waistcoat to be put upon him; on doing this, it was discovered that his body was so muscular, his shoulders so enormously wide, his throat so thick, and his chest so deep, that it was hardly possible to close the iron waistcoat upon him; the muscles of his chest swelled at least an inch above the cross bars of iron, and, after a night of torture, Seidenfaden begged to be examined by a medical commission, which accordingly removed the iron waistcoat, and substituted some other kind of fetters. Whether he wore this during all the years of his imprisonment is not stated, but on the night of the 13th April, 1830, he burst his fetters, broke the iron bars on the window of his cell at Rinteln, and escaped, thus forfeiting the right to appeal, or the hope of pardon.

By his subsequent confession it appears that he accomplished all this without any help. Every effort was made to re-capture so dangerous an offender, but in vain; not the slightest trace of him could be discovered, and it was supposed that he had shared the fate of his own victim, and been murdered by some of his associates.

Five years later, in 1836, the acts which had been closed in 1830 with the rewards offered for Seidenfaden's apprehension were re-opened, in order to inscribe the information sent by the Dutch authorities to the effect that, in consequence of information given by various persons, a highly-deserving non-commissioned officer in the Dutch army called Wiggers had been arrested in Paramaribo, on suspicion of being a

murderer named Seidenfaden, who had made his escape from Electoral Hesse. The subsequent examination brought to light the following singular and romantic history:

Seidenfaden, who on his first trial appeared in his blackest colors, shows in far better ones immediately after his escape. His life was in imminent peril in Hesse, or even in any part of Germany, and it was clear that his only chance of safety lay in immediate flight across the frontier. Nevertheless, he stole back to Obernkirchen on the very night of his escape, still bearing the mark of his fetters, and probably even the rings themselves, in order to see his wife and children once more. He dared not venture into his house, but sent some person whom he could trust to his wife to tell her that he wished to take leave of her before he left the country, and that she was to reckon upon it that if matters went well with him he would not forget her and the children. His wife, however, sent him word by a woman who lived with her that she would not see him, and that he had better take himself off as quickly as possible.

Seidenfaden knew something of Holland from his former wanderings, and thither he directed his steps. He begged his way, and met with no hindrance on the road. On the 24th of April he reached Zwoln, near the lake of Haarlem, after a twelve days' journey, accomplished amid privation and terror. Here he found a boat bound for Amsterdam; he had not a farthing in his pocket, but the skipper readily gave so strong a man a free passage in return for his services at the oar. On arriving at Amsterdam, he wanted to take service as a soldier or marine. He applied to a recruiting agent, and in spite of having no passport or proof of his identity, he was at once enlisted to go to Surinam, under the name of William Wiggers, a domestic servant from Lübeck. Men were wanted, and he received two ducats bounty, ten and a half gulden monthly pay, and the promise of a pension from government after twenty years' service in the colonies.

This was in the year 1830, and in consequence of the revolution of July, war broke out between Belgium and Holland, and the soldiers who had been enlisted for the colonies were employed

against Belgium. After being drilled at Harderwyk, Seidenfaden, with the chasseurs whose destination had been Surinam, marched to Antwerp. On the 20th of September—eleven days after his accomplice Moller had received sentence of death—Seidenfaden and one of his fellow-soldiers, during an attack upon the town, forced their way into a battery which was ill-defended, and succeeded in spiking six guns. He was publicly complimented for his bravery, and raised to the rank of corporal in the 5th Company, three days after. Soon after, his corps took the town of Hasselt, which was given up to plunder for twenty-four hours. There is no evidence that Seidenfaden indulged his thievish propensities on this occasion; perhaps now that robbery was permitted, it lost its former attraction for him. He employed the first three hours of the time in conveying his sergeant-major, who was left on the field helpless and mortally wounded, to the hospital. He then joined the plunderers, and went with a comrade into a house where there was nothing left but a child in the cradle. They had scarcely left the house, when another soldier rushed in, and instantly came out again, laughing savagely, with the poor infant sticking on his bayonet. Seidenfaden declared that the sight gave him the greatest pain, and that he could not forget it. He and two others then burst into another house, and demanded money of a woman there. With fear and trembling she unlocked a heavy chest, and took out of it a large sealed bag which she gave them. Well content with their booty, the plunderers went to the barracks to share it, and Seidenfaden declares that he intended to send his part to his wife and children; when, however, the bag was opened, it was found to contain only copper coin to the value of about twelve gulden.

The war in Belgium being at an end, there was now leisure to think once more of the colonies, and towards the end of 1831 Corporal Wiggers embarked for Surinam with 150 men.

The Dutch possessions are bounded by vast tracts of wild country, inhabited by native savages and by maroon negroes. Hither the slaves employed in the plantations continually attempt to escape, and to join their brethren, who have previously regained their liberty. In order to

prevent their so doing, and to guard against sudden invasions from the maroon negroes, the boundaries are guarded by strong outposts, and forays are continually made in the forests besides.

On one occasion a large number of slaves had escaped, and Seidenfaden was ordered to pursue them with a strong detachment. In the midst of the forest his party encountered one hundred and fifty armed negroes, led by a black named Monday, who was much dreaded by the colonists. The blacks were overpowered, and fled, and a well-aimed shot from Seidenfaden's gun brought down Monday, severely wounded, and he was taken. This had long been an object of great importance, and Seidenfaden was rewarded with a kind of order consisting of a silver pin and chain.

Almost at the same time he was created member of a real order. About a year after his display of courage at Hasselt and Antwerp, he was invested, in front of the regiment, with the cross of the Wilhelms order of the second class for his conduct at the taking of the battery at Antwerp, and with a medal cast from the cannon of Hasselt, for his share in that affair. Both had been sent out to him from Europe. The latter was given to all those who had been under fire on that occasion, but Seidenfaden was also promoted to be sergeant, and received a gratuity of 175 gulden for the affair of the guns at Antwerp.

Every year the troops exchanged the hard service on the frontier for garrison duty at Paramaribo. In February, 1832, Seidenfaden, who was now sergeant in the 2d Company, left Paramaribo, and was sent as commandant to one of the frontier forts. In this perfectly independent position, he fulfilled to the utmost all the duties of a commandant. In January, 1833, he was relieved, returned again in December, and commanded the fort during the year 1834, and marched back to Paramaribo in January, 1835.

It would have been far better for him had he never been relieved from the severe duties of his post, or even had the fever, which never seems to have attacked his athletic frame, put an end to his existence.

One day during the month of February, 1835, when Seidenfaden was in command of the watch, he heard the sentinel in

front of the guard-house talking German with a sailor whose dialect sounded familiar to him. From his accent he recognized him as a man from Schaumburg, and from his peculiar gait when he saw him walk, he fancied he must come from the village of Rodenberg. He went up to him, and asked him his name, and where he came from.

The sailor's name was Null, and he was born at Kreinhagen, about two miles from Obernkirchen. On hearing this Seidenfaden's recollections of home and his family revived, and he endeavored to gain intelligence of them by cautious inquiries, adding, that he knew the neighborhood from having been in service there as waiter in an inn. His inquiries did not, however, lead to much, and he at length took courage to mention the occurrences which had happened at Obernkirchen. He said that he had heard of the murder on the Brückeberg, and asked what had become of the men who had been arrested in consequence of it. The sailor replied that one had been beheaded whose name was Moller, and that the other, called Seidenfaden, had escaped. The sergeant's heart beat quick, and he asked too eagerly what had become of Seidenfaden's wife and children—were they very badly off? Null told him that the wife was in prison, and kept to hard labor until Seidenfaden should return.

Seidenfaden was dismayed; he could scarcely believe the news, but his coolness forsook him, and his inquiries became more eager, especially with regard to the children. Null's suspicions were roused in a moment, and he instantly exclaimed: "Why, surely you must be Seidenfaden himself!"

The sailor hereupon walked away, before the sergeant had time to make any reply; he was much troubled in mind, but fancied that he had not betrayed himself. But either the sailor was of a suspicious temper, or the hatred which a "sea-dog" always feels for a "lobster," made him glad to "serve one of them a trick," or perhaps he had taken a dislike to the sergeant's appearance, or behavior towards himself. However this may have been, Null did not keep Seidenfaden's counsel, and it was soon rumored among the sailors that the "lobsters" had got a sergeant who had been a thief, a highwayman, and a murderer. The report soon spread throughout the colony that the

exemplary Sergeant Wiggers was an escaped murderer, who had enlisted under a false name; that he had committed seven murders, and been captain of a band of three hundred robbers! This afforded the sailors a welcome opportunity to "chaff" the soldiers whenever they met in public houses and elsewhere.

The poison had been in circulation for three months before it actively took effect. The chasseurs began to think that they could no longer stand up for the honor of their sergeant with a good conscience, and they began to grumble louder and louder, until at last their demand that Wiggers should be forced to clear himself came before the superior officers.

The colonel and captain were well disposed towards Seidenfaden. He was one of their best non-commissioned officers; his conduct had always been exemplary, and his activity and courage remarkable; but the threat held out by the chasseurs that they would no longer serve under a convicted robber and murderer could not be passed over. The colonel of the regiment had him examined by the auditor. The sergeant denied all that was laid to his charge, and the officers hoped that the storm would subside.

Meanwhile, however, Null had found a few countrymen of his own among the crews of some newly-arrived merchant ships, who had heard the most dreadful stories about the murderer Seidenfaden, and had seen him, or at least fancied that they had. These men were filled with hatred against the murderer, which soon diffused itself among the garrison, and the colonel, who had sent Seidenfaden to one of the detached forts, in order that he might be out of the way for a time, was forced to recall him to Paramaribo, and to bring him before a court-martial.

He was confronted with Null, and his brother-in-law, one Kinne. It is highly probable that neither of them had ever seen him before, but they nevertheless took their oaths that they knew him, and that he was not Sergeant Wiggers, but the former shoemaker, Seidenfaden, of Obernkirchen. They even swore that he had committed no less than seven murders in his native place, and that he had been captain of a band of three hundred robbers. Kinne even swore that he had murdered his, Kinne's, sister.

The sergeant still denied every thing, but the officers could not resist the general

feeling among the soldiers, supported by the evidence of two competent witnesses. Seidenfaden was put under slight military arrest, and had frequent opportunities of escape. He did not, however, avail himself of them, because he flattered himself that even at the worst he would not be given up.

On the 28th August, 1835, he was sent to Holland as a prisoner. After five years of honorable freedom, and six weeks of easy confinement on board ship, Seidenfaden once more found himself in Europe, imprisoned as a criminal. After a month's imprisonment at Harderwyk, he was conveyed to the prison at Arnheim. The reason of this delay on the part of the Dutch government has not been explained; but it was not until January, 1836, that information was sent to Cassel, to the Minister of Justice of Electoral Hesse, by the Dutch Government, to the effect that Heinrich Seidenfaden, a criminal under sentence of death, was in prison at Arnheim, and would be delivered to the authorities of Electoral Hesse upon being properly identified. Some delay seems to have occurred on the Hessian side, for it was not till February that a Hessian police-officer and gendarme arrived at Arnheim. Both these men knew Seidenfaden; they took him in custody, and on the 1st March, delivered him up to justice, and he was once more imprisoned at Rinteln.

Seidenfaden made no attempt to escape by the way, and gave a full account of all that had befallen him from the moment of his flight to that of his re-capture.

From the moment when he appeared before the green table at which his judges sat, the last six years of his life, so fortunate and so brilliant for a man of his station, were wiped out, and he was once more the common felon who had broken out of prison and been re-taken, and the trial was resumed just where it had been broken off six years before. Seidenfaden's advocate had then appealed against the sentence to the Supreme Court, which, however, rejected the appeal, and the Elector refused a petition praying that Seidenfaden's punishment might be commuted to imprisonment in chains for life.

On the 6th February, 1837, ten years after his first arrest, Seidenfaden was beheaded at Rinteln. He mounted the scaffold with remarkable calmness, courage, and resignation. The crowd displayed considerable sympathy for his fate,

which was increased by the clumsiness of the executioner, who struck three blows before his head even sunk on his breast, and then had to make two more cuts to separate it from his body. It was said that he was unnerved by the extraordinary composure with which Seidenfaden met death.

With this we must close our extracts from a work to which we may perhaps hereafter revert.

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From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## THE HOWLING DERVISHES.

ONE sees many disgusting exhibitions in the East, but not one that is more so than the ceremony performed by the Howling Dervishes. To be sure, it is your own fault if you do see it; they themselves—unlike the turning dervishes at Pera and elsewhere, who most willingly admit foreigners to their chapel—hate the presence of the “unclean” like sin; and it is only through the interest of some great individual, and determined perseverance in making your applications, that you are admitted within the hallowed precincts of their convent.

Many and unsuccessful were our own attempts for a sight of the mystery, until we at last succeeded in procuring the gracious notice of the arch-priest at Broussa to our excellent recommendations by letter and personally from two gentlemen of influence, whose acquaintance we had made. To these insignia, we ventured to add our own earnest assurance that we would behave with all due reverence, and preserve a face of becoming length whilst present.

At the door, three youths who had been stationed there by the imam to wait upon us, and prevent the crowd from impeding our view, stooped to take off our slippers. This done we were ushered up stairs to a small room beside the chapel, through whose latticed windows we were to gaze upon the mystery. The walls of the chapel present a ferocious sort of decoration, reminding one of the chambers of the Inquisition. Like the mosques, and other holy places, they are ornamented

with written sentences from the Koran. But there is with these dervishes a difference which chills you—the suspended battle-axes, chains, skewers, pincers, spikes, which are used to torture themselves when the religious frenzy becomes too intolerable for the expression of the voice or of motion.

The youths who formed our escort placed us in the best possible position to view the scene, and then, arranging themselves on each side, kept back the throng. Many and bitter were the muffled imprecations upon the *giaours* which arose from those beaten off, as they tried hard to force within our charmed circle. Our small apartment filled fast until, the heat becoming oppressive, our dragoman observed that if air were not admitted, he was sure we could not stay. Upon this, the youths immediately stopped all further entrance of spectators, and opened a small lattice, through which passed a gentle breeze, imparting a delicious coolness to that part of the room where we were stationed.

A low, monotonous chant rose to the lattice; we looked and saw a train of dervishes slowly entering the chapel, headed by their high-priest. The dervishes prostrated themselves upon the earth, their foreheads in the dust; the priest, stretching forth his open palms to heaven, repeated a long, low prayer. A tiger-skin was then spread before the *Mihrab*, and upon this the priest stationed himself. A rich green scarf was offered, with which he begirt himself with much ceremony. Then commenced a low, horrid wail,



echoed by the whole fraternity, who sat rocking their bodies to and fro till their foreheads almost touched the floor.

By degrees, the frenzy increased; the eyes of the performers began to shine with a terribly unnatural lustre; foam gathered upon the lips, as in epilepsy; the countenance writhed in the most frightful distortions; a perspiration, so profuse that it rolled down the cheeks in huge drops, rose upon the pale and sickly brow; the "Al'lâh-hou!" each moment was cried with a redoubled fury, until with the violence of the shouts, the voice gave way, and the words became mere frantic roarings, as from a cavern of wild beasts.

Suddenly, a sound more distinct and more terrible than the rest arose from the heaving and surging mass. "Lah il 'lah el il 'Al'lâh!" cried a voice whose tones were like nothing earthly; and the others present caught up and echoed that fearful cry. The next moment, there was a demoniac shriek, and the man who had at first shouted, rolled over the floor in a death-like convulsion. Those next to him, with another frightful "Al'lâh-hou," turned to his relief. They stretched him up, they chafed his hands—they rubbed and tried to bend his limbs; but he lay inanimate and rigid as a corpse.

With lightning rapidity, the infection of this paroxysm spread; the "Lah il 'lah el il 'Al'lâhs" became more terrible still: the devotees tossed their arms in the air, with the fury of maniacs. An instant more, and another dervish leaped from the floor, as if shot through the heart, and fell in convulsions.

This brought the frenzy to a climax. The imam encouraged the delirium by voice, by howls, by gesture. A young man detached himself from the group. The high-priest took an instrument that looked much like a pair of tongs, with which he pinched his cheeks with all his might; but the dervish made no sign of pain. A little child, a sweet little girl, of about seven years of age, entered the chapel, and calmly laid herself down upon the crimson rug. Assisted by two attendants, who from the first had stationed themselves one on each side of the Mih-rab, the priest stepped upon her tender little frame, and stood there some moments; she must have suffered much, but when he dismounted she rose and walked away with an air of extreme satisfaction.

Now commenced another and equally painful portion of the service. The imam regulated the time of the chant by ever and anon clapping his hands to increase its speed, or commanding by gestures that it must be slower. Wail succeeded to wail, howl to howl, Al'lâh-hou to Al'lâh-hou, till at last the strongest men, unable to bear the violence of the exertion, fell to the ground in convulsions, or sobbed with anguish like infants. On the whole, a more revolting scene than the howling dervishes could not readily be conceived; and dreadful is the distortion of that spirit which can deem such torments acceptable in the eyes of God.

A few days afterwards, it was my fortune to make a more intimate acquaintance of one of these dervishes; it was in this wise: The Osmanlis have two diseases which are peculiar to themselves; the one they have named *gellinjik*, the other *yellanjik*. Under the head of *gellinjik*, they describe almost any possible illness of the body. The *yellanjik* is the more simple and more easily cured disease of the two: it signifies only toothache and its concomitant pains of the face. So difficult is the *gellinjik* to cure, that the happy ability has long been vested in a single family, through whom the power passes with each generation; but the *yellanjik* can be cured by those emirs or dervishes who are descended from Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed.

The charm consists in this. It is the fair sex who are usually afflicted with the face-ache in Turkey; and at any rate these quacks have a particular love for those who are called the "weaker vessels" of humanity. The lady is affected with nervous pains in the cheek. Faith is imperative, and there is one particular emir upon whom her choice falls. He is sent for; his feet are folded beneath him upon the divan, and his green turban readjusted. The veiled beauty is led by a slave into his august presence, and seated upon a low cushion before him. The emir utters a short prayer, lays his thumb upon the nose, breathes softly upon the forehead, gently rubs the cheek, and the treatment is complete.

A young slave belonging to the house where for a while we were invited to sojourn, was afflicted with *yellanjik*. Immediately on her desire being made known a messenger was dispatched for an emir whom she named, and who was rather eminent in the cures he effected. The

family, except one aged relative upon whom this slave attended, were staying at their country residence. Fitnet Hanaum was led into the presence of the emir. He might once have been a handsome man, but now his countenance had taken that sickly and distorted expression which often follows their dreadful ceremonies; and with his thick, bristling moustache, and his long, matted beard, it gave him by no means a very prepossessing appearance.

I was that morning amusing myself with an electrical apparatus; and after he had operated upon Fitnet, he passed me as I stood in the piazza making experiments, which piazza was his nearest way to the garden from her room. He surveyed the jars for a few moments with intense curiosity, and then departing to a short distance slowly drew forth a small brass ladle, and murmured: "Buckshish! Buckshish!"

"Buckshish! Buckshish for what?" I asked.

He made a gesture intimating that to give alms to his order was the usual thing.

"No; I cannot think of giving you buckshish. You are young and strong; you can work at your trade."

"I do work—hard work."

"For whom?"

"Al-lâh."

"But your work is profitless to both him and yourself. I shall not encourage it. It is spoken!" pursued I, with the usual Osmanli expression of decision.

I was in the midst of an interesting experiment, and I turned to my apparatus. The dervish quietly seated himself upon the ground, doubled up his feet beneath him, still presented his brass dish, and there he sat motionless as an image carved in marble. Thus things went on for the next half-hour. But I was determined not to be wearied into giving him buckshish, and his imperturbable staring had become unpleasant.

"Just bid him go about his business," said I to the dragoman.

He did so; but the dervish intimated that he should not retire without the money.

"If you do not go voluntarily, I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of compelling you," said I.

The dervish merely gave a complacent chuckle, which said that he defied me to get rid of him.

"Very good," replied I. "Now mind, if I do what you will not like, it is not my fault."

I had a large coil-machine on the table before me, which, as those acquainted with such apparatus know, tortures the nerves beyond the power of the strongest man to endure voluntarily more than a few seconds. I laid hold of his dish with the conductor, and by way of a sample, gave him a moderate dose from a smaller battery. He laughed derisively, saying: "Al-lâh el il P'Al'lâh!"

"Then here goes!" pursued I, putting the magnet into the coil, whilst the attendants crowded around to see the effect. It was instantaneous. He rolled over upon the ground with a yell-like "Al'lâh-hou!" The arms quivered in their sockets; the dish, which now he would fain have let go if he could, flashed about in his convulsed hands like a rocket; the countenance was distorted with pain and rage. In a few moments, feeling satisfied that he had enough, I released him from the coil. He rose, and nearly upsetting the dragoman in his flight, leaped down the steps into the garden. There, being at what he considered a safe distance, he turned, and a more liberal allowance of curses never fell to the lot of any man than those which he bestowed on me. He prayed his face livid with passion, to Al'lâh that I and my stock might be withered up, root and branch; that I might be, ere twenty-four hours had elapsed, smitten and covered with boils and ulcers! Now he turned his attentions to the women in my family. These he cursed, from my great-grandmother to my great-granddaughter; and, finally, he wound up with a fervent prayer that my wife might prove any thing but faithful or fruitful; or that, if the latter petition failed, my issue might be to me the bitterest curse that ever fell to the lot of a father. Since then I have often had a hearty smile at the discomfiture of the yellanjik doctor.

From the Eclectic Review.

## LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DR. KITTO.\*

JOHN KITTO was a rare man in a rare position. Totally deaf from his thirteenth year, he became an inmate of a work-house when fourteen, a parish apprentice at seventeen, and nearly died of misery, solitude of heart, and unrequited toil under the tyranny of a base master; and yet, despite his small schooling and almost utter friendlessness, he contrived closely to study many of the best books, and wisely to read his own heart, so

that before he was eighteen, he distinguished himself by the vigor and chasteness of his compositions, and that in such a manner as to excite the interest and sympathy of several persons of distinguished talent and large-heartedness, by whose help he became the *protégé* of the *literati* of his native town, through whose jealous patronage he steered with modest and grateful independence of spirit. Under the auspices of a noble friend and Christian brother, he at length came forth from manifold trials a laborious Christian, his spirit going out through all his tribulations in the strength of that hope which cannot be confounded, because, springing from the power of God's own love, felt in the heart.

Thus Kitto, by his experience, his learning, and his love, ultimately reached his highest and fittest earthly position, being acknowledged in all directions as the best practical illustrator and expounder of the divine word in his country or his age. The biography of such a man must be full of lessons of the deepest interest and instruction. But who could write such a biography? No man. A written life is impossible; yet in this volume we possess the nearest possible approximation to such a work; for the editor has wisely taken advantage of Kitto's journals and letters, so that he is made to tell his own story just as those incidents arose which moved his heart to utter itself in words to some few other hearts in which he trusted for sympathy and fellowship. "As face answereth to face in a glass, so doth the heart of a man to his friend." Hence there is a freshness, fullness, and power in this volume which we seldom find in so-called biographies. We get acquainted with the man himself; we see his reflection—we study with him—talk with him—feel with him—retire to the inner sanctuary with him—go abroad with him: in short, enter into his home-life, and look with him along that pathway of light that grows into the perfect day. Such biographies elevate humanity, and cause us to exclaim:

\* *The Pictorial Bible*. With Original Notes, chiefly explanatory, in connection with the Engravings, on such passages connected with the History, Geography, Natural History, Literature, and Antiquities of the Sacred Scriptures, as require observation. In 3 large vols. imperial 8vo, and 4 vols. 4to. 1835–1838. Also the Notes separately, under the title of "The Illustrated Commentary," in 5 vols. post 8vo. 1840. The "Standard Edition" of the Pictorial Bible, 4 vols. imperial 8vo. London: C. Knight. 1847.

*Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 904, 994. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1845.

*The Lost Senses*, 1st Series—Deafness, 18mo, pp. 206; 2d Series—Blindness, pp. 254. London: C. Knight. 1845.

*Daily Bible Illustrations: being Original Readings for a Year on Subjects relating to Sacred History, Biography, Geography, Antiquities, and Theology*. Morning Series—Vol. I., Antediluvians and Patriarchs, pp. 434; Vol. II., Moses and the Judges, pp. 466; Vol. III., Samuel, Saul, and David, pp. 446; Vol. IV., Solomon and the Kings, pp. 446. Foolscap 8vo. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Sons. 1849–1851.

*Scripture Lands, described in a series of Historical, Geographical, and Topographical Sketches, and Illustrated by a Biblical Atlas of 24 Maps*. Foolscap 8vo, pp. 384. London: H. G. Bohn. 1850.

*The Land of Promise; or, a Topographical Description of the Principal Places in Palestine, and of the Country Eastward of the Jordan*. 12mo, pp. 336. London: Religious Tract Society. 1850.

*Daily Bible Illustrations*. Evening Series—Vol. I., Job and the Poetical Books, pp. 438; Vol. II., Isaiah and the Prophets, pp. 440; Vol. III., Life and Death of Our Lord, pp. 450; Vol. IV., The Apostles and Early Church, pp. 506. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Sons. 1851–1853.

*Memoirs of John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A.* Compiled chiefly from his *Letters and Journals*, by J. E. Ryland, M.A., Editor of *Foster's Life and Correspondence*, &c.; with a Critical Estimate of Dr. Kitto's Life and Writings, by Professor Eadie, D.D., LL.D., of Glasgow. 8vo, pp. 696, with a Portrait and Vignette, &c.

"Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make *our* lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us,  
Footprints on the sands of time."

Kitto's life is most interesting, not only from the touching incidents, high efforts, and great endowments exemplified in its remarkable course, but also as affording large instruction to the physiologist and philanthropist concerning the influence of bodily peculiarity and outward circumstances on the direction, development, and character of the feeling and thinking being.

He had derived a very sensitive and yet vigorous organism through a race of strong-nerved, hard-working persons, both on the father's and the mother's side. He was born in Seven Stars Lane, Plymouth, on the 4th of December, 1804. It is true he was a puny, sickly infant, and the vigor he afterwards evinced was rather that of the brain than of the muscles; and his energy was rather that which rendered him capable of keeping close to his story-telling grandmother and enjoying in quiet the current of ideas thus early awakened, than the bodily activity in which most healthy children delight. It is not improbable that his ancestors were, as he somewhere tells us, Phœnicians, who settled in Gwennap, Cornwall, where the most ancient and richest tin mines are found, and which was the birthplace of his father. At least his learning has enabled him to determine that the name "Kitto" is Phœnician. In looking at a man's personal peculiarities and mental characteristics, his ethnological derivation may well be kept in sight, since we know that certain tendencies of mind and body which distinguish races are apt to show themselves in the lives of persons long after their separation from their original stock. And by regarding the influence of the mixture of different races with each other, under the force of outward changes, we shall learn to admire the wisdom of God, by whose providence the peoples are stirred up and distributed so as to produce, by their intermingling, the highest forms of intelligence and power, and thus, by books and commerce, preserve the sense of kindredship in all nations.

Kitto's learning has contributed in no small measure to this end; for his works are of a nature to interest all people to whom the Bible is, or may be, an open

book. In it God speaks to all humanity, and embraces all in one final interest. To this Kitto always pointed; and we enjoy the notion that he descended from some stray trader in tin in days of old, for the very purpose, after due time, to connect more fully the East with the West, and to instruct the men of England and America in the wisdom and goodness of the Divine Galilean. The circumstances of race are to be taken into account in all our efforts to educate either individuals or nations, for differences of race are the stamps of Divine Providence, marking the varieties of mankind for their destined work in the fulfillment of those prophecies which have been since the world began.

The Almighty hand snatched Kitto from destruction, when those from whom he sprang were in danger of sinking down into those vices which extinguish families and nations. His father, from being a respected man of good talents, as a master builder, became a drunkard and a pauper in the prime of his life. His mother, however, was a brave, and patient, and pious woman, who labored with her own hands for the bread of which her husband's intemperance deprived her children. Probably her son partook largely of her mental constitution, for we find one marked physical peculiarity in which they resembled each other: when anything painfully excited his mother, her wounded feeling was indicated by a *tremulous motion of the foot*, and it is a curious circumstance that any strong mental emotion was accompanied by a similar effect on the subject of this memoir. This indicates a close similarity in their nervous organism, together with great strength of feeling and of moral control, for a like degree of excitement in most persons would be expressed by unmistakable symptoms of anger. He derived, then, much of his sensitiveness, his patient endurance and persevering hopefulness, from his mother. But his father, at the period of his birth, was marked for more than average natural ability, industry, and skill: and his mental structure, no less than his outward form, had strong and distinctive features, which his son visibly inherited. How far either father or mother influenced the formation of his character by their impression on his opening mind we cannot know, for at the age of four years he was removed from his father's house and his mother's care, to that of his maternal

grandmother, Mrs. Picken, whose affectionate attention to her "Johnny" was well proportioned to his helplessness and necessity. With her his mind was early entertained with wonders, and so it rapidly grew inquiring, and reflective, and metaphysical, for under her oral tuition he could think of little but witches, wizards, and hobgoblins, subjects of no mean importance for exercising whatever powers of abstraction any child, of lesser or larger growth, may possess. But "Johnny's" amazement was far greater at the fact that his grandmother did not like sugar-stick than at her stories, for these he received in absolute faith while he made patchwork at her side, but not to like sugar-stick was a direct contradiction to his daily experience. The effect of this dear old soul's loving-kindness is worth thinking of; it was such that in long-after years when "Johnny" was about to enter on his chief literary undertakings, he says: "I cannot think of her without deep emotion, and if there were any one of the pleasant things I once hoped for, and which are now impossible to me, that I would sooner than any other wish for again, it would be, that she of all my dear dead ones, should revive or should still have lived, to exult, as she would have done more than any—more than I do myself—in my little triumphs over the unhappy circumstances in which she left me." Verily this grandmother was a prophetess in her way, for she taught him to enjoy the works of God in creation, and above all taught him to believe in a love that watched over him incessantly, helped him with sympathy in all his labors, rejoiced in his triumphs, and encouraged his further efforts. It was his love for this loving heart, who was, as he says, more than a mother to him, that inspired him with natural confidence in the doctrine of the soul's immortality long before that doctrine was brought to light in his heart by faith in Him who is the resurrection and the life. There was a kind of blind and savage idolatry in his affection for this kind grandmother, as we find in the language of his journal, on her death and burial, which occurred when he was about sixteen. The most striking of the many strong passages on that occasion is this: "*I knelt down and prayed for her departed spirit to Him in whose hands are life and death, and that he would endue us with resignation to his*

decrees." This came of his reading the Apocrypha without instruction: he afterwards knew better. But we are taking a stride too far in advance. Oh! the might of loving-kindness! What would Kitto have been without this grandmother, with a drunken father and a mother overburdened with the weight of her life? We see many lads in our streets, ragged, wretched, shrewd, and abandoned, who may tell us without words: O ye Christians, clothed in soft raiment, honor and imitate Mrs. Picken.

Next among Kitto's early enlighteners we have his friend the story-telling shoemaker, Roberts, who gave little "Johnny" his life-long attachment to books and pictures. As usual among the poor, his first books and favorites, were those that speak most powerfully and plainly of man's interests and destinies; the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress," with demonstrative engravings, filled him with delight; and it is no wonder that he "glorified" those engravings with abundance of red, blue, and yellow paint, as soon as, by the generosity of a neighbor, he became possessed of his fourpenny box of colors. Such was the commencement of his Bible illustrations.

As a child he used to hear Dr. Hawker, Vicar of Charles, Plymouth; and certainly, from what we remember, Dr. Hawker was a preacher well calculated to impress either man or child by his earnestness, point, and straightforwardness of style, as well as by his spiritualisms, that always gave one the hope of seeing more than appeared. Dr. Hawker, then, was Kitto's first pattern of a preacher, and so "Johnny" would preach, too, taking a chair with the bottom out for a pulpit, much to the scandal of dear Mrs. Picken, who thought this precociousness rather profane; but then, as after, "Johnny," being obstinate, would not read aloud at all, unless allowed to do so in his own way, like an embryo D.D. as he was.

He very early proved his pertinacity in acquiring knowledge and applying it. He bored one of his friends by borrowing her books until he was ashamed to ask for a fresh supply, so he tried to express his wishes in notes, and these notes were his first attempts at composition, and were always successful. From notes the transition to authorship is easy. He became an author, and a paid one, too, before he was twelve years of age. A cousin had

a penny, and would buy a story-book. "Johnny" could write a story, and wanted a penny; so a bargain was struck, and a long story about "King Pippin" was produced, with a painted picture at the beginning, very much to the satisfaction of both parties. The story related to the doings of the wild men that once dwelt in England. Here we see a mental vigor beyond his years, and in his familiarity with pictured story-books and a box of colors, we trace the commencement of his talent for those pictorial illustrations by which he afterwards so largely drew the attention of the young to the Book of books.

All Kitto's schooling extended only from his eighth to his eleventh year, much interrupted by headaches and changes of master, so that it is really surprising that he became so good a reader, and no wonder that his penmanship and arithmetic were but rude. He was God's pupil. He observed nature closely, and caught intelligence from every fact about him. He collected a museum of objects for his little garret-study and bedroom, and he thought on all he saw. His first study reminds us of Kirke White's at a later period in the poet's life; but Kitto, the pauper's child, with less encouragement and smaller accommodation, evinced even higher tendencies of mind, though we can well imagine Kirke White in Kitto's position, only slightly more gentle-hearted, with kindred tastes, the same poetic sensitiveness, and the same love of souls and of learning, always looking in the most human direction his heart could find, and that is to God in Christ. Kitto's one small room, that served him for every thing pertaining to home-comfort, was just seven feet by four; but there was vast variety in its contents, for there he studied pebbles and odd bits of God's handiwork in such a manner as to infer order, mind, will, and moral government, alike from stones and from books. Fancy and hope converted his dingy closet into a dreamy paradise. But a sense of the terrible belongs to nature, for all matter carries the stamp of death upon it, and so Kitto, with a touch of savage philosophy, placed a *memento mori*, or a kind of *teraphim*, as perhaps he would afterwards have defined it, over his bed, in the form of a dog's skull—a veritable skull, into which he had inserted artificial eyes and tongue, the jaws being painted with vermillion, to intensify the

seeming fierceness of the devourer. Under the auspices of such a presence, however, he enjoyed the freshness of his soul's first grand discoveries in its search for knowledge in books, and the workings of his own mind and heart; therefore, in after years, he looked back on the time spent in that small garret as his happiest, because his freest and freshest, all privation notwithstanding. Fully to understand the promise of Kitto's mental faculties at the period, we must remember that it was his habit, before he was eleven years of age, to make copious, clear, and useful indexes of all the books he read, and that these were no mean works, for Young and Spenser were his especial favorites, and the Bible his constant study, with the help of Josephus' "Antiquities of the Jews," and such Christian writers as Baxter and Watts. The Hand Divine was guiding the lad, and preparing him, within and without, subjectively and objectively, for his futurity of extensive labor and usefulness. "The child *was* father of the man."

In reviewing such a life, the mind recurs to numerous instances in which individuals, *per ardua*, have in early youth got hold of a clue to the labyrinth of learning, and have followed it out into new paths without any aid from another's instruction, thus, in fact, making greater discoveries at length, than any elaborate schooling would have enabled them to attain. Doubtless this mode of mental advancement has more delight in it, because it has more seeming and unexpected discoveries, than the routine method. We may compare the spirit and zest of such students with the enthusiasm of those persons who set out to prosecute researches in untried territories, and whose love of travelling draws them from valley to mountain, town to town, river to river, sea to sea, never satisfied with their day's horizon. They discover, they enjoy, and they advance from point to point, with little sense of labor, and accomplish their wishes as they enlarge their knowledge. True, many such travellers discover much that geographers could have told them; still the zest of discovery is the chief motive to such efforts; and we think, on the same principle, that those schoolings are most encouraging and most productive of vigorous spirits, in which there is the least actual task-work, and the most opportunity afforded for the youthful mind to find its own way amidst the languages, dead and

living, of the story-tellers and the poets of the past and the present. Rules for general guidance, and exercises to strengthen the sinews of the soul, are necessary to prepare the youthful aspirant for his future toil; but each growing mind should, we conceive, have some choice as to its course each day, instead of doing so much of a quotidian task with a mob of other driven minds. What you can, only steady and onwards, should be the law. This might not suit the teacher's trade as it now stands; but parents should be taught to understand that the teacher's is a high office of large responsibility in regard to each pupil, and to be rewarded accordingly. Thus the advantages of self-teaching might be combined with those of school, by a more leisurely coöperation of the teacher and the taught.

Had Kitto been more ostensibly favored with schooling, probably his delight had been less in books, and he would not have regarded his first closet study as the happiest of his life. At least, we often see the very best things undervalued, if not despised, when forced upon men, for human nature cannot be compelled to like, much less to love, even the beauties of truth at the mere bidding of another, and we must prove, by our actions, that we love them ourselves, ere we can gain another's sympathy in our love.

In Kitto's eleventh year, his fond grandmother's means failed, and he became again dependent on his father, whose bad habits had now reduced him to the necessity of seeking labor as a journeyman and jobbing mason. He took young Kitto to help him as a laborer, and this employment led to the grand crisis in the lad's life, for on the 18th of February, 1817, when thus engaged with his father in repairing the roof of a house, his foot slipped, and he fell from a height of thirty-five feet upon a stone pavement beneath. He remained unconscious for a fortnight, and then gradually recovered, except that from that time he never heard the slightest sound. "Speak! speak! why not speak?" said he to his attendants. Then the fatal truth was written on his slate: "You are deaf." Crushing truth! but as his biographer well says:

"There were alleviating circumstances, which, to use a phrase suggested by the accident, *broke the fall*. In his state of physical prostration, quiet and silence were to a great degree pleasant and desirable; then his retired, thoughtful character,

and his love of books, which had already become a passion, made him far less dependent than most young persons of the same age, on social sources of amusement. It was also doubtful whether the loss would be permanent, and before hope had ceased, a compensatory process had begun, and the excitement of increased mental power triumphed over bodily weakness."—P. 19.

Here was a beautiful soul, attuned, as we know from his productions, to all the harmonies of discourse and reason, living and loving in an inner world full of melodious thoughts, who, henceforth until death, never heard the sweet music of speech, nor caught a sound of all the utterances of love and reason from the lips of friends and wife and children. Who can sympathize fully with such a soul who has not thus had "the porches of the ear" closed to the voice of wisdom and affection? The deprivations of the deaf are more pitiable than those who hear can imagine. We do not learn the mutual dependence of the senses on each other for assistance, without the loss of one or other of them. The balance of the mind is broken without their coöperation, and a great mental effort is required to make up for the want of any one of them. The story of Kitto's own feelings, efforts, struggles, and consolations as a deaf lad, and a deaf man, is charmingly, touchingly, and philosophically told in his very interesting work on "The Lost Senses." He views his own case like a Christian philosopher, with the design of benefiting other sufferers by the detail of his own experience. His calm words proceed from a full mind; and well assured of the love of the Divine Hand, as it rested on his own person, with equal eloquence and pathos, he instructs us where and how the inner man finds his centre of rest. He points to the light that penetrates the obscurities of providence and reveals the Source of order, and he aims always to reconcile man to his Maker, by showing how the Restorer conforms all circumstances to himself, and makes suffering and submission demonstrate the resources of Unfailing Love. It is peculiarly interesting to observe how Kitto endeavors to unravel the intricacies of his own existence, and explain his own sensations as a man shut out from the audible world. The life of the deaf is literally shocking—it is full of surprises. Dr. Kitto enables us better to understand this by his description of the inconveniences to which he was so much exposed by the

percussions of bodies near him, or suddenly coming upon his sight. This kind of inconvenience is chiefly due, we conceive, to the circumstance that it is impossible for the deaf to determine the direction of the disturbance, or the probable power or distance of the object producing it. A sense of danger is thus aroused without the ability of appreciating its extent or its proximity, for the faculty of thus discriminating, is mainly dependent on the fine adjustments of nerve-matter in the semi-circular canals of the inner ear, and in the totally deaf these are useless. The ear is constantly preparing us for what is coming, but the absolutely deaf, having no such warnings but through the eye, is incessantly exposed to sudden jarrings from the unexpected contact or approach of objects with his own body. When the eye is fixedly engaged, and the mind busy with its own objects, a sudden touch startles one excessively, if not preceded by some sound awakening the attention, and suggesting the possibility of such a touch. Hence the violent shock which Kitto felt when his chair was accidentally struck, and the torture he experienced from any movement or concussion on the floor—the percussion reached his brain in an unprepared state, and filled him with trepidation. This dependence on the eye for intelligence concerning the state and proximity of surrounding objects, causes the deaf man to acquire a keen vigilance of vision, and a discriminating aptitude by which he is enabled at a glance to read off the visible meanings of things. The absolutely deaf is a thorough discerner of faces, and the hypocrite had better not approach him, for, though he may deceive angels, the deaf man will probably detect his disguise. This power of face-reading is one of the most marked compensations and accomplishments of the deaf, and it is that which most strongly excites their affections and causes them to cleave with more than common attachment to those with whom they are familiar, and whose features convey a trustworthiness of disposition. Hence, too, the deaf are apt to fall violently in love, as Kitto did, with a charming face. This power of the eye, however, makes but slight amends for the absence of hearing, since discourse is the attribute of reason, and it is the ear that trieth words.

From Dr. Kitto's total deafness it may be inferred that his terrible accident

caused the whole internal auditory apparatus to be gorged with blood, which afterwards became organized in the manner first pointed out by John Hunter, thus entirely obstructing the nerve-actions of the ear. This, however, does not necessarily exclude all vibratory impulses from the sentient being, or a sense of percussion such as Kitto complained of could not be felt. It is possible that even a sense of sound, as such, may be conveyed to a being without ears, for we must remember that the correspondent faculty of every sense, and of every variety and modification of sensation, resides in the brain, and that ideas are produced by the recipient soul on the suggestions induced by the action of the brain-matter with which the soul, *centrally located*, operates in unison, either to act, to feel, or to will in relation to external nature. Dr. Kitto very nearly discovered the art of *hearing* and enjoying music with his fingers. Would he had energetically cultivated the hints he acquired on this point, and with the appliances of science continued his experiments on "*felt sound*;" and we would urge any deaf person who may read this, patiently to study and apply our suggestions on the subject. While at the Missionary College at Islington, Dr. Kitto accidentally discovered that when his hand was laid on a piano, an agreeable sensation, quite distinct from mere percussion, was imparted to him. He says: "On experiment, I find that the *notes* were most distinct to me when the *points of my finger-nails* rested upon the cover, and still more when the cover over the wires was raised, and my fingers rested on the wood over which the wires were stretched." "I have often thought, that if I had cultivated this perception, some finer results might have been obtained." We think so too, and deeply regret that a soul, so endowed and embodied, had not leisure and opportunity to carry out the beautiful inquiry as to the possibility of his own enjoyment of music, by the conveyance of musical vibrations to his brain and soul through other channels than those of the wondrous ear. Let us endeavor to account for the sensations above described, and consider whether aid might not be scientifically afforded to increase the effect desired. It is clear that the nails in contact with the sounding-board actually conveyed the musical vibration to the hearing power of the brain. Kitto really felt the sound.



How was this? Merely because bone is a good conductor of sound, and the nails, being partially bony, brought the sound-vibrations more directly into the bony frame, which is nearly in contact with the brain. The sound, in fact, travelled through his bones so completely, that he could make out the tune. We know that a concert might be laid on and conveyed from house to house, and street to street, and town to town, like gas, not through tubes, but through solid rods of deal or cedar, or any other good sound-conductor, only providing that the conductor touch the vibrating instrument, and also an appropriate *sounding-board* at the place where the desired sound is wanted. Now, what are the conditions required to take full advantage of the sound-conducting power of the bony frame? We must secure the contact of a good conductor with the vibrating instrument, and also with a vibrating medium in contact with the bony frame, or as nearly so as possible. Suppose a deaf person sitting near a piano. Let a deal rod lie upon the sounding-board of the piano, and also in contact with another sounding-board, so formed and so placed as to be free to vibrate in keeping with the piano; then, if the deaf man place his finger-nails lightly on the second board, he will perceive the vibrations as distinctly as if his nails were in contact with the instrument, and he will enjoy what Kitto calls the "felt sound," but it will have been conducted through the medium of the rod. The same thing would result by bringing the vibrating surface into communication with the teeth, or what would probably be better still, also into contact with the forehead and *mastoid processes*, or those bony prominences behind the ears. This might be conveniently done by means of a band or coronal of thin deal passing round the head closely in contact with those parts, and having a deal or cedar rod connected with it and with the sounding-board of the instrument, or with the instrument itself, if a wind instrument. Thus, we conceive, a deaf man might, by nice contrivance, be made to feel his music in a double sense, and even learn to play well. Musical vibrations might also in a similar manner be made visible as well as felt, even by the deaf and blind, for musical vibrations produce different colored lights when communicated through the optic nerve.

But we return to the poor boy Kitto. His privations were extreme, but there was a mighty spirit stirring within him; and though in a position in which it was impossible for him to get a living, he yet did not despair, for he had the beginning of a treasure that grows for ever: he had some knowledge, much hope, and not a little faith, and all he needed was opportunity for their exercise. The gifts he had he used: He could paint birds, trees, and flowers, after a childish fashion, and children bought his paintings, and with the pence thus earned, he bought books, and so ascended, step by step, the steep path that ultimately gave him such a commanding view of truth. His first readings were of an essentially religious tone. That he early caught this tone, and was early sustained by revealed wisdom under the hard pressure of his lot, is fully evinced in his life; and among the first words in his Journal, written when he was just sixteen, and while an inmate of the workhouse, stands this sentence: "He hath declared, whom He loves he rebukes and chastens. Does misfortune render me inferior in thy eyes, O my God? No, for thou hast said that thou art no respecter of persons. Thou hearest alike the king and the beggar. Dare I, a worm, the creature of his will (the Almighty Power) repine at his behests?" The boy had learned a kind of acquiescence in the Divine disposal then, but there is a sort of "*quisquis ille*" in his mode of speaking of the Almighty; and though he verbally called on his Saviour, he states himself that he did not really know him as his God and Saviour until years after. His observations upon the character of his early readings are wise and good. "My mind was thus carried through a very useful discipline. The theological bias given by my earlier reading and associations remained, and the time eventually came, when I was enabled to return to it with redoubled ardor; and after that another time arrived, when I could turn to rich account whatever useful thing I had learned, and whatever talent I had cultivated, however remote such acquirement might at first have seemed removed from any definite pursuit." This is a point of importance, and involves an instructive lesson for the young.

Having no relative to support him, he became an inmate of Plymouth workhouse in his fifteenth year. His misery had

been previously intense. Slightly clad, unshod, and gnawed by hunger, he yet could not be induced to enter the pauper asylum but by artifice. Like the wolf in the fable, he used to say he would rather starve in a state of freedom than fatten in chains. He even planned his escape from the workhouse; but fortunately, he resorted to his pen, and with it pleaded so well, that the governor allowed him to sleep in his former study, where he might and where he did continue to devour books. This indulgence was further enlarged by Mr. Burnard, the clerk of the Board of Guardians, who deserves high praise for that discerning sympathy which first prompted him so warmly and generously to befriend the deaf lad, and which bound him as a friend to Kitto to the end of his career.

While he was engaged from six in the morning till late at night in making list shoes, with a touch of prophetic fire he inserted these words in his well-written journal: "I had thought of plans for enabling me to visit Asia! and the ground consecrated by the steps of the Saviour! Even *now*, notwithstanding my deafness, it would not be impracticable if some kind gentleman, on his travels, would permit me to be his faithful servant." He knew that his journal was read by his sympathizing friend, and he went on thus revealing his feelings to good purpose. Why should a pauper keep a journal? He tells us his motive. He acknowledges vanity; but he wished to produce a book of *his own* writing, and to read some of it to such connections as would be interested in it. His heart was in his journal, and it proved both warm and intelligent.

Here is an entry: "*Nov. 14th.* On Monday I had been a year in the workhouse. I have made seventy-eight pair of list shoes and mended many—premium one penny per week." This penny, with any other he might get, was expended on mental food. He used to walk two miles and back, as frequently as his holidays allowed, namely, from Plymouth to Devonport (then Plymouth Dock), for the purpose of getting a cheap reading at a book-stall in the market-place there; and there the writer has often stood by his side, while both tumbled over tattered classics and titleless divinity. The stall was kept by a happy old man, quite a character, who allowed boys to read at their leisure around him, though they might borrow

books at a penny a week, from "Newton's Principia" to the "History of Tom Thumb." Kitto thus describes himself on the completion of his sixteenth year: "I am four feet eight inches high; my hair is stiff and coarse, of a dark brown color, almost black; my head is *very* large, and, I believe, has a tolerably good lining of brain; my eyes are brown and large; my forehead high; my eye-brows bushy; my nose large; my mouth very big; my teeth well enough; my limbs not ill shaped, my legs are *well* shaped." He adds: "I never was a *lad*; I have been accustomed to *think*—to think deeply—think as I read, as I worked, as I walked. While other lads were employed in trifles, I thought as a man, felt as a man, and acted as a man. I have walked hours in the most lonesome lanes, abstracted in melancholy musings." In short, Beattie's "Minstrel" might have stood for Kitto's mental portrait; but to the writer, who not unfrequently met him at this period, he appeared like a foreigner, knowing no one to talk with.

The strength of his feelings at this time is best seen in his journal, particularly where he mentions the death and burial of his grandmother already alluded to: "Oh, then—when I saw the corpse—when I saw those eyes, which had often watched my slumbers, and cast on me looks of love, were closed in eternal sleep! those lips which often had pressed mine, which often had opened to soothe me, tell me tales, and form my infant mind, were pale and motionless; when I saw the hands which led, caressed, and fed me, for ever stiff and motionless—when I saw all this, and felt that it was for *ever*—gone for ever! that is the word of agonizing poignancy, Yet not for ever; a few short years at most, and I may hope to meet her again—there is my consolation. Joyful meeting! yet a little while to bear this—

"Fond, restless dream which idiots hug,  
Nay, wise men flatter with the name of *life*."

Accursed be the atheist who seeks to deprive man of his hope of immortality! What were man without this hope?"

It is thus by a love that has blessed us that *The Father* persuades us of his own personal love for us—all the mystery of sin, suffering, and death notwithstanding.

Kitto wished to be confirmed a short time after this bereavement, and he was

approved by the minister; but, like a youth all eye, he was so intently engaged in watching the ceremony and the bishop, that he forgot to go up with the rest of the boys, and was never confirmed after all!

His friends Mr. Burnard and Mr. Nugent having been impressed by many proofs of the excellence of his mind and heart, were desirous of drawing him out in the right direction, and for this purpose furnished him with written questions on Christian doctrine, to be answered scripturally. And he did answer them fully and most satisfactorily. He afterwards wrote lectures at the request of the Board, to be read to the boys of the workhouse, and great was his joy at this proof of confidence in his ability and fitness! He exclaimed, as he ran about the court on receiving this request, "What, I John Kitto, write lectures to be read to the boys! and Mr. Burnard thinks me competent, too!" Immediately after these encouragements, from a workhouse inmate he became worse—a workhouse apprentice; and that, too, to an ignorant shoemaker of the Legree stamp, a mere slave-driver. He had been with this man but a short time before he thus wrote in his journal: "*Jan. 19.* O misery! art thou to be my only portion! Father of mercies, forgive me if I wish I had never been born!" He was cruelly over-worked, and ignominiously smitten by his tyrannical master. In his work on Deafness he says: "This was a terrible time for me; I submitted, I acquiesced, I tried hard to be happy; but it would not do; my heart gave way." "It somewhat moves me to look back upon that poor deaf boy in utter loneliness, devoting himself to objects in which none around him could sympathize, and to pursuits which none could even understand." In this pity for his former self we thoroughly sympathize, for hard indeed it must have been to macerate that toil-worn body by the nightly denial of needful rest in order to satisfy the cravings of the mind for the knowledge on which it grew. But this was the darkness before the dawn. The suffering soon became intolerable, and he complained in a letter that astonished "the bench," and awakened such a general interest in his behalf that he returned to the workhouse with some hope. That place seemed a paradise in comparison, for he had friends there, and there he

worked with all his heart to perfect himself in shoemaking, that he might go forth and support himself manfully. But other work was waiting for him. In 1823, George Harvey, an eminent mathematician, and Mr. Nettleton, the proprietor of the *Plymouth Journal*, stirred their friends in his behalf; some of his essays were published, their good promise appreciated, a small sum raised for his aid, and he was placed in the public library to read at his will. The committee-room of this institution he calls his *second study*. Strangely enough his reading was here almost confined to metaphysics, and yet it was very natural for a mind so constructed to look into its own nature as far as possible. He was speedily convinced, however, that such studies are more laborious than profitable. Yet, doubtless, the effort of inquiring into the nature and modes of mind was a useful exercise of his faculties, as he states that "Like the alchemists in their search for the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life, I thus obtained some useful knowledge, and drew some useful conclusions." Every enlarged mind does inquire, some way or other, into the conditions and *modus operandi* of its own existence, and whether conscious of metaphysics or not, every rational being is metaphysical, or he would never reach above sensation and get a faith in the Cause of causes. But to gain the proper good of metaphysical inquiry, it is necessary to consider the laws of the mind in connection with those of the body. Both are God's laws, and we ought to study them and obey them. For lack of such knowledge multitudes are destroyed. Kitto would have enjoyed his metaphysics, and realized their practical value, had he been better acquainted with the living mechanism and nerve-powers of his own body. That education is merely memorial, amusing, speculative, dogmatic, and dangerous that does not make us better acquainted with our compound and common nature. Our charity and our adoration are strengthened by intimacy with the most wondrous of the divine works; and by a knowledge of the functions of mind and body in relation to each other, we learn more justly to estimate the largeness of our existence in its capacity for suffering and enjoying for ever; and by contemplating soul and body as derived from one source, and related from first to last to one man and one God, we obtain a ful-

ler idea of the providence and grace that constituted paradise and heaven as *places* where the Divinity walks with man in the person of Immanuel, with a human soul and a human body, one with God.

Kitto had a loving heart. Numberless and unremitted were his endeavors to attach children to him; but he bemoans the transient nature of their attachments. He seemed to forget that souls get attached to each other chiefly through speech, and he was nearly dumb, and could not hear at all, so that it is but natural, that until his heart was read in his writings, Mr. Burnard's dog appeared to have formed a more sincere and disinterested attachment to him than any rational creature. His pen soon obtained him friends that loved him for his soul's sake, and for whom he could have died. Being aware of his very imperfect utterance, he endeavored to avoid speaking, but he was cured of this injurious habit in a very Christian and philosophical manner by Dr. Korck, a German physician, who had taken orders in the Anglican Church, and by Mr. Jadownicky, a Polish Jew, both of whom were going with him to Malta. These well-informed and kind-hearted men soon perceived how matters stood with him, and they entered into a conspiracy with the captain of the ship, not to understand him otherwise than orally throughout the voyage. In this they persevered to a marvel, and during the six weeks of the voyage he made such progress in the use of his tongue, as almost to overcome his habit of clutching pen or pencil for the purpose of communicating his thoughts to his present friends; and at length, by diligent practice, his voice and articulation were so much improved that he could be readily understood, even by a foreigner. Nevertheless he confined himself too much to short sentences and to dry, hard words, which, of course, were rather repulsive, except to those who knew his heart. Great was the joy of his little child, who, on first hearing him say "*Dear,*" ran to his mother with the glad news—an incident only less touching than Kitto's complaint, that he never heard that child's voice. How much more important are the gentle, endearing words of our language, that bind hearts together, than those which belong to logic and science! Oh, that our logic, science, and affections were more united and permeated with the endearing terms of Divine love!

His plan of study will enable us to see the means of his mental progress. He divided his week thus: Seven parts open or optional; six for writing to his friends; twelve for reading; nine for grammar; two for extracting, and one for church. He enjoyed sermons and lectures by sympathy; he could feel their effects as visible in those who heard. He at length addicted himself almost exclusively to those books that required to be well digested, and he gave a thorough heart to the study of the Bible as "the only book of sound principles and perfect science ever written."

After some correspondence with his Plymouth friends on the propriety of publishing selections from his essays, and after a still more remarkable correspondence on Christian duty with Mr. Flindell, then editor and proprietor of the *Western Luminary*, his mind was turned to the consideration of his fitness for ministerial labor. On this subject he writes: "Were it possible, O my God! that I could become a minister of thy word; that I could be permitted to point out to erring sinners the paths of peace and salvation, what more could I desire of thee? If an ardent zeal for the salvation of souls, if an unshaken belief in the faith promulgated by Jesus Christ, if a fervent attachment to the Scriptures, and if a deep sense of the *natural* depravity of human nature, are qualifications for the ministry, then I am qualified." This he wrote in March, 1824. It is here worthy of remark that he did not believe himself to have been truly converted until five years after this, the *inner* sins of his mind not being thoroughly felt by him, as he owns to his mother in a letter from Bagdad, in which he says: "I doubt if my heart were ever truly converted to God, till after I was last at Plymouth," that is, in 1829. But to preach by word of mouth was not to be his vocation so much as to preach with his pen, as he has done so widely and well in his Scripture illustrations. God provided him the help he now needed in the person of Mr. Groves, of Exeter, a liberal Christian gentleman, who, having read one of his letters, offered to receive him not only as a gratuitous pupil, but to give him £15 for the first, and £20 for the second year. Kitto accepts the generous offer, but adds: "I am afraid sir, that you do not know me sufficiently; I, unfortunately, do not possess that conciliating appearance, those

engaging manners, and social dispositions, which invariably recommend to esteem, to attention, and to love." However, he joins Mr. Groves, and his higher life begins. He becomes more earnest in religion, he finds an answer to his long-continued prayer, the day-spring arises in his heart, he feels himself a new creature in Christ Jesus, and through him seeks and obtains the strengthening influence of the Holy Spirit, enabling him to walk right on in the path of growing light. He now writes to his friends in a new style; he points them to Christ, like a man no longer of this world.

At length his essays and letters were published; and he had gloomy forebodings concerning the publication, which were not fulfilled. His mind ripened with wondrous rapidity after his more personal interest in the work of the Lord began. He fervently desired to be more actively engaged in that work, and being guided by Mr. Groves' advice and assistance, he became an inmate of the Church Missionary Society at Islington, and was placed under the instruction of the Society's printer in July, 1825. His letters, while in this institution, are peculiarly interesting, but alas! he soon begins to complain of the little time afforded him for reading and writing. These employments suited his nature and habits; and how could he do otherwise than deplore the necessity of his being at the printing-office, often with nothing to do, when his heart was in his study? He sometimes was tempted to leave the office for his books, and soon received a sharp reminder from the Committee, which induced him abruptly and unwisely to dissolve his connection with the Society. He explains the state of his mind to his Plymouth friends; and after his removal nobly opens his heart to the Rev. J. N. Pearson, the principal of the college. His own desires he yielded to the wisdom of better-informed minds, and the result was that he returned to printing on further probation, with the understanding, that if approved, he was to proceed to Malta, to be there joined by his lady friend, with a view to their marriage. To Malta he went in June, 1827, but, alas! his lady-love married another soon after his departure. It was to this lady he addressed those impassioned lines quoted in his work on Deafness, in proof that, though deaf, he could write musically:

"Oh, Mary, gilded by thine eye  
Griefs melt away, and fall in streams  
Of hope into the land of dreams,  
And life's inanities pass by  
Unheeded, without tear or sigh!"

But love at sight, and the poetry of romance, lead to dreams that terminate in very painful realities. "Oh, my mother," he writes on this occasion, "Oh, my mother, you cannot imagine what this has made me suffer! All my hopes and happiness in this life were at once destroyed by this intelligence; I hardly know how to believe it. The Lord is with me, however, and puts a little peace into my heart, else I could not live; my nights are sleepless, etc." This cup of bitterness had its salutary and strengthening purpose to effect in his soul, and though it at first caused him to desire a rapid transit to his heavenly rest, its ultimate effect was to wean his affections from the evanescent to fix them more firmly on the everlasting. Two months after he wrote those piercing words to his mother, he thus expresses himself to his friend, the Rev. J. Marsh: "I have felt quite weary of all things, even of myself; and you know, dear, dear self, is generally the last thing people are weary of. Our good Master has been kind to me, and I tremble to conjecture what would have become of me, but for those strengthenings which his ready hand has afforded me. It is for afflictions to show the real value of our privileges. It is for sorrow and trouble to brighten them up, to bring them forth in all their powers. So it has been with me at least."

Though he afterwards still said:

"No more, no more, oh! never more on me!  
The freshness of the heart shall fall like dew,"

yet a higher and more blessed refreshing fell henceforth upon his soul, and that too in due time, in fellowship with a partner worthy of his love. This terrible trial of his heart interfered with his duties at Malta, and for a time quite disqualified him from attending to them. These duties were, however, of a nature but little suited to his mind. He had justly complained, while at Islington, of labor that only reminded him of the period when he slept in the workhouse, of which he says, "I am quite unable to conceive of anything more dark, and wretched, and horrible." He aimed at a regular course of study,

and wished to confine himself to theology, "particularly that part which illustrates and explains the Scriptures." He says, "Nothing merely secular can ever be to me an exclusive study." His friends at Malta, knowing this, and well aware of his mental qualifications for higher work, would have been wise to encourage his application to more appropriate employment than that of setting up types in tongues unknown to him. But, observe his temper of mind under this constant self-denial. "Before God I bow my head in the very dust." "I trust he will make good to me all these evils; and that they may be made instrumental in drawing me still nearer to our crucified Lord." His question had been, "What does Christ say?" and the answer of the Lord's providence was plain—he was being fitted for those works which he desired, and which he afterwards so well accomplished. At Malta, he was required to relinquish all literary pursuits, and his chosen mental refreshments, as disqualifying him for his duties as a printer. He could not but read and think; but so to do was not compatible with his daily labor, except by the sacrifice of the hours of night. The Committee deemed his *devotion* to study at any time incompatible with his engagements as a printer. Kitto was perhaps too severe when he said that "If I had employed an equal portion of my evening lolling on the sofa and smoking my pipe, it seems all would have been well." Whether it was a question of degree or not, the difference led to a separation. Kitto determined to be free, and sailed back to England, which he reached in February, 1829. His friends did not justify him, but events did.

As he incidentally mentions his pipe, we are tempted to add a few words on the use and abuse of "the weed" by thinking men. Why is tobacco so seductive to those who submit themselves to its influence? Its physical effect seems to depend on its power to retard those changes of the living tissue which it is the purpose of breathing to expedite; in short, it produces a kind of *remora* of life, a tardiness of vital action, by diminishing the influence of the oxygen on the flesh and nerve-matter; so that, while it excites the brain, to a certain extent, to give out force to overcome this delay, it yet relaxes the muscular system, and thus predisposes to bodily repose, while it favors

the voluntary act of thinking. Like every agent that retards the removal of carbon from the blood, it induces a kind of dreaminess; and, acting directly on the spinal system of nerves, while it tranquilizes emotion, it lessens alike the desires and the demands of the animal economy. Of course, it is enjoyable only from an unnatural appetite, and must, therefore, on the whole, be injurious, since it substitutes a morbid condition of blood and nerve for the wholesome influences which God has placed within and around us. The very soothing which enabled Newton, Parr, and Robert Hall to labor leisurely on in their mental greatness, produces indolence, indifference, and, it may be, cruel heartlessness in inferior minds—in fact, it beclouds the conscience and produces an evil calm as long as they can be thus indulged, but restlessness and irritability when, at the mercy of the habit, the means of enjoying it are lost. Hence it is, at the best, a dangerous *placebo* to the student, whose mind is in health, and he would work more happily with the free use of the muscles in the open air under due alternations of repose and the retirement of the study. The man who digs the earth in the fresh air may profit by an occasional pipe, as it will lessen his demand for flesh-producing food; and the man, who like Kitto, endures some mental misery or bodily deprivation, with inherited nervousness, may temperately smoke without deserved remorse, but to imitate a good man in a bad practice, without a medical reason, is sure to be followed by its punishment in sickliness of brain, and whimsicality of every function.

On returning to Plymouth, Kitto sought aid to establish himself in a stationery shop and circulating library as a means of support. He thus aimed at combining his literary taste with business; but the means demanded, though small, were not to be borrowed by so poor a man. Mr. Groves, however, who seemed to see more of Kitto's excellence than his other friends, again came providentially to his relief, and obtained for him the superintendence of a private printing press at Teignmouth, from which a good man desired to bring out a few little works in Greek and Hebrew. He met Mr. Groves in London, but instead of settling down at the press in Teignmouth he was drawn most unexpectedly into those scenes which so admi-

rably fitted him to illustrate the Sacred Volume. He did not quite sympathize with Mr. Groves in his deviations from the Anglican church, but he fully sympathized with him in the zeal and faith with which he projected a mission on his own plan and at his own expense, and when Mr. Groves said "Will you come?" Kitto, to his surprise, at once answered, "Yes." This "yes," under Providence, determined the future complexion of his life. In three days he was ready to join the missionary party, consisting of nine persons, he being engaged as tutor to Mr. Groves' two little boys. No one who has read the tales of the "Deaf Traveller," published in the "Penny Magazine," need be told how interesting Kitto's letters must have been in describing his journey from St. Petersburg to Bagdad, and his residence in the latter city. Our readers will, we hope, enjoy, as we have enjoyed, the richness of his letters and journal during this period. It is remarkable that he never seems to be deaf, he is always alive to the utterances around him, and his very fear of death is associated with his fear of losing the voices of those he loved. "Is it not terrible," he writes, "to hear no more the voices of those who have been our music?" He felt "the music breathing from the face," and lived in contact with their visible discourse. He used his eyes with a most discriminating scrutiny, he took in every *minutia*; he saw all objects about him in their exact relations to each other, and his mind and memory became so exact with regard to visual things, that his word-pictures are truly photographic. One almost regrets that his Plymouth friends did not urge him to seek his living by painting, for his wonderful faculty of eye would doubtless have enabled him to take a high place amongst the celebrated painters born at Plymouth. But a higher calling was his. How beautifully his Christian character beams out under the terrible visitations of plague, inundation, siege, and famine at Bagdad. One's heart swells with gratulation to see how Groves and Kitto learned to love one another under the severe trials in which they became more and more intimate with each other's spirits, and recognized in each other more and more resemblance to Him who went about doing good. It is at Bagdad that Kitto's admirable qualities as a man and a Christian, a tutor of youth, a missionary,

and a friend, are brought to light. The simple state of his mind is perhaps best expressed in his words to his mother:

"When I put myself in dear Mr. Groves' present case, and think what I should feel in his situation, supposing that he has the plague himself, and knowing that his beloved wife has; apprehending, also, that he shall leave three little orphans in a strange city, under the care of a deaf man—when I think of this, I am afraid I could not bear it as he does. For myself, I only say, 'Do with me as Thou wilt, only make my will Thine.' I have no ground of consolation in the prospect of death, but in the free mercy of Christ. My dearest mother, earnestly seek after the salvation of God. Above all do not neglect the Bible and private prayer. God bless you, my dear father, and put your heart, or keep it, if it be there, in the true way, which your head knows so well. Dear Betsey, dear Mary Ann, dear William, I love you all very tenderly! I hope you may all walk with Christ, and join your elder brother in that house not made with hands. Take care of our parents. Tell little Jack Hickerthrift that his uncle John prays the Great King in heaven to bless him; and that uncle John wants him to learn the way to come and gather flowers in the garden of Paradise."—Pp. 420, 421.

Mrs. Groves died, but Mr. Groves recovered to Kitto's great joy. He was anxious to fulfil his duty as a missionary, but the deaf tutor knew the tutor's duties and did them, in a way of his own, indeed, but which gave entire satisfaction to his employer. He taught his boys Hebrew, Scripture, theology, history, geography, writing, arithmetic, and English composition. He prepared himself to teach them Greek, astronomy, mechanics, and many other things.

While thus employed he collected materials for a missionary geography of the country between the Mediterranean and the Indus. Thus by labors most suitable and sufficiently abundant, Kitto was becoming qualified for the production of those works which the Church in general so much needed when he was brought into the public field.

There are no other expositions of Holy Scripture which so practically and so charmingly combine the experimental, the devout, the learned, and the life-like, as those of Dr. Kitto. They are calculated to raise the general mind of the Christian public to a higher standard of thought and action, by presenting to that mind more of those divine excellences by which the doctrines, and the inward and outward evidences of Christianity are com-

mended to the conscience and reason of mankind. From youth, Kitto had an eye to those labors by which he was at last so well known, but he did not see his way to their accomplishment even while walking in it; yet the unerring Guide was leading him all the while precisely in the right path to the desired end. And thus, while full of missionary zeal and amongst missionaries, he did not find his proper sphere of labor; and while learning to teach youth, and treasuring up facts for the instruction of growing minds, his thoughts were yet reaching beyond those immediately about him. He was to be a national teacher. So when he was matured for the purpose by lonely thought, by wide observation, and by deep personal experience of Christ's life and love, his occupation at Bagdad began to appear too small for him. His friends also began at length to say: "Kitto, you are sure to succeed as a literary man—in the management of some periodical, for instance." "London, dear London, that is the place for a man of my mood to live in," thought he. So, in the best understanding with his friends, he returns from Bagdad for London. His motives are set forth at large in his interesting letters to his friends and in his journal. But he naturally opens his heart most thoroughly to a lady, and he closes a letter to Miss Paget, of Exeter, in this manner: "My return does not imply that I have turned back from the class of feelings which led me into missionary connections, or that I have relinquished any principle my heart ever held. I shall ever count the day happy in which I came to Bagdad. I have no desire to magnify my attainments, my feelings, my character, my motives; and if any think badly of my return, let it be so. If I have gained anything more of the true riches than I brought out, may the praise be to the Great Giver, who has forced upon my heart, in hard and bitter ways, truths, lessons, gifts, which, but from its hardness, might have been sent gently down upon it, like dew upon the mown grass. The man does not live who thinks, or can think, so low of me as I think myself low in all high things."

His journal during his travels home from Bagdad presents some points of much interest, and exhibits his character in a new aspect as an observer of the influence of woman. Thus he marks the indoors superiority of the French consu-

late at Trebizond over that of the English, the latter decidedly indicating the absence of woman by the absence of grace and ornamentation. "The English mantelpiece," says he, "has nothing upon it or over it, a thing that never happens where there is womankind; and indeed there is nothing more pleasant than the glory womankind can throw about it." Then, after describing at full, just as Crabbe might have done, the signs of feminine taste in the French consulate, he exclaims: "Verily it would be a blessed case to be a bachelor, with the house of a married man! above all these (house-ornaments) were the happy and happy-making faces of womankind." He then excuses himself for thinking of women and their powers of brightening a home, and adds: "If I studied them more than befits me, it must be my excuse, that I had been so long without seeing any young ladies." These passages are sufficient proof that his disappointed and chilled heart was opening anew to the sunnier influences of humanity, and warming up again under the hopeful geniality of those fair smiles, without which man withers into a dry recluse.

He saw Constantinople with raptures, and he says: "He who has not seen Stamboul may be said to want a sense—a feeling of the beautiful which no other object can convey." But he soon after again betrays his consciousness of a finer sense within him that wanted its object, for when he bids adieu to the missionaries there, he observes that he particularly envies Dwight:—"Married, having children—his blest, Madonna-like wife—with heaven here and heaven hereafter." Good-all, another missionary, desired him to give his love to *all England*, which he says he does with his, especially to *all*. His heart turns more lovingly to dear England as he approaches her white cliffs, where he seems to behold beauty not to be found on the shores of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, for he associates his ideas of England with all that is sweet and sacred in her blessed homes. Thus, while detained in quarantine, he winds up his wise saws on the past and the present, by saying: "Give me a little house, a little wife, a little child, and a little money in England, and I will seek no more and wander no more." And no more he sought, no more he wandered, until after more than twenty years' toil, he finally sought health and repose abroad, but found both



to perfection in that home where sin and sighing may not enter.

While at quarantine, in sight of his native land, Mr. Shepherd, Kitto's fellow-passenger, died. Kitto's endeavours to console the lady to whom Mr. Shepherd was engaged, led him rather often into her society. The result was very natural. In a letter to Lady McNeill, he describes the person whom he fain would comfort as "very interesting, with much information and more understanding. Of course she will wither on the virgin thorn for ever. So *she* thinks—not I. No intense feelings can be lasting, nor any resolutions, permanent, which are formed under their influence. I had firmly made up my mind to die an old bachelor; but now, if I can find any one who will have me, I know nothing farther from my intention." With this feeling uppermost, he, of course became intensely anxious to secure some temporal provision; and, after many plans that died as they were formed, he at length gets introduced to a certain gentleman connected with the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." He is found exactly suited to their service, and under the kindly encouragement of Mr. Knight, to whom the public is so greatly indebted for cheap and good literature, he settles down into full and sufficiently remunerating employment in connection with that Society. He enjoyed his hard work, for he was, by habit and ability, quite equal to the large demand upon his mind and hand. Being assured, however, of a living by his labor, he took a partner worthy of him, one who contributed very much to the successful prosecution of his literary exertions, and without whose aid Kitto could never have produced so many excellent works as he did. This partner was the interesting lady above mentioned, and certainly she fulfilled her mission like a Christian; for she must have had much to endure in a man whom nature and habit had bereft of many social amenities, and who could not accommodate the object of his love in a manner commensurate with his affection. How could she bear being shut up with a man who could not hear her voice, and whose eyes were ever on books and papers? She nobly answers the question herself: "I asked my heavenly Father, who had chosen our path, to teach me how to walk in it." As a wife should do to be happy, she identified herself with her husband's pursuits, she became inte-

rested in all he did, and she thus associated herself in his mind and heart with all his usefulness and all his enjoyments. She made a large sacrifice, but it was a joyful sacrifice. She informs us that for twenty-one years, she did not spend ten hours separate from him in visits. All the socialities of out-door life were entirely set aside in devotion to the labors of a literary life, in which she and her husband were perfectly assimilated. All honor to such a woman! The fame and reputation are not hers, it is true, yet her reward is better than a name. But what would Kitto's fame have been in comparison with what it is, had she not been his "*hodman*," as he used jocularly to call her? She sought and gathered up the materials necessary for his work. Under his direction, she frequented all the great libraries of London for such matter as he wanted, and knew where to find, for constructing magazines, cyclopædias, books of travels, and histories of every kind. Not that he was a compiler; he treasured knowledge, and brought it forth to the delight and benefit of other minds, in new forms, that always evinced alike his good feeling and his wisdom. He was thus employed in a multitude of miscellaneous writings which he acknowledged to be a fine exercise for his intellect.

His first instalment of defined duties, to be undertaken at £16 a month, under Mr. Knight, will present a pretty good notion of his industrial habits and mental powers. He was to write one original article every week for *The Penny Magazine*; to prepare others from correspondents or from books, to read proofs, to register suggestions, to answer letters, to shape contributions, and to return useless articles; for *The Companion to the Newspaper*, he was to prepare the Monthly Chronicle of Events, and to analyse Parliamentary Papers; for *The Printing Machine*, he was to prepare a Journal of Facts in Science, Education, Statistics, etc.; and for *The Companion to the Almanack*, to prepare the Chronicle of the Session, the Parliamentary Abstracts, the Register of Events, and other incidental matters. Who shall say he did not well earn the £16 per month, which he thought so ample a salary? Here was work enough, and it was well done; but the beauty of the thing is, that not one of his duties failed to afford him pleasure, for he did them all easily, and with a full sense of

the delicacy and kindness of his employer, Mr. Knight. As his toil grew, so grew his power to toil, and he published biographies, memoirs, and books in series on foreign lands for the use of children, but which educated men might read with pleasure and profit. Then came forth the "Lost Senses," and several other works fit for "the libraries of the many." "I am delighted at all this," writes he to a friend, "I have been *singing in my heart* all day." "I have never till now been in my true position, and I am far more useful than I ever was before. I cannot be happy without the consciousness of being *useful*." And as if rejoicing to immolate his love of fame, he adds: "The anonymous character of all that is published by the Society also saves me from the imputation of inordinately thirsting after *a name*, a thing to which I am become mighty indifferent."

The name of John Kitto will, however, stand associated with the highest and best of English literati; for notwithstanding the anonymous character of so large a portion of his learned labors, those works which the public possess under the authority of his name have a living power in them quite sufficient to establish his reputation for learning and mental power. Those works especially illustrate the Living Word, and that in a style the most manly, clear, unpretending, and convincing; not only because he was largely acquainted with oriental customs, and the land and languages of the Bible, but also because he was imbued, so to say, with the spirit of that grand old book, and manifested that spirit in a practical, demonstrative, and felt eloquence concerning the doctrines and precepts of that wondrous book, as those of God his Saviour.

His religion was not merely a sentiment; it was a life, and a life's work, and a life's delight. It was a glory in him that shone through him. Hence his writings are not party-colored nor conventional, neither is there any artificial ornament about them: the grandeur of truth is in them. They are full of that beauty that needs no foreign aid from ornament. They harmonize with God's word, and bear upon them the impress of that Spirit who imparts the gifts and graces of faith and love to all his true ministers.

Kitto's employment in behalf of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Know-

ledge well prepared him for his highest and most useful works. That employment cleared his mind of inferior matter, or, rather, turned it up and laid it out, so as to form the good ground from whence sprung up an abundant harvest to God's glory, and for the growth of many souls.

Henceforward he was engaged in those biblical labors for which all his previous labors trained him. We need not enlarge on his riper works; they are probably well known to our readers. The "Pictorial Bible," the "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," the "Journal of Sacred Literature," the "Daily Bible Illustrations," are works which only a mature and a full mind could have devised, and which no man, without a very powerful and God-sustained intellect and industry, could have carried on and completed. These labors were necessarily extensive and prolonged, but his spirit seemed to grow stronger as they proceeded. A higher preparation of soul proceeded with them: he was ripening for heaven by his exigencies, and the exhaustion of his natural energies gave force to his prayers, for his faith failed not. He knew in whom he believed, and so when weak, he was strong, the power of Christ resting on him. He worked on in his Master's service; and the activity and life of his soul, taking step by step, in the strength each moment supplied, prevented his discovering any insurmountable obstacles before him. He kept his eye on his path, and followed the growing light in which the mountains appeared but as steps to heaven.

The life of a literary man is usually a life of severe struggle; but the man, who like Kitto, divested of all false attractiveness, aims at elevating his readers into a purer region of knowledge and love, has toils unimagined by men who traverse the smooth broad way that delights the multitude. The man who like Kitto, would induce others manfully to pursue the heavenly course, must first lead the way, and like Christian the Pilgrim, climb the hill Difficulty on his hands and knees, and, after all, find few to follow him until he has been up and down many times, and, so to say, made a pleasant path for others by his own painful and peculiar labors. Kitto's works are all well calculated to render the ascent of other minds to the higher grounds of truth both safe and easy. That those works demanded an immense outlay of mental labor, no

reader of them can doubt. And here we cannot but remark that there must be something essentially wrong in the constitution of our learned institutions, that it should have been left to a foreign university to discover Kitto's claim to the title of learned, and to confer it on him. Any of our universities would have been honored by his name standing amongst their *alumni*. His works, each in its sphere, being highly appreciated by those sufficiently informed to feel their value, secured a large amount of public approval, and they are all so far very successful; but alas! the remuneration to their author was by no means equivalent to his labor. The deaf doctor of divinity was but ill qualified to trade with his talents in the market of mammon.

It is true that the joy of his work was a high reward, and the anticipation of his Master's final commendation more than money could purchase. He has heard the sentence: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Yet we cannot but regret that toils so abundant and so useful were not better met by those supplies without which the pressure of the *res angustæ domi* is apt to crush the heart and brain. It is right gladsome to a loyal heart to know that our beloved queen and her consort practically estimated Kitto's works, and forgot not to minister to his help when that pressure had overpowered him; but royal bounty ought not to have been needed, since the public were so much indebted to him. He lost much by the "Journal of Sacred Literature." The plan and publication of this work were peculiarly bold, and none but a man thoroughly confident that he had at his command the highest sources of biblical and Christian intelligence could have possessed courage enough to adventure on such a work on his own responsibility. Firmly believing, as the result of his own experience, that the more the Holy Scriptures are investigated the more fully and clearly they appear what they are—the humanized revelation of the Divine mind in respect to all that is essential to man's historic progress and eternal salvation, Kitto invited the learned of all sections of the Church to discuss whatever difficulties they discovered or imagined in the language or the facts of the sacred record. It requires great erudition, and the most large-hearted love of truth, rightly to es-

timate the vast amount of interesting and elucidating matter in this admirable journal. Were the work in the hands of a large number of preachers, the tone of their ministrations might possibly be improved, and that style of dogmatism be diminished, which, more than any attachment to well-defined principle, is apt to nullify pulpit zeal, to hide the charity, the liberality of our Lord, and to hinder Christian union and coöperation, by putting private interpretations on his world-wide words. Kitto's other writings render the highest learning practical and popular. This is remarkably the case with his "Daily Bible Illustrations." We regard them as calculated to be peculiarly useful in the family, and the rather because there is no obtrusion of dogmatic opinions in them. There is no school, or technical theology—no parade of critical philology—no sectarian bias of doctrinal teaching in them. But there is much evangelical light, much practical godliness, and an abundance of real illustration and intelligence concerning the word of truth in them. There is that in them, we conceive, that will do more towards removing obscurity and seeming incongruity from the Word of God than almost any kind of commentary extant. These illustrations, indeed, do not read like those devotional exhortations or pious improvements partaking of the character of diminutive sermons appended to Morning and Evening Readings in the usual manner of godly ministers; and it is for this very reason that we deem them peculiarly fitted to do good when read in the family in connection with lessons from the Bible. The incessant efforts which godly parents are apt to make to force upon the attention of their children those higher principles and doctrines which advanced Christians enjoy, are the very means, most likely, to repel those children. Not because the doctrines are enigmas, but because they belong to a higher and a maturer life. If our children be of a susceptible turn of mind, or very compliable, or very desirous of approval, by insisting on their receiving abstract doctrines before they are convinced of sin, we run great risk of making sweet hypocrites of them. It is intelligence—actual knowledge of the circumstances, times, places, histories, and persons referred to or implied in the text, that young persons need to interest and instruct them. Such intelligence is the

best means of convincing them of the truth of the statements and the doctrines presented in the Bible. It is for want of this kind of instruction that so many young persons, otherwise well educated, and brought up in evangelical families, are ready to give heed to the seducing spirits of Romanism, Panteism, and other superstitions. Those who are deprived of facts are possessed by fancies, and the religion of the imagination takes the place of that of truth, where the heart and the mind, the reason and the affections, are not provided for by the fullest information concerning the circumstances as well as the corollaries of revelation. Dogmatism constantly asserted to untried souls drives them to seek either for the authority of a faith without reason, like that of the self-worshiper whom Emerson would extol. God manifest as an object of faith in the Saviour is hidden alike from both. Kitto's "Daily Bible Illustrations" are just such as are needed, because they furnish good reasons for believing, for they elucidate the facts on which faith rests.

The copiousness and clearness with which Kitto's writings administer to the intellectual satisfaction of the inquiring mind, may be regarded as their characteristic claim upon attention. But they are not dry and hard in their clearness; they are streams of the waters of life, and they are no less adapted to cheer and strengthen the heart than to fortify the mind. In fact, Kitto's affections were of the kindest order, and his sympathies stirred and animated his reason in all his labors. Had it not been so, could he have devoted his life thus exclusively to the higher interests of humanity and of truth? It was to make men wise to salvation that he thus toiled, and delighted in his toil; it was this that he called usefulness, and it was to this that he sacrificed all that the worldling calls life. That fame was a very secondary object with him is evident from the style of his letters; but any one who has read any of his anonymous works, such as he wrote for the Religious Tract Society, will see that his heart was in those works—and his intellect also—as fully as in any on which his fame depended. That beautiful little work "Thoughts among Flowers," is a fine instance of the fullness of his thought and feeling irrespective of public reputation.

He lived by his pen, indeed; but had he

exercised the same industry and talent in the service of the world instead of the Church and our Lord, he would scarcely have been forced to seek pecuniary aid when paralysis caused the pen to drop from his fingers.

He waited on God, who renewed his strength each day for each day's service. He was conscious that his Master's eye was upon him, and he was sustained to work on in the feeling that he could not fail, for he had received the Lord's assuring word to that end, and he believed it, and, in the faith of it, lived on it.

It is not improbable that his confidence in the faithfulness of Him whom he served was sometimes supplanted by a confidence extending beyond the promise; and there is an evidence that he carried his industry in his vocation beyond the demand which his Lord laid on him. In short, it was his temptation to labor too much, because he labored for bread; and he broke the laws of God while supposing himself only duly devoted to his calling as a Christian. Alas! many good men, very spiritually minded, are in the habit of breaking God's natural laws every day, year after year, and yet do not discover that they are disobedient merely because they are not immoral. But it is unnatural to live as the cherubs on the tombs are represented—like winged heads, moved only in thought and feeling. The muscles of a man require exercise as well as his brain; but those who labor with the pen are peculiarly prone to forget what is due to their limbs and the inner economy on which they live. If a man voluntarily acts as if he thought he might sit in a chair from dawn to day's decline with impunity, he is ignorant of the proper study of man—his own nature. And, whatever his motive, to ignore the requirements of his bodily life by denying himself proper exercise in the open air is to be in willing bondage to a bad habit. Kitto suffered from this habit, and it is pitiable to see how much he suffered. There can be no doubt that he was prematurely cut off by the abuse of his own mental powers. *He died of over-work of brain.* But it is evident that he might have done all his work, had he allowed himself due intervals of active exertion, such as walking. Refreshment and rest are essential to happy labor; and it is economy of brain in the student to ventilate his blood and divert his nerve-powers by bodily exercise.

It is astonishing, however, to observe what an amount of mismanagement may be accommodated by the inherent powers of the constitution, so that life and thought may go on enjoyably together. But this can continue only so long as the system of mind and body is preserved from any violent jar; for a mental shock or a sudden bodily exposure will, under such circumstances, produce an impression which in a more natural condition of a man's powers would soon pass off without mischief. Thus a weight, which the machine can just bear, may seem to be borne well while it works smoothly; but the instant any impediment to its steady movement occurs, the weight it carries hurries it to destruction. Thus Kitto's system, both of mind and body, was prepared to suffer the more when any shock came to interfere with the mere monotony and momentum of his daily labor. That shock first came in the form of pecuniary embarrassment in 1845, and he endured five years of great mental and bodily suffering. The smoothness of his course was harshly interrupted; the labor that had been his pleasure now brought him pain. But still his heart was in his work; and his industry, being founded on his faith, carried him through, and God provided him friends in his need. His work was hard, and the harder because it seemed necessary.

In 1849 his working day extended from four A.M. to nine P.M. with little interruption. Is it any wonder that he began to complain of difficulty in carrying out his careful thought and laborious research? He fulfilled his engagements to his employers, but his "excellent constitution was remedilessly spoiled." He endured frequent and intense headaches and neuralgic attacks. The doctors ordered walking—walking in all weathers, six miles a day. "Think of that," says he, "for a man who has almost lost the power of putting one leg before another!" Surely it could not be deemed obedience to any duty imposed by the God of providence and grace, thus to labor with the mind to the destruction of bodily power. And that was a cruel exaction that, after such services to the public, made it necessary for such a man to labor on from day to day through all the daily hours in order to obtain a sufficiency of means to meet the daily demands of his family. He could not recover while thus bound by

his necessities. He struggled on, indeed; he "took some spells of some hours' work, without bringing on any very strong pains." (P. 626.) But the loss of time was a serious matter, and he endeavored to find a partial compensation; he hoped to be enabled to get through his work with renewed briskness and spirit. He tried the electric chain because, in ignorance, he thought it must be good for a nervous complaint. The disorder of his nerves was that of weariness. He needed rest, and the equally essential refreshment of proper and happy bodily exercise. These remedies he could not get; and then another shock came upon him—he became the owner of a grave—his beautiful young child's grave. His soul was bowed down; but he looked up: "May the Lord strengthen," was his cry. The strength came, but it was strength to suffer. As he grew feebler he felt the claims of his family more forcibly; but still he said, "My work is my pleasure also; and, if it please God to give me strength, I have only to work a little harder!"

His case was hopeless. "I can not cure him," said the beloved physician, Dr. Golding Bird; "no medical man can. Nothing but absolute rest can be of service. I endeavor to subdue the irritation of the brain—he goes home, and immediately excites it by using it." He is urged to rest—what is his reply? "No! If I knew I should die with the pen in my hand, I will go on as long as the Lord permits." He had received money from his generous publisher, Mr. Oliphant, of Edinburgh, for work promised. He finished the work, and thanked God on his knees, with his dear wife by his side, when the closing sentence was written. But the very next morning, on attempting to rise, he exclaimed: "Oh, Bell, I am numb all down one side." He was partially palsied, and for several weeks he so continued; but yet he resumed his labors. The result was inevitable. He resisted the warnings against mental exertion, which pain supplied. Ill and overtaken, he still endeavored to triumph by his will over weakness. His love and his necessity constrained him to the struggle. But it was a resistance to God's hand. Our Maker would have us rest on his hand, that our utter helplessness in ourselves may cause us to realize his all-sufficiency. Our weakness thus becomes our strength. But not to lie still and wait, when the supply of power is

wanting, can only result in fretting anxiety at our inability, or in the sudden and entire withdrawal of power even to will. Thus it happened with Kitto. Early in the morning of February 4, 1854, he was seized with a fit, which reduced him to a state of insensibility, and from which he never so far recovered as again to labor.

Thus we are brought to the closing days of his life—a life from beginning to end more remarkable for successful effort to surmount difficulties than any on record. His natural capacity was of the first order, but that alone would never have secured his triumph over circumstances so formidable. He was endowed with a principle which nature neither possesses in herself, nor, unassisted, has the power to foster. From his childhood he had received gleams of that light which, fully seen, is the perfect day. It was to the Bible he owed the grand truths that so early took possession of his faculties and feelings. Faith in a personal God, and ever-present Saviour, gave vigor to his inner life, and imparted sufficient motive to his energies; and that faith, working by love, filled his heart with heavenly aspirations, and enabled him through the Spirit, to take hold of the Almighty Hand, and walk above the waves that would otherwise have overwhelmed him.

Pain, debility, and incapacity for labor, rendered complete exemption from mental effort at length imperative. Generous aid was needed; the appeal was made, and his friends well responded. He removed to Germany, in hope of gathering new strength.

“*IBIQUE VITAM SEMPTERNAM IN CHRISTO INVENIT.*”\*

The gentle hand, on which all his life he had leaned, pointed his spirit onwards still for the rest into which his works should follow him. It was THE FATHER who spoke to his heart by appealing to his love for his own children, as if to say,—“the love you feel for them typifies in feebleness the infinite fullness of my love. I am *The Father*, who gave you a parent’s feeling, that you might confide in me.” Thus God spake to the retiring servant, of the filial home and the Father’s bosom, and the glory that was before the world. And to intensify the heavenly attraction, and to fix

attention upon the Divine Parent, and on the rest always remaining to faith, God took two of Kitto’s children before him. The weary laborer sought repose, the sufferer sought ease, the death-smitten sought a life of health, the palsied sought for power still to serve. And, in life eternal, he found that perfect health which is salvation, and in the enjoyment of which neither the power to do God’s will, nor the love that inspires that power can ever fail nor know impediment.

“*MORTUUS EST CANNSTADLÆ DIE XXV. MENS. NOVEMB. AN. MDCCCLIV.*”

He had appeared to be improving, though his medical advisers afforded no hope of recovery. He was prepared to depart, for he read the meaning of the rod, and found it also a staff. The last letter he wrote, dated October 27, 1854, after referring to the death of his children, thus concludes: “I have not been allowed to sorrow as having no hope; and I begin to perceive that, by these variously afflictive dispensations, my Lord is calling me ‘up hither,’ to the higher room in which he sits, that I may see more of his grace, and that I may more clearly understand the inner mysteries of his kingdom. What more awaits me, I guess not. But the Lord’s will be done.” He was soon called to the place prepared for him, and for which he was now prepared. The Lord received him to himself, and where the Lord is, there also is the servant who was found waiting and ready.

Every Christian reader will find in Kitto’s life and writings very much to enlarge his heart and warm his sympathies, and those Memoirs which we have so incompletely reviewed, will be especially acceptable as a very able and most readable exposition of the ways of God towards a most remarkable man. A more instructive life for the careful perusal of young persons has never been published, nor any in which the maturer Christian may find more pleasure and profit. The work will commend itself; and the fact that Kitto’s widow and children will be benefited, we hope largely, by its sale need not be mentioned as an additional motive for the purchase of it. These Memoirs are in keeping with Kitto’s writings; there is a *catholic spirit* in them. This spirit is evinced in every way in his works, for they abound with the no-

\* From Kitto’s epitaph.

blest expressions of Christian sentiment from the fullness of a faithful heart, and the highest and brightest intelligence; while yet it would be impossible to learn from the whole, or from any part of those writings to what sect or section of Christians the writer belonged. He wrote for all, as did the Apostles, and there is no sign of party attachment or denominational prejudice in what he wrote. It is visibly his desire and design to promote peace and unity, by promoting the reception of heavenly truth, the manifestation of which is the best evidence and argument to frustrate gainsayers, to convince unbelievers, and to win souls.

God, in his merciful and heart-testing providences, had brought Kitto into contact with men of all grades, and Christians of all extremes, and he learned to admire the grace of the Lord in all who

loved him; and, to conclude, that however the outward mould and form of a man's faith might depend on circumstances of training and association, the true faith always works in the same manner, namely by love. Thus there is always felt to be a true unity amongst true Christians whenever the occasion to try their faith arises, and they at once manifest their unity when the true Church is assailed by the enemy, by lifting up that standard against him to which they all gather, for their fellowship is with their Lord in heart and in action. We hope and believe that these Memoirs will prove an admirable sequel to Kitto's own writings in thus promoting Christian love and unity, by extending the knowledge of those grand life-truths on which all Christian sympathy and coöperation depend. "BEHOLD WE COUNT THEM HAPPY WHICH ENDURE."

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From Dickens' Household Words.

## SAINT. PATRICK.

SAINT PATRICK'S Day in the Morning, in our village, is ushered in by our amateur band, who played the tune so called through the streets for several hours after midnight, scaring the slumbers of the more orderly portion of the community, and accompanied by a mob of the less orderly. Whoever has lived near the practising-room of an amateur band knows that he might as well have a menagerie for neighbor; and now, when they burst out publicly, each making his brazen utmost of noise, the effect is tremendous. The clamor preserves some faint appearance of unanimity only through the exertions of two or three old militia bandsmen—the civilized allies, as it were, of this regiment of musical Bashi-Bazouks. Several times the din approaches; now up the street; now down; blares under the window, and withdraws—the drum's everlasting cadences vanishing last and returning first upon the auricular horizon. In startling proximity or tantalizing re-

moteness, the band proves equally fatal to sleep, and we gladly hear them begin God save the Queen at a magistrate's house close by; although these final throes are the most excruciating of all. The trombone has hitherto grunted his two possible notes with perseverance worthy of a better cause; but, confounded by the slowness of the National Anthem, he loses hold of that primary musical element—Time; notwithstanding, he bates no jot of bass, but blows the harder. The big drum is even more vehement than the trombone, and more undecided; he seems actuated by various theories of accompaniment in rapid succession. The clarionets are wheezy, the fife rambles, the cornopean is in a wrong key, and is playing alternately like a tornado and a penny-trumpet.

I can perceive by the moonlight that our big drummer has already been doing honor to the day. Overcome with libations, he has now laid his huge instrument

horizontally on the ground, and himself in the same position beside it; and, in that difficult attitude plays out his part. The loyal tune comes to a close at last, in a climax of discords; and as the procumbent drummer declines to leave off, his drumsticks are forcibly removed, he is hoisted on a comrade's back, his drum on another's; and, after a feeble cheer or two, they all go straggling off—band and spectators—some to sleep, some perhaps to get drunk or more drunk. The last lingerer is boy Cheevo, a son of the gutter, beggar, idler, probationary thief, who can sleep, if he tries, on a doorstep or under a kennel-arch; he lingers, looking after the departing crowd with something of the air of a host who has dismissed his guests. What is he thinking of, I wonder? Where will he go to? There is no one in the whole world to seek him, receive him, blame him for being out late. Some dull hopes are his, connected with his victualling department, from the dawning festival of Saint Patrick.

Now it is the day itself. Men and boys of the Roman Catholic faith wear bits of shamrock in their hats, and the little girls have each a cross on the shoulder; that is, a round of white paper three or four inches broad, with bits of ribbon of various colors stretched across it like the spokes of a wheel. The chapels are crowded at morning mass; and, at the mid-day ceremonial, the chapel-yards are filled with the overflow of worshippers, who catch a faint murmur through window or door, and stand or kneel outside with due regularity. A little later, the streets have frequent groups of country folk in their best attire—the girls with sleek hair, bright ribbons, and gay shawls, the matrons with snowy-bordered caps and cloaks of blue cloth, and every man and boy of the rougher sex garnished with his sprig of shamrock. The townspeople stand at their doors; acquaintances greet each other loudly; and many are the invitations to come to take a naggin, or a Johnny, or, supposing you are one of the few that still have the medal, as conferred by Father Matthew, you will hardly refuse to quaff a measure of temperance cordial—a liquor, by the way, on which it is not impossible to get drunk.

Every public-house counter is thronged with noisy customers, so is the dark little back-room, so is the room up-stairs—which probably has an old chimney-mirror

adorned with two peacock's feathers, two nondescript delft dogs on the mantel-board, and a jug of primroses gathered by the children last Sunday; on the walls a large rough woodcut of Death and the Lady, with verses below, a portrait of Daniel O'Connell, and a row of colored pictures of saints, three inches by one and a-half, glazed and framed in morsels of sheet brass, and a bed with blue check curtains in a corner. In this apartment the élite take their refreshments—which consist of raw whiskey, whiskey toddy, temperance cordial, a little porter and ale of bad quality, and tobacco smoke. How this and the other pretty girl, who are being treated by a friend or lover, can sit with complacency in so stifling a climate, or bear to swallow even a glassful of such flaming usquebaugh, is difficult to understand. Down-stairs, the calamity water (an expressive name for it) is usually tossed off neat, and abominable stuff most of it is—the worst new grain whiskey, with its fieriness heightened by poisonous chemicals. I have heard say that the sale of large quantities of corrosive sublimate to the retail whiskey-dealers of Ireland can be proved from direct evidence. The introduction of some milder beverage that might, at least in many instances, supplant this liquid fire which the Irishman constantly uses to drown care, clench a bargain, cement friendship, treat his sweetheart with, and, in fact, applies indiscriminately on all occasions of refreshment, hospitality, or merry-making, would be a very great boon. The Englishman of the same rank sometimes drinks gin, but usually beer, which is a hundred times better than ardent spirits, and the Frenchman's wine is a thousand times better. People in Ireland learn to drink whiskey continually, and teach others to do so, partly because there is nothing else to be got.

The song tells us it was St. Patrick himself who

"Taught our Irish lads  
The joys of drinking whiskey;"

but nothing can be more calumnious. The saint was a man of the most abstemious habits, and his teaching of a very different kind from that just mentioned. The genuine life of St. Patrick, as far as we can make it clear to us at a distance of fourteen centuries, is remarkably interest-



ing; and though many points remain doubtful or in dispute, the main facts seem to be well established. We need not pause to weigh the claims of Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany to the honor of giving him birth—the evidence appears to favor Scotland—and among half-a-dozen dates we may be content to accept Anno Domini three hundred and eighty-seven as the year in which he came into the world, and four hundred and sixty-five as that of his death, at the age of seventy-eight, and on the day answering to our seventeenth of March. In the language of martyrologists, the day of a saint's nativity is that of his quitting earth and entering into the higher life. His father was Calphurnius, a deacon, who was the son of Potius, a priest. It is asserted by those who maintain the necessity of clerical celibacy, that they took orders after their children were born. The future saint was baptised with the British name, Succoth, signifying (as some say) Valiant in War. He was educated with care and tenderness, and his sweet and gentle character made him a general favorite. At the age of sixteen, having accompanied his parents, brother, and five sisters, to Armoric Gaul—since called Lower Brittany—to visit the relatives of his mother, Conchessa, he was in that country made prisoner by a piratical expedition commanded by the banished sons of a British prince, and, with many fellow prisoners, carried to the north of Ireland, and there sold into slavery. According to other accounts, he was snatched direct from his home, on a raid of the troublesome Irish (then called Scots) into Britain, at that time left undefended by the departure of the Romans. Thus the youth became slave to Milcho, the petty prince of a district now included in the county Antrim, and his three brothers—receiving the name of Ceather-tigh, because he served four masters; but Milcho, noting his diligence and probity, bought the others' shares and made him wholly his own, sending him to tend cattle on the mountain of Slieve-Mis. In the *Confessio Sancti Patricii*, a short piece purporting to be written by himself shortly before his death, and believed to be genuine, many most interesting passages occur, and amongst them the following account of this period of his life, which, with the subsequent extracts, we have translated from the first printed edition

of the writings of St. Patrick, published in sixteen hundred and fifty-six, from several ancient manuscripts, by the excellent historian Sir James Ware.

"After I had come to Ireland, I tended cattle continually, and prayed many times in the day, and more and more increased within me the love of God and the fear of him, and my faith waxed strong, and my spirit waxed strong; so that, in one day, I would offer up a hundred prayers, and so also in the night time. And I would even remain in the woods and on the mountain, and before the light rouse myself to prayer,—in snow, in frost, in rain, and I took no hurt, nor had I any slothfulness, because (as I now see) the Spirit was then fervent within me."

In the seventh year of his slavery, he heard one night, in a dream, a voice telling him that he was soon to be restored to his native country; and, again, that a ship was prepared for him. "Whereafter," says he, "I turned me to flight, and left the man with whom I had lived for six years, and in the strength of God, who would guide my steps aright, went, fearing nothing, until I had found that ship." He reached a haven, and found there a ship, unmoored and just ready to sail, but the master refused to take him on board, because he had no money. So the young man departed and sought for a cottage wherein he might obtain rest and food. As he went he began to pray, and before his prayer was done, he heard one of the sailors calling after him, "Come back quickly!" and, when he returned, they said to him, "We will receive thee out of good faith; make friendship with us." There is nothing more perceptible in history than the innate power of great men to affect and control those whom they meet.

After many adventures he reached his home in Britain, and embraced his parents; who entreated him, after the tribulations he had endured, never to leave them. But, after some time had passed, he saw one night, in a vision, a man—as if coming from Ireland—whose name was Victoricius, who carried a great number of letters, and gave him one, in the beginning whereof he read—The Voice of the Irish People. "And whilst I was reading the letter," says the saint, "methought I heard the voice of those who dwelt beside the forest of Foclute, which is nigh the western sea, and they exclaimed, 'We beseech thee, holy youth, to come and walk amongst us!' And I

was greatly touched in heart and could read no further, and so I awoke, and thanked God that after so long a time he had approached them according to their cry." "And another night (whether within me or beside me, I know not, God knoweth), I heard most learned words, which I could not understand, only this, at the end: 'He that gave his life for thee;' and then I awoke rejoicing."

After these visions, though dissuaded by parents and friends, he gave himself up to the Church, and to study; beginning under his mother's uncle, St. Martin, Bishop of Tours. On being priested he received the new name of Magonius, and studied in various places on the continent. From Italy he is said to have visited the islands of the Tyrrhenian sea, and to have received from the hermit Justus, who dwelt in one of them, the famous staff of Jesus.

In the year four hundred and thirty-one, Pope Celestine sent Bishop Palladius on a mission to preach to the Irish, amongst whom Christianity had already taken some hold, but Heathenism was still so dominant that Palladius, after less than a year's sojourn, found himself forced to fly to North Britain, where he died soon after. Then Pope Celestine, considering the eminent piety, learning, and other gifts of Magonius, resolved to send him upon the Irish mission, and therefore consecrated him bishop; at the same time re-baptising him with the honorable name of Patricius, which carried its dignity from the ancient times of Rome (meaning Pater Civium, Father of the People), and was afterwards given to the kings of France. In after days—so much do conditions change—it came to have a most vulgar sound, especially in the diminutives of Pat and Paddy; but may, perhaps, regain its pristine rank, since it is now once more conjoined with the blood royal.

In the year four hundred and thirty-two—Bishop Patricius, then forty-five years old—landed on the coast of Wicklow; but, being driven to the ship by the Pagan population, he sailed northward to a bay in what is now called the County of Down. Here the lord of the district hastened to attack the strangers as pirates, but was arrested by the venerable looks of the bishop, listened to his preaching, and was baptized with all his family. There Patricius immediately established his first church, which was called, simply,

Sahal Phadrig—Patrick's Barn—whence the parish of Saul, in Down, derives its name. When he re-visited the scene of his youthful captivity, a strange event occurred. Two daughters of his old master, after hearing him preach, were baptised and became nuns; whereupon Milcho, strongly attached to the ancient traditions, and perceiving that his former slave was now in authority as their successful antagonist, made a great fire of the house and goods, and consumed himself therein; the news of which, coming to Saint Patrick, caused him to stand for three hours silent, and in tears.

Having learned that the time was approaching when King Leoqhair would hold on Tara Hill a triennial convention of tributary princes, nobles, and Druid priests, St. Patrick resolved to come and preach to them, at all hazards, knowing the importance of influencing the great people of the country; so, on Easter Eve, four hundred and thirty-three, the next day being that appointed for the opening of the convention, he raised his tent on the north bank of the river Boyne, and kindled a fire before it. Now, it was a penal act for any one to light a fire in the province at the time of the convention of Tara, until the king's bonfire had first indicated the opening of the solemnities; and when St. Patrick's fire shone through the vernal night, and was seen after by the court and multitude encamped on Tara Hill, the utmost astonishment prevailed among them, and the Druids told the king that this fire must be speedily extinguished, or else the man who had kindled it, and his successors, should rule Ireland for ever. The king instantly sent messengers to drag the culprit to his presence, but when Patrick appeared within the circle of the court, so noble and venerable was his aspect, that Erc, son of Dego, instantly rose and offered him his seat. St. Patrick was permitted to preach, and Erc and Dubtach, the poet laureate, were his first converts, along with Fiech, a young poet under the instruction of Dubtach, and who is judged to be the author of a certain poem extant in praise of the saint. The queen and others followed their example, and at last the king himself. It is on this occasion that St. Patrick is said to have successfully used the trefoil or shamrock, growing at his feet, as an illustration of the doctrine of the Trinity; whence this herb came to be assigned to

the patron saint of Ireland, and raised into a national emblem. Soon after, he preached at the Hill of Usneagh, a famous seat of Druidism.

In his peregrinations, he founded several churches and made many converts; and having been thirteen years in Ireland, he established himself in Armagh (the High Place), and on that hill founded a city and cathedral, with monasteries, schools, and other religious edifices. In that place, chosen fourteen hundred years ago by Saint Patrick, the cathedral, several times reëdificated, stands firm at this day, and his archiepiscopal successor retains the dignity then established, of Primate, and Metropolitan of All Ireland; while, by a curious etiquette, the Archbishop of Dublin is styled Primate of Ireland, without the All. About two years after the foundation of Armagh, Patricius, by this time probably raised to the rank of archbishop, went over to England for coadjutors, and took the opportunity to preach against the prevailing Pelagian and Arian heresies, reclaiming many. Returning by way of Liverpool, when he approached that maritime village, the people from all sides flocked to meet him, and erected a stone cross in his honor. On his voyage back to Ireland he visited the Isle of Man, where we are informed he found the people much addicted to magic—an old accusation against them; for they were believed to involve their island at will in supernatural mists, so that no ship could find it. Here he preached with his usual success, and left behind him Germain, one of his disciples, as first bishop of Man. Having returned to Armagh, he held a synod, the eighth canon of which forbids a clerk to enter the lists with a heathen for trial by combat (a mode of decision not known to have existed in England till long after this time, and commonly spoken of as introduced by the Normans), and the fourteenth lays penance on whosoever should seek to divine the future by soothsaying or inspection of the entrails of beasts. After this he went to Bally-ath-clath (afterwards called Dublin, the Black Stream), the people flocking out to him; and baptised the king and many others in a well, therefore called St. Patrick's Well; near to which a church was built, on the site now occupied by St. Patrick's Cathedral. Archbishop Usher says he saw the well, and that in sixteen hundred

and thirty-nine it was shut up in a private house.

In a subsequent synod, we learn; that four other ecclesiastical dignitaries were unwilling to submit to the authority of Archbishop Patricius; especially as he was a foreigner; but they at last agreed. He settled the Church of Ireland solidly, and appointed bishops and priests everywhere, well earning his title of Apostle of Ireland. He travelled continually—a winged laborer, as Chrysostom terms St. Paul—until too old; when he spent his last years in retirement and contemplation, though not neglecting to hold synods and councils, and rule the affairs of the church. The latest part of his life was passed alternately in Armagh, and in the Abbey of Sahal; and in the latter place where he had adventurously founded the first of several hundred churches, he expired full of good works and honors, on the seventeenth of March four hundred and sixty-five, aged seventy-eight. This is in accordance with Lanigan's chronology, which contradicts Usher, Ware, and others, who place the event in four hundred and ninety-three, in the one-hundred-and-twentieth year of his age. His obsequies lasted through twelve successive days and nights—made bright as day with torches and tapers—and were attended by multitudes of the clergy from all parts of Ireland. He was buried at Down, thence called Downpatrick, and the old rhyme says—

“In Down three saints one grave do fill;  
Patrick, Bridget, Columbkil.”

In eleven hundred and eighty-six, seventeen years after the English invasion, the remains of these three were solemnly translated into the cathedral of Downpatrick, a cardinal legate being specially sent by Pope Urban III. to attend the ceremony; but the rolling centuries changed men's minds, and in the reign of Henry the Eighth, Anno Domini, fifteen hundred and thirty-eight, Lord Deputy Leonard De Gray, invading Ulster, desecrated the cathedral, and defaced the statues of the three saints; and in the same year the famous staff or crozier, so long an object of veneration, was publicly burned along with many other relics, in High Street, Dublin, by order of Archbishop Browne. With this implement is

said to have been accomplished the saint's traditional feat of banishing noxious animals from the Emerald Isle—when, according to the song,

"He bothered all the vermin,"

and forced the snakes into the rash act of committing suicide,

"To save themselves from slaughter,"

But a more credible, and truly beautiful story, is connected with this same staff, namely, that when St. Patrick was baptising Aongus, King of Munster, at Cashel, he accidentally rested the spike of his iron-shod crozier upon the king's foot, and, leaning forward, pressed it deeply in, inflicting a most painful wound. But Aongus, believing this to be part of the ceremony, made no sign of suffering, and with calm and reverential demeanor, allowed the unconscious prelate to proceed with a baptism which was at the same time a petty martyrdom.

St. Patrick is said to have been a man of small stature, but of great energy and activity of mind and body, and we have some proofs that his very aspect must have inspired regard and submission. He was truly humble, wore coarse garments, and worked cheerfully and stoutly with his own hands. He was "Most sweet and affable in conversation, by which he accommodated himself to all sorts and conditions of people, and did so gain their affections, that if it could be done, they would have plucked out their eyes and given them to him." Countless gifts were pressed upon him, which he always refused, except it were to relieve the poor, or build religious houses. He slept on the bare ground, a stone his pillow till fifty-five years old.

The beginning of his Confessio (to which perhaps, the English word Profession comes nearest in sense) is curious: "Ego Patricius, peccator, rusticissimus et minimus omnium fidelium, et contemptibilissimus apud plurimos, patrem habui Calpornium diaconem," &c. It ends thus: "Hæc est Confessio mea, antequam moriar."

The self-contempt of this exordium was a matter of form; but elsewhere he says, no doubt with full sincerity, "I lived in death and faithlessness, until I was much chastised, and in truth I was humbled by hunger and nakedness. But it was well

for me, for in this God wrought my amendment, and shaped me to be at this day what was once far enough from me—that I should care or strive for the good of others, who then regarded not even my own good."

These are simple and pious words of the good bishop, and we may well believe him not unworthy of his place in the calendar of saintly men. Self-denying, humble, fearless, diligent, religious, in a wide and difficult field of action; his life was noble, and his memory is worthy of reverence. Yet certain of the rites with which his day is kept and honored in Ireland have little reverence in them. St. Patrick's Chapel of Ease, by excise consecration, so crowded to-day, is a small, dingy, strong-smelling place, where, before the wooden altar, over-huddled with foul glasses and battered pewters, in a plash of whiskey, the devotees hiccup and yell the venerable name of their country's apostle as an incentive to debauchery and madness.

The tradesman or artisan who six months ago registered a vow against drinking, formally excepted the season of the Saint, and, after an interval of hopeful quiet, his family are now again to endure the horrors and miseries inevitably brought on by a drunken father, or son, or husband, who, for his part, shall waken to find the path of reformation vanished from under his foot, and harder to regain than ever. The youth, the tender girl, are half-persuaded, half-forced into their first visit to a tavern, in honor of the day. The experienced toper deliberately, and freed from the last lingering touch of shame (sure it's Patrick's Day), wallows into the deepest mire of helpless sottishness. Quarrels rise; oaths and foul words, fists and cudgels, in motion; shrieking wives, weeping sisters and daughters vainly interfering. Then come the efficient green-coated men, truncheons in hand, who, bursting into the thickest of the row, haul off sundry torn, bloody, and foaming creatures, scarcely recognisable as human, to the lock-up. Little boys, some of them not half-a-dozen years old, are made drunk to-day, on account of Saint Patrick. See, for example, this wretched Cheevo, to whom some one has administered a dose that leaves him collapsed, pallid, and idiotic against a wall. Cheevo has not been very long a street-boy, and perhaps now is his initiation into the joys of drinking whis-

key; if so, he had to-day no desire or relish for the draught that scorched his young lips and throat; but, before long, he also will anxiously crave the burning liquor, and beg or steal the means of getting it, and under its influence, perhaps, progress to acts that shall make him worth Society's attention at last; and, while at large, he will certainly not fail to keep

St. Patrick's Day with the most unscrupulous exactness.

Alas! the good Patricius! practically invoked as Saint of Sots, Patron of Publicans, Defender of National Drunkenness! What can we say, but that people often use their saints (alive or dead) unreasonably enough—and their sinners too?

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From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## UP A COURT.

Two or three years ago, I established myself in one of the large manufacturing towns of Lancashire, with the intention of there commencing my career as an artist. I was young and little known; and though I had studied assiduously, and felt very confident in my own capabilities for the so-called higher walks of art, yet, as the public at that time showed no particular admiration of my productions, I found it convenient to abandon for a time my ambitious dreams, and apply myself to portrait-painting, in order to procure daily bread. I soon obtained a tolerable amount of miscellaneous patronage, and the constant succession of sitters of every grade made my occupation an amusing one.

I was about to cease from my labors one Saturday afternoon, when a low knock at the door attracted my attention. "Come in!" I cried: and the door opening, a man entered, whose soiled moleskin dress, sprinkled with cotton flakes, bespoke him a factory "hand."

"Beg pardon for disturbin' yo," said my visitor; "but aw coom to see if yo'd do a bit of a job for me?"

"What sort of a job?" I inquired.

"Why, it's a little lad o' mine as is ill, an' we think as we could like to hev his portrait ta'en wi' them colored chalks, if yo'd be so good as do it. Yo'd ha' to coom to our house, 'cause he's bedfast; but we'd be quite willin' to pay summat moor than th' usual charge for th' extra trouble as yo'd hev."

"Oh! I'll do it with pleasure," said I. "But when do you wish me to come?"

"Why, now, if yo' con," said my new patron; "for yo' seen we han but one place, an' it's not allus fit for a gentleman to go into; but of a Saturday afternoon it's clyeaned up an' quite tidy; an' Willie'd be finely pleased to sit, if yo' could coom wi' me now."

I assented at once, packed up what I required, and we sallied forth.

"You are employed in a mill, I suppose," said I, as we walked on.

"Ay, aw'm a spinner at Wotton's. We stop'n sooner of a Saturday, an' so aw took th' opportunity o' coomin'."

"And your little boy—what is the matter with him?"

"Why, aw'm fear'd he's in a consumption. He geet his back hurt when he wur a little un, an' he's never looked up sin'. Poor thing! he's worn away till he's nowt but skin an' bone, an' has a terrible cough, as well'y shakes him to pieces. But he's allus lively, though he cannot stir off his little bed; an' he's as merry as a cricket when he sees me coomin' whoam at neet, 'specially if he spies a new book stickin' out o' my jacket-pocket. He likes readin', an' aw buy him a book when aw've a spare shillin'. But here 's Grime's Court; we mun turn up here, if yo' please'n."

Turning out of the dingy street we had been traversing, we entered a gloomy little court, containing much dirt and many children; where the heat from the

closely-packed houses, combining with the natural warmth of the air, produced an atmosphere like that of a baker's oven. The contributions of the inhabitants, in the shape of rotten vegetables, ashes, and dirty water, formed a confused and odorous heap in the centre of the court; and, amongst these ancient relics, a wretched, misanthropic-looking hen was digging with the zeal of an antiquary.

"Why is this rubbish suffered to lie here?" said I: "the scent from it must be both offensive and injurious. Are there no receptacles for these matters?—no sewers to receive this filthy water?"

"There's a sewer, but it's choked up; an' when we teem'n ony watter down, it breyks through into that cellar at th' corner, an' then th' owd mon as lives in it grumbles, 'cause it runs on to his shelf, an' mars his bit o' meyt. So we're like to teem it down th' middle o' the court, an' let it go where it will. As for th' ashes, an' 'tato pillin's, an' sich like, we'n nowhere else to put 'em, for we connot brun 'em."

"Have you no yard behind your house?" I inquired.

"No; th' cottages as they build'n now are mostly set back to back, to save room an' bricks. There's but two places in 'em, one above, an' one below; so we're like to put th' victuals an' th' coals under th' stairs. It's terribly thrutchin' wark, they moight think as poor folk needed no breathin'-room!"

It seemed to have been cleaning-day at all the houses; the floors, visible through the open doors, were newly washed and sanded; and women in clean caps and aprons, with faces glowing from a recent scrubbing, were setting the tea-things with a pleasant clatter; whilst their husbands, most of them pale-faced operatives, lounged outside enjoying their Saturday evening's leisure.

A pleasant-looking, neatly-dressed woman met us at the door of the house before which my conductor halted, and with a smile and a courtesy invited me to enter. The room, though small, and crowded with furniture, was extremely clean, and as neatly arranged as the heterogeneous nature of its contents would permit. An old clock, with a dim, absent-looking face, ticked merrily in one corner, and on the chest of drawers opposite the door, were a number of books, a stag's horn, and a stuffed owl, which squinted with

one of his glass eyes, and stood on his legs with the air of a bird who was more than half-seas over.

"Is that Mr. Worthington, father?" said a small, weak voice.

"Ay, this is him, Willie," said my companion, going towards the window, beside which I now perceived a small bed, and in it a little deformed boy. He was propped up with pillows, and held out his thin hand with a smile as I approached him. The pale face, over which the almost transparent skin seemed tightly drawn, the large, bright, eager eyes, and parched lips of the little patient, told but too plainly the nature of his disease. His mother was still busy with his toilet, or, as she phrased it, "snoddin' him up a bit;" so, taking a seat beside him, I arranged my paper and pencils, whilst the good woman brushed his hair and smoothed the collar of his night-dress.

"There, aw think he'll do now, John—willn't he?" said she, addressing her husband, who had watched her operations with great interest.

"Thou's made him look gradely weel," answered John; "an' so now, Mr. Worthington, we'll leave Willie an' yo' to keep house, whilst my wife an' me goes to th' market."

The worthy couple departed; and I commenced my sketch, feeling rather doubtful whether I could reproduce on paper the little, wan, half-infantine, half-aged face that looked up at me with a strange, quiet smile.

"Are you not weary sometimes, Willie, with lying here constantly?" I inquired.

"Sometimes," he answered, "but not often; there's always somethin' to look at, you see; either th' childer outside, or th' old hen, or th' donkey-man as sells black-in'. Once," continued Willie, growing confidential, "there was a real Punch an' Judy came into th' court, an' th' man as was with it saw me through th' window, an' asked mother if I was bedridden; an' when she told him I was, he brought Punch an' Judy close to th' window, an' let me watch 'em ever such a while; an' he said he'd come again sometime."

"Have you some plants there, Willie?" said I, pointing to two black jugs, filled with soil, in which some small brown stumps were visible.

"Yes; they're rose-trees as mother set for me. She says they're dead; but there may be a little bit of 'em alive somewhere,

an' so I water 'em every day still. An' see, father's made me a garden in th' window here," added he, proudly exhibiting a large plate, covered with a piece of wet flannel, on which mustard-seed had been strewn. The seed, sprouting forth vigorously, had covered the surface of the plate with bright-green vegetation. "Isn't it nice?" said he, looking up with sparkling eyes. "Sometimes I put my eyes close to it, an' look through between the stalks, an' then I can almost fancy it's a great forest, an' every little stalk a big tree, an' me ramblin' about among 'em like Robinson Crusoe."

"Have you read *Robinson Crusoe*, Willie?" I asked.

"Yes, many a time," he answered. "Look, I've these books too;" and he drew a couple of volumes from beneath the pillow—*Bruce's Travels* and *Typee*. "An' father's promised me a new book when he gets his wages raised."

He had talked too eagerly, and was stopped by a dreadful fit of coughing, which left him panting and exhausted. He lay quiet, and listened delightedly, whilst I described to him what I had witnessed in the course of my own limited rambles; yet showing, by his minute questions, that eager and painful longing for a sight of the open country which the sick so often display. When, finally, I promised to bring him some flowers at my next visit, his joy knew no bounds.

We had become fast friends by the time the father and mother returned; and great was their delight when I exhibited my sketch, already more than half finished, and in which I had succeeded beyond my expectations. The child's artless talk, and the simple kindness of the parents, interested and pleased me, and I continued to work zealously at the portrait till the twilight, which fell in Grime's Court two hours earlier than anywhere else, compelled me to cease. Promising to return on the following Saturday to complete the work, I departed, after receiving a kiss from Willie, who held me by the collar, whilst he enjoined me to be punctual, and to mind and bring the flowers.

Saturday-afternoon arrived in due course, and having furnished myself with a bouquet as large as a besom, I betook myself early to Grime's Court. Willie was watching for me at the window, and clapped his hands for joy at sight of my floral prize. Whilst I resumed my task, he busied him-

self in examining, arranging, and rearranging his treasure, discovering new beauties every moment, and peeping into the flower-cups as if they were little fairy palaces, filled with untold wonders, as they doubtless were to him. The portrait was just finished when John came home, and he and his wife vied with each other in expressing admiration of my performance.

"Aw'm sure yo're nother paid nor hauf-paid wi' what yo' charge'n," said he, as he placed the payment in my hand; "but aw'll try to come out o' yer debt sometime, if aw live."

"An' mony thanks to yo', sir," said the mother, "for th' pleasure as yo'n gin to th' child. There's nothin' pleases him like flowers, an' he so seldom gets ony."

"Willie's full o' presents to-day," said John: "see thee, lad!" and he drew forth a new book, and placed it in the child's outstretched hands.

"Look, look, Mr. Worthington!" cried Willie, his little face flushed with excitement and pleasure: "a *Journey Round the World*, and full of pictures—only look!"

"Ay, aw thought that would pleasethee," said his gratified father. "Now thou can ramble round th' world bout stirring off thy bed. But stop a bit, Mr Worthington," he added, as I was preparing to depart, "aw've summat to fotch down stairs before yo' go'n: sit yo' down a minute;" and John vanished up the stairs, whence he speedily returned with a small parcel in his hand. Unfolding the paper, he displayed a long, narrow box, formed out of a piece of curiously marked wood. On the lid, an owl's head, evidently copied from the squinting individual on the drawers, was carved with considerable skill.

"Is that your work, John?" exclaimed I, in some surprise.

"Ay," said John, with a grin. "Aw see'd as yo' carried yer pencils an' t'other things lapped up in a piece o' papper, an' aw thought a box would be a deal handier; so aw've made this at neets, when aw'd done my work, an' aw's feel very proud if yo'll accept on't."

"That I will," said I; "and thank you heartily. But how is this, John?—why, you are quite an artist! Where did you learn to carve so well?"

"Aw took it up o' mysel' when aw wur a lad, an' aw carve bits o' things now and then for th' neighbor's childer; but yo'

see aw cannot make th' patterns for 'em, so aw geet th' designer at our mill to draw me that owl's yead fro' this on th' drawers, an' then aw cut it out. Willie can draw a bit: aw'll warrant he'll copy most o' them flowers as yo'n brought him, afore they wither'n: will t'ou not, Willie?"

The boy lay still, with his face turned towards the window, and did not answer.

"Willie! Willie!—why, surely he hasn't fall'n asleep already," said his mother, approaching the bed. He had—into the long deep sleep, from which there is no earthly awaking. With the book clasped to his breast, the drooping flowers falling from his hands, the child had died, without a sigh or a struggle.

I stood long beside the bed, listening silently to the mother's wail and the father's

smothered sobs, feeling it vain and useless to offer words of comfort till their wild grief had spent itself.

"Hush, Martha, woman!" said John at last, laying his hand on his wife's shoulder, and trying to command his shaking voice; "hush! dunnot tak' on so. It's a comfort, after a', to see him die wi' smiles on his face, than if he'd gone i' pain. He went when we wur at th' happiest, an' we'll hope he's happier still now."

"John," said the mother, looking up, "let's not stir th' book an' th' flowers; it would be a sin to tak' 'em fro' him; let 'em be buried wi' him."

Two days later, I helped to carry little Willie to a quiet church-yard, some distance from the town, where we laid him in a sunny corner, with the book and the withered flowers upon his breast.

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From the British Quarterly Review.

## BEAUMARCHAIS AND HIS TIMES.\*

THE manner in which M. de Loménie states that he became possessed of the MS., from which he compiled his work, is especially interesting:

"Conducted," he says, "by a grandson of Beaumarchais, I entered a house in the street of the *Pas de Mule*. We ascended an attic, into which no mortal had penetrated for years. Opening, not without difficulty, the door of this nook, we raised a cloud of dust, quite suffocating. I ran to the window to inhale a mouthful of air, but the window, like the door, had become difficult to open, and resisted all my efforts. The wood, swollen by the damp and partially rotten, seemed to give way in my hand, when I resorted to the wiser plan of breaking two of the panes. We were now enabled to breathe. The little hole of a room was filled with cases and boxes crammed with papers. There was there before me in that uninhabited and silent cell, covered with a thick dust, all that remained of one of the

most strange, lively, bustling, and agitated existences of the last century. I had before me all the papers left fifty-four years ago by the author of the *Marriage of Figaro*."

A portion of these papers was arranged with care. It was that part having relation to the numerous affairs of Beaumarchais as litigant, merchant, ship-builder, contractor, administrator, &c. The remaining portion, consisting of literary and biographical matter, was in the greatest disorder. The arrangement had been confided to the cashier Gudin, who, like a zealous clerk, had subordinated everything to matters of business; meaning by business matters of commercial and pecuniary interest. After having disinterred from this chaos the manuscripts of the three dramas and the opera of Beaumarchais, M. de Loménie vainly sought for the MSS. of the *Barber of Seville* and the *Marriage of Figaro*, when a trunk presented itself, of which no key could be found; and on this being opened by the aid of a locksmith, the two missing MSS. were discovered at the very bottom of the box,

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\* *Beaumarchais et son Temps. Etudes sur la Société en France au XVIII<sup>e</sup> Siècle; d'après des documents inédits.* Par LOUIS DE LOMÉNIE. Paris: Levy Frères. 1856.

*Œuvres complètes de Beaumarchais, précédées d'une Notice sur sa Vie et ses Ouvrages.* Par SAINT MARC GIRARDIN. Paris: Chez Lefevre. 1835.



covered with the corrections, additions, and alterations of the author, and lying under a mass of useless papers. By the side of the MSS. were the works of a watch or clock, executed on a large scale in copper, with the following inscription: "*Caron filius ætatis 21 annorum regulatorum invenit et fecit, 1753.*" This was the first invention by which the young watchmaker signalized himself on his entrance into life. The juxtaposition in the same trunk of two objects so different as a masterpiece of watchmaking and two masterpieces of dramatic writing, had in it, as M. de Loménie remarks, something piquant, reminding one of that Eastern monarch who placed in the same chest his shepherd's dress alongside his royal mantle. At the bottom of the trunk also were some portraits of women. One of them was a small miniature, representing a handsome woman of from twenty to twenty-five. The portrait was wrapped up in a paper, on which these words were written in a fine hand: "*Je vous rends mon portrait.*" Gracious and fragile remnant, says M. de Loménie, in relating the circumstance—gracious and fragile remnant; but yet less fragile than us mortals, for it survives us. What, he asks, is become of this beautiful woman of eighty years ago, who, doubtless, to seal a lover's quarrel, forwarded her portrait? The answer to this inquiry can best be given in the words of the old ballad of *Dames du temps jadis*, by Villon.

"Dites moi où, ne en quel pays  
Est Flora la belle Romaine,  
Archipiada ne Thaïs  
Qui fut sa cousine germaine?  
Echo parlant quand bruyt ou maine  
Dessus rivière ou sus estan  
Qui beauté eut trop plus qu'humaine,  
Mais où sont les neiges d'autan."<sup>\*</sup>

It would appear that Beaumarchais had intended to write the history of his own life, for on a large collection of papers containing his correspondence with M. de Sartines, and the detail of his travels and proceedings as secret agent of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., there are these words written in his own hand: "*Papiers originaux remis par M. de Sartines, matériaux pour les mémoires de ma vie.*" Lower down is, in the same hand, "*inutiles aujourd'hui.*" These latter words, writ-

ten in the old age of Beaumarchais under the first Republic—at a period when he had a law-suit with the Government, and when his affairs were in confusion—sufficiently indicate that he did not wish to leave a disputed inheritance to his daughter, or to injure his own memory in blazoning forth his services as secret agent of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. (for such he undoubtedly was,) and his connection with their ministers. It is to be regretted that Beaumarchais did not accomplish his intention of writing an autobiography. No man's life was filled with more stirring incidents, and there is no one of his age as to whom more fables were invented. It may be added, that though Beaumarchais was not calculated to excel in a serious or sustained work requiring very deep thought or reflection, yet that he possessed, and in a high degree, too, that particular kind of talent and *esprit*—that sagaciousness, clearness, fluency, flow of animal spirits, flexibility, and power of dramatising, so desirable in a biographer. The want of a life of this remarkable man was sought to be supplied, not long after his death, by his friend Gudin, who had known him for thirty years, and who, like himself, was the son of a watchmaker. But the widow of Beaumarchais, having read the 419 pages of Gudin's MS. in 1809, was not satisfied with it, and it never was published. Till Saint Marc Gerardin, Jules Janin, Villemain, and Saint Beuve had written biographies and appreciations of Beaumarchais, there was scarcely any other account of the man than the one published by a La Harpe in his *Cours de Littérature*, in 1800; in account meagre in itself, and wanting both in dates and details. It was while M. de Loménie was pondering on these materials, and considering, in delivering his course of lectures at the College de France, the influence that Beaumarchais exercised on his generation in a literary, social, and political sense, that he accidentally became possessed of the papers of the deceased author in the manner he so graphically describes. The information contained in these papers is great, and the details numerous; but we shall endeavor to compress the most important particulars within the compass of an article.

Pierre Augustin Caron—who assumed, when he was twenty-five years of age, the name of de Beaumarchais—was born on the 24th of January, 1732, in the shop of a watchmaker of the Rue St. Denis—a

\* D'autan de l'an passé.

street in which not only Regnard, the best comic poet after Molière, but Scribe, and greater than Scribe, Béranger, first saw the light of day. The family of the father of Beaumarchais was humble; but the intellectual culture of old Caron appears to have been superior to that of a Parisian tradesman of the present day, and his manners certainly were superior in ease and good breeding to the bearing of the modern Parisian shopkeeper, who is too often brusque and uncivil, and occasionally wholly unpolished and bearish. The eighteen years' reign of the citizen king has too generally diffused among the shop-keeping classes of Paris a material and sordid sensualism, and the Republic and the Empire have only added cynicism and coarseness to selfishness, avarice, and other vices not necessary to dwell on here. A century ago, the aristocracy of a polished court occasionally, as M. de Loménie truly remarks, mixed with the *bourgeoisie*, and had an influence, by their language and demeanor, over the tone of civic life. But the best of the French aristocracy now lives far removed from Paris, and its place in the social scale is filled by political and commercial adventurers, by *agents de change*, by jobbers on the Bourse, or by men who have made large heaps of money by successful speculations in the *crédit foncier*. To return, however, to the father of Beaumarchais. André Charles Caron was descended of a Protestant Calvinist family which had held to its faith unconvinced by the eloquence of Bossuet, and undismayed by the persecution of the *dragonnades*. While yet young, André Charles enlisted in a regiment of dragoons; but after a short service obtained his discharge, and came to Paris to study watchmaking. A month after his arrival he abjured Calvinism, and was received into the bosom of the Roman Catholic church by Cardinal Noailles, on the 7th of March, 1721. Beaumarchais was therefore born into the Roman Catholic faith; but we agree with M. de Loménie in thinking that the religion of his ancestors was not without its influence on his character and tone of thought, while it serves further to explain—for there is no need to justify—the zeal he displayed in all questions relating to the interests and welfare of the Huguenots. The father of Beaumarchais had six children, five of them daughters, and the young Caron, the only boy among them. He was natu-

rally "*l'enfant gâté de la maison*," and exhibited in infancy the gay, frolicsome, and lively spirit which never deserted him in his latter years in his greatest misfortunes. From one of his letters we learn that the precocious youth was about to kill himself for a love affair, at the early age of thirteen; but the sombre and melancholy fit passed away, and he was soon as waggish and frolicsome as ever, as we learn from an epistle, in verse, of his sister Julia. Caron, the pervert father, like many other over-zealous Papists, *donna dans la dévotion*, and fined his son twelve sous if he entered the *Grande Messe* after the Epistle, twenty-four sous if he arrived after the Gospel, and a whole month's pocket-money if he came in after the Elevation of the Host. But notwithstanding all this severity, the droll young caitiff laughed in his sleeve at periwigs and perruques, and turned many a joke against the sleek and unctuous *prêtres* of the day. We have few details as to Beaumarchais' school life. He neither studied at the university nor with the Jesuits, but was brought up at the school of Alfort, which since has become a place of renown as the cradle of the great Veterinary School of France. At twelve years old he made his first communion at the convent of the Minimes, which was then near the forest of Vincennes, and was seized with a violent liking for an old monk who zealously sermonized him, seasoning his discourse with a capital luncheon. "I went to the old fellow," says Beaumarchais himself, "every holiday;" but whether for the sermon, the salmi, the sausages, or the sauterne with which the good things were washed down, does not distinctly appear.

Beaumarchais left school in his thirteenth year, and soon after addressed a letter in verse to two of his sisters, who had crossed the Pyrenees, one of them being married in Spain. This letter, to use the words of M. de Loménie, is distinguished by an "astonishing precocity, more particularly when it is considered that the classical instruction of the author was slight and scanty. Immediately on quitting school the lively youth was apprenticed to his father the watchmaker. It is clear he was not a model apprentice. To an almost fanatical passion for music he joined less innocent and less defensible tastes; so that his father had some difficulty in governing this impetuous and

dissipated youth. At length, in his eighteenth year, he was for a time banished from the paternal residence, when he took up his abode with some relatives. Peace, however, was soon established between father and son on certain conditions. Beaumarchais returned to his home, and so completely devoted himself to his art, that, at twenty years of age, he had discovered a new *échappement*, or escapement, for watches." M. de Loménie tells us, that a celebrated watchmaker, by the name of Lepaute, to whom the young man had confided his invention, appropriated it to himself, and announced it as his own in the *Mercury* of September, 1753. The young Caron, however, replied in a clever letter to the same journal, and after two commissions had been named by the Academy of Sciences, it was decided that the invention belonged of right to Beaumarchais. Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that an *échappement à chevilles*, invented by one Amat, was improved and perfected by Lepaute—a fact of which M. de Loménie makes no mention; and a clock on a large scale with this kind of escapement exists at this moment—or at least existed in August and September last year—in the Cabinet of Natural History in the Garden of Plants. It may not be unnecessary to remark, that, within a year after he had defended his invention, Beaumarchais was appointed watchmaker to the king. Shortly before he received this appointment, he had presented the smallest watch which had been hitherto made, and with the particular escapement in question, in a ring to Madame de Pompadour.

As *horloger du roi*, and watchmaker to the king, the princes and princesses, Beaumarchais had the *entrée* to Versailles. In July, 1754, as we learn from a letter of his addressed to one of his cousins, a watchmaker at London, he states that he was favorably recognized by Louis XV., who ordered a repeating watch of him. Till his four-and-twentieth year, it appears the ambition of young Beaumarchais was limited to the production and selling of watches. How he commenced to have other views and objects in life does not clearly appear. We know, indeed, from his friend Gudin, that the fair sex at Versailles admired his form and figure, the regularity of his features, his brilliant complexion, commanding air, &c. &c. &c., and other personal advantages, *quos nunc*

*prescribere longum est*. This general statement of the biographer might seem to be a remark of the *modest* Beaumarchais himself, which the complaisant Gudin had jotted down, did we not know from other sources that a lady who had seen Beaumarchais at Versailles actually made a journey express to Paris to visit his shop in the Rue St. Denis, under the pretext that her watch needed repairs. The lady was not precisely what is called a *grande dame*, but she was the wife of a "*contrôleur clerk d'office de la maison du roi*," one Pierre Augustin Francquet. This office or employment was transmissible from father to son, and when the lady, with watch in hand, came to visit Beaumarchais, her husband was very old and infirm. Though the wife was not young, yet, on the other hand, she was not old, having just attained her thirtieth year, being six years the senior of Beaumarchais. It may be supposed the young watchmaker used his best efforts to repair the watch confided to him. So well did he accomplish his task, that, at the end of a few months, M. Francquet was conscious that his age and infirmities prevented him from properly filling his employment of *contrôleur*, and that he could not do better than yield the place to the young Caron, in consideration of a life-annuity. This arrangement being acceptable to all parties, Beaumarchais renounced his business as a watchmaker, and was inducted into his new employment by royal patent of the 9th November, 1755. The *contrôleurs d'office* were only employed in the "*repas et festins extraordinaires*." They served the king's table "*l'épée au côté*," placing with their own hands the dishes on the board. Two months after Beaumarchais became invested with this new office the old man who surrendered it to him died, and eleven months after, *i. e.* on the 22d November, 1756, the watchmaker married the widow. At the period of the marriage, he assumed for the first time the name of de Beaumarchais, which name, Gudin tells us, was borrowed from a very *small fief* belonging to the wife. The circumstance was afterwards adroitly turned against Beaumarchais by Gozman, in one of his memoirs, in which he says, "*Le Sieur Caron emprunta d'une de ses femmes le nom de Beaumarchais qu'il a prêté à une de ses sœurs*." Though Beaumarchais was "*contrôleur de la mai-*

*son du roi*," he had not, to use the jargon of heralds and precisians, *passé gentil-homme*. It was not till 1761, five years afterwards, when he had purchased for 85,000 francs the "*charge*" of *secrétaire du roi*, that he acquired the right of bearing the name of his fief. When Goezman reproached him with his ignoble and plebeian birth, Beaumarchais stated that he could nearly count twenty years of nobility,\* which no one dared dispute him, for he had not merely the sealed parchment and the yellow wax, but the receipt for the money paid down on the nail.

The comparative ease and affluence which wedded life brought to Beaumarchais lasted but a very short time. In less than a year after his marriage he lost his wife from typhus fever. The coincidence of the death of husband and wife in a time so inconceivably short excited at this period no attention; but when, by a deplorable fatality, he lost his second wife at a juncture when fortune smiled on him, there were not wanting those who muttered suspicions of poisoning. These rumors at length acquired such a consistency that Beaumarchais was obliged to assume the defensive, and to resort to the testimony of four physicians who had attended the first, and five who had attended the second wife.

It ought to be stated, in justice to Beaumarchais, that the death of his first wife reduced him again to comparative poverty. He had, however, an entrance to court by means of his "*charge*," and an opportunity soon presented itself by means of which he might push his fortunes. It has been already stated that he was passionately fond of music. He sang with feeling, and played with taste and talent the flute and the harp. His reputation as a harpist soon reached the ears of *Mesdames* of France, the daughters of Louis XV., and the four sisters desired to hear him play. His *début* produced a favorable impression, and *Mesdames* determined to take lessons of him. Very soon Beaumarchais became the organizer and the principal virtuoso of a *concert de famille*, which the princesses gave every week, and at which the king, the dauphin, and the queen, Maria Leczinska, assisted. It was one of the talents of Beaumarchais to adapt himself to the character of those whom he wished

to please. But he had need of all his circumspection, for his position was difficult, and calculated to excite the envy and jealousy of the croaking things that creep about court. He was neither music-master nor *grand seigneur*, and here he was giving gratuitous lessons, purchasing pieces of music, and displaying his accomplishments in a manner not always permitted to a qualified person. One day Louis XV. insisted on hearing him play the harp, and forced the ex-watchmaker to sit down on the royal *fauteuil*. These and other circumstances, which we have not space to mention here, excited jealousies and prejudices against a young musician, whose first appearance at court was as a watchmaker. Many trifling indications of these bad and envious feelings are stated by M. de Loménie. At length the conduct of one of the malignants became perfectly outrageous. Beaumarchais, insulted and provoked, went out with his adversary and killed him. Another duel had like to have followed on the first, because Beaumarchais had dared to ask of a M. de Sablières, a noble, a sum of thirty-five louis he had lent him. But the affair ended bloodlessly, thanks to the spirit of Beaumarchais. The letters of M. Sablières touching this affair are given by M. de Loménie, and worse specimens of style and spelling never proceeded from any *rustre* of the stables or shambles.

The favor which Beaumarchais enjoyed at the hands of the princesses had been hitherto of little advantage to him. He was obliged not merely to gratuitously dedicate his time to these ladies, but occasionally to expend his money in the purchase of costly instruments. He was, however, too adroit and clever a man to compromise his credit by receiving a pecuniary recompense, which would place him in the rank of a mercenary. It more comported with his views to write as he did write:—"I have passed four years in meriting the kindnesses of *Mesdames* de France by the most assiduous and disinterested efforts for their amusement." These efforts consisted in making all sorts of purchases for the princesses—purchases in which Beaumarchais frequently exhausted his ready money, and was consequently obliged to address urgent representations to Madame Hoppen, the *intendante* of *Mesdames*. Midst these *désagrémens*, however, Beaumarchais cultivated letters, and considered that he, like Vol-

\* This was an exaggeration; he could only count twelve years.

taire, might secure the friendship of some wealthy or prosperous contractor, who would push his fortunes. Such a man he found in Paris Du Verney, a person engaged in many speculations. Du Verney's kindnesses towards Beaumarchais were not wholly disinterested. Du Verney was anxious that the *Ecole Militaire*, of which he was *intendant*, should be visited by the Royal Family, and with this view Beaumarchais put the princesses in motion. They visited the school in company with Beaumarchais, and were received by Du Verney with great pomp. From this moment the grateful financier, charmed to find in Beaumarchais a useful intermediary for his communications with the Court, resolved to make the fortune of the young man, and gave him a share in several lucrative speculations. It was under the influence of Du Verney that the watchmaker's son was bitten with that taste for speculation which never left him till his latest day—a taste which never ceased to torment his life, and which mingled in his case with a predilection, not less ardent, for the mental excitement and the gratification of a fancy ever active and ardent.

In order to make his way more quickly, Beaumarchais felt the necessity of becoming noble. He purchased what is called a *savonnette à vilain*, that is to say, a patent of *secrétaire du roi*. In order not to impede the progress of his son, old Caron agreed to give up his watchmaker's shop, and the brevet of *secrétaire du roi* was obtained by Beaumarchais on the 9th of December, 1761. This new situation increased the number of his enemies and the jealousy with which he was regarded. An employment of *grand maître des eaux et forêts* almost immediately became vacant. It was a lucrative situation, and coast 500,000 livres. Du Verney lent Beaumarchais the sum necessary to purchase it, promising him at the same time that he would be able to repay him the amount by fiscal operations and contracts which should be given to him. After the money to purchase the situation had, however, been lodged at a notary's an objection was raised to Beaumarchais by certain *grands maîtres des eaux et forêts*, and a collective petition was addressed to the *contrôleur-général*, threatening that the *grands maîtres* would resign in a body if the watchmaker's son was appointed. But although the generality of the *grands*

*maîtres* were not a whit better born than the watchmaker, being, as Beaumarchais tells us, the sons of hairdressers, carders, Jew brokers, button-makers, &c. &c., yet they carried the day against him. This painful check at the commencement of an administrative career, which might have been brilliant, soured the heart and ulcerated the disposition of Beaumarchais, and it is not to be wondered that his opinions assumed a discontented and democratic hue. It is a fact, however, recorded in other pages than in those of M. de Loménie, that the real aristocracy of France was much less hostile to Beaumarchais than the nest of jobbers without birth (we mention the circumstance from the question being raised by *parvenus*), breeding, or honesty, who then, as now, batten on fat places for the most part useless or sinecure. The disappointed Beaumarchais now purchased a "*charge*" of *lieutenant-général des chasses aux bailliages et capitainerie de la varenne du Louvre*. This office was for the protection of the pleasures for the game of the king. It was, we need scarcely say, most oppressive to the proprietors and farmers fifty miles round Paris. This was in 1763. At this juncture we find Beaumarchais employing himself between the duties of his *charge*, the functions of *contrôleur de la maison du roi*, and those of *secrétaire du roi*, without prejudice to three or four industrial enterprises, those pleasures which he always pursued, or those family affections which held so large a place in his life. He had at this period bought a handsome house in the Rue de Condé, in which he had installed his father and his two unmarried sisters, when he received a letter from another of his sisters from Madrid, which determined him to set out for Spain.

Two of the sisters had, some time previously to this established themselves at Madrid, where one of them had married an architect. A Spanish man of letters, named Clavijo, became acquainted with both sisters, frequented their house, fell in love with the second, named Maria Louisa, and offered her marriage. She accepted the offer of his hand, and it was agreed that the marriage should take place whenever Clavijo should obtain an employment under the Government, which he sought and expected. When, however, the employment was obtained, and the bans published, Clavijo refused to keep his word.

It was under these circumstances that Beaumarchais set out for Spain. All the circumstances relating to the journey, to his sojourn in Spain, to his interviews with Clavijo, with the Duke of Ossuna, with M. Grimaldi, with M. Wall (whom he throughout designates M. Wahl) are most graphically and eloquently set forth in the *Quatrième Mémoire à consulter contre M. Goëzman*. We doubt if there be a clearer or more pungent forty or fifty pages even in the French language (enriched as that language is with the scalding, mocking, and bitter prose of Voltaire) than is to be found in this memoir, under the head *Année 1764, Fragment de mon Voyage d'Espagne*. The manner in which Beaumarchais, after his arrival in Spain, opens the subject to Clavijo, is consummate for coolness, talent, and address, and shows how fine a diplomatist, or an *avocat*, was spoilt in the watchmaker, speculator, and man of letters. Clavijo y Faxardo was himself a Spanish man of letters of no mean talents, the editor of a successful journal called *El Pensador*, and was subsequently, for more than twenty years, the editor of the *Mercurio Historico y Politico de Madrid*. He was like a great many Spaniards, gifted with a silvery tongue, with abundant cunning and astuteness, and with a born genius for insincerity and intrigue. He lied, he wheedled, he fawned, and bullied by turns, and for a time succeeded in raising all Madrid against Beaumarchais, and in procuring an order for his arrest and banishment. But the courage, energy, and address of the Frenchman were at length victorious. Beaumarchais changed the opinions of the Spanish ministers, and even of the king, and ultimately obtained the dismissal of Clavijo from his office. Nor did he confine his labors solely to an onslaught on his adversary. Furnished with letters of credit, cash, and recommendations from Paris Du Verney to the amount of 200,000 francs, he visited grandees, ministers, and ambassadors; attended assemblies and *tertullias*; played whist and ombre with Lord Rochford, the English Ambassador, afterwards Minister of Foreign Affairs; made love like a dragoon to the *senoras* and *senoritas*; and meddled as busily with every industrial speculation as the late Mr. John Sadlier, of unhappy fame and memory: meddled in our own day, with this only and most remarkable difference, that Beaumarchais neither

forged, nor cheated, nor overdrew any account, nor rigged the market. He was then, in 1764, in the heyday of life and spirits—in health, strength, and intellectual vigor, just entering his thirty-third year, which Scribe somewhere describes as *l'âge de l'aplomb et de scélératesse*. The enterprises which Beaumarchais endeavored to set on foot in Spain were larger than any dreamed of by the ex-Irish Sessions attorney and ex-Treasury lord. He desired, in the first place, to obtain a monopoly of the trade of Louisiana for a French company. Secondly, to provide negroes for all the Spanish colonies. Thirdly, to colonize the Sierra Morena. Fourthly, to improve the agriculture, commerce, and manufactures of Spain, the country having then no manufactures whatever. Fifthly, he desired to contract for the victualling of the army of Spain and the Indies, and the *Presidios*. The capital required for all these schemes would amount to hundreds of millions of reals. But *n'importe*, the capacious resources of Beaumarchais had stomach for them all. It may be supposed, that to broach all these subjects—to work, to write, to have audiences, and make long speeches and minutes, required much talent, toil, and trouble. But Beaumarchais hustled and fought his way, and we find him writing to his father: "People are well satisfied with the light I throw on certain difficult subjects; and if I don't succeed in all I undertake, I shall at least carry away the esteem of those I have had to deal with."

The letters of Beaumarchais from Spain are admirable, full of fine spirits, gaiety, and good humor. One of the most lengthy and interesting of the letters of Beaumarchais was written to the Duke of La Valliere; and it is a singular proof of the sagacity of the writer, that most of his observations on the character, habits, and manners of the people, and on their poetry, drama, institutions, and government, hold good to this day.

Beaumarchais remained about a year in Spain, and turned that period, in one sense, to profitable account. It is true he had failed in inducing the government to interest itself in his projects; but on the other hand, Figaro, Rosina, Almaziva, Bartolo, and many other conceptions of character are due to his year's residence in the "sweet South."

A Creole lady of some fortune, but a fortune like most West India properties

involved, had exercised a certain influence over the heart of Beaumarchais before his departure for Madrid, and on his return he was half disposed to marry her; but the match was abruptly broken off, and she subsequently married the Chevalier de S—, who had been introduced to her by Beaumarchais. That which rendered the marriage more remarkable was, that the Chevalier was the accepted and engaged suitor of Julie, one of Beaumarchais' sisters.

It was not till 1767, at the mature age of thirty-five, that Beaumarchais began to write for the stage. He commenced by the drama of *Eugénie*, the MS. of which was considerably pared down by the Censorship. This drama was acted for the first time on the 29th of January, 1767. The piece was only saved from condemnation by the acting of a young and amiable actress, Mdle. Doligny, who filled the part of Eugénie. Though severely handled by the critics, *Eugénie* was not only successful in France, but a piece, an imitation, rather than a translation of it, called *The School for Rakes*, was successful in England. The second play of Beaumarchais, produced in 1770, called *Les Deux Amis*, was rather a failure. After being played about eight or ten times it was laid aside. The capital defect of the drama is set forth in a quatrain of the time, cited by Grimm :

"J'ai vu de Beaumarchais le drame ridicule,  
Et je vais en un mot vous dire ce que c'est :  
C'est un change où l'argent circule  
Sans produire aucun intérêt."

Beaumarchais was, in 1770, actively employed, rich and happy, and he could well console himself for the failure of a comedy. Between the production of *Eugénie* and *Les Deux Amis*, the young and pretty widow of a *garde général des menus plaisirs*, named Levêque, fell in love with him, and in April, 1768, he married this lady, who brought him a brilliant fortune. Associated with Paris Du Verney, he purchased from the State a great part of the forest of Chinon, and was more occupied in felling and selling wood than in writing dramas.

Within three years of the epoch of his marriage, Beaumarchais lost his second wife. She died on the 21st November, 1770, from the effects of a bad confinement. There were not wanting scandalous tongues who intimated that it was strange

that a husband should lose two wives successively in the pains of child-birth, and poisoning was directly hinted at. But it was sufficient to state the real truth to stop those remarks. One-half the fortune of the second wife of Beaumarchais was a life interest, which depended on her continuing to live. Beaumarchais had the greatest interest in keeping her alive, instead of killing her.

It was while the flattering success of Beaumarchais' first drama was effaced by the comparative failure of the second, that a new direction and turn was given to his life by a lawsuit, which lasted for seven long years. Paris Du Verney had a settlement of accounts with Beaumarchais on the 1st of April, 1770, in which a balance was struck between them. Beaumarchais agreed on his part to give up to Du Verney 160,000 francs' worth of bills, and it was stipulated that the partnership as to the forest of Chinon should be dissolved. Du Verney on his part declared that he had no claim against Beaumarchais; that he owed him 15,000 francs, and would lend him for a period of eight years, without interest, 75,000 francs. These latter conditions had not been fulfilled when Du Verney died on the 17th of July, 1770, at the ripe age of eighty-seven, leaving a fortune of 1,500,000 francs. Du Verney left one of his grand-nephews *légataire universelle*. This was a certain Count de la Blache, who held the rank in the army of *maréchal de camp*, and who for a long time had been heard to say of Beaumarchais: "Je hais cet homme comme un amant aime sa maîtresse." When the parties came to a settlement of accounts, De la Blache stated that the signature of his uncle was a forgery, and he claimed from Beaumarchais not only 53,500 livres, but an additional sum of 139,000 livres. The suit lasted seven years. Beaumarchais was successful *en première instance*, but lost his suit on appeal. Ultimately, however, the judgment *en appel* was reversed, and Beaumarchais gained the cause on all the points by an arrêt of the Parlement of Provence, on the 21st of July, 1778. It was a wearying and a harassing thing to have these imputations of forgery and fraud hanging over one's head for seven years. The vexation and agony to a sensitive mind must have been great. But there was an excessive energy and vitality in Beaumarchais which, joined to a conscious innocence, sustained him for seven

long years of forensic warfare. It was the unhappy fate of the author of the *Marriage of Figaro* to be no sooner well "fixed" in one *imbroglio*, that he landed in another. Before he was rid of the suit of the Count de la Blache, he was in another scrape. He had become acquainted, and the acquaintance ripened into intimacy, with the Duke de Chaulnes, who had left the army at the age of twenty-four with the rank of colonel, who subsequently became a member of several scientific societies, made some discoveries in chemistry, and otherwise distinguished himself, as his father and mother had done, by scientific attainments. This duke lived in great intimacy with Mdlle. Menard, an actress, his mistress, to whom he introduced Beaumarchais. The latter frequently visited at Mdlle. Menard's (whose house was frequented also by Marmontel, Sedaine, Rulhieres, and Chamfort), and learned from her that the duke treated her with a brutality and violence savoring rather of the wild beast or the savage than of a civilized man. Hereupon Beaumarchais wrote a letter to the duke, hal-deprecating, half expostulating, to which the latter did not deign to reply. But in some months after the receipt of this missive, the duke, being aware that Beaumarchais continued to see Mdlle. Menard, resolved to force him to fight him. Beaumarchais was at his office at the Capitainerie, when the duke insisted upon his instantly going out with him. Beaumarchais adjourned for a moment the court, and went into an adjoining room with the duke, when De Chaulnes, with the ferocity of a tiger, exclaimed, that he would kill him and drink his blood. The history of the dispute, which is now for the first time published, occupies some dozen pages in M. de Loménie's volume; and it would shed a curious light on the state of society in France at this epoch, if there were not some reason to think (the fact is not, however, hinted at by M. de Loménie) that there was a taint of madness in the blood of M. de Chaulnes. Certain it is, that the mother of M. de Chaulnes, after having distinguished herself by very high scientific attainments, afterwards degraded herself by the coarsest and most sensual excesses, and by her conduct caused the death of the father of the man whose sanity we are now considering. The upshot of the encounter was, that the duke obtained admission to Beaumarchais'

house, seized upon the author's sword, tore his clothes, wounded his face, and received in return a "facer" from Beaumarchais. "*Misérable*," said the raging wild beast, "*tu frappes un duc et pair*." In these words there is more disclosed as to the relation in which the different classes of society stood to each other than could be written in a folio. Not content with rushing on Beaumarchais with a drawn sword, and subsequently with a carving-knife, the duke finished his attack by eating the soup and devouring the cutlets of the man he had thus outraged. A crowd collected round the house, and the police became apprised of the affair. In his depositions before the *lieutenant de police*, the duke stated, that as Beaumarchais was not a *gentilhomme*, he did not dream of fighting him, but only meant to chastise a *roturier*, who was an "*insolent*," and charged with forgery. The *Tribunal des Marchaux de France*, to whom the matter was referred, relegated the Duke de Chaulnes to Vincennes, and acquitted Beaumarchais. But the premier, the Duke de la Vrilliere, sent the *roturier* Caron to For l'Evêque, where he was kept a prisoner for two months. Nothing could be more unfortunate to the luckless Beaumarchais. His personal liberty was then of the utmost consequence to him to solicit his judges! (such was then the practice,) and to defend himself against his opponent.

Before he was imprisoned at For l'Evêque, however—indeed, on the very evening of the day in which there was this scene and squabble with the duke—Beaumarchais read his comedy of *Le Barbier de Seville* to a numerous company at the house of a friend. It was while he was in prison that the Conseiller Goezman (a member of the Parlement Maupeou) gave judgment against him, on the 6th of April, 1773, in the affair of De la Blache. This judgment of Goezman was the cause of the greatest celebrity which Beaumarchais ever achieved. One hundred louis and a jewelled watch had been given by Beaumarchais, through the intervention of one Lejay, a bookseller, to Madame Goezman, with a view to propitiate the judge. Madame Goezman required an additional fifteen louis, which she said was intended for the secretary of her husband. The lady promised Lejay that if Beaumarchais lost his suit all should be returned, excepting the fifteen louis, which were to be the perquisite of the secretary.



After the money had been paid, Beaumarchais obtained an audience of Goezman, who, two days afterwards, decided against him. Madame Goezman faithfully returned the hundred louis and the watch; but Beaumarchais, having inquired of the secretary (to whom he had already given ten louis) whether he had received fifteen louis additional, learned that Madame Goezman had never given him anything, retaining herself the fifteen louis. Irritated by the loss of his money and the loss of his suit, Beaumarchais wrote to Madame G. to demand his fifteen louis. This was a grave step to take, for, if the wife denied having received the money, there might arise a dangerous contest. The straightforward course of asking that the fifteen louis might be returned also had its advantages. Beaumarchais was under the impression that Goezman had been purchased by a larger sum presented by the Count de la Blache, and he was not without the hope of convicting this magistrate of venality. Madame Goezman denied that she had ever received the fifteen louis; on the contrary, she declared that she sternly repudiated the criminal offer that had been made to her. She admitted that presents had been offered to her, on the part of Beaumarchais, with a view to gain the interest of her husband, but that she had repudiated those offers.

Goezman, the husband, also appeared, and denounced Beaumarchais to the Parliament as guilty of having calumniated the wife of a judge, after having vainly tried to corrupt her, and through her means, her husband. This was a bold course for Goezman to take; but it is now manifest, by a letter in his own hand to M. de Sartines, under date of the 5th of April, 1773, that he hoped to obtain a *lettre de cachet* against Beaumarchais, and thus be rid of an unpleasant opponent. The irresistible inference is, that, in making this application to M. de Sartines, Goezman was aware of the imprudence and guilt of his wife. The Government, not daring to grant a *lettre de cachet*, Goezman attempted to suborn Lejay. Lejay, yielding to the temptation, declared that Beaumarchais had induced him to try and corrupt Madame Goezman, but that lady rejected the presents and the offer with indignation. Armed with this false testimony, Goezman appealed to the vengeance of Parliament. The discredit to which Beaumarchais had fallen was in-

conceivable. The decision in the case of La Blache had tarnished his honor, had diminished his fortune, had destroyed his peace of mind. He was now prosecuted for corruption and for scandal before judges interested in finding him guilty. No advocate dared to plead his cause against an individual so powerful and so high-placed as Goezman. He therefore determined on being his own counsel, and to speak and write out of the fullness of his heart in the broad glare of day. He resolved in his own mind on trampling under foot all the conventional and court rules which introduced secrecy into criminal proceedings, and which prevented the nation at large from judging its judges. Whilst the authorities were laying the flattering unction to their souls that all would be conducted slyly, snugly, and quietly in the dark, Beaumarchais had in his own mind resolved to let in a stream of light, and to excite and arouse public opinion. But in order to this end, in order that public opinion should respond to the call of a man not known, or only known unfavorably, it was indispensable that he should draw around him readers; that to retain their attention he should excite their interest, their sympathies, their indignation, their pity, and, above all, that he should amuse them.

In this that very able and adroit man perfectly succeeded, investing his suit with all the interest of a drama and a romance. In the memoirs and pleadings which he wrote concerning this affair, he exhibited the most original and most varied talent, giving to his *factums* an unspeakable beauty, vivacity, and interest. There was eloquence, audacity, sarcasm, historical allusion, dash, gaiety, malice, and the daring ardor of conviction. There was the tact, too, that showed Beaumarchais a consummate master of his art. He succeeded in turning the slumbering hatred of the nation against the *Parlement Maupeou*, which had displaced the ancient magistracy. The genius and address displayed by him throughout were marvellous and almost magical. There is as much comedy in the cause and the memoirs touching it, as any play in the French or English language. No silliness, no hypocrisy, no knavery, no trait of character, escapes the practised and polished pen of the merciless wit. The sentence of the court, after both parties had pleaded, was, that Madame Goezman was condemn-

ed "*au blame*," and to the restitution of the fifteen louis, which were to be distributed among the poor; that her husband was put *hors de cour*, a sentence equivalent to condemnation, and which forced him to resign his office. Beaumarchais was also condemned "*au blame*." This process was the ruin of Goezman. For the rest of his existence he lived a life of ignominious obscurity, and twenty years afterwards was guillotined on the 7th Thermidor, two days before the fall of Robespierre.

Beaumarchais, though condemned "*au blame*" by the judges, became at once the most popular man in France. The first people in the land, among others the Prince de Conti and the Duke of Orleans, showered on him their hospitalities and ostentatiously left their names at his door. From the day of the process the opposition to the Parlement Maupeou increased, and within a year that Parliament was abolished and the old Parliament restored.

It may be asked how and in what manner were these wonderful memoirs and *factums* composed. They were composed under every difficulty by a man running here and there, and living *en camp volant*, struggling with the *huissiers* of the Count de la Blache, and fighting an up-hill battle with the Judge Goezman. Every scrap of the MS. of the memoirs and *factums* is, however, in the handwriting of Beaumarchais. All the best and most brilliant passages have been written three or four times over, so that he almost literally fulfilled the precept of Boileau, of polishing and re-polishing twenty times over. He corrected much, and recommenced and remodelled often. His first sketches, evidently rapidly written, are generally prolix and diffuse; in the second attempt are found amendments, prunings, loppings off, excisions, &c.

No man more attentively followed and read the proceedings and memoirs in the case of Goezman than Voltaire.

"Quel homme," he writes to D'Alembert, "il réunit tout, la plaisanterie, le sérieux, la raison, la gaieté, la force, le touchant, tous les genres d'éloquence, et il n'en recherche aucun et il confond tous ses adversaires et il donne de leçons à ses juges. Sa naïveté m'enchanté, je lui pardonne ses imprudences et ses pétulances."

It is a proof of the principle in Beaumarchais' heart, and the real kindness of his nature, that, at this period, when his

affairs were in a deranged state and he had broken up his household, he continued to pension every member of his family.

In the next phase of Beaumarchais' career he appears in a widely different character. The unquestioned ability he had exhibited induced Louis XV. to employ him in one of those secret missions so common at the time under the ancient, and, indeed, now, under the modern Imperial Government of France. There was at that period in London a Burgundian adventurer of the name of Thévenan de Morande, who carried on a trade in libelling and scandal. He defamed and calumniated some of the leading personages in France, and his ribaldry and invective were eagerly imported across the Channel. To such a man Madame du Barry was a mine of wealth. He wrote to her announcing the publication of an interesting work, called *Mémoires Secrets d'une Femme Publique*, the MS. of which might be obtained for a consideration. The alarmed and furious courtesan communicated her anger and her fears to Louis XV. Various means were unavailingly adopted to silence or intimidate Morande, when it was determined to enlist the genius of Beaumarchais in this not very reputable cause. The mission was not very eagerly undertaken by him, but he completely succeeded in it. Three thousand copies of the MS. were committed to the flames, and for this holocaust the French Government agreed to give the adventurer Morande 20,000 francs down, and 4000 francs a year pension.

On Beaumarchais returning to Versailles to receive the thanks of Louis XV., he found the monarch dying. Had the king lived a few days longer, the sentence of the *Parlement Maupeou* would have been reversed and Beaumarchais rehabilitated. The new monarch cared little about Madame du Barry; but Louis XVI. had scarcely ascended the throne, amidst the ardent hopes and congratulations of France, when his young and beautiful queen was attacked by another libeller domiciliated in London. Beaumarchais was again sent on a mission to London, in 1774, and at an expense of 35,600 francs, a Jew named Angelucci consented to give up and burn 4,000 copies of a libel on the queen. Beaumarchais subsequently proceeded with the Jew to Amsterdam to destroy the Dutch edition, when the Israelite gave him the slip, carrying off a single copy

of the libel to Nuremberg, a town filled with the race of Abraham and Isaac. Beaumarchais overtook "cunning little Isaac" at Neustadt, and regained the copy of the libel from the Hebrew. Nor did the Frenchman's labors end with this achievement. He posted on to Vienna, to obtain from the mother of Marie Antoinette, the Empress Maria Theresa, an order for the arrest of Angelucci, and arrived in so excited a state that he was imprisoned till the Austrian government could communicate with the government of France.

His next mission was again to England, to obtain from the Chevalier d'Eon a secret correspondence which passed between him and Louis XV. Beaumarchais succeeded in obtaining the correspondence, with which he returned to Versailles. He was, however, charged with more important matters than any connected with Chevalier d'Eon. He had undertaken to put the king in possession of information as to the insurgent American colonies; and it is now certain that it was owing to his ardent solicitations that the French government determined to secretly support the insurgents. Beaumarchais was charged with this important and delicate mission, and he exhibited in it, to use the words of M. de Loménie, "a talent for organization, a vigor of mind, and a power of will, which many would be surprised to find in the author of the *Barber of Seville*." On the 10th of June, 1776, Beaumarchais obtained from the king a million to work the great American operation, and he was at that moment laboring under a deprivation of all civil rights.

It was not till September, 1776, that the sentence passed upon him by the Parliament of Maupeou was reversed, that he was restored to his civil rights and the enjoyment of the offices he had formerly held.

This *arrêt* of the new parliament was received by all Paris with the wildest joy, and Beaumarchais was carried in triumph from the Chamber of Parliament to his carriage.

He had now to run his great career as a dramatic author. The *Barber of Seville* had been originally written as an opera in 1772, when it was refused by the so-called *Italiens*. It was accepted at the *Français* in the following year, 1773; but the affair of Chaulnes and the imprisonment of Beaumarchais retarded the production of the piece.

The suit of Goezman again interfered with the representation, when the immense popularity of the memoirs and *fac-tums* against this functionary induced the actors to give out the comedy for the 24th February, 1774. For the first five representations all the places were taken; but, of a sudden, the piece was forbidden. On the 23d February, 1775, the first representation took place, when the failure was all but complete; but it is a proof of the fertility and judgment of the author, that within four-and-twenty hours he condensed and altered his play so admirably that it had a brilliant and well-merited success.

At the end of a thirty-nights' run, the actors wished to convert the success of the *Barbier* to their own benefit; and, from that time forth, the object of Beaumarchais was to produce an union among literary men, so as to enable them the better to defend themselves against a combination of actors. If a laboring literary man not a political writer, is enabled to live in France now and to enjoy the fruits of his brain labor, the result is, in a great degree, owing to the efforts made, nearly eighty years ago, by Caron de Beaumarchais.

We have already stated that Louis XVI. furnished Beaumarchais with a million. He received another million from the Spanish government. With these united sums he was to form a company to furnish the Americans with arms and munitions of war, in return for which they were to pay in the produce of their soil. Beaumarchais entered into contracts with houses at Havre, Rochefort, Dunkirk, and Nantes, and forwarded arms and stores to the Americans under the name of a firm of Rodrigue, Hortalez, and Company. Not content with these efforts, the active agent bought a vessel of sixty guns, the *Pier Rodrigue*, and commissioned her to convoy ten of his merchant ships. This vessel took part in the engagement between the French and English fleets under Admiral Byron, and her commander was killed in the engagement. It is a curious fact, that Ganteaume, who subsequently rose to the rank of admiral in the service of France, was originally a sailor, and subsequently officer, in the marine—if we may so call it—of Beaumarchais.

The immense assistance which Beaumarchais rendered to the Americans and

their cause is very clearly set forth in these volumes of M. de Loménie; yet it appears that his just claims against the American Congress and nation were not even partially liquidated till 1836, five-and-thirty years after his decease, and then only a small portion of the money due was paid. In 1795, Beaumarchais claimed from Congress a sum of 4,141,171 livres, and, after more than forty years of wrangling and struggle, his heirs received eight hundred thousand francs.

Not content with furnishing the Americans, Beaumarchais set about the establishment of a *caisse d'escompte* (the germ of the Bank of France), a *pompe à feu* at Chaillot, and two editions of the works of Voltaire, one in seventy and the other in ninety-two volumes. To accomplish this purpose he purchased the type of Baskerville (the same type with which the famous editions of Virgil, Horace, and Terence are printed) for 100,000 francs. The two editions took seven years to finish, and 15,000 copies of each were published. It is a singular fact that the number of subscribers did not exceed 2000, so that the loss must have been enormous. Yet, with all these losses and troubles, Beaumarchais had a hand "open as day" to literary men in need, so that the list of his insolvent debtors amounted to twenty-three. The Prince of Nassau-Siegen owed him 125,000 francs.

The years of 1784 and 1785 were the most brilliant portions of Beaumarchais' career. Though *Figaro* had been some time written, yet the king was opposed to its being acted. The author was now enabled to force it on the stage despite the opposition of the monarch. It had a run of sixty-eight nights. The money taken for the first representation amounted to 6511 livres; the money taken for the sixty-eight representations amounted to 5483 livres. In the eight months between the 27th of April, 1784, and the 10th of January, 1785, the piece had produced (without counting the fiftieth representation which had been given to the poor on the proposition of Beaumarchais) a gross receipt of 346,197 livres, of which there remained to the actors a nett benefit of 293,755 livres, with the exception of the portion dedicated to the author Beaumarchais, which amounted to 41,199 livres. The account of the representation of the piece will be found recorded in every periodical, in all the letters and me-

moirs of the time. People went to the theatre early in the morning, the greatest ladies dining in the actresses' dressing-rooms in order to secure places. Bachaumont tells us blue ribbons were elbowed by Savoyards, and La Harpe, that three persons were killed. If we are to believe an unpublished letter of Beaumarchais, he was present at all this excitement. He sat at the back of a *loge grille*, between two abbés, with whom he had dined at a jovial repast. He maliciously said the presence of these two abbés was necessary, that they might administer to him if necessary *des sebourrs très spirituels*. In the midst of this brilliant success, another misfortune fell on Beaumarchais. Sicard criticised the *Marriage of Figaro* severely, and was aided, it is said, in this labor by the Count de Provence, who had written some of the critiques. Beaumarchais answered the attacks with great energy, and the Count de Provence, feeling himself personally wounded, complained to his brother, Louis XVI., of the insolence of Beaumarchais, and artfully insinuated that the offence of the author of the *Marriage of Figaro* consisted not in using the words *l'insecte vil de la nuit*, but in using the words "*lions et tigres*," which designated, as he alleged, the king and the queen. Louis XVI. was already irritated against Beaumarchais. The immense success of a comedy which had been represented against his will—a success which "disquieted him as a king, and scandalized him as a Christian,"—to use the words of M. de Loménie—rendered him disposed to credit the most improbable accusations against the author. Without quitting the card-table at which he was seated, the monarch wrote in pencil on the seven of spades an order for the arrest of Beaumarchais, and, adding insult to rigor, ordered that a man of fifty-three should be conducted to the prison of St. Lazare, which was reserved for young vagabonds. At the end of the fifth day, Beaumarchais was almost forced to leave the prison against his will. The memoir which he addressed to the king from St. Lazare is curious, as disclosing a state of affairs as embarrassing for Louis XVI. as for himself. On his leaving prison, M. de Calonne wrote to him to state that the king held him exculpated, and would seize with pleasure occasions to confer on him marks of his good will. Soon after this *Le Barbier de Seville* was represented

on the small theatre of Trianon, the Queen playing the part of Rosina, the Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) that of Figaro, M. de Vaudreuil, Almaviva. By an order of the king, Beaumarchais not long after received 800,000 livres by way of indemnity for his *flotte marchande*, which, in addition to two sums previously received, formed a total of 2,275,625 livres.

Previous to the period of which we are now speaking, Mirabeau and Beaumarchais had not been acquainted. One day, says Gudin, Mirabeau called on Beaumarchais. The conversation was lively, animated, and *spirituelle*. At length, Mirabeau inconsiderately asked for a loan of 12,000 francs. Beaumarchais refused with playful gaiety. Nothing is "easier than for you to lend the money," replied the count. "No doubt of it," rejoined Beaumarchais; "but as I must quarrel with you the day when your note of hand would fall due, I may as well break with you now, and save my money."

Beaumarchais had been concerned in a speculation to supply Paris with water. Mirabeau was chosen to write a pamphlet against this scheme. Beaumarchais pungently replied, when Mirabeau rejoined, reviving all the old calumnies. To this diatribe Beaumarchais made no answer; but it may not be amiss to state that in 1790, a year before the death of the great orator, the two men were reconciled. M. de Loménie gives at length the letters that passed between them. Even an epitome of them it is beyond our space to afford.

In February, 1787, at the moment when Beaumarchais was occupied with the first representation of the opera of *Tarare*, a pamphlet appeared, intitled *Mémoire sur une question d'adultère, de séduction, et de diffamation pour le Sieur Kornman contre la dame Kornman, le Sieur de Jossan, le Sieur de Beaumarchais, et M. Lenoir*. Beaumarchais, after having investigated the case of Madame Kornman, became satisfied that she was an oppressed and injured woman, and procured a revocation of the *lettre de cachet* which her husband had obtained against her. Further, he advised Madame Kornman to appeal to the tribunals to save her children's fortune. A young advocate of the name of Bergasse was employed in Kornman's case, and he it was who composed the *Mémoire* which we have just mentioned;

a memoir which circulated by thousands, and which gave rise to hundreds of pamphlets *pro et contra*. The style of Bergasse was turgid, but it was earnest and emphatic. His taste was none of the best, but he was personal, confident, used strong epithets, and introduced a great many extraneous topics to season the flavor of his *factum*. Beaumarchais proceeded against the advocate for calumny, and gained his suit. But there is a vitality, indeed an immortality, in slander, which causes it to survive the occasion; and though the Parliament pronounced in Beaumarchais' favor on the 2d of April, 1789, directing the suppression of Bergasse's Memoir, and the payment by him of a thousand livres as costs and damages, yet some of Bergasse's imputations lived in the memories and thoughts of men during the progress of the Revolution, and affected the popularity, if they did not tarnish the repute of Beaumarchais. It was the singular destiny of Beaumarchais never to do good without its bringing him poignant suffering. "Je n'ai jamais rien fait de bien," he says, "qui ne m'ait causé des angoisses, et je ne dois tous mes succès, le dirai-je, qu'à des sottises."

While Beaumarchais was for two years struggling with Bergasse, he was writing and preparing for the stage his opera of *Tarare*, first produced on the 8th of June, 1787; an opera which has been played within a few years. He was also dabbling in the expensive recreation of brick and mortar, having purchased from the municipality, near the Bastille, a site for a splendid mansion. This mansion was built in magnificent style, and sumptuously furnished with precious woods and marbles brought from Italy at great expense. In the study of Beaumarchais there was a *secrétaire* valued at 30,000 francs. In this luxurious abode he received some of the most remarkable men of his time,—the Duke d'Orleans, Mirabeau, Sieyes, &c. From this stately dwelling, which is now called the Boulevard Beaumarchais, the owner of it witnessed the taking of the Bastille. He exhibited no desire to mingle in the fray, or to become deputy for his district. He limited his efforts to the preserving of order, and to saving from the enraged multitude disarmed soldiers. He remained in Paris during the progress of the Revolution, and in June, 1791, we find him seriously petitioning to obtain, in favor of the faithful of his quarter, a great-

er number of masses. Amidst preëccupations and inquietude of every kind, says M. de Loménie, towards the close of his second volume, Beaumarchais found time to dedicate to the two great passions which occupied his life—the theatre and commercial speculation.

He finished *La Mère Coupable* in 1791, and about the same period contracted to supply the government with 60,000 muskets—a contract which ruined his fortunes, and was the canker-worm of his subsequent life. While using every effort to obtain the muskets, he was denounced by the ex-Capuchin Chabot. On the 10th August, the mob, suspecting complicity with Louis XVI., broke into his house and searched for the arms. Thirteen days afterwards, i.e. on the 23d, being sixty years of age and deaf, he was sent to the prison of L'Abbaye. Here he remained till the 30th, a few hours before the massacres of the 2d September. He owed his release to the magnanimity of Manuel, who thus nobly revenged himself for some stinging criticisms. Escaped from prison and death, Beaumarchais hid himself some miles from Paris, whence he proceeded to seek an interview with the ministers. The men in authority gave him his passport for Holland. On his arrival, he did not find the promised money. The Convention had now succeeded to the Legislative Assembly, and in the Convention Beaumarchais was accused of combining against the government. From London, Beaumarchais wrote a defence of himself, distributing 600 copies. The answer by the Convention to the defence was, that Beaumarchais was permitted to choose between a sequestration of his property, and the starting a second time to obtain the muskets. While things were in this lamentable position his property was seized, his family sent to prison, and he himself was condemned also to prison by the *Comité de Salut Public* (whose agent he was) as an *émigré*. His difficulties were now great, and they became overwhelming when he found himself an emigrant in the free town of Hamburg. For some three-and-twenty months between 1793 and 1795, Beaumarchais contrived to save his muskets from the Dutch; but they were at length seized and sold by the English government. So overwhelming and entangled were the series of misfortunes in which he was now enmeshed, that he was in utter despair. "I ask myself," says he, in a letter to his wife, "whether I

am not a madman or a fool, so difficult is it to fathom the depth of my misfortunes. Where are you?" he passionately writes to his wife; "where do you live? what is the name you go by? who are your true friends, and who ought I to call mine? Without the hope of saving my daughter, the horrid guillotine would, for me, be preferable to my terrible state." In July, 1796, the name of Beaumarchais was struck off the list of emigrants, and he was allowed to return to Paris. But his wife, sister, and daughter were then in a wretched state. On leaving a prison in which they were so nearly doomed to death, they found all the property of Beaumarchais sequestered, and his debtors clamorous to discharge their engagements, contracted under a sound currency, in depreciated *assignats*. Thus ruined and overwhelmed by no fault of his own, Beaumarchais could scarcely pay the window-taxes on his large house. There were, indeed, strange times between 1794 and 1796. We learn, from the letters and accounts of Beaumarchais' sister Julia, that, in the depreciated *assignats*, sugar sold at 100 francs the pound, potatoes at 200 francs the bushel, pomade at 25 francs the ounce, &c.

Though Beaumarchais had acquired while at Hamburg the friendship of Talleyrand and Baron Louis, and albeit he was aware of the state of his affairs at Paris, still he was glad to return to his native city. Amidst all his troubles and misfortunes, and at a time when he had passed the grand climacteric, having attained the ripe age of sixty-five, we find him entering into all the theatrical and literary topics of the day with the eagerness and vivacity of youth. On the 4 Pluviose, an. VI., i.e. in January, 1798, a commission, appointed by the Directory, declared that the State was indebted to Beaumarchais in a sum of 997,875 francs. This sum would have placed him in a position to satisfy the most importunate of his creditors, and to pass the remainder of his life in tranquillity, if by a singular fatality, which rendered his last days miserable, the Directory had not named a new commission, which came to a directly opposite conclusion from the first. Far from making the State his debtor, the new commission declared Beaumarchais to be debtor to the State in the sum of 500,000 francs. It was in struggling against the decision of this committee that the last days of Beaumarchais were consumed. After passing a happy

evening with his family and a few chosen friends, on the 17th of May, he was found dead in his bed on the morning of the 18th of May, 1799. He died of an apopleptic seizure, produced by the agitation and anxiety of his latter years, and the strange injustice by which he was deprived by two governments of the greatest portion of his fortune.

Such was the end of Beaumarchais. His life embraces the better part of the eighteenth century, and his works represent its spirit. His career was singularly chequered and agitated, but not more agitated than the history and fortunes of his country at this epoch. He mixed with all classes of Frenchmen, from the highest to the lowest, and he possessed in a greater degree than any man of his time the peculiarities, qualities, and talents of that vivacious, clever, and mobile people of France, once our bravest and bitterest enemies, now our firm allies. It has been truly said that Beaumarchais lived in the Palace, in the Court, in the *Coulisses*, and in the Exchange; and he imbibed the spirit of each, and turned it to the best account in the comedies, memoirs, *factums*, verses, and letters, with which he has enriched the language. Had he not lived so much at Court in early life, it is possible his *tableaux* might have been wanting in that airy grace and lightness, that careless gaiety, that suppleness and *finesse*, so characteristic of the *ancienne Cour*. In the walks of commerce and the Exchange—among the *Fermiers Généraux*, *Financiers*, *Fournisseurs*, and *Intendants*, he obtained that clearness of view, that method and lucid order, that neatness and point which the daily handling of large affairs always improves and sometimes supplies. His art in managing, draping, and coloring characters—his style so sharp and pointed—he owes partly to the peculiar conformation of his mind, partly to his intimacy with the drama, his large acquaintance with human life in all its phases, and his long familiarity with the business of the stage. His penetration and spirit of observation were natural and inborn, and so were that moral and civic courage and independence which enabled him to stand up against parliaments and judges, and taught him not to fear the *gros bonnets fourrés*, so prone to hector and bully laymen in courts of law. The self-reliance and natural talents of Beaumarchais appear in this—that he played on all instruments, and was not a pro-

fessional musician—that he invented a machine, and was not a professed mechanician—that he was a maker of paper without being a paper manufacturer—that he was printer and publisher without being bred to the trade—that he entered on operations of commerce, banking, exchange, finance, and navigation without being merchant, banker, and cambist—that he wrote judicial memoirs and *factums* without being an *avocat*, an *avoué* or even a *notaire*—and verses, songs, and comedies without being a professed author or *littérateur*. What was he then? A dangerous man? Certainly he was in this, *that he was a persecuted citizen*—a man whom society and his fellows wronged and misinterpreted. He was the first to call himself by this name of persecuted citizen, in 1774, as is well said by M. St. Marc Girardin; and from that moment opinion seems to have rallied round him, and to have made his cause the cause of the struggling and discontented people. He was the man from whose exposure of judges first arose the cry of "*Plus de vénalité de charges*." His was the first voice—his were the first words in print, to clamor for publicity in legal proceedings, and for confrontation of witnesses equivalent to our cross-examination, with a view to the interests of justice and of truth. His was the voice which by "*frappant juste et fort*," destroyed the *Parlement Maupeou*.

In the *Marriage of Figaro*, Beaumarchais paints the French nation as it existed just antecedent to the French Revolution. The social edifice was quite undermined, the domestic virtues were altogether sapped. So in *Figaro*, the valet cheats his master, the husband his wife, the wife her husband; the judge is venal, the churchman is a sly go-between, a knave and hypocrite; the peasant speaks of rights and duties, whilst the fool of quality insults his mother, and is a libertine and a debauchee. The court and the town alike applauded, for this was the true reflection, these were the very manners, morals, and essential spirit of the time.

Such was Paris—such was France at the time the *Marriage of Figaro* was first represented. What have the French become since? What are they now? The present generation of Frenchmen, like too many among ourselves, care little for the past, unless in so far as it can minister to the present. If, however, some pupil of

the people, some poet of the people, some writer of the people, or some dramatist of the people, were to rise up in 1856, possessing the talents of Beaumarchais, and being, like him,—*mutin, railleur, méchant, patient et courageux*,—possessing, like Beaumarchais, a style pregnant, sharp, and bitter, and a *génie souple et fertile qui suffisait à tout*, what revelations might he not make, what new characters might he not draw, in which hypocrisy, perjury, fraud, and lying, cheating in commerce, on the Exchange, and at cards, and for

swearing in public and private, might be charged not on *Parlements*, not on *talons rouges*, not on the *vieille Cour*, but on a new generation of politicians and *maitres fripons*, who have nearly all the vices, little of the grace and talent, and less of the gaiety of the race that witnessed the first representations of *Le Barbier de Seville* and *Le Mariage de Figaro*. It would then be found that the sins of outworn monarchies may be committed with aggravation, and in a new fashion, in a new empire.

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From Tait's Magazine.

## PETS, AND WHAT THEY COST.

THE subject is difficult, and refers to a class of whom those who write at all must write gingerly. The "pets" belonging to very young ladies do not fall within the scope of our censures or estimates. Babies form the pets of the majority of married ladies, and to them no moral, social, or valid objection can be advanced; while anything of the kind would be perfectly useless if it could be produced—as Mr. Malthus would have learned long ere now, if he had been able to mark the progression and the retrogression of his opinions. The classes to whom we refer are therefore spinsters of a certain age—a conventional phrase for thirty years old and upwards—and married ladies without encumbrances, except, of course, such as are very costly and very useless.

Anybody's canary bird, the children's squirrel, or any other cheerful little animal of that class, is tolerable. Cockin-china fowls, especially of the masculine gender, are infamous out of a wilderness or a wood; but having once maintained a flock, to the detriment of the neighborhood, and, as it fortunately happened, to the destruction of our own peace and sleep after two o'clock in the morning, we are silent respecting them by way of penance. They are, moreover, very improbable pets, being rather kept as a speculation, which rarely

realizes a profit. Subject to the discount of bantams—a rather doubtful case—poultry of all descriptions are less ornamental than useful. Donkeys make capital pets on a large scale; but in this country their good qualities are seldom elicited, and they are not favorites. Ponies come within this class of animals on the long range, and very deservedly so. All agricultural people know the existence of pet cows, and the reason for it—a most admirable reason; and as they cannot be kept in drawing-rooms, we have nothing more to say on that subject. For the same cause, the tendency, a little reduced of late, to make pets of specimens of the swinish race in Ireland, may be excepted, although they monopolized the "butt" of numerous "bens" in mud cottages; but they also helped to pay the rent. The partridge, pheasant, and stag mania is chiefly confined to gentlemen, who "pet" their favorites no more than is necessary to preserve the pleasure of shooting them with their own Mantons.

The canine, the feline, and the pretty cockatoo genus, furnish the individual animals whose existence in their present condition is entirely uncalled for. Shepherds' dogs are unexceptionable, and watch-dogs are respectable. The character of the dog race generally entitles them



to consideration. A mastiff or a Newfoundland dog may be tolerated, because he has frequently more prudence than his employer or master. Bull-dogs are invariably nuisances, because they are more insidious and less trustworthy than Russian diplomatists. In many positions a good dog is necessary to the situation. In others, he is a useful companion in lonely circumstances. He commands the respect of a numerous class whom it is desirable and difficult to render respectful. Altogether, therefore, we defend the right dog in the right place; but his class is disgraced by an army of sinecurists. The dogs of kennels have their work to do, and they do it, although they might be better employed; but that is not their fault. The terrier breed are the terror of vermin, and they show good cause for their claim to existence. But could any human being provide ladies with a good argument for lap-dogs and poodles—fantastic brutes of all possible color and cut? For young persons about to marry, or who are very anxious to be about to be married, acting upon the principle "love me love my dog," an animal might be allowed, to be demonstrated with. A young lady of uncertain hopes may keep a poodle with perfect propriety, as a diplomatic agent, in the first instance. He will answer for a thermometer of the affections, and serve to show, in faint coloring, but deep enough for preliminaries, what really are the intentions of certain dilatory persons, who cannot or who will not speak. He may occupy the place of a gutta percha trumpet in railway travelling, and prove a very good go-between in the initial measures to those interested parties who have not learned to read flowers, and are stupid enough not to understand their hieroglyphical literature. To the classes concerned in this matter, little misshaped, glossy, long-haired, short-legged curs may be a necessary of existence, and nothing further can be said respecting them and theirs; but for ladies of mature age, married or single, no apology of this nature can be made up, and if they would only consider the cost of this outlet to the affections, time, and thought, they might be brought to a sense of shame for the rather low level at which they have arrived.

The feline family are extremely varied in their habits and prospects in life. They are, generally speaking, fond of ease and quiet, soft carpeting, and warm rooms;

but these luxuries are only reached by the aristocracy of cats. A vast majority are doomed to soil their furs, to wet their feet, and eat their mice in very humble circumstances. Science has never been able to arrive at a conclusion regarding the "cat instinct" on these distinctions. The superior specimens of the race exhibit very little exclusive feeling in their intercourse with the common herd. They fight on nearly equal terms when they meet, and manifest all the low cruelty and cunning of their genus without much distinction of classes, high or low. In some places, as movable mice and rat traps, they are defensible, being necessary evils; and they can never be placed higher in the social scale, with any proof to support their elevation. Nevertheless, they have been associated in a very libellous manner with old maidenism; as the latter has as untruly been connected with other unamiable characteristics, in addition to the love of cats. This mistake is unamiable and unnatural, for the feline character is selfish and ungrateful. Unlike the dog, cats are never friendly except for the results of alliance. They are the Austrians of animated nature, as Goldsmith would have said, and who can like them? To the abstract question it would be easy to answer "nobody," but then again the practical comes to their aid, and in Great Britain and Ireland there are quite one million of "cat-pets."

The parrot family are ill-bred and impudent strangers, like German and Irish laborers in any part of the United States after the hard clearances are completed and the railways made. The fine plumage of these birds will not keep them from saying stupid things at the wrong time. They have a greater quantity of bad blood in them than the poor yellow-hammers, that had transmuted to their little heads all our national antipathy to witchcraft. Then they are spies, sent into the kitchen to listen to the maids, to catch and to repeat their seldom favorable opinions of Missus. And they shake their heads, turning them right and left with the sagacity of ravens. Being exotics, these little strangers cannot be entirely proscribed; but still the trouble lavished on them might do much for other little strangers, whose claims we are by-and-by to recommend.

We have not a single word to say against the organ boy's pet monkey, be-

cause the lad does not so much keep the beast, as the servant keeps its master. We offer no opposition to travelling bears and camels upon the same principle, if the owners of the bears, although they are all nearly extinct, will keep them more firmly muzzled than the German kinglets keep their pet bear. Nothing can be advanced against the industrious fleas, or the white mice, or any other of the curious, that might not with equal gravity be spoken against experiments in search of perpetual motion. The happy family is a greater curiosity than the North-west Passage, only not nearly so costly or so fatal; although respecting its fatalities we have no statistics of the tortured and unhappy animals slain in finding our happy family. These productive pets are to be regarded with sincere respect, as animals of a given pecuniary value, and the objects of an assiduous and diligent education. The pets of solitude have equal claims to consideration in a solemn sort of way. One prisoner's spider was an epic; and the mouse of another prisoner was a poem. Their little lives were full of thrilling stories, and yet they were entirely ignorant of the honors put upon them. The pets of memory and sorrow are equally respectable. Sometimes fortunate little animals have happy times as proxies for the absent or the lost. A living creature is a better memorial than books or trinkets, but not so enduring; and to this class, or those who maintain them, no objection can be made, except by the heartless; yet they have nothing to do with the Honorable Mrs. Crotchett's menage, consisting of two long and two short haired dogs, three parrots, and five cats; established not for the study of natural history, but for the amusement of their honorable and not very amiable owner. The management of the dogs is more troublesome to three servants than the upbringing of as many children would be.

They have their daily ablutions, and dryings, and combings, and curlings. Their education is a complicated process, and their feats of instinct are altogether marvellous. The cats require a totally different course, and the parrots have another modification. The feeding of the beasts exhausts the skill of their cook, who is not always certain of suiting their taste. An accident to one of the favorites would be dismally punished if their possessor were "monarch of all she surveys," and

they are not unacquainted with the subjection of the family to their caprices. In one respect this arrangement is fair, for that family, without the little branches and those who are engaged to wait upon them, would be very small indeed. Even this distracted household, where the inmates live after the manner of cats and dogs, is not so particular in some points as that of a married lady who turned her scullery maid to the street, because "the wretch," as she was called, had given Diana her dinner upon an unwashed plate—a neglect more censurable as Diana was not troublesome respecting her knife and fork; or the small family of a lady arrived at mature years who sent for a gentleman of eminence in medical affairs, unseasonably and urgently, upon a consultation respecting the sudden illness of a, as matters turned out, valuable dog, with which the provoked "professional" made sharp and short work, relieving Pug of pain and the world together.

The trade in fancy dogs of the light weights conclusively proves that the animals are not kept from any very old attachment. Tall, lumbering fellows of equivocal physiognomies, retired pugilists who have been unfortunate, or wanderers on tickets of leave, in addition to the regular men of business in corduroy shorts, velvet coats, and boots—may be met on any day, and every day, in the fashionable quarters of London, with a beauty in each ample pocket, one in hand, and one in a string. They make sales almost invariably to idle ladies, who do no work in the world, and imagine that they were born to do nothing. The traffic is profitable to some of the dealers—for they steal and sell, and sell and steal again assiduously. Others have a knack for introducing novelties equal to any milliner in the season. All depend upon their success of to-day for their meal to-morrow, and they labor with all the diligence of a man in earnest.

Their customers are strong-minded females in every particular, excepting this one plague-spot. They are political economists on every other subject except their dogs. They do not generally relieve the pretences or the wants of casual beggars, and their doors are seldom disturbed except by novices in collecting alms. They know very well that juvenile vagrancy feeds upon weaknesses, and would soon be extirpated if its professors were

only starved. They have a firm conviction that one half of all who seek assistance are impostors, and the other half are fit only for the workhouse. Lazarus ate of the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, and the dogs licked his sores; but the fair successors of Dives don't permit their dogs to do anything nearly so mean, and they know that Dives should have requested the police to clear his gate.

The statistics of the question would furnish an enterprising member of Parliament with a foolscap full of figures, five broad in each column; but he must be a man of nerve who ventures to move in the matter. The late Joseph Hume was never more grossly misrepresented by sinecurists than he would be abused by those whose expenditure he sought to ascertain. It certainly is not a trifling outlay. The pretty cockatoos are not under three hundred thousand, the needless cats are one million, and the unnecessary members of the pug and lapdog families are half a million. The maintenance of the Mollies and Pollies, at sixpence per week, is £390,000 annually. The extra cats at the same rate cost £1,300,000 per annum, and the supererogatory dogs, at one shilling weekly, require the same sum yearly—or a total of the whole of £2,690,000—a very large capital to be annually wasted, but a small part of the cost of the case.

The two numerous classes in society whom we have mentioned, should certainly look for pets; but they should search higher than the dog fanciers. The saddest fact in Britain is the cheapness of human beings; and yet they are probably dearer here than in any other land except our own colonies. The dark places of the earth are the abodes of horrid cruelty, and the darker the place is, these deeds are the more numerous. They fall upon all classes, but chiefly upon the young. Infant years, boyhood and girlhood, bear more sorrows than any other portion of life—often, not always, but as a general rule. The infanticide of China, of some districts of India at a recent date, and of many other parts of the world at this day, confirm this idea, although in the opinion of many persons—and perhaps in the calm view of all—to the sufferers the change is very good. That is, however, a view of the matter in which men have practically no right to speculate. They are bound to labor for the proper upbringing of the young, and to aid in

making them useful in the world. The present stands indebted for that duty to the past. The claim of posterity is a good debt assigned to them by our predecessors. The opinion which we have mentioned is a most legitimate consolation when all duty has been attempted, but is not capable of use as a reason for negligence. Absolute infanticide covers only a very minute proportion of the evils springing out of the cheapness of human life. It is the straw on the surface to mark the direction of the current. Statistics are horrors to the respectable class for whose conversion we write; but a mere glance at any of the bills of mortality will show them the vastness of that multitude of our race who are hardly permitted to enter the world, but merely look in and depart. Many reasons are assigned as the secondary causes of juvenile mortality. The medical deficiencies and sanatory necessities of large towns, and constitutional weakness, are quoted causes—not, we fear, without good evidence of their potency. The first and second might be removed by the State, and in their removal the third would be ameliorated. The number of deaths under five years of age by no manner of means surprises those who watch infancy's trials and ways. Maternal ignorance and "nurse's" follies and sins ruin many constitutions, and for the babies of the very poor, and especially the very intemperate, their tenacity of life is astonishing. Those of our readers who inhabit a hermitage may not have the opportunity; but all others have no difficulty, in a walk of one or two miles, to notice infants of two or three years old, wearied with their play, and lying down to sleep, the little head among the wet grass, or where no grass grows—and many of them never see it—upon a hard stone, in shower or sunshine, and nobody seems to care for them. Their food is coarse and irregular—their clothes are miserable and thin, and always wet, if the weather permits. Some day they awake, with a slight shiver, and the bright eyes are too bright, while the little head aches badly, and is too heavy; and so the evil progresses often to death. Another one of the many who might have lived to do good work on earth, is nipped in the budding, by a natural cause; and that secondary cause is abundantly evident.

A cold, dargling rain beats on the windows that look towards the Baltic. A

harsh east wind has blown for many days colds into half the throats in our islands, from that quarter. The ingenious proprietors of "cough no more" medicines make hay—for the sun, hidden from all besides, shines on them; yet their injunctions are disobeyed by everybody. It is noon, and the street beneath is well-nigh the most crowded in the world. It is broad, however, and men traverse it rapidly in the hurry of their day's business. One woman—one of many—passes. She is comparatively rich, young—though that is doubtful—quite a matter of comparison; younger than the Queen by one year or two; but she does not wish all the truth told on the subject. She carries a parcel under her shawl—a white and black rakish parcel; and it moves, whines, and is offended. It is Pompey; and she hurries along lest Pompey catch a cold. Another woman follows Pompey and the lady. Her bonnet, cloak, and all her costume, disclose her country. She is Irish. The hood of the cloak is thrown backward, and a baby is packed into it. The small head hangs half over the hood—the wan face looks to the upper flats of these high houses, and between them to the clouds—protesting against the cold rain and wind; but the eyes are closed, and the child sleeps. What will it be—where will it be twenty days, months, years, hereafter? Who among the many passengers cares—thinks on the Irish woman and her child; yet there are a million of such pairs; and surely they are more respectable than the lady and Pompey.

The miserable night comes down—down, cold and dark to the homeless—or on those homes that are fireless, foodless. Those curtains of fog that night draws close and closer round the world, brings with them a breath that pierces to the heart, like that of an iceberg, when the heart has little between it and the mist. Look how these three or four little children, from six months upwards, like steps of a stair, cower and shiver around that woman in the faded garb of widowhood—being recommendations to buy her lucifer matches. It would take but a small sum to buy the entire stock, but few customers seek to take delivery of the goods. This little girl has had threepence during the evening upon that single halfpenny box. Now this is a case. Undoubtedly the children look to be

clean, but cold; for very white pinafores are found to pay in that trade. The family, you say, are professional beggars. Then you know them, have inquired into their circumstances, and are cognisant of the details in their history. No—that's not it exactly; but you know the world well—more than wiser people do—and you are not to be deceived by appearances. Of course, no honest person desires that you should be so deceived, but do not condemn on suspicions only. Why do not people go to the work-house? You pay poor-rates. Most undoubtedly, so do we—grumbling always as we pay them, because we get nothing, and you have nothing in return. Not one of that little regiment of boys or girls, brought up by square and rule within the workhouse walls, cares for either of us, though we have been paying these many years for their maintenance. They have not learned to love anybody in particular on that account. No home feelings have grown up in their hearts, for the soil is as iron, and the sky above like brass. Moreover, mothers do not like to part with their children, unless, indeed, they be *infra* human mothers; to be separated from them, and have them thrown into a very general batch—a family of two hundred. You know that; but what would we have you do—take a beggar's brat and educate it? Well, Ma'am, after all, this beggar's brat may be something better than a beggar's bitch's brat—that is to say, than Pompey, of whose genealogy you are perfectly ignorant, since you could not have believed the man with the short squat nose from whom you bought him—even if he had told you.

Then you remember John, the gardener—perfectly, of course. He died poor, died suddenly, left a widow and four children, the oldest a girl of five years. She is nine now; and how has she got to nine, with the others following hard after her, nobody knows very well. Heaven knows—and that is admitted—also that Heaven knows that you do not know, and never sought to know. You pray for them in church—in the general category of fatherless children—but you forget one half of the golden rule, "*watch and pray.*" We were in the habit of praying too in that way, and very well recollect to have followed a Presbyterian minister in boyhood until we could have said it all with tolerable accuracy. It besought that "the

poor might be made poor in spirit, and the rich become rich in faith." We have had difficulty in getting out of the rut, since experience taught us occasionally to seek that the rich might become poor in spirit, and the poor rich in something—even in faith. You are innocent of the mistake "*Laborare est orare*," and you don't understand it; yet it is a very sad error, and equally serious to take "*orare*" in its own place, and that of "*Laborare*" also. It is simply a dilution of your doing into nothing.

What could you have done? Their mother is an industrious and respectable person, hard pressed, you fear, but she never sought anything. Just so—those who seek are professional beggars, who don't deserve; and those who don't ask need nothing.

All parishes and villages have secondary cases of this description; and they are not all neglected—for the world contains numerous examples of benevolence not recognized in its subscription lists, and unknown out of a very narrow circle; but no person has far to search for subjects to work upon. Unprofitable pets might be replaced with the greatest ease by others more enduring. The money and time lost upon them might lay up an immense store of affection and attachment for the desolate and almost solitary rich. As even the vast majority of the professional teachers of religion fail to bring it down to their daily business, the laymen and lay-ladies of their flocks are not expected to live always under its influence. They are not expected—by whom? By themselves, we suspect, and by those like unto themselves, whose mincing step they follow; and not by any authority on the subject. All "professors" do certainly hold high views on these points, and very many just hold and grasp them so firmly that they never get them out into society. Even when they peep forth in the form of weakly-written tracts, full of good counsel, loosely expressed, those who distribute them fail to see that they would reach a hungry heart most readily if they

were wrapped up with a loaf. Daily bread is placed in the centre of the common prayer of all, and for all. Partly upon that principle churches have clothing societies, collections for poor members, and many other well-devised schemes of activity; but still they are general and not individual in their character. Those whom they relieve feel thankful to a multitude. The controlling influence of one or two individuals is lost upon them, and would be found, if labor of this description were more divided—more individualized. [A scheme was once proposed in one large town, and may have been acted upon, by which the care of the young in families, however destitute, was to be left—not to the officials, but to the members of the Society. When a case of want, from whatever cause, was reported, it was to be handed over to one, two, or more members. One or more—if more than one curator was required—would maintain a permanent watch over the education and the interests of their charge. The benefits derivable from the plan, if it had become a practice, were clear and large; but we are drawn into plans, while our business was with pets, and what the present race cost.

Their cost is an outlay and an occupation. The first can be defined, and the second is undefinable, but it is very large. Diana cannot tend her owner in sickness, or soothe her admirer in sorrow and weakness. A very faithful beast may mourn its proprietor's death, and mope itself into a distressed condition—although the family of pets have scarcely a large enough instinct for that feeling; but their attachments stop there. Days come when even the cold and proud need friends that wages will not purchase; and not having provided for, they necessarily want them. That is one loss—something like retribution—reaping the seed sown. Pompey, or Cæsar, or any other of the namesakes of renowned classical warriors—very unlike warriors as they are—end with the present life. They are done and concluded.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## THE BURNING SPECULA OF ARCHIMEDES.

OF all the inventions ascribed to Archimedes, there is none more extraordinary than that of the burning specula by which he is said to have set fire to the Roman fleet, while it rode at anchor in the harbor of Syracuse, and he himself was shut up within the walls of that city. The fact, however, seems not to have been called in question till the time of Descartes. That philosopher, trusting to certain optical laws which he had discovered, and which, though just, were not sufficiently comprehensive, ventured to deny the possibility of constructing specula which could burn at so great a distance. His authority was then an overmatch for the testimony of all antiquity: his opinion prevailed; and till the experiments which we are about to notice were made, the mirrors of Archimedes were regarded as a chimera.

For some years prior to 1747, the French naturalist Buffon had been engaged in the prosecution of those researches upon heat which he afterwards published in the first volume of the supplement to his *Natural History*. Without any previous knowledge, as it would seem, of the mathematical treatise of Anthemius (περι παραδοξων μηχανηματων) in which a similar invention of the sixth century is described,\* Buffon was led, in spite of the reasonings of Descartes, to conclude that a speculum or series of specula might be constructed sufficient to obtain results little, if at all, inferior to those attributed to the invention of Archimedes.

This, after encountering many difficulties, which he had foreseen with great acuteness, and obviated with equal ingenuity, he at length succeeded in effecting. In the spring of 1747, he laid before the French Academy a memoir which, in his collected works, extends over upwards of eighty pages. In this paper, he describes himself as in possession of an apparatus

by means of which he could set fire to planks at the distance of 200, and even 210 feet, and melt metals and metallic minerals at distances varying from twenty-five to forty feet. This apparatus he describes as composed of 168 plain glasses, silvered on the back, each six inches broad by eight inches long. These, he says, were ranged in a large wooden frame, at intervals not exceeding the third of an inch; so that, by means of an adjustment behind, each should be movable in all directions independently of the rest, the spaces between the glasses being further of use in allowing the operator to see from behind the point on which it behoved the the various discs to be converged.

These results ascertained, Buffon's next inquiry was how far they corresponded with those ascribed to the mirrors of Archimedes—the most particular account of which is given by the historians Zonaras and Tzetzes, both of the twelfth century†. “Archimedes,” says the first of these writers, “having received the rays of the sun on a mirror, by the thickness and polish of which they were reflected and united, kindled a flame in the air, and darted it with full violence on the ships which were anchored within a certain distance, and which were accordingly reduced to ashes.” The same Zonaras relates that Proclus, a celebrated mathematician of the sixth century, at the siege of Constantinople, set on fire the Thracian fleet by means of brass mirrors. Tzetzes is yet more particular. He tells us, that when the Roman galleys were within a bow-shot of the city walls, Archimedes caused a kind of hexagonal speculum, with other smaller ones of twenty-four facets each, to be placed at a proper distance; that he moved these by means of hinges and plates of metal; that the hexagon was bisected by “the meridian of summer and winter;” that it

\* See Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, chap. xl. sect. v., note g.

† Quoted by Fabricius in his *Biblioth. Græc.*, vol. ii. pp. 551, 552.

was placed opposite the sun; and that a great fire was thus kindled, which consumed the Roman fleet.

From these accounts, we may conclude that the mirrors of Archimedes and Buffon were not very different either in their construction or effects. No question, therefore, could remain of the latter having revived one of the most beautiful inventions of former times, were there not one circumstance which still renders the antiquity of it doubtful: the writers contemporary with Archimedes, or nearest his time, make no mention of these mirrors. Livy, who is so fond of the marvellous, and Polybius, whose accuracy so great an invention could

scarcely have escaped, are altogether silent on the subject. Plutarch, who has collected so many particulars relative to Archimedes, speaks no more of it than the former two; and Galen, who lived in the second century, is the first writer by whom we find it mentioned. It is, however, difficult to conceive how the notion of such mirrors, having ever existed could have occurred, if they never had been actually employed. The idea is greatly above the reach of those minds which are usually occupied in inventing falsehoods; and if the mirrors of Archimedes are a fiction, it must be granted that they are the fiction of a philosopher.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THE PALAIS ROYAL AND THE INTRIGUES IT HAS WITNESSED.

EMERGING from the Place du Caroual, on the left is the Rue St. Honoré—the Oxford street of Paris—forming, like our own street, one of those great arteries issuing from the heart of the city and extending to the very suburbs. As to Regent street there is nothing of the kind to be seen. On descending the Rue St. Honoré, one of the wonders of Paris presents itself unostentatiously to notice—the far-famed Palais Royal—once the Palais Cardinal. Descending one of the glazed arcades which occupy either side of this building, the central square is reached. It is a town in itself, and how it could ever have been appropriated as a residence for any one individual appears incomprehensible, for here all Paris—one may almost say all the world—assembles in this great mart of Europe, and yet there is ample space and to spare under its interminable arcades and colonnades, extending, *apparently*, for miles. What a motley crew is congregated here! What an opportunity a lounge in the Palais Royal affords for observing the *genus Parisian* in all its developments!

In the centre is a vast open space ornamented with gardens and fountains. This

is entirely surrounded by buildings faced by colonnades, under whose arches the passenger walks and gazes on the countless shops which entirely occupy the ground-floor of the whole palace. To this larger square succeeds a smaller one, facing the Rue St. Honoré.

The prettiest and gayest shops are undoubtedly those of the Palais Royal, but there is not one even here that can justly be styled magnificent. The display of jewelry is well worthy of attention, as nothing can be more chaste and elegant than the designs; even the smallest ornament acquires a value from the faultless taste of its setting. The watches, chains, and ornaments thereto belonging, are really beautiful; and even had I possessed an unlimited purse I should have felt great difficulty in making a selection. The range of shops is constantly broken by the curtained windows of the different restaurants; some of whom, such as Véry, Véfour, &c., are the very first in Paris, containing rooms filled up with all the necessities and the luxuries of life. It is quite incredible how good a dinner can be had at the less celebrated restaurants for a mere trifle: six different courses of every

delicacy in season, together with wine and bread being furnished from two to three francs a head, in a room handsomely furnished, well heated, and with the additional advantage of being supplied with all the papers of the day.

The Palais Royal, containing two theatres, is, in fact, a town in itself, and furnishes everything that the poorest or the richest may require. Nothing can be more graceful than the colonnades of the great square; and when the sun shines, be it winter or summer, dull indeed must be that individual who would not feel exhilarated by the lively, animated scene. I believe some small portion of the upper apartments still remain as a royal residence, but almost the whole is distributed into restaurants.

Every one knows how, built by the great Cardinal Richelieu as a monument of a minister's magnificence, he deprecated the possible indignation of succeeding monarchs by presenting it to the crown. Here he came to die after a life passed in a more inordinate exercise of arbitrary power than history records in modern times. His hatred and oppression of the nobles, however, excused by reasons of policy, was cruel and merciless in the extreme, and the species of tyranny he exercised over the weak mind of Louis XIII. was equally dishonorable to himself as to the monarch who submitted to him so implicitly. But he possessed great talents, and his whole life was consecrated to upholding what he esteemed to be the glory of France, to attain which end he cared not to wade through streams of the blood of the proudest nobles in the land. But now his career was drawing to a close, and, emaciated, worn almost to a skeleton, he sat propped up with pillows in the palace erected in his pride. The hand of Death was upon him, and he before whom all France had trembled, felt the approach of that all-powerful tyrant who spares none. But ere he breathed his last a distinguished honor was about to be conferred on him, at a time when he cared neither for kings nor courts, and already trembled at the prospect of rendering an account of all the blood he had shed before that eternal Judge, in whose sight neither policy nor fidelity to earthly sovereigns would pardon the crimes he had committed. Suddenly the doors of his apartment were thrown open, and the king was announced—come to render the last honors, and to

take a final farewell of the terrible Cardinal. Louis XIII. composed his countenance with difficulty to a due expression of condolence and sorrow at the sight of the sick man, for how could he do otherwise than rejoice in the death of the minister who had, like an evil-presiding genius, embittered his whole life? After a formal interview between the expiring statesman and the imbecile king, in which the usual compliments were repeated with unusual warmth, from a consciousness of their falseness, Louis withdrew; and it is said that as he retired from the apartment he was seen to laugh with joy at the notion of being rid of a minister from whose tyranny he had neither the boldness nor the power to escape. But as if his life had been bound up in the existence of a minister whose ambition made his reign so remarkable, he did not live long to rejoice over his emancipation, dying only a few months after Richelieu's death.

Richelieu died as he had lived, unloved by any except his favorite cats—which he liked because their gambols reminded him of the cunning and ferocious springs of a tiger—feared by all around him, in a solitude and isolation as complete as he had lived. More fortunate, however, than Wolsey, who somewhat resembled him in character, and who also displayed his inordinate pride in the erection of Hampton Court, the Cardinal secured the enjoyment of his palace, as well as the outward marks of royal favor, until his death.

Within this palace passed the infancy of Louis XIV., and here he formed his earliest attachment to the beautiful nieces of Cardinal Mazarin, who nobly sacrificed his personal interest to his sovereign's glory in not permitting the marriage so ardently desired by Louis with the fascinating Laure Mancini. Happy, perhaps, had it been for Le Grand Monarque if, regardless of these considerations, he had married a woman he really loved, and not allowed himself to be sacrificed to state policy in forming a marriage against his inclination, which led to the most notorious *liaisons*. In consequence of these amours, he shamefully disgraced the closing years of his reign by a too partial attachment towards the children of an adulterous connection, and in his determination to place them above the legitimate princes of the blood, to the especial prejudice of the Duc d'Orleans, entitled both



by birth and talent to occupy the highest position.

If the walls of these apartments could speak, what strange particulars might be known of the *liaison* existing between Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarin—too public for intrigue, and uneasy enough for marriage. Great part of his chequered life was passed here; and if it be true that Richelieu loved her as well as his successor, Mazarin, she could not entertain a very high idea of the virtue conferred by the purple. The insolence with which Mazarin treated her, the meekness with which she submitted to these indignities, the sway he exercised in the counsels of this talented woman, and the tyranny and severity he presumed to exercise towards Louis XIV. and his brother, while children—tamely witnessed by their mother—all this seems to require some explanation. The mysterious story of the “Man with the Iron Mask” is also referred to this period, and many suspicions have arisen as to the connection of this individual with Louis. Altogether there is a shade of uncertainty cast around many characters and events of this time, never likely to be satisfactorily cleared up.

I will give some few particulars of Mazarin's death, and then pass on to other characters and scenes recalled by the sight of the Palais Royal. This minister, who had so carefully piloted the vessel of the state through all the dangers of the Fronde, appeared to have reached the very acme of prosperity. Receiving the submission of the great Condé, he triumphed over internal treachery and foreign intrigue, and cemented a general peace with both the Frondeurs and Spain by arranging the marriage of Louis XIV. with the Infanta Marie Thérèse. He left Paris with a marvellous retinue of coaches, litters, mules, bishops, secretaries, and ecclesiastics, to meet the Spanish ambassador, Don Luis da Haro, at the frontiers, and arrange the preliminaries of the treaty and the alliance. But although both ministers had safely reached their destination, and Don Luis, also rejoicing in all the pomp and grandeur so dear to Spanish dons, was arrived, one entire month was lost in the all-important question of precedence. Whether Mazarin should call on Da Haro, or Da Haro, in a friendly, Paul Pry way, was to drop in on Mazarin, “hoping he didn't intrude,” was “*the question*,” and a question, all-

important as it was, never answered. Mazarin, the wily Italian, *il Signor Faquino*, as he was called by le grand Condé, who hated him, took to his bed by way of *ruse*, hoping that the Spaniard's anxiety for his health would induce him to pocket his Castilian dignity and make this first advance; but it was all in vain. Da Haro was not to be caught, but obstinately shut himself up, ate, drank, and made merry with the most dogged patience imaginable. So the end of this mighty “Tale of a Tub” was finally in this wise: no visit was paid at all, and the great “plenipotous” met at last quite officially in the Island of Pheasants, where the real business of their meeting was soon dispatched.

Mazarin, in thus tranquillizing a mighty nation and securing a popular alliance for his sovereign, had on this occasion rivalled, if not exceeded, the renown of the great Richelieu. As soon as it was concluded, he returned to Paris, not to glory and power, or to reap the fertile harvest of ambition, *but to die*. He never recovered his health after the court returned from St. Jean de Luy, and gradually became dangerously ill. Not the sight of his vast riches, his invaluable pictures, his priceless statues, his immense library, could revive or excite his languid senses. Rising from his bed, he was rolled in an arm-chair through all his apartments, decorated with a magnificence rivalling the Palais Royal, and containing treasures of art; he even penetrated to the gardens and the stables, to feast his fading eyes on all his vast possessions. But it would not do; the arrow had struck home—death was at hand. Weary and fatigued, the Cardinal was re-deposited on his bed, heaving many sighs and groans at the idea of having to leave all his riches, and the physician was summoned. He came in the person of the celebrated Guénaud.

The Cardinal received him in trembling. “What!” said he, “is it you, Guénaud? Well, be honest with me. How long have I to live? I am prepared for the worst.”

“Indeed, I fear,” replied the doctor, looking very grave, “that your eminence is in a state past flattery; but our remedies may prolong your life, if they cannot cure the disease. Remedies, even in fatal cases, can do much.”

“Well, now,” said the Cardinal, “I

respect your frankness. Speak out—how long can I last?"

"Your eminence may hope to live yet for two months by following the rules I shall prescribe."

"Very well," said Mazarin; "at least I know my fate. This time must be consecrated to the care of my soul. I shall do the best I can, and no doubt all my brother prelates will assist me, for the sake of the abbey, the bishoprics, that my death will leave vacant. In two months one may, under these circumstances, obtain a world of indulgences. I stand well, too, with his Holiness; but—but to leave my pictures, a collection I have passed my life in forming—that "Venus" of Titian, you know, Guénaud; and then that "Deluge" by Caracci, and that last group just arrived from Rome—"Leda and the Swan"—you have seen it, Guénaud?" The physician bowed. "It is, indeed, a trial—it is very hard; *n'importe*, I must think of my soul. Go now, Guénaud, and return to-morrow; perhaps you may, you know, see some change—an improvement—who knows?"

Guénaud shook his head and withdrew, leaving Mazarin with his soul on his lips, but the world in his heart.

The queen-mother, Anne of Austria, hearing of his desperate condition, hastened to visit him, attended by her gossiping ladies, amidst a thousand nods, and winks, and sighs, at the melancholy expression her countenance expressed. Mazarin received her with a smile, and, at least on this occasion, treated her with the respect due to her rank and demanded by the condescension she displayed in visiting him. Her majesty was pale and sad; tears gathered in her eyes as she advanced towards him, and asked with a timid yet tender voice after his health. He replied that he was very ill, and related to the queen what Guénaud had told him. If I were to add that he displayed to the queen and her ladies one of his bare legs to afford ocular demonstration of his miserably reduced condition, I fear I should be accused of imitating the *mauvaise langue* of Madame de Luynes. But it is said that he really did so, to the great grief of Anne of Austria, and to the utter discomfiture and horror of her less tender ladies in waiting, who rapidly retreated into the recesses of the windows, or behind the draperies of the apartment, to escape so unpleasant a demonstration.

"Look!" exclaimed Mazarin—"look, madame, at the deplorable condition I am reduced to by my incessant anxiety for the welfare of France!"

Soon after this extraordinary interview, and when all the world believed Mazarin to be dead or dying, the cunning Italian, determined once more to take in the whole court, and deceitful in his death as he had been in his life, gave orders that his recovery should be announced. He caused himself to be rouged white and red, dressed himself in his most magnificent robes, placed in a chair with the glasses all down, and in this guise promenade through his gardens, taking care to be well observed by all the vast crowd which had collected. For the moment he presented all the appearance of health and vigor; but the flimsy veil was soon withdrawn by death. The exertion he had forced himself to make in order to enact so ghastly a comedy was too much for his remaining strength; he fainted, was brought home, placed on his bed, and never rose again. Thus died as he lived Cardinal Mazarin, a man, as was well observed, without honor, but nevertheless a great minister. He was not cruel or bloodthirsty, like Richelieu; but patient, cunning, and intriguing, he ever gained the end he had in view by more laudable and humane means, leaving France at his death in peace and tranquillity, and in such an entire state of submission as paved the way for the extravagancy and reckless oppression of the reign of Louis XIV.

It was in the Palais Royal that, during the infancy of Louis, the daring Frondeurs presumed to penetrate, until they had reached the sleeping-room of their young king. Anne of Austria, magnificent in beauty and majesty, advanced to the door with the utmost composure to meet the rude invaders, who were rushing pell-mell into the chamber. On her appearance they drew back, amazed at the vision of loveliness and dignity before them; her finger, placed on her mouth, commanded silence, and the crowded mass, before so noisy and obstreperous, was hushed as by a charm in an instant. Beckoning to the foremost to advance, the queen approached the bed of her son, and, withdrawing the curtain, displayed Louis slumbering in all the soundness and tranquillity of childhood. The Frondeurs were satisfied, and at once silently withdrew, descending the

stairs and traversing the spacious galleries of the Palais Royal in a very different spirit to that in which they had mounted, assured that their king was in Paris, and neither spirited away by his mother nor kidnapped by Cardinal Mazarin. None but a woman possessed of great personal courage and royalty of soul could have acted in this dilemma with the dignity and composure displayed by the queen, whose character I have ever much admired, which must excuse the fondness with which I linger around those scenes with which she is connected. Anne of Austria did not long survive the death of Mazarin; forgotten by a court given up to frivolity and dissipation, and neglected by her son, who was engaged in a succession of amorous intrigues, she expired, after great sufferings, of a cancer in the breast.

Although Richelieu had expressly desired that his palace should be unalienable from the crown, it passed into the possession of that soft and effeminate brother of Louis XIV., Monsieur, the husband of Henrietta of England, whose horrible death was undoubtedly caused by poison administered by one of the favorites of her abandoned lord. Suspicion pointed at the Chevalier de Lorraine, who was known to view with great jealousy any rival in the ascendancy he exercised over the duke. Certain it is that no steps were ever taken to investigate the cause of a death so sudden and so fearful. Her husband evinced but little sorrow, and the only person who really felt any compassion for the sufferings of the unfortunate duchess was Louis XIV. himself. Scandal had often joined their names, and it is confidently asserted that an attachment had at one time subsisted between them prior to the king's *liaison* with La Vallière; but of this there is no sufficient proof. Louis, undoubtedly, was much attached to his beautiful sister-in-law, whose grace, elegance, and wonderful knowledge of all the mysteries of the toilette so exactly corresponded with his own frivolous taste, and in the earlier part of his reign Madame Henrietta exercised great influence over him. It is said, that on hearing of her death, he caused Morel, the maitre d'hôtel of his brother, to be summoned before him, and on pain of instant death if he attempted to equivocate or deceive him, closely questioned him as to the circumstances.

Morel replied that he would conceal nothing from his majesty.

"Did the duchess die by poison?" demanded the king, pale with horror.

"She did," said Morel.

Louis shuddered. "By whose order was the poison administered?"

"By that of the Chevalier de Lorraine," replied Morel; "it was put into a cup of chicorée-water, the duchess's usual beverage, by the hands of the Marquis d'Effiat. Before God, your majesty, I am innocent of all save the knowledge of the crime. The duchess complained of thirst, the cup of chicorée was presented, and soon after she was seized with convulsions. Your majesty knows the rest."

There was a pause.

"Tell me," said the king, making a great effort, and trembling with agitation as he put the question—"tell me, had my brother—had the Duc d'Orleans—any part in this foul deed?"

"No," said Morel; "they dared not trust him; he would have betrayed all. But it was believed that the death of Madame would not be—"

"Answer as I desire you," sternly interrupted the king, relieved in the greatest degree by hearing that his brother was not an accomplice. "I have heard what I wished—I am satisfied; but although I spare your life, wretched man, leave my kingdom for ever; remember the honor of princes is in your hands, and that wherever you fly their vengeance can pursue you. Therefore be silent as you value your life."

The king dared investigate no further; too foul a picture of his brother's life would have been revealed to public curiosity. The death of the lovely though frivolous young princess remained unavenged, and was soon comparatively forgotten in the gaieties of a court where the sovereign set an example of the most heartless egotism.

As for Monsieur, nothing daunted by the suspicions attached to his name, and although believed by many to have been an accomplice in Henrietta's death, he determined to re-marry, and actually found a German princess (ever the refuge of unfortunate royalties in search of a wife) inclined to encounter the risk of such a Bluebeard. This lady, a certain formidable she-dragon, by name Charlotte of Bavaria, was certainly well able to defend herself in case of necessity, and was altogether a lady not at all of a nature to be trifled with. What a contrast to the beautiful,

fascinating Henrietta! Her successor's autobiographical memoirs remain as a lasting evidence of her coarseness of mind and body. She relates, with the utmost *naïveté*, full particulars of matrimonial mysteries that certainly have ever been regarded and respected as such by all the world since the day that Eve clothed herself in Paradise. The opening pages of this curious autobiography exceed in eccentricity anything ever before published. Let my readers judge for themselves by the following sentences. Thus she begins:

"I am naturally rather melancholy, and when anything annoys me I always have an inflammation in my left side, as if I had the dropsy. Lying in bed is not at all my habit; as soon as I wake I must get up. I seldom take breakfast, and if I do, only eat bread-and-butter. I neither like chocolate, coffee, nor tea; foreign drugs are my horror. I am entirely German in my habits, and relish nothing in the way of food but the *cuisine* of my own country. I can only eat soup made with milk, beer, or wine. As to *bouillon*, I detest it; if I eat any dish that contains it, I am ill directly, my body swells, and I am fearfully sick; nothing but sausages and ham restore the tone of my stomach afterwards.

"I always wanted to be a boy, and having heard that Marie Germain became a man by continually jumping, I used to take such fearful leaps that it is a miracle I did not break my neck a thousand times."

I only know of one good quality this extraordinary German *frau* possessed—she thoroughly saw through Madame de Maintenon's true character, and hated her cordially, who, in return, detested the duchess, and of course induced all her *clique* to do the same. Her young favorite, the interesting Duchesse de Bourgogne, then dauphiness, the mother of Louis XVI., amiable as she was in most other respects, was influenced by her against Charlotte of Bavaria, whose coarse manners also contributed to this dislike, and treated her with marked and extreme rudeness, refusing, even when addressed by her, to make any reply. The Duchesse d'Orléans, with frank, downright German independence, and an uncontrollable share of pride, supported by a coat of arms containing a hundred quarterings at least, was not of a disposition long to suffer any indignity in silence. At first she was willing to attri-

bute this impertinence on the part of the dauphiness to childish pique or caprice, "for she was," says the duchess, "but a wild hoiden of a girl, and very young," and she expected that her highness's manners would mend with her years. But finding that instead of diminishing, this disdain and rudeness only increased, and was encouraged by Madame de Maintenon, she openly declared her intention of complaining to the king, with whom she was on the best terms, her blunt and unsophisticated outbursts affording him infinite amusement. At this notice, the *old woman*, as she called Madame de Maintenon, became seriously alarmed, and taking her aside, entreated her not to put her threat into execution, promising that the dauphiness should in future be more conciliating in her conduct; which was the case. From that time the duchess's originality was respected, and she was left in peace to drink as much beer and eat as many sausages as the peculiarity of her constitution required.

Proud, haughty, and repulsive as she was, Charlotte of Bavaria possessed a considerable share of plain common sense, and she contrived to live peaceably with her heartless, effeminate husband, Monsieur, whose vices she attributed more to weakness than to wickedness. On her son, the Regent Orléans, she doted with all a mother's pride and tenderness, and seems to have been utterly blind or indifferent to his profligacy; but even he was not exempt from the brusque violence of her temper. On first hearing of his approaching marriage with Mademoiselle de Blois, the daughter of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan, and sister of the ambitious Duc du Maine, this tigress was so enraged that she actually struck her son in an outburst of uncontrollable passion. She considered that such an alliance would be an eternal blot on her escutcheon, which, like all Germans, she prized to a ludicrous extent, for, according to Madame, the Palatine family was more illustrious than any other among the princes of Christendom. Whether she was content to trace her descent from Adam is not certain, but she is accused of not being satisfied with so common a progenitor, and rather to have aspired to some family connection with the angels "that loved the daughters of men," and in this manner got a footing among the clouds—a situation much more suited to her pride. At all events she

made no mystery of her opinion, that in marrying a grandson of Henri Quatre she had committed a painful *mésalliance*. What then must have been her rage and indignation at her son matching with a royal bastard! Her opposition was most violent; and being far too much excited to assume even a semblance of etiquette or politeness, the expressions of rage to which this voluminous German dame gave utterance were neither as choice nor as aristocratic as might have been expected.

She flew to the king, and although the doors of the cabinet where the interview took place were carefully closed, the angry voices of the king and Madame were distinctly heard high in dispute.

"If your majesty had wished for an alliance between my son and a daughter of Marie Thérèse, I should have considered it my duty to accede."

"Oh!" cried the king, crimson with passion, "you would then have condescended to accept a princess royal for your daughter-in-law?"

"Yes, your majesty, that would have been a different affair altogether, although I believe there is not a princess in Europe who would not too gladly accept my son, descended as he is from the noble house of the Palatinate." The king stamped with anger. "But, sire, my son shall never ally himself to a bastard."

"Madame!" cried the king, "you forget yourself. How dare you address me in such language?"

"Your majesty will oblige me to presume still further by pressing this proposal, for my opposition shall not only be confined to words. I will never consent to this marriage." And Madame rose to leave the room.

"We shall see," said the king, "if your husband, my brother, will dare to oppose my wishes. We shall see, Madame la Palatine."

"Your brother, sire, will, I am sure," said the duchess, retiring, "be advised by one who can better defend the honor of his house than he is capable of doing himself. Your brother will do his duty."

Louis, finding that there was no chance of overcoming the opposition of Madame, either by persuasion or by threats, consulted with Madame de Maintenon how the marriage was to be brought about. They both determined that what could not be effected openly must be done by intrigue. The Abbé Dubois, that *âme*

*damnée* of the young duke, known to exercise an influence great as it was pernicious over his mind, was summoned to the boudoir of Madame de Maintenon at twilight. By promises of large preferment, she completely made him her creature, and the unprincipled tutor promised to use all his influence over his pupil to hurry on the marriage, with or without the consent of his mother. To accomplish this, he represented to him the anger of the king, the certain loss of all command or influence, the incessant and disagreeable animosity that must result from his refusal to accept the hand of Louis's daughter. At length, after much difficulty, the duke consented, met Mademoiselle de Blois in the apartments of Madame de Maintenon, and the marriage was soon after celebrated in the presence of the whole court.

Madame was furious at what she termed her "dishonor," and wept, abused, menaced, and scolded by turns; but finding that there was no help, that the marriage was concluded, and that further opposition might really rouse the vengeance of the king, she gradually cooled down and received her new daughter with tolerable civility; particularly as the marriage-portion of Mademoiselle de Blois continued the possession of the Palais Royal, with all its pictures and sculptures, in the Orleans family—a proviso not to be despised, and which somewhat served to gild the bitter pill she had to swallow.

After the death of his father, the Palais Royal became the favorite residence of this unprincipled but agreeable libertine, endowed by nature with so many noble and distinguished qualities. Eminently handsome, there was a grace and dignity about him that attracted and attached all those who approached him; and his universal acquirements, his talents for government, his frank and manly eloquence, ended by making him as popular as he deserved by his public character to become. But ever the constant object of the hatred and the malicious intrigues of Madame de Maintenon and her favorite and pupil, the Duc du Maine, who openly aspired to the regency, he was assailed in his youth by the foulest and blackest accusations. No death could take place in the royal family without the Duc d'Orleans being immediately pointed at as the murderer, and the mysterious illness and death of the first and second dauphins and poor Adelaide of Savoy appeared to favor

these suspicions, as the removal of each of these princes placed him nearer to the throne. Spite of his urbanity, his courteous bearing, his *insouciance*, he was hooted at by the populace wherever he appeared, the public only remembering that he was the son of that Monsieur who, at the death of the unhappy Henrietta, had incurred such horrible suspicions.

The last remaining child of the dauphin—the last lineal descendant of all Louis's numerous family—now lay dangerously ill. With or without reason, it was thought that the cause of this illness was poison. Madame, mother of the regent, suddenly recollected that her son possessed a counter-poison of great efficacy, and wrote to him desiring his instant presence at Versailles with this remedy. The duke came, and, unknown to the king, the counter-poison was administered by the hands of him who had been so falsely accused of causing the deaths of the father and mother of this very child. The little Duc d'Anjou recovered. When Louis was informed of the circumstances, he was utterly astonished and quite unable to reconcile this fact with the injurious insinuations and accusations poured into his ear by De Maintenon and her *coterie*.

The Duc d'Orleans, deeply sensible of the shameful suspicions raised against him, and determined once and for all to silence such odious and abominable lies, requested an audience of the king, and in the very presence of his arch-enemy, Madame de Maintenon, whom he significantly glanced at from time to time, thus addressed his uncle: "Sire," said he, "had the time which has been employed in accusing me been used in asking for my assistance, I might have been the happy instrument of preventing other deaths in your majesty's family, but it was easier for my enemies to spread odious reports of such than in trying to prevent these calamities. But the time is now come when these vile calumnies must cease, and the authors be exposed to the degradation and contempt they deserve. I come, sire, to demand justice of you—I, who have been so falsely accused. It is well known that I have a laboratory in the Palais Royal, where I amuse myself with experiments in chemistry, and this circumstance has been taken advantage of by my enemies to invent those calumnies, too easily, I fear, credited by your majesty. Sire, if it is your pleasure, imprison me—nay, torture your nephew if you will—my

character has been assailed, and I have a right to demand legal satisfaction and inquiry into my motives and my conduct. Humbert, my assistant in chemistry, has already, by my orders, surrendered himself at the Bastille, and I only wait your command to follow him there myself."

At this noble appeal from the Duc d'Orleans to the justice of the king, Louis was quite disconcerted, and without replying in any way to his request, dismissed him.

But the Duc d'Orleans was only half satisfied: he had discomfited but one division of his enemies, whose names were legion; there yet remained the Duc and Duchesse du Maine, who, more bold and insolent than the others, ceased not to attribute to him every execrable crime. He suddenly appeared before the Duchesse du Maine, without even being announced, looking as black as thunder, and with an air and manner that announced anything but an agreeable rencontre. After having made a slight bow to the poets, courtiers, and *précieux* of both sexes, who always surrounded the duchess, converting Sceaux into a complete Hôtel Rambouillet, and her highness into Madame de Scudéri, the duke walked up to the Duc du Maine, who was leaning against the chimney-piece.

"Monsieur," said he, in a low voice, "the time is come when we must have a few words of explanation, and I am glad that our conversation will have so many witnesses."

"Yet," replied the Duc du Maine, who exceedingly disliked the idea of a public interview, "here is my room, if your royal highness—"

"No," replied the prince, "I shall remain here—I court publicity."

"What does all this mean?" stammered the duke.

"It means, sir, that I am weary of being the victim of the dark intrigues you are ever directing against me, and that you shall swear to discontinue them before I quit this room. Yes, on the instant, sir, or at once maintain your assertions with a sword in your hand, like a gentleman, in your own park."

"I entreat your highness to be more calm," said the duchess, advancing.

"Madame, we neither require your services for acrostics nor couplets at present," said the Duc d'Orleans, smiling; "be kind enough, therefore, to let me continue my conversation with your husband."

"In a word, Monsieur, what do you want?" replied the legitimized son of De Montespan, endeavoring to raise his voice, tremulous with fear.

"I desire," said the duke, in stentorian tones, and casting around him a look of defiance, "that you, here, on this spot, and also everywhere else, contradict and disavow the calumnies you have dared to utter against me touching the late melancholy deaths in the royal family."

"Prince, you are misinformed: I never, in my inmost soul, for one moment believed you culpable."

"Duke," cried the duchess to her husband, "what are you saying? These justifications are beneath you."

"Madame a raison," replied the Duc d'Orleans, half drawing his sword. "Follow me, sir, and maintain, at least, in a manner befitting a colonel of artillery, what you have dared, like a Jesuit, in holes and corners to accuse me of."

"No, no!" replied the duke, growing dreadfully frightened in earnest, and speaking quite spasmodically, "I am ready to own—to declare your entire innocence of any connection with the misfortunes. I declare solemnly that you are entirely innocent."

"What unworthy—what cowardly conduct!" cried the duchess, flinging herself on an ottoman. "You dishonor the noble blood of Condé that flows in my veins!"

"Really, madame," said the duke, more careful of preserving his own life than the honorable blood of the Condés, "I can't see what you have to do with my conversation with his royal highness. I only satisfy my conscience in giving a testimony to the loyalty of the Duc d'Orleans. Yes, prince, believe me," added the crafty pupil of Madame de Maintenon, "I respect you beyond any man in the whole of his majesty's dominions, and I will declare my devotion to you, however or wherever you please!"

"I am satisfied," said the duke, with a scornful smile. And casting a look of commiserate contempt upon all present, he quitted the room as abruptly as he had entered.

After these two celebrated *éclats*, in which the duke behaved with such spirit, he was no longer assailed by the accusations that before circulated everywhere to his prejudice, and had enraged the Parisians against him to such a degree that he could scarcely traverse the streets without

danger, and he was soon after received at court with the distinction due to his rank and near relationship to the sovereign. His subsequent conduct as regent, the care and affection with which he watched over the infant years of the delicate nursing confided to his care, and the gratitude ever expressed by Louis XV. towards him, are further historical guarantees of the injustice of all these accusations.

But the excessive and avowed profligacy of his private life, where he gloried in resigning himself to the indulgence of every impurity, and his open ridicule of all principle and religion, stamp his memory with abhorrence, and eclipse all his nobler qualities. Under the guidance of the abandoned Dubois (whose conduct was certainly calculated to make him undervalue any religion which possessed such a minister), whom his father had chosen as his tutor for the express purpose, as it appeared, of corrupting his youth, it is not surprising that he became dissolute in a eminent degree. Without the constant excitement of company and intoxication, he could not exist. Flinging himself headlong into the most monstrous excesses, he gloried in showing that he could exceed all the reckless compeers that surrounded him. Irreligious and unprincipled, all was lost save a sentiment of honor and an inherent exaltation of soul that nothing could eradicate, and which, had it been cultivated by a judicious education, would, joined to his splendid acquirements, have made him one of the most distinguished characters of an age that boasted a Racine, a Bosseut, and a Boileau.

His forced marriage with Mademoiselle de Blois did not conduce to improve his character; he was always galled by the recollection of the *mésalliance* he had contracted; his temper, otherwise good, became soured, and he revenged himself on his wife by treating her with neglect and indifference. Neither was she of a disposition to endear herself to him. Proud, imperious, and luxurious, gifted with considerable abilities and great power of language, she never remembered that her mother, Madame de Montespan, was the *mistress*, not the *wife*, of her father, and exacted precisely the same etiquette as if she had been born a princess of the blood-royal. Under this strange misapprehension, she treated the Duc d'Orleans with a scorn he could ill brook, feeling as he

did her inferiority. But on the whole he bore her extravagant pretensions with wonderful equanimity, often listening to her harangues in silence, answering her with a little good-natured ridicule, or addressing her by the nickname of "Madame Lucifer," when provoked by an especial display of her arrogance.

She, on her part, little cared for the shameless orgies given within the very walls of the Palais Royal, provided she was treated with all the dignity she considered her due. The Duc d'Orleans astonished even the hardened voluptuaries of his own day, and educated his family in habits of licentiousness only equalled by the annals of the ancient Romans. If credit be given to the numerous particulars of his daughters' excesses, the Palais Royal was indeed the centre of all that was depraved and monstrous. The Duchesse de Berri, the eldest of the regent's children, kept her court at the Luxembourg with a pomp and parade little short of royal, which did not, however, prevent her intrigues with De Riom and other gentlemen of inferior rank becoming public. Nor did she think it beneath her dignity to do the honors at certain *petits soupers* of the regent's, too well known in the scandalous annals of the day, where, as all the guests became intoxicated, it is only charitable to conclude that they ceased to be responsible for their actions. Her affectation of dignity was at times quite ludicrous. On one occasion, expecting the visit of a foreign ambassador, who wished to pay his respects to the daughter of the regent, she received him seated in state on a kind of throne only to be approached by steps. The ambassador was at first astonished, then amused, and ended by bursting into a fit of immoderate laughter, and leaving the room, to the great discomfiture of the duchess, who was extremely piqued at the failure of her scheme.

But some charlatan having prophesied that she would not pass her twenty-fifth year, she became alarmed, and after any very extraordinary scandal, retired to a convent and lived as a nun, lying on a mattress, and submitting to all kinds of austerities and discipline. Having, as she imagined, reconciled herself to Heaven and insured her eternal safety, she returned to the Luxembourg and to her former mode of life with renewed zest and vigor. Her sister, Mademoiselle de Va-

lois, was remarkable for her great beauty, and boasted of an equal lack of reputation. When the handsome Richelieu was imprisoned by her father in the Bastille on her account, all the ladies of Paris amused his captivity by promenading round the walls to look at him. Such were the manners in the time of the Regency. Mademoiselle d'Orleans, the third daughter of the regent, yielded to none of the others in the scandalous celebrity she acquired; indeed, she somewhat surpassed them, if possible, in the audacity of her excesses. Becoming weary of even the slight restraints of her father's court, she announced her determination of becoming a nun, and was elected Abbess of Chelles, to the eternal disgrace of the Church, which at that time could tolerate and overlook the crimes of an Abbé Dubois and an Abbess d'Orleans. Sometimes overcome by a fit of remorse, she would give up music, break her harp, piano, and guitar, fling the remains into the fire, vowing never to sing a note except of the most solemn *Miserere*. But before the next day she had changed her mind, grew worldly again, and repented what she had done, yawning and wandering about the cloisters of her monastery, given up to chagrin and *ennui*. The day after, the fit was completely over, fresh instruments, music, and singers from the Opera arrived from Paris, and Madame l'Abbesse recommenced her usual mode of life. "Tel père tel fils," says the proverb; such was the regent and his family, and such was the Palais Royal under the reign of Louis le Bienaimé. When in the possession of Louis Philippe, whose private virtues afforded such a striking contrast to the vices of his family, how altered was the scene! The vast fortune of Louis Philippe enabled him to adorn this palace, and amongst other embellishments he added a gallery of paintings devoted to illustrate the historical scenes that had passed within its walls. But at the expulsion of the Orleans family, in 1848, these beautiful and most interesting pictures were destroyed, as were also at the same time, the magnificent furniture and ornaments at the Tuileries. But it is more than time I should leave the Palais Royal, where the never-ending chain of historical associations has tempted me to linger, engaged in a feeble effort to trace the principal events and characters that have immortalized its walls.



From Chambers's Journal.

## THE DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

It is not till some time after arriving in Constantinople that the traveller can thoroughly enjoy his stay there. There is so much to be seen, and everything is so novel and strange—such a continued noise and bustle, such a multiplicity of races from all quarters gathered together, with their various costumes and dialects, that for a while he is completely bewildered. But by-and-by, when the eye gets accustomed to the apparent confusion, and can distinguish and examine each object separately, it becomes no small amusement to watch the passers-by, and remark the characteristics of each nation; how the Turk moves on with his calm, grave face—the Persian merchant, with sheepskin cap—the Armenian, with heavy step—the busy Greek—the Jew-porter, with sallow skin, shabby beard, and torn and dirty *benieh*—and, lastly, the Frank, in round hat and varnished boots.

The beautiful situation of Constantinople is not more proverbial than the filthiness of its streets. There is a story told of an Englishman, who had heard an exaggerated report of the ill odor of the city, leaving Southampton in his yacht for the purpose of visiting it. After a voyage of two months, he arrived at Seraglio Point; and there, putting up his telescope, lay to for an hour and examined the magnificent prospect: he then gave orders to weigh anchor and return by the Dardanelles.

But, reader, do not you follow his example. It is true, Constantinople does not possess either the cleanliness or the comfort of our European towns; but, take my word for it, these dirty, uneven streets, turning and twisting in every direction, expanding and contracting as they go, sometimes leading off into blind alleys—one of them silent and deserted as the walks of a necropolis, with its long, white-washed walls, spotted here and there with windows barred on the outside, and its neighbor perhaps so crowded with passengers, that you must elbow your way through them, with their pastry-cooks'

and confectioners' stalls emitting fat odors enough to sicken you—the absence of any kind of vehicle upon the carriage-way, but instead, mules and asses dragging along immense beams, to the great endangerment of the pedestrians' limbs, and the porters coming down the road ejaculating their terrible cry of "Guarda!" their walls, charred by recent conflagration—their sinks of filth in winter, and burning dust in summer-time—their legion of dogs, stretching themselves out in the sun like so many lazzaroni—even the dirt that obstructs a free passage through them: all these things, added to the diversity of dress and language, are, in their way, not without a certain romance, and of a kind not the less attractive that it will soon be done away with. As civilization spreads, so the picturesque dwindles. The sharks of the Bosphorus have given place to the steam-boat; the turban, to the fez. "I'll wager you," said an Armenian to me lately, "that before two years are over, the Turks will be wearing hats, and drinking wine with us during the Ramadan." If that day ever arrives, then farewell to old Turkey.

And even the dogs are beginning to disappear—portentous omen! They have been driven away before the advance of the Europeans, and have nearly all emigrated to the remotest of the Turkish quarters. Here they found kind hands to give them their daily food, to nurse their females in their accouchements, and to guard their young from the inclemencies of winter; and even persons who, carrying their solicitude for their canine *protégés* to the borders of the grave, leave them legacies in their wills. But, notwithstanding this, the Osmanli reckons the dog, like the pig, an unclean animal, which to touch is to be defiled; and therefore he never admits him within the sacred precincts of his home, although he still considers himself the natural protector of all such of the species as find refuge in his

quarter. Benevolence is placed by the Prophet as the chief of all the virtues, and his followers exercise it even towards the lower animals.

One day I walked, side by side with a Turk, down the long street that leads from the bazaar to Yeni-Djaoni (the new mosque), when we came upon a troop of dogs, which were lying all along by the wall so as to interrupt our passage. My unknown companion immediately left the footway, and proceeded along the road, rather than disturb their *kief*; and seeing that I imitated his example, he turned to me, and said with emotion; "Thou hast the heart of a Mussulman; may thy end be happy!"

Another time I saw two Osmanlis talking gravely together not far from a butcher's stall. One of them I knew from his turban to be a mollah belonging to the highest class of magistrates; and the other appeared from his retinue to be a no less distinguished person. The butcher, meanwhile, was busy throwing out the refuse of his stall to a dog which was reposing in a gutter hard by. The clatter the bones made in falling awakened the lazy animal, which stretched out his paw, languidly to draw them towards him; but, finding that he was unable to reach them in this manner, gluttony gave way to indolence, and he curled himself round again to sleep. Upon this, the mollah, who had been watching the whole proceeding while apparently listening to his friend's discourse, left him abruptly, pushed the bones with his foot within reach of the dog's jaws, and then returned and calmly resumed the conversation.

While we lived in the neighborhood of Pera and Tophané, great numbers of dogs thronged the streets, where they also resided; and those of Tophané especially, unaccustomed to the appearance of a European, never failed to bark after us as we passed the mosque in the evening on our way home. But to say merely that they barked after us, conveys very little idea of the disturbance. If only one dog gave the signal, a simultaneous howl, issuing from the throats of the whole band, was caught up by the canine inhabitants of the neighboring *mahalles*, and prolonged in dismal tones, growing fainter, to the most distant quarters. But their especial antipathy was manifested towards the English, in whom they seemed to smell an enemy instinctively; and, truth to tell, the sons

of Albion, by their frequent assassinations, bore no trifling part in the effort to clear the streets of Pera of these dirty though inoffensive animals. I knew an English captain who went every evening for a game at whist to a house in one of these streets, and he made it a rule never to return to his ship, which he usually did at about one or two o'clock in the morning, without having knocked one of them on the head with an iron-shod club he carried by way of a walking-stick; and if any night he unfortunately lost at play, then two or three paid the penalty. "That's always one less," he used to say on each occasion. In a short time, not a dog was to be seen in the long street that leads from Pera to Tophané, and he had then to change his route in order to keep up his practice. But the alarm spread to every quarter; and one day when he went into a little narrow street of Galata, attracted by the yells of the enemy, four individuals threw themselves upon him, deprived him of his club, and sent him away well mangled.

At the present day, you will scarcely find a single dog in the quarters inhabited by the Europeans; want and the inclemency of the season have finished the work of extermination. The few that remain in Pera and Galata are civilized; they will not bark after a Frank, and make no distinction between a Christian and a Mussulman: these are the dogs of the new reform.

But still there exists a small number of refractory dogs, which protest by a voluntary exile against the innovation of new theories: these individuals cherish all the old prejudices against the *Giaours*. Like the Celts who retired into the depths of Armorica to escape submitting to Roman domination, so they fly to the solitary quarters of Stamboul and Eyoub, to mourn, in company with their friends the dervishes, over the decline of Islamism and the triumph of the infidels. Woe to the Frank who rashly ventures alone into the streets of this vicinity, peopled with myriads of dogs; the mere sight of his European hat and coat rouses them to fury!

These have also retained all the ancient customs of the race. They live in separate bands, keeping up a friendly intercourse, with the condition of not invading their respective territories; and this condition is insisted on, because each band is fed by the inhabitants of the place where

it is settled, and therefore every intruder is looked upon in the light of another claimant upon the public bounty, to the prejudice of the community. The rule is never broken, therefore, except in extraordinary cases. One day I witnessed a remarkable scene from my window, the relation of which will not only give a curious trait of canine manners, but also tells very favorably for their natural intelligence and goodness of heart. There was a large open space before my window, laid bare by the hand of an incendiary, and into this space there bounded one morning two dogs, giving chase to another which was wounded. Half-a-dozen dogs which were lying among the rubbish

sprang up upon witnessing this invasion of their frontiers, and threw themselves upon the enemy, which, after a furious conflict, they put to flight; the wounded dog, meanwhile, shrinking into a corner, and tremblingly waiting his fate. The victors drew round him, and each smelt him in turn, and then they withdrew together, and appeared to be holding a council. One of them then left the others, and went up to the stranger, to which he put some questions, and being apparently satisfied with his answers, led him away to head-quarters, where he was regaled with a bone. On the evening of the same day, he was enrolled as a member of the society.\*

## CONSTANTINOPLE.

OUR illustration, in the present number, is a beautiful reproduction of Bartlett's unequalled sketch of the city of Constantinople. Its delicate execution, not less than the spirit of the drawing, and the paramount interest attaching to the subject at the present time, add value to its beauty. The city of the Sultan has now become the theatre of great social changes and of attraction that will soon include it among the objects of indispensable sight-seeing to those who visit the Old World. Its venerable associations, the marvellous beauty of its architectural treasures, the singular contrasts of life, race, habits and religions, which it contains, and the surpassing beauty of the scenery in which it lies, throw the charm of perpetual novelty and interest around Constantinople.

The situation of Constantinople, whether considered in a commercial or political point of view, is the finest imaginable. It is the natural seat of empire. It occupies a triangular promontory near the junction of the sea of Marmora with the Thracian Bosphorus. The city and suburbs contain about 1,000,000 inhabit-

ants. It is shaped somewhat like a harp, the longest side being towards the sea of Marmora, and the shortest towards the "Golden Horn." Its area, according to Gibbon, is 2000 acres, and, like Rome, is built on seven hills, rising progressively above each other some 200 feet. The summit of each hill is crowned with some conspicuous edifices. This amphitheatre of peopled hills, with its innumerable cupolas and minarets, interspersed with tall, dark cypresses, and its almost unrivalled port, crowded with the vessels of all nations, presents a most imposing aspect.

The city at present contains 14 royal and 332 other mosques or houses of Mohammedan worship, 40 colleges of Mohammedan priests, 183 hospitals, 36 Christian churches, and several synagogues.

Constantinople originally possessed 43 gates, 18 of which opened on the land side, 12 towards the Golden Horn, 13 towards the Propontis. Only seven gates now remain. The history of this renowned

\* This article is translated from a literary notice in the *Athenæum Français*; but we have mislaid the number, and cannot refer to the work.

city, for a lengthened period, is given by Gibbon. It was founded by Byzas, (hence its ancient name Byzantium,) anno 656 B.C. Having been destroyed by Severus, it was rebuilt by Constantine, A.D. 328, who made it the capital of the Roman empire. Its wealth and magnificence

were celebrated during the middle ages. It has sustained numerous sieges, but only twice been taken—first in 1204 by the Crusaders, and lastly by the Turks, under Mahommed II., in 1450. It has lost nothing of its historic interest by revolving ages.

**THE IMPERIAL HEIR.**—Not a little remarkable is it to observe that from the accession of Louis XIV. to the present time not a single King or Governor of France, though none of them, with the exception of Louis XVIII., have been childless, has been succeeded at his demise by his son. Louis XIV. survived his son, his grandson, and several of his great grandchildren, and was succeeded at last by one of the younger children of his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy. Louis XV. survived his son, and was succeeded by his grandson, Louis XVI. Louis XVI. left a son behind him, but that son perished in the filthy dungeon to which the cruelty of the terrorists had confined him. The King of Rome, to whom Napoleon fondly hoped to bequeath the boundless empire he had won, died a colonel in the Austrian service. Louis XVIII. was, as we have

said, childless. The Duke de Berri fell by the hand of an assassin in the lifetime of Charles X.; and his son, the Duke de Bordeaux, is in exile from the land which his ancestors regarded as their own estate. The eldest son of Louis Philippe perished by an untimely accident, and his grandson and heir does not sit upon the throne of his grandfather.

Thus, then, it appears that for upwards of 200 years in no one of the dynasties to which France has been subjected has the son succeeded to the throne of the father.

We have no claim to offer any opinion with regard to the internal government of France as now established, and with reference to our own relations with that country have nothing better to wish for than the firm establishment of the dynasty of Louis Napoleon.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

AMONG the new publications on this side the Atlantic, the following are worthy of notice:

**MEMOIRS OF DR. JOHN KITTO**, of which we give the admirable and genial review of the *Eclectic Review*, in another part of the present number, has been handsomely reproduced by the Messrs. CARTER, in two volumes 12mo. Every word of commendation is fully redeemed by the fascinating book itself. It is the portraiture of an extraordinary man, who succeeded in overcoming the greatest difficulties imaginable, both of social condition and of personal organic defects, and winning his way to the distinction of being one of the soundest and most comprehensive scholars in England. His marvellous industry, his cheerful patience, his unaffected piety, and his great attainments, form the materials of a biography of rare and most suggestive wisdom. The

lesson held out to young men, especially to the poor, is replete with inspiration. We regard it as among the first of those records in which the best elements of history are contained.

**WEALTH AND WORTH**, is a volume of miscellanies compiled from the pages of *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, consisting of anecdotes and sketches of eminent merchants, scraps of experience, tried and judicious maxims of business, and a great variety of suggestion bearing upon the moral duties and responsibilities of commerce. The variety, as well as the point and wisdom of the selections, makes the volume interesting to the reader; while the noble and elevated standard of mercantile honor it holds up, the honor it places upon the humble but substantial virtues of prudence, economy, honesty and disinterestedness, give a high moral value to the

work. It is full of quickening lessons, and of generous, manly impulse, which may safely be committed to the hands of young men.

A fine and discriminating compilation has been made from the writings, of all sorts, of the late Rev. Sydney Smith, under the title "Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith," by Evert A. Duyckinck. It is prefaced by a most admirable biography of the man, which is condensed from the larger work of Lady Holland. The whole task has been accomplished with consummate taste, and with an eye to the characteristic points of the great canon's intellect and life. The range of selection embraces all the published works of the author, many of which are but little known on this side the water. The apophthegms gleaned from his lectures on Moral Philosophy, and from the Plymley letters, are particularly good—often weighty with the acutest observation and profoundest philosophy. The wit, of course, is abundant; and altogether, its fragmentary character, its large infusion of humor, its pointed wisdom and beauty of style, make it a rare book for leisurely reading. It is published by Mr. REDFIELD.

THE LAST SEVEN YEARS OF THE LIFE OF HENRY CLAY, is a volume that will be read with interest by all classes. It is from the pen of Rev. Dr. Colton, whose larger memoir of Mr. Clay will be remembered. The present volume contains the history of the great compromise of 1850 in full, with Mr. Clay's speeches, and the correspondence it led to. The private and personal correspondence of Mr. Clay is also freely extracted from, which very clearly disclose the generous and amiable traits of the man. His declining years, religious professions and maturer views of men and things, as expressed in his conversation, are also here included. It has a melancholy interest, aside from the solid value of its contents, which will make it a favorite. (A. S. BARNES & Co.)

SALAD FOR THE SOCIAL, is an agreeable group of essays on interesting topics, by Mr. Saunders, author of the singular little work entitled "Salad for the Solitary." It busies itself with subjects lying quite out of the ordinary track, and discloses a calm, thoughtful mood, which in these intense days is very refreshing. A genial humor, originality of taste and thought, and a passion for out-of-the-way information and facts, seem to be the characteristic qualities of the little book. It is exceedingly well written—simply, unaffectedly, yet with a grace that lingers in the memory like a pleasant song. In all respects, it is a work of great merit.

We are grieved to be called upon to record the decease of Sir Wm. Hamilton, the distinguished Scotch Metaphysician. He died of congestion of the brain. "For about twelve years," says the *Athenæum*, "he has been a sufferer from paralysis, which did not affect his mental activity, and did not prevent, though it impeded, his exertions as a lecturer. He was educated at Oxford, and for many years held the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. He was a descendant of one of the sternest of the heroes of Bothwell Bridge, and a Scottish herald would designate him as Sir Wm. Hamilton, Baronet, of Preston. But to the educated world he will be known by thousands, who care nothing for his ancestry, as the most learned man of his time, and one of the most acute in the profound branch of inquiry which it was his delight to follow. \* \* \* \* \* In modern times, deep knowledge of the previous history of

their pursuit has not been the characteristic of metaphysicians; certainly not of the Scotch school. And if there be any one of olden time who could compare with Sir W. Hamilton, it must be remembered that the learning of the departed Professor embraced all that was known to his ancient competitor, and all that has been written since. Its mass and its minuteness are beyond description; and it extended from before Aristotle down to the last German who has attempted to fathom the distinction between *ego* and *non-ego*. Men of such all-absorbing capacity generally become mere indexes; but Sir W. Hamilton preserved his individuality, and was able to exhibit in his writings the freshness of an inquirer whose mind has never been satiated by borrowed learning."

"One is glad to know, however," observes the *Leader*, "that he has left his Lectures on Logic and Metaphysics fairly written out. When these are published, they will, perhaps, be the most perfect revelation of the man, in both his aspects—that of his colossal memory and acquaintance with the whole history of opinion, and that of his native vigor and subtlety of speculative thought. It was the union of vast erudition with vast intellectual strength in pure speculation, that made Sir William almost unique among his British contemporaries; and it is solemnizing to think that in one brief day such a brain may cease its thinkings, and such a memory, with all that lay gathered up in it, may be extinguished from the earth."

We regret to be called upon to record the recent decease of Augustin Thierry, the able, philosophical, and accomplished French historian. His "History of the Norman Conquest," is one of the finest historical productions in any language; and his noble papers upon the "Carlovingians," as well as his History of the "Tiers Etat," entitle his memory to a place by the side of Niebuhr. He was blind during many years; but in his greatest afflictions, he was ever actively engaged in some literary pursuit.

Under the title of "Ma Bibliothèque Française," a little volume has been prepared—at the instance of Mr. Stevens, the literary agent in England of the Smithsonian Institute—by Mr. Hector Bossange, for the use of American librarians and collectors. It is prepared on a good plan, and seems to be executed with the care which distinguished Mr. Stevens' little work "My English Library."

The number of readers of the "British Museum" last year amounted to 58,567—on an average, 184 per diem; and, as the rooms were open on 200 days, every reader is supposed to have consulted on the average nearly seven volumes per diem. The number of books consulted was 347,683, or 1198 per diem. The number of volumes added to the library, (including 160 received under the International Copyright Act,) was 10,404, including music, maps, and newspapers. Of these, 836 were presented, 3,936 bought, and 5,632 acquired by copyright. 2,617 pieces of music, (each forming a complete work,) were acquired last year. In the MSS. department 523 new MSS., 2460 original charters and rolls, and 8 seals have been added to the general collection. These acquisitions include the diplomatic correspondence and papers of Sebastio Joze Carvalho e Mello, afterwards Marquis of Pombal, from 1738 to 1747, with 120 volumes relating to the history of Portuguese India and Brazil.

Prof. Sophocles, of Cambridge, Mass., author of an excellent Romæ Grammar, is preparing for

early publication a collection of popular modern Greek Poetry. Prof. Felton has published a selection from modern Greek writers. The celebrated press of Stephen Austin, of Hertford, will soon issue a splendidly illustrated collection of Roman popular Poetry. We might add many more works to the above list, published recently in France and Germany, and illustrating modern Greek literature, were more proofs required of the interest which this beautiful language is exciting. The Greek of the present day is substantially the language that was spoken in the Alexandrian and Byzantine periods; and its preservation is one of the most surprising instances of tenacious nationality. In Greece itself the literary activity is truly surprising: there are published about thirty newspapers, two or three literary journals, and an archaeological journal, most of them written with talent, and some, as the *Pan-hellion*, which was commenced in 1853, quite equal, in elegance of style and power of argument, to the best journals of Paris and London. The text-books for schools, Gynnasia, and the University are very numerous, and will bear favorable comparison with those in the Prussian schools. The list of books printed by the principal publishers, Koromelas and Blastos, is surprisingly large. The number of volumes annually published by Koromelas amounts to 600,000. In addition to the above our readers, and classical scholars in particular, will be glad to learn that Mr. Linton, the artist, has now published a selection from his portfolio, being fifty views of Greece and its Islands, in an elegant quarto volume.

A New Biographia Britannica has been undertaken by various hands. The editor and publisher invite the coöperation of all men of letters, who have given attention to special bibliographical subjects, or who possess documents illustrating the lives of particular persons.

The attention of the world is at present directed so pointedly, politically as well as scientifically, towards Mexico and Central America, that we notice several interesting publications connected with this subject. B. Biondelli, the celebrated Italian linguist, having acquired the Aztec Codex of B. Sahagun, being a translation of the Gospels and Epistles into the Nahuatl or Aztec language, will publish the same, with a Latin translation and a glossary. Only 250 copies will be printed, at £4 each.

Dr. C. Scherzer is preparing for publication, under the patronage of the Vienna Academy, an edition of the *Quiché Chronicle*, which he copied

from the original manuscript at Guatemala. It is a Spanish translation, from the original *Quiché*, by Father Ximenes, made in 1721, and treats of the Origin of the World, and of the establishment of the Quiché Empire.

The first volume of Trubner's *Bibliotheca Glottica*, being a bibliographical account of Aboriginal American Linguistics, will be published in September.

Mr. John Crawfurd, the distinguished author of "A History of the Indian Archipelago," as also of a "Dissertation on the Malay Language," which is intended to disprove the celebrated hypothesis of William von Humboldt respecting the identity of the origin and of the languages of the numerous races inhabiting the Eastern and Pacific Oceans—is engaged upon "Cyclopædia of the Malay and Philippine Islands," and we understand the work is already printed as far as the article "Java."

The works of Schelling, the German philosopher, are to appear, for the first time, in a collected form. The publication is intrusted to a number of *savans*. About one sixth of the matter to be given in this edition has never been published before. The first volume, (beginning with the unprinted writings,) has just left the press. It contains the "Einleitung in die Philosophie der Mythologie."

The *Frankfurter Museum* brings a report on the publication of the posthumous works of Heinrich Heine, intermixed with capital remarks and anecdotes of the late poet. Heine's "Literary Remains" will be edited, according to his own wish, by his friend and relative Dr. Christiani, the same whom, many years ago, he celebrated in one of his most witty little poems as the "Mirabeau der Lüneburger Haide." It was always Heine's wish that his works should be published after his death with as little alteration as possible. He himself has pointed out only three poems which are to be omitted in a future edition of his works. One of these is the wicked cyclus, "Lobgesänge auf König Ludwig," printed in 1844, in the *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*; another, that most harmless, though, at the same time, irresistibly ludicrous, "Song of Praise" to Meyerbeer, the musical composer; of which, as it defies translation, we subjoin the first stanza in German for the benefit of our readers:

"Heil dem Meister, der uns theuer;  
Heil dem grossen Bärenmeyer;  
Heil dem grossen Meyerbeer,  
Der nach Nöthen lang und schwer,  
Der nach langen Schwerenöthen  
Uns geboren den Propheten!"



# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

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From the North British Review.

## LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE LATE MR. JUSTICE TALFOURD.\*

THE late Thomas Noon Talfourd was a remarkable man in many ways. He had stood in the front rank of English advocates; he had occupied no mean place as a parliamentary speaker; he was raised to the judicial bench with the cordial approval of his profession; and (what he himself prized most of all) he had acquired undoubted eminence as a dramatic author. If his early connection with journalism, and his large acquaintance amongst the periodical dispensers of contemporary fame, occasionally led to his being extravagantly eulogized in his lifetime, this is no reason why he should be permitted to drop into comparative oblivion immediately after death; and believing that more than one pregnant moral, or valuable lesson, may be deduced from his career,

we propose to take a calm review of his life, writings, and character.

He was born at Reading on May 26, 1795. His father was by trade a brewer, and by religious persuasion a Dissenter—a circumstance which exercised no inconsiderable influence on the early habits and mental training of the son, who, however, from the time when he was at liberty to make an election, appears to have been an attached adherent of the Church of England. He was educated at the excellent grammar-school of his native town, under the Rev. Dr. Valpy—a name familiar to scholars—and he retained through life the deepest sense of obligation for the care his revered master had bestowed upon him. The first edition of *Ion* is dedicated to Dr. Valpy, “as a slender token of gratitude for benefits which can not be expressed in words.” The essentially Greek tone and coloring of this production afford the best proof of the author’s classical proficiency, and of the facility with which, thank, to good grounding, he was enabled in after life to extend his dramatic readings into regions which are rarely visited by modern play-wrights. What may be called the formal and regu-

\* *Tragedies; to which are added a few Sonnets and Verses.* By SIR T. N. TALFOURD, D.C.L. London: Edward Moxon.

*Vacation Rambles; comprising the Recollections of Rome, Continental Tours, etc.* By SIR T. N. TALFOURD, D.C.L. Third Edition. London: Edward Moxon.

*Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of T. Noon Talfourd, Author of “Ion.”* In one Volume. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1842.

lar part of his education began and ended with this school. After leaving it, he was abandoned to his own natural or acquired tendencies; for, instead of being sent to a university, he was entered at an earlier age than is usual of an Inn of Court, the Middle Temple; and, in 1813, he began studying the law in the chambers of the celebrated special pleader, the late Mr. Joseph Chitty.

The vocation of special pleader is an anomaly peculiar to England. In its origin it was exclusively and (we suspect) covertly pursued by students, who were willing to eke out a scanty income by doing what, in strictness, was the attorney's business, for lower fees than, according to professional etiquette, could be received by a barrister. There is a well-known story of Serjeant Davy, who, on being arraigned before the circuit mess for unprofessional conduct in taking silver from a client, defended himself by saying, "I took all the poor devil possessed in the world, and I hope you don't call that unprofessional." But the learned serjeant was fined notwithstanding, and the rule has been invariably enforced, although the special pleader, not having undergone the ceremony of the call, is permitted to accept five shillings or seven and sixpence, and even to send in his bill of charges if he thinks fit. The advantages of the calling consist in the familiarity with practical forms which it teaches, and the connections to which it leads, whilst its respectability has been amply sustained by the number and reputation of the eminent judges it has sent forth. In illustration, we need not go farther back than to the last judge who has been raised to the peerage, now Lord Wensleydale, and to the two last English advocates who have been invested with the ermine, now Mr. Justice Willis and Mr. Baron Bramwell. At the same time it would be difficult to imagine a more dry and unattractive school, and a young man of Talfourd's imaginative turn of mind might have been excused if he had shrunk from so trying an ordeal, and occupied himself, like the majority of pupils, with the more congenial pursuits lying so temptingly within reach in a metropolis. But he set to work in right earnestness to master the science; and, after working three or four years under Mr. Chitty's guidance, he commenced practising as a special pleader on his own account. He was not called

to the bar till Hilary term, 1821; and considering his peculiar tastes and aptitudes, his fluent elocution, and his fondness for oratorical display, there can be little doubt that the *res angusta domi*, and the dread of circuit and session expenses, were the main cause of his persevering so long in an obscure and unexciting occupation.

One of the best things that Talfourd ever wrote was an article "On the Profession of the Bar," in the *London Magazine*. It so obviously refers to his own feelings and prospects as to be almost of an autobiographical character, and it comprises many hints and reflections which may be read with advantage by future aspirants for forensic honors, and their friends. We propose, therefore, to quote a few passages. After dwelling enthusiastically on the tempting bait offered to young ambition, on the stirring character of the career, and on the dreams of coming celebrity in which the embryo Scarlets and Follets may be supposed to indulge, he proceeds:

"But the state of anticipation cannot last for ever. The day arrives when the candidate for forensic opportunities and honors must assume the gown amidst the congratulations of his friends, and attempt to realize their wishes. The hour is no doubt happy, in spite of some intruding thoughts; its festivities are not less joyous because they wear a coloring of solemnity; it is one more reason of hope snatched from fate, inviting the mind to bright remembrance, and rich in the honest assurances of affection and sympathy. It passes, however, as rapidly as its predecessors, and the morrow sees the youth at Westminster, pressing a wig upon aching temples, and taking a fearful survey of the awful bench where the judges sit, and more awful benches crowded with competitors, who have set out with as good hopes, who have been encouraged by as enthusiastic friends, and who have as valid claims to success as he.

"Now, then, having allowed him to enjoy the foretastes of prosperity, let us investigate what are the probabilities that he will enjoy them. Are they in any degree proportioned to his intellectual powers and accomplishments? Is the possession of some share of the highest faculties of the mind, which has given him confidence, really in his favor? These questions we will try to solve. We may, perhaps, explain to the misjudging friends of some promising aspirant, who has not attained the eminence they expected, why their prophecies have been unfulfilled. They think that, with such powers as they know him to possess, there must be some fault which they did not perceive—some want of industry or perseverance; but there was probably none; and they may rather seek for the cause of failure in



the delicacy of feeling which won their sympathy, or in the genius they were accustomed to admire."

The solution of the mystery, as he goes on to explain, is to be found in the simple fact, that the distributors of briefs, the real patrons of merit, are not the people at large—not even the factitious assemblage called the public—not scholars, nor readers, nor thinkers, nor admiring audiences, nor sages of the law, but simply attorneys. When a barrister has risen to undisputed eminence, they have little choice in the matter; for, at least in important cases, the client will commonly insist on retaining the highest and best known talent. But they enjoy an unlimited discretion in the selection of juniors; and as Talfourd justly observes, by employing young men early, they may give them not merely fees, but courage, practice, and the means of becoming known to others.

"From this extraordinary position," he continues, "arises the necessity for the strictest etiquette in form, and the nicest honor in conduct, which strangers are apt to ridicule, but which alone can prevent the bar from being prostrated at the feet of an inferior class. It is no small proof of the spirit and intelligence of the profession, as a body, that these qualities are able to preserve them in a station of apparent superiority to those on whom they virtually depend. They frequent the places of business; they follow the judges from town to town, and appear ready to undertake any side of any cause; they sit to be looked at and chosen, day after day, and year after year; and yet, by force of professional honor and gentlemanly accomplishments, and by these alone, they continue to be respected by the men who are to decide their destiny. But no rule of etiquette, however strict, and no feelings of delicacy, however nice and generous, can prevent a man who has connections among attorneys, from possessing a great advantage over his equals who have none. It is natural that his friends should think highly of him, and desire to assist him, and it would be absurd to expect that he should disappoint them by refusing their briefs, when conscious of ability to do them justice. Hence a youth, born and educated in the middle ranks of life, who is able to struggle to the bar, has often a far better chance of speedy success than a gentleman of rank and family. This consideration may lessen the wonder so often expressed at the number of men who have risen to eminence in the law from comparatively humble stations. Without industry and talent they could have done little; but perhaps with both these they might have done less, if their early fame had not been nurtured by those to whom their success was a favorite object, and whose

zeal afforded them at once opportunity and stimulus, which to more elevated adventurers are wanting."

A remarkable change has taken place in the profession of the law in this respect. Prior to the eighteenth century, the rise of a man of low birth to its highest dignities was a rare occurrence; and we learn from Dugdale, that, so late as 1601, an order (countersigned by Bacon) was issued by the Crown, "that none should be admitted into an Inn of Court that is not a gentleman by descent." When, therefore, Mr. Foss, in his valuable little book entitled *The Grandeur of the Law*, stated, in 1843, that no less than 83 peerages had been founded by successful lawyers, he should have added, that a very large proportion of these belonged already to the hereditary aristocracy. During the last century and a half, however, the plebeians have carried off most of the highest prizes. To say nothing of living examples, we may name Somers, Hardwick, Thurlow, Kenyon, Dunning, King, the Scotts, Gifford, Gibbs, Tenterden, Shepherd, Romilly, Wilde, Follet, &c., as confessedly wanting in ancestral distinctions; and some of these certainly benefited by connections of a different order in the manner which Talfourd has pointed out. He himself must have had friends and connections amongst the provincial attorneys, who, from what they had known of him in early life, or from the opinion that had got abroad of his talents, were predisposed to give him a chance. He had also the connections which he must have formed as a special pleader; and we have good authority for believing that he had no occasion to complain of neglect or forgetfulness. Yet, for some years after he joined the Oxford Circuit and the Berkshire Sessions, he did not get on as fast as he had anticipated; and the essay from which we have been quoting, betrays a growing feeling of despondency, and occasionally sounds very like a premature apology for apprehended failure. Still his very impatience is instructive, and his satirical touches are all redolent of truth. Most of us could easily supply illustrations of the following passages from our own personal observation:

"When a man has nothing really to say, he is assisted greatly by confusion of language, and a total want of arrangement and grammar. Mere stupidity, accompanied by a certain degree of fluency, is no inconsiderable power. It enables its

possessor to protract the contest long after he is beaten, because he neither understands his own case, nor the arguments by which he has been answered. It is a weapon of defence, behind which he obtains protection, not only from his adversaries, but from the judge. If the learned person who presides, wearied out with endless irrelevancies, should attempt to stop him, he will insist on his privilege to be dull, and obtain the admiration of the audience by his firmness in supporting the rights of the bar. In these points, a sensitive and acute advocate has no chance of rivalling him in the estimation of the bystanders."

"Let no one, therefore, hastily conclude that the failure of a youth, to whom early opportunities are given, is a proof of essential inferiority to successful rivals. It may be, indeed, that he is below his business; for want of words does not necessarily imply plenitude of ideas, nor is abstinence from lofty prosings and stale jests conclusive evidence of wit and knowledge; but he is more probably superior to his vocation; too clear in his own perceptions to perplex others; too much accustomed to think, to make a show without thought; and too deeply impressed with admiration of the venerable and the affecting, readily to apply their attributes to the miserable facts he is retained to embellish."

There is a happy illustration of Swift's, to the effect that a finely-tempered pen-knife may ill supply the place of a blunter and coarser instrument, like a paper-knife; and there is a well-known story of Addison's incapacity, during his brief Secretaryship of State, to write, off-hand, a formal paper, which was finished and dispatched in ten minutes by a writing clerk. But it is a dangerous doctrine to inculcate or suggest that fastidiousness is a proof of ability; and we agree with Dr. Johnson when he lays down, in his sturdy, down-right way, "The true strong and sound mind, is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small. Now, I am told the King of Prussia will say to a servant, 'Bring me a bottle of such a wine, which came in such a year; it lies in such a corner of the cellars.' I would have a man great in great things, and elegant in little things." We would have him always equal to his work, be that work what it may—*par negotiis, neque supra*; and this Talfourd commonly was, whenever a sudden call was made upon his faculties, and when no time was allowed for mounting his imagination upon stilts, or for composing the ornate passages by which he too often marred the effect of his prepared speeches. For this reason, his reputation on his circuit, at least from the time when

he became its unquestioned leader, was always higher than in town: and there was as much difference between the humor and fancy with which he lighted up a common jury case at Reading or Oxford, and the ambitious flights of his printed orations, as (to borrow the felicitous metaphor of Lord Brougham) between sparks thrown off from a working engine and fireworks thrown up for display. The truth is, his taste was never of the severest order, and it was not likely to be chastened by the intellectual habits or literary associates of his youth. It was said of him, when about thirty, that he had written more than he had ever read; and it was then undoubtedly true, that his compositions afforded slight evidence of deep study, whilst they were flung off with dangerous facility, and amounted to hundreds of pages within the year.

With regard to reading, he belonged to the school of Charles Lamb, (Elia,) who, more than half in earnest, thus expounded his creed in this particular: "I can read any thing which I call a book. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such. In this catalogue of books which are no books—*biblia abiblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, pocket-books, draught-boards bound and lettered at the back, scientific treatises, almanacs, the Statutes at large, the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Adam Smith, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without;' the Histories of Flavius Josephus, (that learned Jew,) and Paley's Moral Philosophy."

Talfourd's writings were of a most miscellaneous character; and he appears to have been simultaneously a contributor to the London Magazine, the New Monthly Magazine, the Retrospective Review, the Edinburgh Review, (occasionally,) and some of the leading newspapers. He was also, during many years, engaged as a law reporter of the circuit cases for the *Times*—a mode of earning money to which he resorted with reluctance, and which he subsequently admitted to be hardly reconcilable with the position of a fair and independent competitor for practice or for fame. The so-called dignity of the Bar had little or nothing to do with the question, which was discussed, about eight or ten years ago, with uncalled-for acrimony, between the profession and the press. The solid and almost unanswerable objection,

is the discretion vested in the reporter of giving undue prominence to cases in which he or his personal friends are retained, and the suspicion to which he will be constantly exposed of having made an interested or partial use of his opportunities. We would not answer for Talfourd where his friends were concerned, but we are convinced that, so long as he held this invidious office, his own name figured less frequently in the desiderated columns than it would have done had an indifferent person been employed to record the learning and oratory of his circuit.

Romilly's juvenile plan of future life, as he states in his Diary, was to follow his profession just as far as was necessary for his subsistence, and to aspire to fame by his literary pursuits. Talfourd's was the reverse, and he prudently refrained from attaching his name to any of the multifarious writings which he flung off to provide for the pressing wants of his family before he had secured the confidence of the attorneys. This is one reason why literature did not exercise on his prospects the same blighting influence which it has exercised on those of so many others. It is the notoriety of the thing rather than the thing itself that inflicts the injury. The attorney will seldom trouble himself about the incidental collateral pursuits of his counsel unless they are forced upon his notice, although he may be excused for entertaining an apprehension that the young lawyer who is openly aspiring to fame as an author, will bring only a divided or fluttering attention to his brief. The production of a law book is not open to the objection, and Talfourd advanced his professional interests by the publication of an enlarged and corrected edition of "*Dickinson's Practical Guide to the Quarter and other Sessions of the Peace*."

In 1832 he considered that his position on the circuit, with increasing business in London, justified him in applying for a silk gown, and his claim was submitted in the ordinary way to Lord Brougham, then Lord Chancellor, who, for some unexplained reason, declined or delayed acceding to it, until Talfourd lost patience and (in Hilary Term 1833) accepted the coif. The rank of serjeant, although greatly lowered of late years by the carelessness with which it has been bestowed, gives precedence, in order of seniority, next to the Queen's counsel, and is highly respected; but it has been traditionally and absurdly asso-

ciated with images of cumbrous learning and solemn dulness.

"Each had a gravity would make you split,  
And shook his head at Murray for a wit."

It is customary for the Chancellor to consult the other members of the circuit of about the same standing as the applicant for rank, before putting him over their heads or alongside of them; and as Talfourd was on his way to Lord Brougham's to ascertain his lordship's final decision, he met one of his most formidable rivals, renowned for caustic wit, who thus addressed him: "I have been just saying of you the severest thing I ever said of any man—that you are in every respect fit to be a serjeant." This step proved a fortunate one, for, besides improving his position on his circuit, it led to his speedily obtaining a large share of the business of the Common Pleas, where he was confessedly second only to the late Lord Truro, then Serjeant Wilde. In 1835, he was chosen, under the most flattering auspices, to represent his native town, Reading, in Parliament; and although (like a popular and brilliant historian) he subsequently had a taste of the proverbial instability of popular favor, his constituents (like the electors of Edinburgh) repented in good time of their fickleness, made ample compensation for it, and eventually parted on the best possible terms with the member who had reflected back with interest the honor they had conferred upon him. He was reelected in 1837, but was compelled to retire in consequence of some local faction or intrigue at the next general election, and was out of Parliament from 1841 to 1847. He then regained his seat, and kept it till he was elevated to the Bench.

The soundness of the current remark that lawyers do not succeed in Parliament, has been contested by our great northern cotemporary; and, all things considered, we must admit that a fair average number of lawyers have succeeded, not merely during the days of Romilly, Sir William Grant, Plunkett, O'Connell, Follett, Pemberton, Wilde, Campbell, Brougham, and Lyndhurst; but still more remarkably at antecedent periods, as when Murray (Lord Mansfield) was the only antagonist whom the ministry could oppose to the "great commoner," or when Lord North is described by Gibbon as slumbering securely

on the Treasury bench, whilst "upheld by the majestic sense of Thurlow on the one hand, and by the skilful eloquence of Wedderburne on the other." If Talfourd did not succeed, that is, did not become one of the stars of the Parliamentary firmament, he certainly did not fail. He amply sustained the reputation he brought with him into this new sphere of exertion; and he effected what has fallen to the lot of very few legislators, professional or unprofessional, to effect, namely, the addition of two really sound and (so far as they go) eminently useful enactments to the Statute Book. We allude to the Custody of Infants Act, (2 and 3 Vict. c. 54,) and the Copyright Act of 1842, (5 Vict. c. 45.)

Prior to the passing of the first mentioned of these Acts, the English law gave the father unlimited power over his infant children, and instances had occurred in which it was barbarously abused for unjustifiable ends. In one case, (*De Mannerville's*), a needy foreigner, married to an English woman, took away an infant daughter from the mother because she refused to make a will in his favor, and the mother was left without redress. In another, (*Skinner's*), the effect of the decision was to leave a child of six years old in the custody of a girl kept by the father, who was in jail for debt. Talfourd's Act merely invests the superior courts with discretionary authority to modify this frightful oppression in extreme cases; yet it was opposed, (especially by Lord St. Leonards,) as if the smallest interference with marital rights would flood this devoted land with immorality. This is almost invariably the line of argument pursued by the technical lawyers, when it is proposed to legislate in opposition to their confirmed habits of thinking. Yet we defy them to name an instance in which their prophecies of coming evil from the abolition or mitigation of the harsh and repulsive portions of our jurisprudence, have proved true; and their groundless fears should be remembered to their discredit whenever fresh measures of law reform, in accordance with enlightened although unlearned public opinion, shall be discussed. The carrying of the Custody of Infants Act was mainly owing to the effect produced by "*A Plain Letter to the Lord Chancellor*," by Pearce Stevenson, Esq.—avowedly the production of the injured and gifted woman

who, in a pamphlet recently reviewed in our pages, contends with equal force for a radical amendment of the English law of marriage and divorce.

The Copyright Act, first introduced in 1837, met with the most vehement opposition, and its final adoption by the Legislature was the result of a compromise by which its scope was materially restricted. Its most formidable assailant was Mr. Macaulay, who by the combined force of eloquence and authority very nearly effected the complete defeat of the measure; yet, on a calm review of the controversy, impartial persons may doubt whether he had the best of the argument. A tangible possession like land, or even an intangible or incorporeal right over it, may be held in perpetuity, *i. e.*, to a man and his heirs or assigns for ever. Why should we refuse to recognize and protect the same extent of property in a book, one essential difference being that the land is appropriated out of the common stock, whilst the book may be compared to a new and fertile island which is made to spring up where all before was a barren waste of waters? The common law of England gave the author his copyright in perpetuity. Why should the Legislature interpose to limit it? Surely if the sacred principle of property was to be infringed at all in his case, the wiser and juster species of interference would have been a law to save him from the consequences of his own improvidence, by prohibiting the entire alienation of his works, as in the case of celebrated recipients of the national bounty. Unless military exploits so far transcend literary or scientific services as to exclude the parallel, there is no reason why Scott's Novels, or Burns' Poems, should not have been permanently entailed as well as Blenheim or Strathfieldsaye. Plausible, if not incontrovertible, as were such arguments, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Warburton, and Mr. Grote met and neutralized them, by dwelling on the great advantage to the public of cheapening standard books by deducting the author's profit, and by expatiating on the contingency that an heir might turn up bigoted or stupid enough to be ashamed of his literary progenitor, and anxious to suppress his works. Why authors should be plundered for the supposed benefit of the public was not very clearly shown, whilst the impossibility of suppressing a published book is notorious;

but Talfourd had laid himself under a disadvantage by claiming only an extension of the legislative term, instead of carrying out the principle of property to its legitimate consequences, and at the end of a five years' struggle he was obliged to rest satisfied with an addition of seven years.

In 1848, he was raised to the bench of the Common Pleas, and received the customary honors of knighthood. His promotion was justly due to his professional position and general character. He was a sound lawyer: he was the soul of honor and integrity: his judgment was clear, and his understanding excellent; nor did he in any respect disappoint the favorable expectations which those who knew him well had formed of his fitness to be a judge. The peculiar incidents of his death must be freshly remembered by most of our readers. He was struck by apoplexy in the act of addressing the Grand Jury from the judicial seat at Stafford during the Spring Assizes of 1854, and he died a few hours afterwards at his lodgings in that town.

We now turn back to the most eventful era in his life, considered with reference to his claims on posterity. His literary fame rests mainly on a single drama. It is as the author of *Ion* that he takes rank in the republic of letters; and this remarkable production was first printed for private circulation—i. e., for all practical purposes, published—in April, 1835, just after his election for Reading, and in the plenitude of his forensic celebrity. The circumstances under which it was composed are detailed in the preface. From boyhood he had been passionately attached to the drama; and his fondness for it had been naturally enhanced by its having been originally tasted in the tempting shape of forbidden fruit. "Denied by the conscientious scruples of friends an early acquaintance with plays," he enjoyed them with all the keener relish when he was at liberty to indulge his long-suppressed inclination; and the stage forthwith became in his eyes the grand centre of interest—the luminous point in the horizon, towards and around which (with the due reserve for professional duties) all his thoughts, wishes, and associations were to converge and cluster. During many years the dramatic department of the *New Monthly Magazine* was under his management; and he was required to

discuss the merits of every new play or performer of note—a task which he executed with spirit, with ability, and with as much impartiality as could be commanded by a critic who seldom summoned courage to pass a condemnatory sentence on the most incorrigible offender, and who rarely made a passing allusion to friends without praising them. He speedily got acquainted with the leading actors; and so completely did he identify himself with the varying fame and fortunes of those amongst them who best embodied his favorite characters, as to feel their occasional triumphs and successes as his own. His intimacy with Mr. Macready—in whom were combined the feelings and accomplishments of a highly educated gentleman with artistic qualities of rare and acknowledged excellence—obviously exercised a strong and durable influence on his studies and modes of thought; indeed, there can be little doubt that the part of the hero in each of his own plays was, consciously or unconsciously, composed with an especial reference to his friend; and when he was moulding *Ion*, *Thoas*, or *Halbert Macdonald*, into shape, the bodily image constantly present to his mind's eye was that of the familiar form with which all his liveliest impressions of scenic heroism, dignity, grace, and tenderness were mixed up. In his preface he thus alludes to the progress made by the drama during the preceding twelve years:

"It has happened to me to be intimately acquainted with all those who contributed to this impulse, and to take an immediate interest in their successes. I also enjoyed the friendship of the delightful artist to whom all have, by turns, been indebted for the realization of their noblest conceptions, and was enabled to enjoy, with more exquisite relish, the home-born affection with which these were endued, and the poetical grace breathed around them, by finding the same influences shed by Mr. Macready over the sphere of his social and domestic life. It will not be surprising that, to one thus associated, the old wish to accomplish something in dramatic shape should recur, not accompanied by the hope of sharing in the scenic triumphs of his friends, but bounded by the possibility of conducting a tale through dialogue to a close, and of making it subserve to the expression of some cherished thoughts. In this state of feeling, some years ago, the scheme of the drama of *Ion* presented itself to me."

The title, he had already stated, is borrowed from the tragedy of Euripides,

which gave the first hint of the situation in which the hero is introduced—that of a foundling youth educated in a temple and assisting in its services; “but otherwise,” he adds, “there is no resemblance between this imperfect sketch and that exquisite picture.” He did not appear to have been aware that the same resemblance might be traced between Ion and the Joas of Racine’s *Athalie*. It has been thought strange that an enthusiastic admirer of the dramatists of the Elizabethan period, and one, too, who had neither been bred up at a university nor lived much with professed scholars, should have chosen a subject from ancient mythology, and have elected to cast his thoughts in a Greek mould. He did not belong to that now extinct, or almost extinct, race of old Etonians and Oxonians, like the late Marquis of Wellesley or the late Lord Tenterden, who continued through life to be prouder of their hexameters and iambics than of their exploits as statesmen or judges; neither are his miscellaneous writings distinguished by classical illustrations, nor by that purity or peculiarity of tone which is supposed to be acquired by the assiduous perusal of the Greek and Roman master-pieces. But, as his circuit friends agree, he had long been in the habit of reading Sophocles and Euripides in the original; and he instinctively felt that his genius was better adapted for moving gracefully under certain restraints and within prescribed limits, than for floating free upon the wings of invention, or for soaring up into the dizzy regions of originality. A destiny play, on the Greek model, saves a world of trouble and anxiety to an author who is simply in search of a vehicle for his thoughts and sentiments. Fate, Fortune, and the Furies, are constantly at hand to account for any improbability of incident or inconsistency of character; and provided the turns and surprises be in keeping with the old superstition, and hang tolerably well together, neither readers nor audience will be over-rigid in enforcing the Horatian precept, that the knot should be worthy of the god.

If Talfourd made free use of this recognized license, it must be admitted that he did not abuse it. The plot, although its march is somewhat slow and funereal, is not devoid of interest; and the scene in which Adrastus discovers his son, and the catastrophe, are well contrived. The illusion is rarely broken by an incongruity,

and the blank verse is smooth, graceful, and flowing—indeed, too flowing, for the meaning is often clouded by a redundancy of harmonious sentences, which the author poured forth with a facility rivalling that of the gentleman (mentioned by Horace) who wrote standing on one foot. There are passages, too, instinct with deep reflection, as well as whole scenes of soft and winning sentiment; but still the *vis viva*, the creative touch, the inspiring power, are wanting. There are no thoughts that breathe or words that burn. Garrick complained of Johnson’s *Irene*, that declamation roared, whilst passion slumbered. In *Ion*, declamation rather murmurs than roars, and passion never actually falls asleep; but the critic, whether reader or spectator, sees that his proper business is to attend to a succession of rhetorical effusions, whilst passion is so controlled by destiny or decorum, that she is hardly to be distinguished from duty. It is difficult to imagine a soberer or better-behaved lover than Ion, who is equally calm and self-possessed whether he has to meet or quit his mistress, or whether he is ordained to stab his father or himself. Altogether, this play may fairly take rank, as the pleasing and blameless production of a refined and cultivated mind, amongst the best dramas that have been composed for the closet; but when the author’s friends proceeded to proclaim it as a decided work of genius in the highest sense of the term, they were clearly hurried into a palpable mistake.

Its unprecedented celebrity for a period was owing to a variety of concurring circumstances. In confining the circulation to a chosen set in the first instance, Talfourd was undoubtedly actuated by unaffected diffidence, yet he could not have adopted a more effective course for securing success. Every recipient of a copy is conciliated by the compliment, and is led by gratified vanity to talk kindly of the book. By the time it is regularly published, hundreds of influential persons have pre-disposed the public in its favor; and they must defend the judgment which they may have laid down hastily or inconsiderately.

In this instance, also, the author was a popular member of a numerous profession, and he had just entered the House of Commons, preceded by a well-earned reputation for talent and eloquence. Be this as it may, *Ion* rapidly acquired an extent of fame which will haply puzzle posterity,

and which has been already followed by a reaction equally disproportioned to the real merits of the poem. But the crowning triumph was to come. Mr. Macready selected it for his benefit night, and, on May 26, 1836, it was performed at Covent-Garden, with all the aids which scenic art could give it. Macready, of course, acted *Ion*, and, although he hardly looked the stripling, he did full justice to the essential beauties of the character and the poetry of the part. He was admirably supported by Miss Tree, (now Mrs. Kean,) in Clemanthe; and the audience—mostly composed of legal, literary, artistic, and fashionable notabilities—came prepared to allow for admitted deficiencies of plot and stage effect. Amongst the anomalies of the night was a stage-box entirely occupied by serjeants, some of whom, it was rumored, had never before risked their morals or their gravity in a theatre. This performance was eminently successful. The curtain fell amidst thunders of applause; and Talfourd found himself actually revelling in the intoxicating joys of a position which, we suspect, had been oftener the subject of the waking dreams of his matured ambition than the woolsock. The author who is present on such an occasion has the same evidence and feeling of triumph as the applauded actor; and John Kemble used to say that there was nothing in life equal to the electric sympathy of an excited pit—to that agitated sea of speaking faces and waving hands and handkerchiefs. The most admired writer, even a Macaulay, gets his praise by driblets. The actor swallows it at a draught. It is only by a bold figure of speech that a patriot can “read his history in a nation’s eyes,” whilst to say that an actor, or an orator, reads *his* in the eyes of the spectators or audience, is the plain statement of a fact.

It was Hazlitt’s ordinary advice to any friend who was absorbed by a subject or pursuit, “Write a book and clear your mind of it.” We collect from Talfourd’s preface that, in printing his drama, he meant to follow this prescription, but it completely failed in his case; his thoughts and wishes were constantly reverting in his own despite to the footlights, and he longed unceasingly for another taste of that public applause which he had enjoyed in its most concentrated and intoxicating shape. His favorite haunt was the Garrick Club, and he seldom missed an opportunity

of turning the conversation on the theatre. One would have thought that the House of Commons, if only by the novelty of the arena, would have effected a diversion; yet in 1838 we find him writing avowedly for the stage, with an immediate view to representation, from a conviction that he might thereby promote the interests of a friend. “The existence of the following scenes,” he says in the preface to the *Athenian Captive*, is entirely to be attributed to the earnest desire which I feel to assist, even in the slightest degree, the endeavor which Mr. Macready has made this season in the cause of the acted drama.” The best, honestest, and most clear-sighted of men, are too frequently self-deceivers, or some surprise might be felt how Talfourd could so soon have forgotten what he himself had said about the impossibility of moving a modern audience by characters and machinery copied or imitated from the Greek dramatists. Racine induced his patrons to sympathize with his classical heroes and heroines by giving them the conventional costume, manners, and language of his contemporaries. Shakspeare attained the same end by nobler means—by clothing his Greeks and Romans with the attributes which are independent of time and place, and by subjecting them to the springs of action which are inseparable from human nature all the world over. Talfourd requires his public to transport themselves to Argos, Corinth, or Athens, and to feel precisely as Attic readers or spectators might have felt 400 years B. C. This is too great a stretch for an English public; and the partial success of his pieces as acting plays was certainly owing to the peculiar circumstances of their production. Galled at this suggestion, although evidently half-conscious of its truth, he resorted to an experiment, which is thus mentioned in the preface to *Glencoe*:

“Since this play was prepared for the press it has undergone the ordeal of representation; and, having avowed myself its author, I feel it right to state the circumstances under which it was written and ‘commended to the stage.’ It was composed in the vacation of 1839, at Glendwyr, in the most beautiful part of North Wales, chiefly for the purpose of embodying the feelings which the grandest scenery in the Highlands of Scotland had awakened, when I visited them in the preceding autumn. I had no distinct intention at that time of seeking for it a trial on the stage; but, having almost unconsciously blended with the image of its hero the figure, the attitudes, and tones of the great actor, whom I had

associated for many years with every form of tragedy, I could not altogether repress the hope that I might one day enjoy the delight of seeing him give life and reality to my imperfect conceptions. After my return to London the play was printed, merely for the purpose of being presented to my friends; but when only two or three copies had been presented I was encouraged to believe that it would one day be acted, and I suppressed the edition. I found that my friend, Mr. Charles Dickens—whose generous devotion to my interest amidst his own triumphant labors I am most happy thus to boast—had shown it to Mr. Macready as the work of a stranger; that it had been read by him with deep interest; and that he had determined to recommend its production as the first novelty of the present Haymarket season."

If Mr. Macready did not, on a single perusal, discover that the chief part had been written for him by his old friend and admirer, he is not, nor ever was, the acute and discriminating critic, as well as the consummate actor, that we took him for. Why, *Glencoe* is Talfourd all over, with every one of his characteristic merits and defects—his gentleness and nobility of feeling, his purity of tone, his superabundant flow of mellifluous verse, his fondness for the supernatural, his want of vigor and invention, and his dreaminess. Moreover, if Mr. Macready had not believed Talfourd to be the author, he should have returned the drama as a plagiarism: for Halbert M'Donald bears too strong a likeness to Ion and Thoas to leave a momentary doubt of his parentage; and unswerving faith in the Highland crone's prophecy removes him as completely beyond the reach of common motives as if his course had been marked out by the finger of destiny. In each of the plays, also, the most striking situation is the one in which the hero stands prepared, from a sense of duty, to inflict death against his will. At the same time, if Mr. Macready thought *Ion* and the *Athenian Captive* worthy of the care he bestowed upon them, we do not wonder that his voice was given for the representation of *Glencoe*; for there is more animation and probability in the plot, and the declamatory passages are, in our opinion, the finest of Talfourd's poetic effusions. For example, when Halbert is narrating his alleged vision:

"'Neath the moon  
Our three huge mountains stood in light,  
Strange, solemn, spectral—not as if they towered

Majestic into heaven, but hoar and bow'd  
Beneath the weight of centuries, and each  
Sent forth a sound as of a giant sigh;  
Then from their feet the mists arising, grew  
To shapes resembling human, till I saw  
Dimly reveal'd among the ghastly train,  
Familiar forms of living clansmen, dress'd  
In vestments of the tomb—they glided on,  
While strains of martial music from afar  
Mock'd their sad flight."

The manner in which Helen justifies her preference for Harry is exquisitely graceful:

"Pardon me, sweet lady,  
But when with Henry, I recall old times,  
I look across the intervening years  
As a low vale in which fair pastures lie  
Unseen, to gaze upon a sunlit bank  
On which my childhood sported, and which  
grows  
Near as I watch it. If his nature seems  
Unsoftened by reflection—like a rock  
Which draws no nurture from the rains, nor  
drinks  
The sunbeam in that lights it, yet sustains  
A plume of heather—it is crowned with grace  
Which wins the heart it shelters."

Talfourd married young, and was singularly happy in his domestic relations. All his personal experience of women was in their favor, and affectionate devotedness is the distinguishing quality with which he invests each of his heroines. Helen, alone, is redeemed from downright insipidity by a natural touch of feminine weakness. She falls in love with the gay, fickle, and treacherous soldier, instead of the grave, thoughtful, and noble-minded recluse; and although it is difficult to imagine Halbert blind to the real state of his pretty cousin's heart, he accounts for his self-delusion in language which amply excuses it:

"Before Heaven,  
I summon you to witness! In the gloom  
Of winter's dismal evening, while I strove  
To melt the icy burden of the hours  
By knightly stories, and rehearsed the fate  
Of some high maiden's passion, self-sustained  
Through years of solitary hope, or crown'd  
In death with triumph, have you not observed,  
As fading embers threw a sudden gloom  
Upon her beauty, that its gaze was fix'd  
On the rapt speaker, with a force that told  
How she could lavish such a love on him?"

LADY MACDONALD.

I have; and then I fancied that she loved you.



## HALBERT.

Fancied! good mother, is that emptiest sound  
 The comfort that you offer? Is my heart  
 Fit sport for fancy? Fancied! 'twas clear  
 As it were written in the book of God  
 By a celestial penman. Answer me,  
 Once more! when hurricanes have rock'd these  
     walls,  
 And dash'd upon our wondering ears the roar  
 Of the far sea, exulting that its wastes  
 Were populous with agonies; with loves  
 Strongest in death; with memories of long  
     years,  
 Gray phantoms of an instant—as my arms,  
 Enfolding each, grew tighter with the sense  
 Of feebleness to save—have you not known  
 Her looks, beyond the power of language, speak  
 In resolute contest, how sweet it were  
 To die so linked together?"

His posthumous drama, *The Castilian*, manifests no enlargement of range, or improvement in execution, and is mainly worthy of note for an additional proof of his unabated passion for the stage. In fact, he watched every fresh competitor for the honors of dramatic authorship with a feverish anxiety, which not unfrequently caused one of the kindest-hearted and most generous of human beings to wear the guise of a jealous and carping rival. Although always ready in his writings to admit, or even to exaggerate, the merits of contemporaries, he was a perfect Sir Fretful Plagiarist whenever a new play was discussed in his presence: and many a former object of his idolatry sank down into a commonplace or faulty writer from the time when he or she was perforce compared with the author of *Ion*. If he took up a newspaper, his eye wandered instinctively to the theatrical columns, and he may have been seen daily stopping to read one set of play-bills after another, on his way to and from Westminster Hall. The late Mr. Rogers used to relate that a literary friend, with whom he was walking on the sands near Broadstairs, happening to say that he should see Talfourd that evening, he (Rogers) asked: "Are you going to town, or is he coming here?" "Neither one nor the other; but I see that *Glencoe* is to be acted to-night at the Dover Theatre. I am sure he will be there; and as I wish to see him, I shall go over upon the chance." He did go, and the first object that met his eye on entering the theatre, was Talfourd in a stage-box, listening in rapt attention to his own verses.

Next in order to this mania, was his admiration for Wordsworth's poetry, "which," he maintained, "has exerted a purifying influence on the literature of this country, such as no other individual power has ever wrought." He was fond of telling an amusing illustration of his enthusiasm on this subject. During one of his visits to Edinburgh, he was dining with the late Professor Wilson, who professed the same taste, and when they were tolerably far advanced into the mirth and fun of a *Nox Ambrosiana*, a laughing dispute arose as to which recited Wordsworth best; and here we must be excused for suggesting, that, if the Professor did not recite better than Talfourd, it is fortunate for the poet's sanity that he was not there to arbitrate. A young Scotchman, who alone, of all the original party, had endured the pitiless pelting of the storm, having decided in the Professor's favor, the learned serjeant protested against this judgment as unfair, and seizing his hat, rushed out to appeal to the watchman, who was crying "past two," before the door. He could never recall the terms of the Scotch Dogberry's award; but he well remembered waking and finding himself, the next afternoon, in bed, at his hotel, his intention having been to start at 8 A. M. for Loch Lomond.

The effects of the constant study of Wordsworth may be traced in all Talfourd's metrical compositions; and some of his sonnets have a good deal of the elevating tone and practised hand of the master. The following, for example, "To Charles Dickens, on his *Oliver Twist*," is good:

"Not only with the author's happiest praise  
 Thy work should be rewarded; 'tis akin  
 To deeds of men, who, scorning ease, to win  
 A blessing for the wretched, pierce the maze  
 Which heedless ages spread around the ways  
 Where fruitful Sorrow tracks its parent Sin;  
 Content to listen to the wildest din  
 Of passion, and on fellest shapes to gaze  
 So they may earn the power which intercedes  
 With the bright world, and melt it; for within  
 Wan childhood's squalid haunts, where basest  
     needs  
 Make tyranny more bitter, at thy call  
 An angel face with patient sweetness pleads  
 For infant suffering to the heart of all."

The best specimens of his composition, however, are to be found in his prose works, and the delineation of character was a department in which he strikingly

excelled. His sketches of Lord Brougham and the late Lord Abinger, in his essay on the Bar, are admirable; but we prefer quoting the following graphic portrait of the late Lord Tenterden, from the *Law Magazine* for February, 1833, because it has not been reprinted, and will be new to most readers:

"The elevation of Lord Tenterden to the highest judicial seat in the Common Law Courts of England, and the character which he sustained while he filled it, afford a vivid example of the truth, that men succeed as often by their deficiencies as by their endowments. He reached his place, and held it to the general satisfaction of his countrymen, not only without the aid of any great or splendid qualities, but by reason of his entire want of all. The sole judicial virtue of his mind was that of impartiality; not mere independence of external influences, but the general absence of tendency in the mind itself to take a part or receive a bias. How beneficial this peculiarity must prove in the judicial investigation of the ordinary differences of mankind, is obvious; yet in him it was little else than a remarkable absence of imagination, passion, and sympathy. In him, the disposition to single out some one object from others for preference, the power and the love of accumulating associations around it, and of taking an abstract interest in its progress, were wholly wanting. The spirit of partisanship, almost inseparable from human nature itself, unconsciously mingling in all our thoughts, and imparting interest to things else indifferent, is especially cherished by the habits and excitements of an advocate's profession, and can, therefore, seldom be wholly prevented from insinuating itself into the feelings of the most upright and honorable judges. But Lord Tenterden, although long at the bar, had rarely exercised those functions of an advocate which quicken the pulse and agitate the feelings; he had been contented with the fame of the nearest, the most accurate, and the most logical of pleaders; and no more thought of trials in which he was engaged, as awakening busy hopes and fears, than of the conveyances which he set forth in his pleas as suggesting pictures of the country to which they related.

"The very exceptions to his general impartiality of mind, partook of his passionless and unassuming character. In political questions, although charged with a leaning to the side of power, he had no master prejudices, no sense of grandeur or duration, as little true sympathy with a high oppressor as with his victims. On the greater trials of strength between the government and the people, he was rarely aroused from his ordinary calmness; and he never, like his predecessor, sought to erect an independent tyranny by which he might trample on freedom of his own proper wrong. He was not 'born so high' in station or in thought as to become the comrade of haughty corrup-

tion. If seduced by power, it was in its humbler forms—the immunities of the unpaid magistracy, and the chartered rights of small corporations, which found in him a congenial protector. If he had a preferable regard in the world, beyond the circle of his own family and friends, it was for these petty aristocracies, which did not repel or chill him. If he was overawed by rank, he was still more repelled by penury—the idea of which made him shiver even amidst the warmth of the Court of King's Bench, in which alone he seemed to live. His moral, like his intellectual sphere, was contracted; it did not extend far beyond the Decalogue: it did not conclude to the country, but was verified by the record. His knowledge, not indeed of the most atrocious, but of the meanest parts of human nature, made him credulous of fraud; a suggestion of its existence always impelled his sagacity to find it out; and if conspiracy was the charge, and an attorney among the defendants, there were small chances of acquittal, at least until repeated convictions set aside by the Court, had taught him to restrain his virtuous indignation within the limits of his ordinary prudence. On one of these occasions, when two solicitors were accused (wrongfully, as was manifested by a second trial) of conspiring with a young officer allied to an influential family, to sell a legacy which had been satisfied, a little passage strikingly contrasted the character of Lord Tenterden's morality with that of his successor. The young man had no counsel; the attorneys were defended by Mr. (the late Lord) Denman, who, adverting to the melancholy situation in which the principal defendant was left by his friends, deplored that 'they had not given even a single brief to some gentleman at the bar, who might see the ceremony of conviction decently performed upon him;' to which Lord Tenterden replied, with unusual emphasis: 'There is no proof that he ever applied to them to do so;' as if 'a special instance and request' were material to the affecting picture of desolation which the noble-hearted advocate had drawn at a masterly stroke!

"At Nisi Prius, Lord Tenterden generally presided with patience, which gave satisfaction to the suitors; but the occasional ebullitions of his temper were of a very provoking kind. His remarks on witnesses who had obviously no intention to prevaricate, but whose answers did not please him, were arrogant and coarse; and his pettish rebukes to counsel had more of the style of a village schoolmaster than of a judge. With this exception he was remarkably qualified to preside at the ordinary cases: not disgusted with the driest details; capable of unravelling a complicated account or tissue of facts with equal accuracy; and giving to the jury the benefit of a clear summary of the evidence as applicable to the issues, without seeking to invade their province, or unfairly to influence their decision. But, for those higher occasions in which a judge may be called to estimate noble natures in their strengths and their weak-

nesses, to understand the deepest passions, and make allowances for generous infirmities, he had no capacity, no experience, no answering virtue or frailty. His classical knowledge alone cast a grace about his legal reputation; his only abstraction from facts was in recollecting and dwelling upon the study of words; and he left an annual prize to be awarded for Latin verse at the grammar-school of his native city, perhaps in gratitude for the most gentle and elevated thoughts which had softened his laborious life. He conciliated little personal regard; but he performed the duties of his arduous office without ostentation, and has left the common law of England more clear and better adapted to ordinary uses than he found it."

Many of Talfourd's critical essays are remarkable for the same refinement of observation and frequent felicity of phrase, but there is hardly one of them which is brought to a close without being partially impaired by that flux of words which was his bane. His clearest and subtlest trains of reasoning were so frequently overlaid by a succession of harmonious sentences, that many conceived him to be deficient in logic and judgment. Yet few excelled him in the faculty of analysing a complicated question or clenching a contested conclusion. His three principal Copyright Speeches, which he carefully corrected and published in a separate volume, afford apt illustrations of his bad and good qualities as an orator. He thus disposes of the assumed analogy between an author and the patentee of an invention:

"In cases of patent the subject is generally one to which many minds are at once applied; the invention is often no more than a step in a series of processes, the first of which being given, the consequence will almost certainly present itself, sooner or later, to some of those minds; and if it were not hit on this year by one, would probably be discovered the next by another; but who will suggest that if Shakespeare had not written 'Lear,' or Richardson 'Clarissa,' other poets or novelists would have invented them? In practical science, every discovery is a step to something more perfect; and to give to the inventor of each a protracted monopoly, would be to shut out improvement by others. But who can improve the masterpieces of genius? They stand perfect, apart from all things else, self-sustained, the models for imitation, the sources whence rules of art take their origin."

"The truth is, that the law of copyright adapts itself, by its very nature, to the various descriptions of composition, preserving to the author, in every case, only that which he ought to retain. Regard it from its operation on the lowest species of authorship—mere compila-

tion, in which it can protect nothing but the particular arrangements, leaving the materials common to all; through the gradations of history, of science, of criticism, of moral and political philosophy, of divinity, up to the highest efforts of the imagination, and it will be found to preserve nothing to the author except that which is properly his own, while the free use of his materials is open to those who would follow in his steps. When I am asked, why should the inventor of the steam-engine have an exclusive right to multiply its forms for only fourteen years, whilst a longer time is claimed for the author of a book? I may retort, why should we leave for fourteen years what the discoverer of a principle in politics or morals, or of a chain of proof in divinity, or a canon of criticism, has not the protection of as many hours, except for the mere mode of exposition which he has adopted?"

Equally convincing is his exposure of the sophism involved in Lord Camden's famous piece of rhetorical bombast, in which it was contended that genius is sufficiently rewarded by immortality.

"I reply at once, that the argument is at utter variance with the plainest rules of morality and justice. I should like to hear how it would be received on a motion for a national grant to one who had fought his country's battles! I should like to hear the indignation and the scorn which would be expressed towards any one who should venture to suggest that the impulses which had led to heroic deeds had no respect to worldly benefits; that the love of country and glory would always lead to similar actions, and that, therefore, out of regard to the public, we ought to withhold all reward from the conqueror. And yet the case of the poet is the stronger; for we do not propose to reward him out of any fund but that which he himself creates—from any pockets but from those of every one whom he individually blesses; and our reward cannot be misapplied when we take Time for our arbitrator and posterity for our witnesses!"

If the speaker had been asked to select his pet passage from these speeches, he would certainly have referred to the following tribute to the god of his life-long idolatry, yet this is precisely one of those subjects on which he was irresistibly seduced into excessive amplification.

"Let us suppose an author of true original genius, disgusted with the inane phraseology which had usurped the place of poetry, and devoting himself from youth to its service, disdaining the gauds which attract the careless and unskilled in the moving accidents of fortune, not seeking his triumph in the tempest of the passions, but in the serenity which lies above them,

whose works shall be scoffed at, whose name made a by-word, and yet who shall persevere in this high and holy course, gradually impressing thoughtful minds with the sense of truth made visible in the severest forms of beauty, until he shall create the taste by which he shall be appreciated—influence one after another the master-spirits of his age—be felt pervading every part of the national literature, softening, raising, and enriching it; and when at last he shall find his confidence in his own aspirations justified, and the name which once was the scorn, admitted to be the glory of his age—he shall look forward to the close of his earthly career as the event that shall consecrate his fame, and deprive his children of the opening harvest he is beginning to reap. As soon as his copyright becomes valuable it is gone! This is no imaginary case. I refer to one who, 'in this setting part of time,' has opened a vein of the deepest sentiment and thought before unknown, who has supplied the noblest antidote to the freezing effects of the scientific spirit of the age, who, while he has detected that poetry which is the essence of the greatest things, has cast a glory round the lowliest conditions of humanity, and traced out the subtle links by which they are connected with the highest—of one whose name will now find an echo, not only in the heart of the secluded student, but in that of the busiest of those who are fevered by political controversy—of William Wordsworth."

There is no record of Talfourd's best forensic speeches, for his best were those which he extemporized, and as he spoke with extreme rapidity, it was impossible for the reporters or short-hand writers to preserve more than the substance or outline. He had a strong sense of right and wrong, and when his indignation was thoroughly aroused, his invective was almost as scorching and crushing as Romilly's or Lord Brougham's. His reply in a celebrated libel case still lives in the recollection of his cotemporaries. The plaintiff had been a well-known spy and informer in the troublous and perilous days of Habeas Corpus Suspension Acts and Gagging Bills. Yet he had the audacity to come into a court of justice and ask for damages against the editor of a magazine, in which his former practices had been exposed and denounced as matter of history. The parallel drawn by Talfourd between the real and notorious infamy, and what he called "the parchment character" of this worthy,\* was as effective

\* The formal declaration or plaint in a libel case invariably sets forth that the plaintiff, "before the committing of the alleged grievances, was a person of good name, credit, and reputation, and deservedly enjoyed the esteem and good opinion of his neighbors and others to whom he was known."

as the famous burst against "that indescribable villain," by which Sir Charles Wetherell once demolished a witness of the same stamp in the Watson prosecution. When Talfourd had time to prepare for what he intended to be a great effort, he often forgot the end in the means, and thought more of the literary critics than of the jury or the judge. An Irish barrister, pleading before Lord Clare, thought proper to introduce an eagle, and after vainly trying to carry out and apply his metaphor, broke down. "The next time, sir," said the Chancellor, "that you bring an eagle into court, I recommend you to clip his wings." There were occasions when the same friendly counsel would not have been thrown away on Talfourd, for although he never broke down or got confused, his flow or flight of ornate phraseology frequently hurried him into regions where plain understandings toiled after him in vain. In illustration, we may refer to a publication entitled, "*Speech for the Defendant in the Prosecution of the Queen v. Moxon, for the Publication of Shelley's Works*," delivered in the Court of Queen's Bench, June 23, 1844, and revised by T. N. Talfourd, sergeant-at-law."

This prosecution was got up by a bookseller who had been prosecuted for selling low priced works of a blasphemous description, his object being to bring about an alteration of the law by showing how it might be abused. A worse application of it could not easily be suggested than when it was put in force against a publisher of the highest respectability, for publishing a collected edition of Shelley's works, necessarily and properly including *Queen Mab*. The obvious defence was the total absence of all evil intention, the blamelessness of the edition as a whole, and the danger to literature if complete editions of standard authors, like Gibbon or Pope, were to be suppressed because they contain passages which legal astuteness could prove offensive to the State religion or injurious to the public morals. If this defence had been stated in plain language, and the subject been carefully levelled to common apprehension, there was every reason to anticipate a favorable verdict. But Talfourd's imagination was on fire from the first glance at his brief. Here was a *cause célèbre* made for him. He might expatiate on his darling topics without departing from the record; and future generations of authors would

refer to his oration as second only to Milton's "*Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*" in importance and authority. The cause was postponed two or three times; and day after day, whilst it stood upon the trial paper, he might be seen wandering about the approaches to Westminster Hall, fevered with excitement, muttering, gesticulating, and mentally rehearsing his much meditated part. When the time arrived, he let off a series of rounded and rhetorical paragraphs which flew over the heads of the jury, bewildering instead of guiding or convincing them; and a verdict of guilty was the mortifying and embarrassing result. "Are we not, sir, now rather getting into the high sentimental latitudes?" was the quiet suggestion of Lord Ellenborough to an advocate who was digressing too far into pathos; and passages like the following would have warranted a similar check:

"It is not a sinful Elysium, full of lascivious blandishments, but a heaving chaos of mighty elements, that the publisher of the early productions of Shelley unveils. In such a case, the more awful the alienation, the more pregnant with good will be the lesson. Shall this life, fevered with beauty, restless with inspiration, be hidden, or, wanting its first blind but gigantic efforts, be falsely, because partially, revealed? If to trace back the stream of genius from its greatest and most lucid earthly breadth to its remotest fountain, is one of the most interesting and instructive objects of philosophic research, shall we, when we have followed that of Shelley through its majestic windings, beneath the solemn gloom of *The Cenci*, through the glory-tinged expanses of *The Revolt of Islam*, amidst the dream-like haziness of the *Prometheus*, be forbidden to ascend with painful steps its narrowing course to its farthest spring, because black rocks may encircle the spot whence it rushes into day, and demon shapes, frightful but powerless for harm, may gleam and frown on us beside it?"

The second and the junior counsel in the case were the late Sir William Follett and a gentleman who had published a translation of Goethe's *Faust*. The junior, who (as juniors are wont to be) was the most eager of the two, anxiously urged Follett to check this rhapsodical display of their leader and suggest a line of argument which the jury could comprehend. "Look at him again," was the reply, "and you will see that he is beyond control. By interrupting him we shall only spoil his train of thought, such as it is, without

enabling him to adopt ours." In a few minutes it proved that the junior might reasonably have been anxious to interfere on personal grounds; for he found himself, to the amusement of the court, suddenly apostrophized as an equally fitting object of criminal prosecution for having published an English version of Mephistophelean skepticism. "Shall this prosecutor," exclaimed the excited orator, after a glowing compliment to the translator, "call for judgment on that stupendous work, the *Faust*, with its Prologue in Heaven, and ask a jury to take it in their hand, and at an hour's glance to decide whether it is a libel on God or a hymn by Genius to his praise?" The corrected edition of the speech gives but a faint notion of its pristine peculiarities of thought and style.

In 1841 Talfourd came out as a writer of travels. His first essay in this line is entitled *Recollections of a First Visit to the Alps, in August and September, 1841*. The experiment was so far successful that he was encouraged to repeat it; and his collected impressions may be read in *Vacation Rambles, comprising the Recollections of Three Continental Tours in the Vacations of 1841, 1842, and 1843*. A subsequent journey to Naples gave rise to a supplemental volume. None of his writings are more redolent of his peculiar genius, disposition and character. His first acquaintance with Continental life was formed during a brief visit to Lisbon in 1818, on a professional mission; but as he had reached the mature age of forty-six without seeing Paris, or (we believe) without again crossing the Channel, he seems to have had an instinctive consciousness that he was wanting in some of the essential qualifications of a tourist. He spoke no foreign language; and even his knowledge of French, as he has been heard to declare shortly before his death, was not sufficient for the full appreciation and enjoyment of a French author. He preferred English cookery, strong wines like port and sherry, and English modes of life. He knew nothing beyond what every educated man cannot help knowing, of painting, sculpture, or architecture; and his feeling for the fine arts was not much caricatured by the wit, who, on its being remarked that Talfourd had no taste, replied, "On the contrary, he has a great deal of taste, only, unluckily, it is bad taste." But he knew and frankly

avowed his deficiencies; he had no paltry affectation or small vanity of any kind; he was genial and impressible; he was an overworked lawyer bent on the enjoyment of a holiday, not a jaded man of pleasure trying to dissipate ennui; he delighted in natural beauty and sublimity; and he had the well-stored memory and the vivid fancy, which renewed and re-peopled for him every spot of ground hallowed by romance or history. His Recollections abound in personal details, which frequently provoke a smile by their minuteness and simplicity; yet there is not a particle of self-conceit, or anxiety for self-display, in his egotism; and when he finds himself falling short of the heroic standard in endurance, or of the conventional enthusiasm in connoisseurship, his inferiority is unreservedly confessed. He thus describes his first visit to the Louvre:

"We hurried through the first square room, one side of which is almost filled by the vast picture of the Marriage at Cana—that Divine miracle, before which Teetotalism should stand aghast, as unchristian as it is unkindly—to embrace, by turning to the right, the entire extent of the Palace of Art, a quarter of a mile in length, all hung with pictures of high pretension, more than half of them, at least, of great merit, and some of immortal fame. It is, however, impossible—at least it was so to me—to look along the narrow arched gallery, diminishing in the remote perspective, and to conceive of the walls as thus laden with the spoils of time: to blend in thought the details, worthy of life-long examination, with the outline of the whole. And this stunning sense of massed magnificence disturbs the pleasure of contemplating any one picture; you cannot forget for a moment that 'all are but parts of one stupendous whole;' and the phantom of the Louvre dazzles and distracts the mind, which would 'rest and expatiate' on one of its wonders. After you have passed through acres of canvas, blushing with the glories of modern French art, of which it would be ungrateful to speak, and which it is better not to examine, you enter the enchanted home of Claudes and Poussins, intermingled in their pomp, then are surfeited with the luxuriance of Rubens, and then approach the inner shrine of art, where Raphael, Correggio, and Titian keep their state. I can pretend to no distinct recollection of the grandeur and beauties assembled and clustered there, except that Titian's portraits, in their tremendous reality, made Vandykes look like mere paintings, and actually induced me to turn away from works which at Warwick Castle I should have felt to be divine. All besides is confused as the saffron tints on a stormy west-ern sky at sunset. After three hours' gorgeous

dreaming among the pictures we descended to the statues, but we had no eyes for them; for we had gazed ours blind above stairs, and 'could not quite forget ourselves to stone.' I was not sorry when we emerged into the fresh air and 'light of common day,' as from an enchanted castle. After all, I regarded the Louvre with more interest as a great chapter in Hazlitt's intellectual history, than as the richest gallery of pictures in the world. The intensity of his first admiration, the associations of the scene with the triumphs of his favorite hero, and the softened spirit in which he revisited it, when spoiled of its noblest trophies, and when that hero had been finally vanquished by what he regarded as the commonplace virtues and tyrannies of the world—gave to the place, in my mind, a personal interest, nearer, if lower, than its matchless treasures could inspire. Hazlitt's history was all within."

This may prove an instructive and useful, as well as honest and eloquent, piece of writing, should it help to save future tourists from the tiresome and foolish fashion of spending day after day in the contemplation of objects which give them no pleasure and leave their minds as blank as at the commencement of the task. Comparison and association are the chief, if not sole, sources of the pleasure derivable from the fine arts; and it was from a conviction of this truth that an excellent French critic recommended his countrymen to educate themselves for the Italian tour, by devoting three months to the careful study of the Louvre under a qualified guide. At the end of this apprenticeship, he continued, they will begin to discriminate between the styles of the principal schools and masters, so as to take interest in the occupation; and their perception of genuine beauty will be incalculably enhanced when they are no longer puzzled by technicality and conventionality. The untrained observer may be attracted towards a fine picture by the subject or the expression; but the domain of art has an atmosphere of its own, to which we must become acclimatized before we are able to relish, or fit to pass judgment on, its productions. Thus, although Byron and Moore were both startled into admiration by the Hagar of Guercino at Milan, the biographer owns that neither he nor his noble friend had much predilection for picture galleries, and justifies their want of taste by the examples of Tasso and Milton. In Rogers' *Table Talk*, the statement, so far as concerns Byron, is confirmed; and a note by the late Mr. Maltby supplies concurrent information as to Sir Walter

Scott: "During Scott's first visit to Paris I walked with him (and Richard Sharp) through the Louvre, and pointed out for his particular notice the St. Jerome of Domenichino and some other *chefs-de-cœur*. Scott merely glanced at them, and passed on, saying, 'I really have not time to examine them.'"

Talfourd was more at home before Notre Dame and the Madeleine:

"I was disappointed at the size of the edifice, (Notre Dame,) having received a shadowy notion of an enormous building from Victor Hugo's great romance of which it is the scene, but abundantly recompensed by the sense of dim antiquity which it conveys, with more hoary power than any pile which I recollect, not in ruins. . . . The interior is naked and gloomy, and struck us with a vault-like chillness. How different from the pride of Paris, the Madeleine, which we visited the next day, elevated on broad platforms of steps—a huge Grecian building of white stone, like an Athenian temple without, like a gaudy music-room within! The interior is still unfinished, but all glowing with purple and gold, without shadow, without repose, shows that in its perfection it will be a miracle of French art, raised to French glory. For such a gewgaw as this do the Parisians neglect their own holy Cathedral, but no wonder! Self is ever rebuked before the embodied presence of ages! Notre Dame is the grave of vanity, the Madeleine will be its throne."

The following reflections on the remains of Napoleon at the Hospital of the Invalids are curious:

"Why this disturbance of the mighty dead in his eternal tomb? Why this real or pretended sojourn amidst the fluttering draperies of fame? Why this trophied mockery of mortal being? Is it all done for an idle show? No! It is the use which a dexterous man makes of all he possesses of a great man. Rarely are the uses of fame so tangible. The spirit here does for a kingdom, what Shakespeare makes the body of a great man do for a cask. The wise politician, happily for the peace of Europe, monarch of the French, thus prolongs the influence of his wonderful predecessor, and stops the huge revolution's flaw—to say nothing of the flaw in his own title—by the prolonged observances to the cold remains of one whom the nation identifies with its glory, whose mere dates fill its imagination, and whose history is more romance than it can bear. Long may he be able thus to employ the very shadow of Napoleon's shade! Long out of the ashes of an imperial warrior may he extract the conservation of freedom and peace! Does not this use of a name show how indestructible and how plastic intellectual greatness is, how potent its shadows are to protect the substances of empire and how the pale reflection of its victories may still the world into peace?"

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Little did the modern Ulysses imagine how soon his boasted sagacity would be at fault, or how blindly he was fostering influences which may prove fatal to the reëstablishment, if they did not contribute to the fall, of his dynasty. The view of the Trianon suggests a graceful thought:

"The form of Marie Antoinette haunts these groves and makes them sacred. I say 'the form,' because it is her beauty, real or imputed, which weaves the spell and moulds her misfortunes into images of grace. How shallow and false is the notion, that personal beauty is a frail and fleeting thing. It triumphs over wisdom and virtue, not only in life but in death; redeems or veils folly and crime, and sweetens the saddest passages of history!"

His most exciting narrative of personal adventure is the account of his attempt to ascend Mont Blanc, which, although unsuccessful, certainly shows that success depends rather on weather and the favorable concurrence of accidental circumstances, than on the possession of a more than average amount of resolution, fortitude, or physical strength.

Perhaps the most marked of the minor indications of character to be found in these *Rambles*, are the remarks on the various descriptions of wine which he tasted during his travels. Thus, one has the "fatal curse of sweetness;" a second is "a shade too sharp;" a third revives the ingrained longing for "dry old port." The merits and demerits of the dinners, also, are duly recorded with a minuteness, gravity, and correctness which would do honor to Brillat-Savarin, or the late Mr. Walker of Original memory. In fact, Talfourd was eminently convivial in all his tastes and habits; and he possessed and practised the virtue of hospitality in its highest perfection. He received and entertained his guests with that cordial welcome which, as Sydney Smith truly says, warms more than dinner or wine, and a large proportion of these guests were bidden from motives which did honor to his kindly disposition and his warm heart. Alongside of the author, artist, or actor of established reputation, the eminent judge, the distinguished advocate, or the parliamentary leader, might be seen the young barrister who had just joined the Oxford Circuit, the embryo painter, the rising poet, or the journalist yet unknown to fame but by no means reluctant to lay down the law upon any subject that might turn up. When sufficiently warmed with

wine and congenial companionship to enable him to get the better of his self-consciousness and consequent want of ease, the host was not unfrequently the most agreeable of the party. He had a fine perception of the ludicrous, and he told a humorous anecdote with felicitous brevity and point. He had lived familiarly with many choice spirits, and he could dash off their peculiarities with a graphic pencil and a discriminating touch. Even when he mounted a favorite hobby, like the drama or Wordsworth's poetry, he was entertaining and instructive; and although eager in the maintenance of his cherished opinions, he was the most candid and conciliating of controversialists.

His liberality in money matters was unbounded, and this was a dangerous virtue to practise amongst the set in which he acquired his first experience of literary life in London. More than one of the most famous of these were wont to regard their friends' purses as common property, and as Talfourd's was seldom quite empty, he was constantly laid under contribution, with slender chance of reciprocation or return. On one occasion Haydon, the painter, applied for pecuniary aid in what he represented as unforeseen and pressing distress. Talfourd had laid aside a sum for a holiday trip to Ramsgate with his family, but deeming a friend's necessities a paramount call, he at once handed over the whole of his reserve to the painter, who thanked him with tears, as for a deliverance from disgrace and misery. The credulous donor happening, a day or two after, to go to the Tower Stairs to see a friend's family (with whom his own meditated trip had been concocted) off by the packet, one of the first persons he met upon deck was Haydon, who having reasons of his own for wishing to spend a month by the sea-side, had got up his sad story and his rueful countenance to raise the required funds.

Talfourd was fond of relating another curious illustration of the improvidence of a man of genius who has largely contributed to the intellectual enjoyments of most of us. This gentleman had invited a large party to dinner, and nothing seemed wanting to the festivity, when it was observed that, although wine was served in profusion, there were no two bottles of the same. The mystery was explained without hesitation or compunction by the Amphitryon. "I have no credit with my wine-merchant,

nor, to say the truth, with any other man's wine-merchant; and I was sadly puzzled how to manage for you, when a fellow knocked at the door with specimens of Italian wines, or what he called wines; so I told him to leave a bottle of each on trial, and call again to-morrow." This announcement was far from reassuring, and as some of the company complained of incipient pains in the stomach, he was requested to send for some brandy by way of antidote. "With all my heart," was the reply, "but you must first club your sixpence apiece;" and the sixpences being clubbed accordingly, the threatened sickness was averted, and the half-empty bottles of wine were put aside to be returned to the composer.

In his *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb*, Talfourd relates:

"He (Godwin) met the exigencies which the vicissitudes of business sometimes caused, with the trusting simplicity which marked his course—he asked his friends for aid without scruple, considering that their means were justly the due of one who toiled in thought for their inward life, and had little time to provide for his own outward existence; and took their excuses, when afforded, without doubt or offence. The very next day after I had been honored and delighted by an introduction to him at Lamb's chambers, I was made still more proud and happy by his appearance at my own on such an errand—which my poverty, not my will, rendered abortive. After some pleasant chat on indifferent matters, he carelessly observed, that he had a little bill for £150 falling due on the morrow, which he had forgotten till that morning, and desired the loan of the necessary amount for a few weeks. At first, in eager hope of being able thus to oblige one whom I regarded with admiration akin to awe, I began to consider whether it was possible for me to raise such a sum; but, alas! a moment's reflection sufficed to convince me that the hope was vain, and I was obliged, with much confusion, to assure my distinguished visitor how glad I should have been to serve him, but that I was only just starting as a special pleader, was obliged to write for magazines to help me on, and had not such a sum in the world. 'O dear,' said the philosopher, 'I thought you were a young gentleman of fortune. Don't mention it—don't mention it; I shall do very well elsewhere;' and then, in the most gracious manner, reverted to our former topics, and sat in my small room for half an hour, as if to convince me that my want of fortune made no difference in his esteem."

These *Memorials* comprise recollections of a great many eminent men and extraordinary characters, some of whom have been permanently installed in the temple of



Fame, whilst others are gradually dropping into unmerited obscurity. There are portraits or sketches of Godwin, Hazlitt, George Dyer, Coleridge, Thelwall Barnes, (of the Times,) Haydon, Barry Cornwall, John Hamilton Reynolds, John Scott, and (the strangest of all) Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, to whom one eminent novelist is indebted for a plot, and another for a style. The adventures of this worthy, who was accused of poisoning his sister-in-law to defraud the insurance offices, and was actually transported for forgery, suggested the finest scenes in *Lucretia*, and his *James Weathercock* (in the London Magazine) was palpably the original of *Vivian Grey*.

A wager having once been laid touching Erskine's legal acquirements, one of the parties had the boldness to refer the decision to the ex-Chancellor himself. His reply was characteristic. "If you think I was no lawyer, you may continue to think so. It is plain you are no lawyer yourself; but I wish every man to retain his opinion, though at the cost of three dozen of port. To save you from spending your money upon bets you are sure to lose, remember that no man can be a great advocate who is no lawyer. The thing is impossible." Talfourd's claims to rank as a lawyer have been rested on the same argument, which was unjust to him, as well as fallacious in itself. No man can be a sound lawyer who has not devoted

three or four years to the calm study of principles and authorities, without reference to their immediate practical application. And this Talfourd had done; and his mind had much of the judicial element, despite of its poetical tendencies. He discharged irreproachably, at least without affording solid ground for reproach, his high functions as a judge, and he uniformly upheld his right to the motto of his first drama:

"I left no calling for this idle trade—  
No duty broke."

Indeed, when his life or character is contemplated as a whole, no one can fail to be struck by the harmonious blending of the component parts and qualities; and his reputation deserves to be especially and equally cherished by lawyers and men of letters; for his professional career was an honor to literature, whilst his authorship reflects back lustre on the law. We cannot conclude more appropriately than with the eulogium emphatically pronounced by a brother judge, Mr. Justice Coleridge, the day after Talfourd's untimely death at Stafford: "He had one ruling purpose of his life—the doing good to his fellow creatures in his generation. He was eminently courteous and kind, generous, simple-hearted, of great modesty, of the strictest honor, and of spotless integrity."

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From the Leisure Hour.

## THE CITY OF THE INCAS.

ON the eastern side of the vast range of the Andes, far from the communicable sea-shore, lies Cuzco, the centre of the ancient Inca-Indian traditions. Few European travellers have visited it. The brilliant pens of Robertson and Prescott, it is true, have familiarized most of our readers historically with the cruel events

connected with the city and the country during its conquest by the Spaniards; but of its monuments and its people, we have scarcely any descriptions taken on the spot by eye-witnesses. Many have written on the subject of the shipwrecked Aztec empires, treading the worn paths round the mounds of Cholula, or through the

ruins of Tlascala, but the cyclopean remains of old Peruvian civilization were left almost without personal investigation till the present day.

Mr. Markham, a gentleman of great enterprise, and a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, felt that what was really known respecting the history of this remarkable people was little in comparison with what might be learned by an intelligent traveller undertaking a journey over the perilous passes of the Andes, and visiting in person the ruined temples and palaces of Inca kings. Accordingly, from a pure thirst for information, and a desire to investigate the annals and traditions relative to this extraordinary race, he left England in August, 1852, crossed the Isthmus of Panama in October following, and, after a few days' steaming along the coast, arrived at Lima, the capital of the old Spanish power, and now the seat of an independent republican government.

From this point, his journey properly began. It is not our purpose to give a description of this most beautiful region, luxuriating in every variety of climate and scenery; abounding in mines of silver, gold, copper, lead, tin, coal, and mercury; rich in herds of cattle and flocks of alpacas and vicuñas, which yield an inexhaustible supply of hides and fleeces of silky texture. Our intention being to show what new light he has thrown upon the ancient capital of the Incas, we prepare at once to accompany our traveller along the seacoast until he diverges to cross the Cordilleras and penetrate into the *punas* or table-lands of the interior.\*

From Lima to the seaport of Pisco is a journey of 120 miles, over a succession of sandy deserts at the foot of the mountains, studded with, or rather separated by, isolated fertile valleys. Our traveller seems to have preferred undergoing the labor and fatigue of a land-journey to a passage by sea, though the latter would have been effected with much less difficulty and expense. Doubtless, he wished to study the character of the rocky plains he had to traverse, and observe the manners and customs of the Indian peasantry who inhabited them and their oases. In some of the towns, the wealthier portion of the inhabitants—Spaniards of Peruvian birth

—possessed spacious houses, forming a grand square or *plaza* in the centre; but the poorer classes—principally negroes and half-castes—lived in streets composed of dwellings of very simple construction, being merely canes stuck in the ground, with cross-pieces at intervals of ten feet high, plastered with a thick mud or loam, whitewashed, and then roofed over. All the houses were low, in consequence of the numerous earthquakes to which the coast is subject, and which render houses of a solid construction extremely dangerous. Some of the villages consisted of only a poor collection of huts, surrounding a generally elegant church. The Valley of Mala is described as being exquisitely beautiful, and covered with plantations of cotton, oranges, vines, bananas, and fields of maize and barley. Occasionally—as at Canete—there is attached to each house a fruit and flower garden, ornamented with groves of the lofty and graceful *palta* or alligator-pear, orange, lemon, and citron trees, and the delicious *granadilla* or fruit of the passion-flower, which hangs over the boughs in rich profusion. Through each of these gardens runs a clear, cool stream from the mountains, the play of whose waters gives an inexpressible charm of melody and freshness to the soft blue skies of a Peruvian evening after the sultry suffocation of the noon.

From Pisco, striking into the interior, Mr. Markham arrived at Ica, at the foot of the Cordilleras, where he completed his arrangements previous to ascending the mountains. His first care was to provide himself with wine, chocolate, almonds, raisins, dulces, biscuits, and spirit for fuel; his second, to find a steady and trustworthy guide. He seems to have had no difficulty in this, a friend recommending to him a respectable muleteer employed in the trade of carrying *pisco* from the vineyards of Ica into the sierra or hilly districts. The wine and the spirits were conveyed on mules, in vessels made of goat-skin stripped off, according to the barbarous practice of the country, from the unfortunate animal whilst alive, under the impression that the skins thus procured are more durable.

When a full stock of provisions had been laid in, the ascent began. At first, the road lay through pastures on which fed groups of cattle, horses, and mules; then through an uninhabited defile, bordered by lofty stone terraces—the hanging gar-

\* *Cuzco: a Journey to the Ancient Capital of Peru and Lima: a Visit to the Capital and Provinces of Modern Peru.* By CLEMENT R. MARKHAM, F.R.G.S. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

dens of the ancient Peruvians—strewn with gorgeous tapestry of heliotropes, verbena and scarlet salvia; now it wound along the crest of a hill, or entered some green and fertile ravine, overspread with fields of potato and lucerne, till at length it reached the alpine village of Tambillo, the first resting-place for the night of our traveller and his guide. Early the next morning, he was on his way, for the summit of the pass had to be gained before evening. He traversed spacious *pampas* covered with grass, and gradually rising one above the other. Down and across them torrents dashed in every direction. In these elevated wildernesses, if these high table-lands, green with vegetation, may be so called, the graceful vicugna roamed about in unrestrained liberty—the chamois of the Western world. As night approached, the scene became wilder and wilder. The *punas* or level spots, jammed in, as it were, between lofty cliffs, and covered with snow, succeeded rapidly each other. Rivers of water, swelled by a thousand falls, that broke up the plain at every step, burst down deep gorges, some towards the Atlantic, some towards the Pacific.

At length the goal of that day's labor was reached—not a cottage or a hut, but a cave, or rather overhanging boulder, projecting from the face of a perpendicular cliff, in a narrow ravine darkened by frowning masses of black rock capped with snow. When it was entered, the interior was discovered to be full of water, with drops dripping from the roof. The ground outside was covered with a long grass, wet with thawing snow. The night was dark, and, to add to the discomfort, no fire was to be obtained, the spirits refusing to ignite in that high region. A cold repast of almonds and raisins was therefore the only meal our traveller could procure that night; as for a bed or stone to lie down upon, there was none to be found that was not covered with the long wet grass, and half-frozen, half-melting snow. Accordingly, as his only resource, Mr. Markham patiently leaned his head against the neck of his mule, and in this standing posture strove to obtain a short repose; but to no purpose. As the night wore on, the wind rose, the snow fell thickly, the darkness deepened. The morning approached, and a terrific storm of thunder and lightning burst forth, kindling the craggy peaks with flames of fire, or rattling among

them from pinnacle to pinnacle above, or booming in the valleys below. The appearance of the sun, however, dispelled the gloom, and as it continued to rise, the storm wore away.

The highest point Mr. Markham had to mount was gained. The descent on the eastern side of the Cordilleras now commenced, and this was even more perilous than the ascent. Precipices, 500 feet perpendicular, had to be skirted, where the pathway was as slippery as glass, and so narrow, that, while one foot grated against the rocks, the other hung over some fearful abyss. Sometimes the track—for road it could scarcely be called—ascended a stone staircase, each step of which was seven or eight feet high, with thin, narrow ledges, only sufficient for the sagacious mule to put the tips of her hoofs in. Sometimes the masses of projecting rock approached each other so closely, that only ten or twelve feet separated them, and then a few rough poles thrown across from side to side formed a perilous bridge, which had to be traversed; while a cataract, some 500 or 600 feet beneath, thundered and foamed over a bed of fallen and broken boulders. Descending further, vegetation again appeared; flowers of most exquisite color lined the rough sides of the paths, and deep green patches of potatoes occasionally checkered a more open space of table-land. Towards evening, our traveller entered a plain busy with rural life, and rested there for the night. As he left it in the morning, he passed by long files of Indian girls with their arms twined around each other's waists, tending their flocks and herds at pasture.

The first town of any importance on the road was Ayacucho, situated at the foot of a precipitous mountain, from the crest of which it looked like a flooring of red tiles, interspersed among a forest of fruit-trees. In the centre stood the plaza or great square, containing on one side the cathedral, cabildo or court-house, and the university. The other sides were formed of stately mansions, adorned with stone columns supporting semicircular arches, and surrounded on the ground-floor by long and shady colonnades. These were private residences. In this area the market was held, and on such occasions it presented an animated and picturesque appearance. Indian girls, clad in graceful dresses of the most brilliant colors—the

peculiar costume of the country from a time long antecedent to the days of Pizarro—seated themselves beneath huge parasols of matted grass. Before them, they exposed piles of merchandise, consisting of fruits, vegetables, cloths, and wearing apparel; whilst the citizens and peasants passed to and fro, examining the goods and making their purchases. Ayacucho boasts a brave race of patriots. In the plain on which it is situated was fought, in 1824, the battle between the soldiers of the revolution and the forces of Spain which decided the independence of Peru. The road between Ayacucho and Cuzco was similar to that already traversed, except that vegetation attested the greater temperature of the climate. We will not, however, detail the mountainous ravines, down which waterfalls and cataracts thundered; the beautiful plains, dotted with Indian villages and farm-yards; the fearful abysses, spanned only by a slender bridge of ropes, that Mr. Markham had to traverse. It is sufficient to know that at length he reached his destination.

When Manco Capac founded the empire of the Incas or Children of the Sun, in the eleventh century, the boundaries of his dominions scarcely exceeded eighty miles square. Lofty mountains, burying their giant summits in the region of perpetual snow, rose in every direction. On their lower sunny slopes nestled many a cool and fertile valley, and many an open patch of table-land; whilst still higher, on the grassy ledges of the rocks, thousands of silky vicuñas and alpacas grazed undisturbed. Eastward stretched the *montana* or forest districts, abounding in the finest trees and the richest products of the richest zone, and watered by the noblest rivers of the world. At the four extremities of this empire, facing the north, the south, the east, and the west, Manco Capac erected a palace, and defended it with a fortress, the bulwarks of his empire. In the centre of his possessions he fixed his permanent abode, and built around it the city of Cuzco. This was the capital; and at this seat of government ruled, for four centuries, that noble race of Inca princes who extended the boundaries of the kingdom till they reached from the equator to Chili, and from the Amazon to the Pacific, and filled it with that high and magnificent civilization, the remains of which still exist in the stupendous monu-

ments of the country, and the legends and songs of the peasantry.

Cuzco is placed high above the level of the sea, and is 2000 feet loftier than the Great St. Bernard. In any part of Europe or North America, hills at this great elevation would be perpetually covered with a mantle of snow, desolate and uninhabitable. The proximity of Cuzco to the equator, however, tempers the cold of that great altitude, whilst the altitude tempers the heats of the tropics; so that the inhabitants enjoy the softness and beauty of an Italian spring. The city itself, though long the seat of the Spanish rule, preserves many of its original characteristics. The houses are built of stone, with the lower story constructed of the solid and imposing masonry of the time of the Incas. The streets run at right angles, and present long vistas of massive buildings, rendered interesting by their air of antiquity. On the north side, the Sacshuaman Hill, divided from the mountain behind by a deep ravine, rises, like a gigantic staircase, abruptly over the city. Here stood the palace of the first Inca, and here now stand its magnificent ruins. On a terrace, faced with stones of every conceivable size and shape, fitting exactly one into the other, is a wall with eight recesses, a foot deep. In the centre of the lower wall, a mermaid or siren, now much defaced by time, is carved in relief on a square slab. In one of these recesses, a steep stone staircase leads up to a second terrace. Here are ruins of a similar description—parts of a very extensive building or buildings. They consist of a thick stone wall, sixteen paces long, and ten feet and a half high, containing a door and a window. The masonry is admirable. The stones are cut in parallelograms of equal heights, but varying in length, with the corners so sharp and fine, as to appear only recently cut, and without any kind of cement, so exactly fitting in, that the blade of a knife could not be introduced between them. The door-posts, of corresponding height, support a stone lintel, nearly eight feet in length, while another stone, six feet long, forms the step. The foundations of buildings may still be traced nearly thirty paces eastward, and behind these rise three terraces, built in the rough style of masonry used in the first wall.

In the thirteenth century, the great warrior, Inca Viracocha, (the Foam of the

Sea,) erected a stronger and more formidable fortress at the eastern end of the Sacshuaman Hill, and immediately above the Palace of Manco Capac. There are three stone-faced terraces, rising one above the other. The first, fourteen feet high, extends in a semicircular form round the hill; and between the first and second is a space some twelve feet wide. Above these, many carefully hewn stones lie scattered on the ground, supporting three crosses. In its days of glory, the citadel contained three towers, connected by subterranean passages, now blocked up or destroyed. On the south side, the position is so strong and impregnable that there was no necessity for interfering with nature's own handiwork; and on the north side, a steep ravine protects this fortress, except for a few paces, where a single stone breastwork—still in a good state of preservation—has been thrown up; but from this point to the western extremity of the table-land, a distance of 400 paces, the ground is open, and undefended by any natural bulwarks. From this point, then, the Incas constructed a cyclopean line of fortification—a work, observes Mr. Markham, which fills the mind with astonishment at the grandeur of the conception, and the perfect manner of its execution. It consists of three walls; the first averaging a height of eighteen feet; the second of sixteen; and the third, of fourteen—the first terrace being ten paces broad, and the second eight. The walls were built with salient and retiring angles, twenty-one in number, and corresponding with each other in each wall, so that no one point could be attacked without being commanded by the others. The position is entered by three doorways, so narrow that they only admit one to pass at a time. But the most marvellous part of this fortification is the huge masses of rock of which it is constructed, some of them being sixteen feet in height, and several varying from ten to twelve. These are also made to fit exactly one into the other, and form a piece of masonry almost unparalleled in solidity, beauty, and the peculiarity of its construction, in any other part of the world.

About two miles from Lima-Tambo, on the western frontier of the empire of Manco Capac, are the ruins of another ancient palace of similar construction. They are situated on, or rather consist of, a lofty terrace faced with stone, commanding a

fine view of the plain and valley beneath. Two walls alone remain: they are of limestone, with the blocks of various shapes and sizes, delicately manipulated, as in the Sacshuaman palace. But the most curious and surprising specimen of ancient Peruvian architecture is the remains of the fortress of Ollantay, a little to the north of Cuzco, in the Valley of Vilcamaya. A ravine descends from the bleak pampas of the Cordilleras to the valley, and at the point of junction rise two lofty masses of rock. On the eminence on the western side is a small plateau, strewn with the abandoned material for building. Six huge slabs of granite, each twelve feet high, and, like the rest we have described, cut with perfect exactitude, stand upright, joined together by smaller pieces fitted between them. Near them, other blocks have already been arranged, so as to form the commencement of a wall, but all of them of amazing magnitude, and admirably dovetailed together. Behind this wall, and further up the steep sides of the mountain, numerous buildings, constructed of small stones, plastered over with yellow mud, still exist. These have gable-ends and apertures for doors and windows, and, westward, a flanking wall rises from the level of the plain nearly to the summit of the hill, thus defending the fortress on this side. On the eastern side succeeds a tier of terraces, the highest of which is approached by a handsome doorway with an enormous granite lintel. The wall of this terrace is built of polygonally shaped stones, fitted like the others, and containing several recesses. When the inner sides are tapped with the finger, a ringing metallic sound, it is said, similar to that produced by the rising sun on the statue of Memnon, is heard. In front of these works, a flight of well-constructed terraces, sixteen feet deep, and faced with masonry, leads down into the plain.

Nor are we less struck when we contemplate the skill and power exhibited in these remains by the vast magnitude of the blocks made use of, than by the distance from which they were brought. The nearest quarry, it is ascertained, from which the stones could possibly be obtained, is nearly five miles off, and on the other side of a river—a deep and impetuous stream. From this quarry, high up the face of the mountain, they were conveyed down to the brink of the river, across it, and then along its banks to the

foot of the fortress. On the road, two immense blocks still lie, which never reached their destination. One is nine feet eight inches long, seven feet eight inches broad, and four feet two inches deep; the other is twenty feet four inches in length, fifteen feet two inches in breadth, and three feet six inches in depth. It is difficult to determine, at this distance of time, the tools by which the Indians polished, or the machinery by which they moved, these masses of stone. The blocks having grooves three or four inches deep cut round them,

it seems a fair deduction that they were dragged by ropes, probably on rollers; and it has been suggested that the fine smooth surface was given to them by rubbing other stones with a powder upon them, and by means of a herb containing silica. Such, observes Mr. Markham, is the present state of these wonderful ruins—giant efforts of a race of men whom no difficulties could daunt, and whose half-achieved ambition it seems to have been to turn the Andes themselves into terraced pleasure-gardens and eyrie-like fortresses.

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From Dickens' Household Words.

## ODDITIES OF TURKISH LIFE.

**TURKEY** is rich to overflowing; the population meek in all the poverty of indolence. The loveliness of every landscape is broken by the most hideous public misery. The climate is fine, for the air is fresh and soft; the temperature generally moderate. It is bad, because it is both cold and wet, foggy and rainy.

The Turk proverbially loves his ease; yet he lives in the most inconvenient manner. He smokes his chibouque or nargilly on sofas without backs; he uses his knees for a writing-desk, and the floor for a dinner-table. He is fond of riding, and has no roads. He is fond of visiting his friends in state, but has no carriage; his streets are neither named nor numbered. Turks are both clean and dirty. They are always dabbling with water, but they eat with their hands; they heap intolerable garbage before their doors, leave dogs to do the office of scavengers, and allow dead carcases to putrefy beneath the windows of their palaces. They are both quick and slow in business, for they have few formalities; yet they have always got a score of opposing interests in everything. They neglect the most important affairs in endeavoring to satisfy everybody on some occasions, and jump at conclusions with a

simplicity and good faith almost affecting, upon others.

The Turk's wives are so muffled up that they cannot see where they are walking; and they roll about like barrels, from the length of their dresses and the largeness of their shoes. He veils and imprisons, yet allows them to go where they please unaccompanied. Turks are never seen in public with their wives. On the one hand they appear to consider ladies as Nature's choicest handiwork; for they can imagine no present more grateful to the Sultan, on the great festival of the Bairam, than a young maiden. On the other hand, they deny women any place or influence in society; and, while they refuse them a soul, insist that they shall be transported bodily to paradise. In Turkey a girl seldom brings a portion to her husband; but the husband pays a sum of money to her parents. Turkish women are lively, gossiping, restless; the men are calm, taciturn, and apathetic. A Turk considers it shameful to look at a lady passing him. He never suffers the name of a wife to pass his lips, and would consider it an insult if you asked after her health. Yet he is a polygamist, and has children by his slaves.

The Ottoman is compassionate and cruel; he will leave a legacy to a horse, and support an army of beggars; but he would roast a Christian with great zest, and bastinadoes his slaves without a squalm. He is at once splendid and mean. Ostentatious in servants, horses, pipe-sticks, and houses; but his servants are ill-dressed, his horses are worthless, his houses are kept in such bad repair that the rain often comes into his drawing-room, and pigeons build in the hall of audience of his sultans. He always reminds strangers of the Hungarian noblemen, who have but one spur. Nothing about him is complete. A saddle of cloth of gold will be girt about his steed with an old rope; and, while the mouth-piece of his pipe may be worth five hundred pounds, the bowl is not worth a half-penny. He is a democrat, though he lives under a government nominally despotic. He is a democrat because he can hardly understand any real difference of ranks in a country where a whim of the prince has often made a minister of a coffee-boy or a water-carrier. Most governments are supposed to examine affairs with some view to their settlement; at the Porte they are usually investigated with a view of avoiding it. In other countries promotion is slow, and business is managed comparatively quickly. In Turkey business is conducted slowly, and promotion granted quickly. Elsewhere, thanks are usually returned for a present; in Turkey it is customary to thank the receiver. A guest invited to dinner is also thanked for coming.

In Turkey superiors salute inferiors: elsewhere the reverse is the fashion. In Europe we uncover our heads as a mark of respect; in Turkey people take off their shoes to show deference. A Turk is brief of speech, and seldom exaggerates; but he is amused by interminable stories, and the most improbable freaks of imagination. He suffers evils without complaint; because he says they are written on the book of fate, and he considers them as part of the scheme of Divine Providence. He has a great contempt for ancestry, and concedes to the descendant of Mohammed no other advantage in life than a green turban. He has even a stinging proverb always ready for those who claim merit on account of their forefathers; and tells them that they are like the dogs who prowls about tombs

and live upon old bones. I wonder how a gentleman of their opinions would get on at a fashionable evening party in Mammoth Street West (number 1 A), Brobdingnag Square?

A real Turk cares little for politics, most of the persons mixed up in public affairs in his country being Greek or of Greek descent. He is brave and sensitive, but he never dreams of a duel, nor have the French been able to inoculate him with their entertaining ideas on this subject. I can recall no single instance of a Turk who has committed suicide. He will tell you, indeed, that the hour of his death is written, and that he can neither hasten nor retard it. Persons who are fond of theories usually recoil with instinctive prudence from all practical tests; and it never occurs to a theoretical Turk to try the soundness of his doctrine with a razor or a pocket-pistol. The conduct of the Turks in this respect may be therefore held up as a model for polite imitation. The police of Constantinople have much more to do with the Christians of Pera and Galata than with the Mussulmen of the whole adjoining city. Murder or robbery is rare in the Turkish quarter; elsewhere it is of daily occurrence. Indeed, the Turks are a great deal better than the institutions under which they have hitherto lived; and they are accustomed to say, with no less truth than good-humor, "We like our government best when it neglects us most."

I once asked a Turkish gentleman with whom I had the good fortune to be on terms of great intimacy, whether he did not admit that Mohammedanism was in itself opposed to what the Western Franks are pleased to call progress? His reply was just and spirited. He referred me at once to the splendid story of the Spanish Arabs, and enlarged with much dignity and good sense on the notorious fact that they were for some centuries perhaps the most learned and enlightened people in the world. The Egyptians and Syrians also, he added, not to mention the Persians, had at several periods of their history made notable advancement in science; but their government had been unfavorable, and they had necessarily retrograded. A Turk can hardly speak long without saying something quaint and sententious; so that I was not surprised when my friend, looking demurely at me, concluded thus: "Since, also, the Christ-

ians are often avaricious, selfish, intemperate, and unjust—qualities which, I am informed, are much condemned by your Sacred Writings—do you not think it possible that a Mohammedan of our age might take example from them, and break

through those precepts of the Koran which have been misinterpreted to counsel us an eternity of ignorance?"

I bowed my head to the ingenious reproach, and sought refuge in the cloud of smoke which our pipes charitably emitted.

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From the British Quarterly Review.

## CURIOSITIES OF THUNDER-STORMS.

Who has not watched the approach of a thunder-storm? Far away in the sky a dense cloud appears, small in bulk when it first lifts its head above the horizon, but rapidly expanding like the genius in Arabian story, as it seems to climb the heavens. The lower surface is dark in hue, but level in outline; whilst above it swells out into arched masses which sometimes assume the aspect of dome-shaped mountains whitened with snow. This is the giant of the storm. His advent seems to be the signal for the appearance of numerous jagged and shapeless cloudlets, which come trooping from their hiding-places, and move to and fro in confusion, as if angry at the presence of the phantom, yet constrained to answer its summons, and attend it on its mission of destruction. These vapory myrmidons \* generally recede from each other as if repelled; but at length, yielding to the attraction of the master mass, they hasten towards it, and are soon absorbed in its huge bulk. Sometimes, however, these ministering clouds are not called in and united with the phantom of the storm, but may be seen travelling beneath it with a hurried and bewildered motion, as if bent on some terrible errand they would gladly eschew. When the giant has thus mustered his forces, and spread his vast form over many a rood of sky, he prepares to launch

his darts upon the expectant earth. The lower surface of the shape, which has now become ragged and irregular, flings out long limbs of vapor towards the ground, or seems to sink down bodily, darkening as it descends, until its feet almost touch the soil. Meanwhile, the atmosphere is sultry and stagnant. The head aches, and the frame is enfeebled by a nameless languor. The very brutes become living electrometers, and feel that some elemental convulsion is impending. Even the

— ‘tempest-loving raven scarce  
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze  
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens  
Cast a deploring eye, by man forsook,  
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,  
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.’

Gloomier and gloomier grows the scene. At length the big drops begin to descend. The wind comes and goes in feverish gusts, or fetches those huge melancholy sighs which seem to bewail the approaching strife. Suddenly the cloud is rifted, and a red bolt is hurled from the giant's arm, shattering some tall spire, splintering some stubborn tree, or piercing some proud man, and in a moment reducing him to a mere cindery corpse. Then the lips of the phantom part in thunder, and the firmament rings with the wild laughter of the spirit of the tempest, as if in mockery of the mischief he had done.

In order, then, to prepare a thunder-storm, the first requisite is a mass of vapor in a state of electrical excitement.

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\* The *ascitizii* of Beccaria, whose description of the formation of thunder-storms is the classic account for electricians.



There have been occasions on which peals are said to have proceeded from a cloudless sky. Seneca asserts it. We object to Seneca. Anaximander insinuates as much. We object also to Anaximander. Suetonius speaks to a clap from a serene atmosphere in the time of Titus. We object to Suetonius as well. Volney is further quoted, but, unfortunately, in the case he attests, the sky was covered with enormous clouds in little more than an hour after the peals had been heard, and hailstones as large as a man's fist were copiously precipitated. Without, therefore, resorting to the supposition that the classic explosions in question might possibly be due to *aërolites*, or to subterranean noises (such, for example, as those which used to terrify the inhabitants of Santa Fé de Bogota), or to other agencies not duly understood, it is more natural to ascribe them to distant clouds which had escaped the scrutiny of the observers.

But will a single cloud suffice, or must there be two, if not more, to breed a genuine electrical tempest? Some have insisted that a couple at least were essential. One cloud could not produce a storm any more than one swallow could make a summer. Descartes, indeed, supposed that thunder was occasioned by one set of clouds striking hard blows upon another, so that two strata were necessary to make the sky bellow with their beatings. Franklin maintained, that when a solitary mass appears to be concerned, the spectator, if obliquely placed, so as to rake the scene with his glance, would discover a succession of smaller masses interposed like stepping-stones for the lightning between the lower part of the storm-cloud and the surface of the earth. Saussure drew the same conclusion, for he remarked that during his stay on the Col du Geant no thunder ever sprang from a solitary clump of vapor; but if two layers of clouds existed, or if the vapors from the plains, collecting into clouds, rose up to attack those which clung to the summits of the mountains, then a fight came off, accompanied by gusts of wind, hail, and rain, with other fierce meteorological manifestations.

But though an electrical tourney requires at least two combatants, as much as a mortal duel below, it will be readily conceived that the battle may lie between a cloud and the earth. Some philosophers

have asserted that lightnings are almost invariably elaborated in the ground, and that they have actually seen them rise into the air like rockets. But without acceding to this conclusion, it must be admitted that the discharge frequently occurs between the heavens and the earth, and for the purposes of such a fray there seems to be no reason why a solitary collection of vapor should not suffice. Even very small clouds appear to have inflicted serious injuries, if these again are not to be referred to *aërolitic* descents. An Academician, of the name of Marcolle, describes a case where a mere cloudlet, 'about a foot and a half in diameter,' murdered a poor woman by dropping a thunderbolt on her head. On the strength of this, and certain other instances of a more mitigated character, Arago (unconscious of the verbal infelicity into which he falls) expresses a hope that "small clouds may be definitively reinstated in their rights"—as if the power of slaughtering a female occasionally were a privilege of which it would be unjust that they should be dispossessed. There is nothing surprising, however, in the supposition that a small body of vapor should issue lightnings of murderous potency, since it has been shown by Faraday that the electric fluid contained in a single flash might perhaps be supplied by the decomposition of one grain of water alone.

A storm-cloud, then, being formed in the atmosphere, let us see what will be its action on the earth. In the Leyden phial, when the internal coating of tinfoil receives a charge, say of positive electricity, it operates through the glass inductively, and attracts an equal quantity of negative electricity to the external lining of the jar. But as glass is a non-conductor, the two fluids—assuming the duality of this mysterious agent for the time—however anxious to amalgamate, can take no steps to that end unless some pathway is provided, or unless they can succeed in rupturing the vitreous barrier which lies between. Should either result accrue, a vivid spark is seen, a small quantity of artificial thunder is heard, and the electric equilibrium is straightway restored. So when the knuckle is brought into the neighborhood of the prime conductor of a machine, electricity of the contrary sign to that which is engendered by the apparatus is accumulated in the joint, and when the fluids are able to break through the intervening

stratum of air they do so with a mock flash and explosion.

Suppose, then, that the lamp hanging from the ceiling of an apartment represents a storm-cloud, and the table beneath it the surface of the earth. If this lamp (which of course is presumed to be insulated) should be charged with positive electricity, it will act inductively through the air, and compel a counter collection of negative electricity in the piece of furniture below. These two convocations of fluid would gladly effect a union, but should the distance be too great to permit them to force a path through the intermediate space, no discharge can ensue. If, however, the lamp be lowered, or some object be set up on the table, so as to lessen the interval, the electricities will overcome the resistance of the intervening particles of air, and rush together with a spark and a detonation. The lamp may then be said to thunder and lighten.

In other words, a cloud of many thousand acres in extent, impregnated with positive electricity, will produce by induction, whilst hovering over a spot, an opposite accumulation of negative electricity in the ground beneath; the particles of the interposed stratum of air are assumed to be thrown into a peculiar polarized state, which they will be compelled to maintain until the neutrality of the terminal plains (the cloud and the underlying earth) can be restored; and then, when the disturbed fluids have acquired sufficient intensity, or are brought into sufficient proximity to effect what is called a "disruptive discharge," the electric equilibrium will be forthwith established amidst a blaze of light and a hideous crash of thunder. It is obvious that the same results may arise in the case of two clouds. These, floating at different altitudes, and forming, with the included layer of air, a kind of atmospheric sandwich (if we may so speak), will constitute an electric arrangement capable of producing a storm.

These points being premised, we are now ready for the lightning. The Etruscans believed in three sorts. The first was incapable of doing any injury, and Jupiter might therefore launch it at pleasure; the second was more mischievous in its character, and consequently could only be issued with the consent of the twelve gods; the third carried destruction in its train, and for this a regu-

lar decree was required from the highest divinities in the Etruscan skies. Arago, too, has divided lightnings into three classes. The first includes those where the discharge appears like a long luminous line, bent into angles and zigzags, and varying in complexion from white to blue, purple, or red. This kind is known as forked lightning, because it occasionally divides into two branches before reaching the earth, as if anxious to double its damages. It has also been seen to sever into three. Charpentier supplied Arago with a case of tricuspidate lightning, where the southern fork set fire to a house in the suburbs of Freiberg, the middle struck a building near the cathedral at the distance of 3921 feet from the first point of descent, and the northern division of the flash wreaked its fury on a cottage in a neighboring village situate 8531 feet from the cathedral. The same individual speaks of another instance, in which five trees, standing at some distance from each other, were smitten, though not more than a single peal of thunder was heard. Still more numerous furcations have been reported, for it is said, that during a tempest at Landerneau and Saint Pol de Leon, twenty-four churches were struck, though three distinct claps only were heard. This was hot work! Eight churches apiece for the three explosions! Without, however, being assured that the observers had exhausted all probabilities of error, it would be premature to assert the existence of many-branched lightnings to anything like the extent implied in this anti-ecclesiastical storm.

The second class differs from the first in the range of surface over which the flash is diffused. From this circumstance, the discharge is designated sheet lightning. Sometimes it simply gilds the margin of the cloud from which it leaps, but at others it floods it with a lurid radiance, or else suffuses its surface with blushes of a rosy or violet hue. As this species of meteor, however, makes its appearance in every ordinary storm, it is too popular a phenomenon to require any description.

Turn we to the third class of lightnings. These are not only remarkable for their eccentricities, but they have been made the subject of considerable contention. They differ so widely from the vernacular sorts of flashes, that many meteorologists have denied their right to be treated as

legitimate lightnings. They neither assume the form of long lines on the one hand, nor of sheets of flame on the other; but exhibit themselves as balls or globular lumps of fire. They are not momentary apparitions, but meteors which take their own time, and travel at such a slow rate that they might not improperly be styled the government class of lightnings. It is this circumstance which gives them such a dubious character. An electrical bolt is supposed to be one of the leading emblems of celerity. From Professor Wheatstone's ingenious experiments, it has been shown that an ordinary flash, although darting, as it may seem, from horizon to horizon, does not occupy the thousandth part of a second in its transit. Nay, it has been calculated that the spark obtained from an electrical machine comes and goes in the millionth part of a second. Yet, spite of this characteristic velocity, lightnings of the third order have been seen strolling along at a leisurely pace, or traversing the air at an easy trot, such as the eye might readily follow, or the foot positively outstrip.

A striking illustration occurred to a M. Butti, at Milan. One summer's day, whilst a terrible thunder-storm was raging, this individual was seated in his apartment, when his attention was withdrawn from the commotion in the heavens to a little human hubbub in the street below. *Guarda! guarda!* cried a number of voices. On looking out of the window, he perceived a globe of fire moving along the middle of the street, at some distance from the ground, but with an upward slant in its course. Eight or ten persons were in chase of the meteor, and by advancing at a quick step they were enabled to keep up with its motion. It glided quietly past M. Butti's window. Anxious to know a little more of the strange traveller, he ran down stairs, and joined the hue and cry. On it went for about three minutes more, still sauntering along at the same cool pace; but at length it came in contact with the tower of a church, and vanished with a moderate detonation. Here, then, was an instance in which a man might easily have overtaken, shall we say a thunderbolt, and, if necessary, have beaten it hollow!

Still more singular is the story of a globular apparition which presented itself to a tailor in the Rue St. Jaques, in the neighborhood of the Val de Grace,

about the year 1843. M. Babinet was commissioned by the Academy of Sciences to investigate the facts, and reported substantially as follows: "After a loud thunder-clap, the tailor being finishing his meal, saw the chimney-board fall down, as if overset by a slight gust of wind, and a globe of fire, the size of a child's head, come out quietly and move slowly about the room, at a small height above the floor. The tailor said it looked like a good-sized kitten, rolled up into a ball, and moving without showing its paws. It was bright and shining, but he felt no sensation of heat. The globe came near his feet, like a young cat that wants to rub itself against its master's legs; but by moving them aside gently, he avoided the contact. It appears to have played for several seconds about his feet, he bending his body over it and examining it attentively. After trying some excursions in different directions, it rose vertically to the height of his head, which he threw back to avoid its touching his face. The globe, elongating a little, then steered towards a hole in the chimney above the mantelpiece, which hole received a stove pipe in winter, but was now pasted over with paper. 'The thunder,' he said, 'could not see the hole;' but, nevertheless, the ball went straight to the aperture, removing the paper without hurting it, and made its way into the chimney. Shortly afterwards, and when he supposed it had time to reach the top, it made a dreadful explosion, which destroyed the upper part of the chimney, and threw the fragments on the roofs of smaller buildings, which they broke through. The tailor's lodging was on the third story; the lower ones were not visited at all by the thunderbolt."

Here there is something quite piquant about the conduct of this suspicious visitor, if its proceedings are correctly narrated. The circumstances read like a romance. The entrance of the flash quietly into the poor man's dwelling, as if to make a mere morning call, the attempt to play with his feet, the tailor prudently declining its advances, the detection of the veiled aperture by the cunning meteor, the delicate unpasting of the paper, and then, after indulging in this sportive behavior, the terrible explosion with which the fire-phantom signalized its departure, all this appears so anomalous that we might readily suppose the lightning to

have been wandering about in a state of bewilderment, or rather of positive insanity.

It will be needless, however, to multiply illustrations. They are too numerous and too well authenticated to admit of lawful skepticism. Any attempt to explain them in the present state of electrical knowledge must be merely provisional. The likeliest solution is that Sir W. Snow Harris, who conceives that the phenomenon arises from a species of "glow" or "brush" discharge, such as takes place, under certain circumstances, from the extremity of a conductor upon the nearest particles of air, these molecules being compelled in turn to transmit their electricity to the adjoining atoms, so that the fluid is propagated to a distance with comparative slowness because with comparative difficulty.\* It is not, properly speaking, an ordinary flash folded up into a ball, but a mitigated discharge (perhaps analogous to the well-known St Elmo's fires) which precedes the restoration of the electric equilibrium by other and more legalized means. But, on the other hand, it must be confessed that this explanation bristles with difficulties; and though, with Arago, it may be necessary to admit these globular apparitions into the fraternity of lightnings, yet, with Arago, too, it is necessary to regard them as "one of the most inexplicable phenomena in the range of physics."

After this slight disquisition on the various classes of lightning, let us inquire into the conduct of a bolt when hurled to the earth by the strong arm of the cloud-compeller. Foremost amongst the qualities of the electrical discharge we should

notice the explosive power which it exhibits. When the fluid happens to meet with some obstruction in its course, it frequently evinces its dissatisfaction by shattering the non-conducting object. It is not guilty of mere linear violence, like a cannon-ball, but exerts a radiating force, like a bomb-shell, bursting substances asunder as if they had been charged with gunpowder. In 1762 the south-west binnacle of the church at Breag, in Cornwall, was demolished by a stroke of lightning. Amongst the fragments, one stone weighing 3 cwt. was hurled southwards over the roof to the distance of 60 yards; another was sent to the north for the space of 400 yards; whilst a third was projected in a south-west direction. In the forest of Nemours a tree was smitten in the year 1723: two pieces were rent from its trunk; the smaller—one which four men could not have raised, was tossed by the thunderbolt to the distance of about 50 feet; the larger, which a team of eight men could not move, was flung 16 feet on a contrary tack. In 1838 the top-gallant-mast of H.M.S. *Rodney* was hit by a flash, and literally cut up into chips, the sea being strewn with the fragments as if the carpenters had been sweeping their shavings overboard. The action of lightning on wood, indeed, is specially worthy of notice. In striking a tree or mast, it will sometimes slice it into long shreds or filaments, so that it will appear like a huge broom or a mere bundle of laths. Some of the rafters of the Abbey of St. Médard de Soissons, which was damaged by a flash in 1676, were found to be cleft from top to bottom to the depth of 3 feet, "into the form of very thin lathes; others, of the same dimensions, were broken up into long and fine matches; and some were divided into such delicate fibres that they almost resembled a worn-out broom." When H.M.S. *Hyacinth* fell under the displeasure of Jupiter in 1833, and was punished with a thunderbolt, her top-masts, for about 40 feet in length, were literally shaken into a mere fagot of sticks; and when the *Thetis* underwent a similar visitation in Rio harbor, Captain Fitzroy described the fore-top-mast as a mere collection of long splinters almost like reeds.

Whence, then, comes this enormous explosive force, shivering trees, bursting the iron hoops from masts, whisking huge stones through the air, and projecting

\* This eminent electrician, however, expresses an opinion from which we cannot but dissent, viz., "that the greater number of discharges described as globular lightning are most probably nothing more than a vivid and dense electrical spark in the act of breaking through the air, which, coming suddenly on the eye and again vanishing in an extremely small portion of time, has been designated a ball of light." If this "spark" had rapid motion, it could not leave the impression of a mere ball on the retina, but would be drawn out into a long line like an ordinary flash, which is probably nothing more than a mere fiery point traversing the sky with such rapidity that it appears to be in all parts of its path at once. Whilst, on the other hand, if the spark had no apparent motion, it could not answer to the description which is given of the globular lightnings in question. But, if it had a moderate progress through the air, then the third class of Arago is virtually admitted.

fragments to every point of the compass? Arago suggests that it may be due to steam. If lightning, as we shall presently see, can instantaneously raise the temperature of thin iron wires, so as to render them incandescent, or even to fuse them entirely, that will be its effects on the sap which it finds in trees, or the moisture which lurks in the interstices of stones? The sudden conversion of water into vapor at a temperature of 500° F.—less than that at which iron melts—would develop steam with an elasticity equal to 45 atmospheres. There is much to be said in favor of this suggestion. The action of lightning upon trees is happily explained by assuming that, when struck, a fiery current dashes through the veins of the vegetable, and tears it into fibres by the action of the high pressure steam thus produced. It is possible, also, that the humidity contained in more solid objects may supply vapor of sufficient force to account for many of the ruptures which lightning effects. But there would be difficulty in applying this solution to all cases of electrical explosion; because there are many where no sensible amount of moisture can be presumed to exist, and others where the injury is on too extensive a scale to admit of resort to this agency. What is done to the green tree can hardly explain what is done to the dry. We can scarcely suppose that steam is responsible for the damage inflicted on the church of Guesnon, near Brest, where a stroke of lightning blew off the roof of the building, and laid its walls level with the ground; nor can we charge it with lifting up the deck of the revenue cutter *Chichester*, not less than six inches, in Kilkerran Bay. Besides, there is no proof that steam really exists itself in connection with these catastrophes. It will, therefore, require more extensive observations to determine the accuracy of Arago's surmise; but we think that some of the expansive effects of lightning may be ascribed to the mere propagation of the shocks which it inflicts upon air or water, when interrupted in its course, or constrained to follow too contracted a route—pressure being conveyed in all directions through fluid media.

The progressive force of lightning will seem more natural and intelligible than its radiating powers. But here, also, its doings are extremely remarkable. Some bolts will dash through resisting objects by tearing great openings, as was the case in

a Cornish church, mentioned by Smeaton, where apertures were made in the solid wall of the belfry, one of which was "fourteen inches square and six inches deep, and as truly regular as if cut out by art." In other instances, lightning drills small holes, which are not less surprising for their perfect circularity of form. It bores them as cleverly as if it were a human artisan working with gimlets or augers. Window-panes have been frequently pierced in this fashion, without cracking or affecting the rest of the glass. "Some years ago, a gentleman at Poole was writing at a desk before a window, when a flash of lightning passed before him, accompanied at the same moment by a loud clap of thunder. The lightning cut out from one of the frames a perfectly circular disc of glass, which fell upon the paper on which the observer was writing."\*

All juvenile electricians are in the habit of making holes in cards by passing discharges through them; and if philosophically disposed, the operators request you to observe that a burr or projection is left on both sides of the aperture. This double protrusion, they tell you, with the look of sages, is supposed to prove the existence of two electrical fluids, because a single agent passing through the card need only drive the resisting material before it in one direction. And whatever may be said in favor of the one fluid theory, and though some electricians are willing to ascribe the effect in question to the expansive or disrupting force of which we have already spoken, yet this explanation may be checked by the fact, that a single discharge sometimes produces two holes in the card, each puncture appearing to be distinguished by a single burr, one on the upper, and the other on the under side of the card, as if the positive fluid had travelled one way and the negative the other. Jupiter makes burrs also. In 1821, he launched a shaft from Vulcan's smithy against the church of St. Gervais, at Geneva, and, amongst other perforations, produced two neighboring holes in a sheet of tin upon the roof. They were nearly circular in shape, and about an inch in diameter, but in the one the edges of the metal were turned outwards, and in the other inwards; and this so distinctly, that no one could mistake the opposite set

\* *The Thunder-storm*, p. 198, (from information communicated by Thomas Bell, Esq., F. R. S.)

of the projections. In some instances the results are such as to suggest that a flash may be slit up into several fiery filaments before it strikes an object. From the top of a church at Cremona, the angry god hurled a weathercock of tinned copper, in the year 1777. This meteorological implement was found to be pierced with eighteen holes; in nine of them the burr was conspicuous on one side, and in nine it was equally prominent on the other; in all, the slope or inclination of the protruded matter was nearly identical. There was no evidence that these openings had been made by several lightning-strokes; and to suppose that they had been thus produced, Arago thinks would involve us in a venturesome assumption that the flashes—hunting in couples, as the two-fluid theory requires—had alighted in pairs on different occasions upon the same piece of metal with the same inclination, though coming in opposite directions. Or if, adopting the single-fluid hypothesis, we should hold that not nine but eighteen discharges were necessary to riddle this mysterious weathercock, then we must be prepared to believe that a small object, placed equidistant between Sebastopol and the late besieging lines, would be found with nine Russian holes, all piercing it in parallel routes, and with exactly nine contrary burrs, exhibiting a corresponding inclination, but equitably produced by the allied balls. Such compound coincidences are scarcely to be presumed, though, as will be afterwards seen, lightning does sometimes repeat its strokes in a singular manner, as if bent upon copying its previous performances to the very letter. We would not wish to speak disrespectfully of the skill of the Thundering Jove, but we humbly doubt whether, practised as he is in this flaming archery, he could have hit the weathercock of Cremona eighteen times running, under conditions such as the circumstances seem to prescribe.

If the apertures thus made in bodies may be said to indicate the *breadth* of the lightning when it strikes—to afford a kind of cross section of the meteor—there are occasions when it stamps its form in the soil, so as to leave longitudinal evidence (if we may so speak) of its transit. Fulgurites are tubes which the lightning constructs when it falls upon a siliceous spot, by fusing the sand. They show us how the electric fluid comports itself when

it reaches the ground. They may be called casts of thunder-bolts. Some of the finest samples were discovered in hillocks of sand, near Drigg, in Cumberland. They consist of hollow tubes, with a diameter varying from one fiftieth of an inch to upwards of two inches, and frequently tapering as they descend, until their extremities are reduced to a mere point. At first there may be a single tube only; but at some little depth beneath the surface, this will, perhaps, separate into two or three branches, and these, again, sometimes throw off twigs a few inches in length, so that, taken as a whole, the thunder-sheath appears something like the skeleton of an inverted tree. The entire extent of the tubes may amount to as much as thirty feet, but usually they break up into short pieces of less than six inches in length. Internally, they are lined with glass, as smooth and perfect as if it had been manufactured in a glass-house. Outwardly, they are composed of grains of quartz or sand, exhibiting decided traces of fusion, and glued together so as to form a rind or crust, which has been compared to the bark on the stump of an old birch tree. The appearance of the tube, however, will be determined by the nature of the soil in which it is formed, being nearly white where the sand is extremely pure.

When these singular productions were first examined, they afforded fine themes for speculation to ingenious minds. Some supposed them to be stalactites; others the stony sheaths of roots which had decayed; and others again imagined that they might be the cells of ancient worms; but the modern, and still more the moveable nature of the hillocks in which fulgurites were discovered, dispelled these conjectures, and most people now treat them as the scabbards of spent thunder-bolts. Nature, indeed, as Arago intimates, has been caught in the act of fabricating them. In 1823, the electric fluid struck a birch tree near the village of Rauschen, on the shores of the Baltic. Two holes were immediately observed, one of which, notwithstanding the falling rain, was still hot. They were examined by Professor Hagen, and found to be true fulgurites. Further, these interesting creations have been mimicked in the laboratory by means of artificial electricity. Sand has been operated upon in such a way as to show that it is capable of answering the ap-

pearances presented by the genuine lightning tube, and bolts discharged from ordinary batteries have moulded powdered glass into imitative fulgurites.

From what has already been stated, the power of fusing substances—another prominent property of lightning—will be readily inferred. Rocks have been scathed, and their surfaces vitrified by this terrible meteor. Metals have been reduced to fluids when its furious march was interrupted by refractory objects. An American packet, the *New York*, was attacked by a storm on her passage to England, in April, 1827. Several links of an iron chain were melted, and, descending in glowing drops upon the deck, set fire to everything they touched: part of the chain is even said to have burnt 'like a taper.' Connected with this power of fusion there is one circumstance which has excited much curiosity. If certain narratives are to be implicitly received, it would seem that lightning can develop sufficient heat to liquefy metallic bodies, without damaging or even singeing the more fragile materials with which they may happen to be associated. Aristotle says that copper has been melted off a shield without the wood being injured. Seneca affirms that money has been fused in a purse without burning the latter; and that a scabbard may be left unhurt though the implement of valor within is reduced to a fluid by the lightning flash. To explain this incongruous behavior, Franklin temporarily adopted a supposition which was just as incongruous in itself. He concluded that electricity might sever the particles of metals in such a way as to render them liquid, without producing any sensible manifestations of heat. Hence the process was designated *cold fusion*. This was certainly blowing hot and cold with a vengeance; but then the difficulties of the case might well have excused a wilder surmise than that of the American Prometheus. Lightning is unquestionably a most capricious meteor, and the pranks it plays are sometimes perfectly inexplicable. A man in Cornwall was once struck by a bolt, which burnt the sleeve of his shirt, and also of his coat to *tinder*, without frizzling or even damaging the outside of the coat at all. Balls of electrical matter, capable of firing combustible objects, or melting metals like wax, have been seen to issue from the sea, or to drop into sheets of water, without producing any hissing

sound, or occasioning any symptoms of ebullition. So, artificially, sparks which will ignite inflammable substances may be drawn from an icicle. But it is clear that when lightning fuses metals, it does so by augmenting their temperature, for where bell-wires, as frequently happens, have been destroyed by the electric fluid, the wall is found blackened by the process, and the floor is sometimes dimpled with the globules which have burnt themselves into the wood. "We saw it rain fire in the room," said a servant who had seen a wire thus dissipated by a lightning-stroke in a house at Southwark. Instead, therefore, of resorting to so enigmatical an explanation as the cold fusion of Franklin, it may be more natural to assume, that where liquefaction takes place without injuring susceptible substances in the immediate vicinity, the melting of the metal must be extremely superficial. Done in an instant, and limited to a thin layer of the body, the heat produced by the stroke will be discharged before any further act of incendiarism can be performed.

These are a few scanty examples of the mechanical effects of lightning. It works chemically as well. It has the power of developing a peculiar odor, which some have compared to that of phosphorus, others to nitrous gas, but most observers to the fumes of burning sulphur. Even in the open air this emanation has sometimes proved almost intolerable. Wafer mentions a storm on the Isthmus of Darien, which diffused such a sulphureous stench throughout the atmosphere that he and his marauding companions could scarcely draw their breath, particularly when the party plunged into the woods. And on another occasion, when, to use his expressive language, it seemed as if "heaven and earth were coming together," and every minute was marked by a terrible clap of thunder, the perfume attained such diabolical pungency that the men expected to be suffocated. In the year 1749, the British ship *Montague* was struck by globular lightning, which left such a Satanic savor behind it that the "vessel seemed nothing but sulphur." This odor has been known to cling to a place for several hours together. "Both kitchen and chamber," says the reporter of a Norwich storm about a century old, "smelt as strong of sulphur for some hours after as if fumed with brimstone matches." Persons

struck by lightning have been said to retain a strong taste of sulphur in their mouths and throats for several days after the assault. Nor does the electric fluid on these occasions always play on the olfactories alone; it sometimes raises a thick vapor, which appeals just as inconveniently to the eye as its fragrance does to the nose. Stricken ships have been filled with an exhalation of such opacity that it was impossible to perceive any object through it. And in 1819, a church at Châteauneuf les Moustiers (Basses Alpes), after receiving a bolt, was pervaded by a dense smoke, through which the people groped their way as if enveloped in Egyptian night.

Various causes have been assigned for this unsavory phenomenon. Schönbein ascribes it to the formation of ozone by the electrical decomposition of the air. Faraday has attributed it to the production of nitrous acid. De la Rive, with many more, is of opinion that the lightning sweeps along with it various particles which may be floating in the atmosphere, and heats or affects them, so as to produce impressions of smell. Others have referred in triumph to a real ball, nearly an inch in diameter, and consisting principally of sulphur, which was deposited in a meadow in the Isle of Wight (1733), after a night of almost incessant thunder and lightning. The sources, however, of this peculiar odor, are still too subtle to admit of any positive explanation; but the lingering scent which a bolt sometimes leaves behind it shows that its aroma, whatever it may be, is widely and pertinaciously diffused.

That lightning may produce chemical modifications in the atmosphere, Cavendish's well-known experiment has sufficiently shown. By transmitting electric sparks through a quantity of air confined in a glass globe, this old philosopher developed the red fumes of nitrous acid gas. But what is the discharge of a puny battery to the fierce flashes which are ploughing their way continually through the atmosphere in a storm? Have these no chemical operation? We are aware that Liebig's analyses have been modified by subsequent researches; but it is a striking circumstance that, having collected seventy-seven samples of rain-water, seventeen which had fallen during thunder-storms were found to contain nitric acid in greater or smaller quantities,

whilst the remaining sixty, drawn from the clouds in times of peace, exhibited no traces of this virulent liquid, except in two instances, and then so scantily that its presence was scarcely worthy of remark. Arago intimates that further investigation on this point may possibly lead to some inferences respecting the "supply of those natural deposits of nitre, the existence of which in certain localities where no animal matter was to be found, has been so difficult to explain." There would be something particularly curious, he adds, "in showing that lightning, or thunderbolts, prepare or elaborate in the upper regions of the atmosphere the principal element of that other thunder-bolt (gunpowder) of which men make such prodigious use for mutual destruction."

Lightning can also produce magnetic effects, as common electricity is well known to do. A chest containing a large assortment of knives, forks, and other cutlery, was once struck in the house of a tradesman at Wakefield, and magnetism imparted to the whole of the articles. Arago speaks of a shoemaker in Swabia whose tools were thus treated, to his indescribable annoyance: "he had to be constantly freeing his hammer, pincers, and knife, from the nails, needles, and awls, which were constantly getting caught by them as they lay together on the bench." The poor fellow, who was of course no philosopher, was compelled to relinquish the use of his bewitched implements. Sometimes the consequences of these irruptions of magnetism are very provoking. If lightning gets into a clock or chronometer, it will impregnate the works with this mysterious principle in such a way as to vitiate their operations completely. Still more dangerous is the power which thunderbolts possess of altering, or even destroying, magnetism where it already exists. Nearly two centuries ago, a couple of English ships were sailing from London to Barbadoes. On the voyage a flash of lightning fell upon one of the vessels, but inflicted no damage on the other. Suddenly the captain of the suffering ship was observed to alter his course, and turn his prow, as if making for England again. His consort inquired the reason, but found that the whole crew were still proceeding to Barbadoes, as they firmly believed! A careful inspection of the compasses proved that the poles had been completely reversed by the light-



ning. Had this event happened to a solitary ship, what would the captain have thought when the shores of the Old World rose up before him, whilst engaged in a fruitless search for those of the New? Arago himself was acquainted with a Genoese ship which was wrecked near Algiers in consequence of some pranks played by lightning amongst the compasses, the captain innocently supposing that he was sailing towards the north when he was really driving towards the contrary quarter of the globe.

Many other effects have been attributed to electrical commotions, but for some of these it would be hazardous to vouch. There are wells and springs which are thrown into a state of apparent ebullition on the approach of a storm. Fountains are known to pour out copious streams even in times of drought, when *Jupiter mediâ nimborum in nocte, coruscâ fulmina molitur dextrâ*. Subterranean thunders have occasionally been heard preparatory to an aerial eruption. The sea has cast up columns of water, as if volcanoes were exploding below. The ground has burst open, and floods of water have gushed forth from the sides of hills, or from fissures in the soil. Franklin even supposed that, as a shock from a mere jar will make a person start, so the discharge inflicted on "many miles' compass of solid earth must needs be an earthquake."

Again, silent lightnings are alleged to break off the ears of corn when ripe. Bark which has been stripped from oaks with difficulty under ordinary circumstances, has been said to peel from the trunk spontaneously during a tempest. Divers small charges are often brought against the Thundering Jove. Says the dairyman, you have curdled my milk! And soured my beer! continues the brewer. And turned my fermented liquors! chimes in the publican. And tainted my fresh meat! cries out the irritated butcher at the close of a storm. For these accusations, however—whimsical as they may seem—it would be difficult to say that there was no foundation, when we remember that nitric acid is formed in troublous times; that the electric fluid develops a peculiar and inexplicable effluvia, and that the loosing of the lightnings must inevitably produce some effect upon the air and the substances it may hold in suspension. Many wonderful stories, also, are told of the physiological effects of thunderbolts.

One man was unable to digest for a fortnight after the attack. Another lost his hair, the lightning having polled him effectually. Three hundred persons in Charlestown Prison were smitten by a flash and robbed of much of their muscular strength. At the same time cures are also said to have been performed. Gouty men have been enabled to walk freely. Epileptic persons have been healed. Amaurosis has been removed. Rheumatism has been dispelled by a flash. Paralytics have obtained the use of their limbs after a shock, and even grown fat and healthy upon the strength of a lightning-stroke! But we dare not look too closely into the subject of medical electricity, nor venture to recommend any one to tempt a thunderbolt in the hope of experiencing its curative powers.

The mischievous propensities of lightning have, of course, compelled mankind to inquire whether something may not be done to avert or disarm this devastating meteor. Here is a ship, with a valuable cargo and a numerous crew, suddenly struck by a bolt, and sunk in the open sea, without leaving a soul to tell how its inmates died battling with fire within and water without. Here, again, is a church, whose towering steeple has drawn down the angry matter from above, and sent it like a discharge of artillery through a crowded company of worshippers. And yonder, perhaps, there is a powder magazine, containing, as was the case with one at Brescia, upwards of one hundred tons of explosive material, which is fired in an instant, overthrowing one sixth part of the town, and destroying three thousand lives at a stroke.

It is only in recent times that the true philosophy of protection has been understood. Superstition, however, had something to say, though science might be silent. To the Romans she whispered, "Try seal-skin, and you will be safe in the wildest storm." Accordingly, tents were frequently constructed of this substance for the benefit of those who had weak nerves but strong credulity. Augustus himself took care to keep a seal-skin cloak in his wardrobe; but when practicable, hid his imperial body in a cave or vault whilst a storm was raging. His successor, Tiberius, mounted a crown of laurel when a tempest was impending, under the notion that the leaves of this tree would keep the lightning at bay—a sage provision

which would be rivalled in efficacy were a man to wear a padded nightcap in a siege like that of Sebastopol under the belief that it would render him perfectly bomb-proof. The Emperors of Japan were said by Kœmpfer to repair in thunderous times to a grotto hewn out under a cistern of water, where it was expected the celestial bolts would be quenched. It is still a common opinion that beds are places of safety. Lightning has been known to injure them, whilst it has respected its occupants; but, on the other hand, there have been several instances in which it has struck its victims there as mercilessly as on the open floor. In modern times, too, people have tried to dissipate storms by various expedients. According to Arago, the firing of cannon has been extensively practised with this view by agriculturists in France. The Marquis de Chevalliers was accustomed to fight a tempest by discharging ordnance, in doing which he consumed two or three hundred weight of powder per annum. Many communes kept mortars on purpose. Ridiculous as we should deem it were British farmers to arm their premises with artillery, and to run to their guns as soon as a thunder-cloud appeared, we must remember that the south of France suffers heavily from hail-storms;\* and military men had led the public to believe that hail was unknown in beleaguered towns. There is proof, however, that places which are laboring under a severe cannonade are by no means exempt from electrical attacks; and Arago found that artillery practice in the Bois de Vincennes produced no effect upon the meteorological register, except that it appeared, if anything, to increase, instead of dispersing, ordinary clouds. Another plan for disarming excited vapors may have a more philosophical foundation, if it is considered that wreaths of smoke rising into the air may serve to a certain extent as conductors of the fluid. There is a parish in Romagna where the inhabitants place heaps of straw and brushwood at distances of about fifty feet, and set them on fire when a tempest is at hand. During the three years of which Arago possessed any information, this district had never suffered from hail or thunder-storms—till then

old enemies—whilst the unprotected villages in the neighborhood had been mauled in the usual fashion. We should like to receive further intelligence from this bolt-proof parish.

Fortunately, science has at length taught us how Jove's darts may be blunted; and if men were all wise and wealthy, a city might be so guarded that though the Thunderer were to empty his arsenal upon it, his shafts might fall as harmlessly as straws. The principle adopted is not that of repelling the enemy. If lightning is prepared to strike, it is idle to think of deterring it from the descent. Ajax might just as well have thrust up his shield, or the "unprotected female" unfurled her umbrella, to intercept the flash. Yet, strange to say, it was once the practice to fasten a puny glass ball to the top of masts and lighthouses for the purpose of repelling thunder-strokes: and the vane rod of Christ Church, Doncaster, was tipped with one of these helpless articles, until a bolt fell and shattered half the spire. On the contrary, it is now found to be the safest policy to treat with the enemy, and to receive his advances courteously, in order to deprive them of their virulence. Let him be provided with an easy route, and he may be prevailed upon to make a mild journey from the skies instead of darting explosively to the earth. Eccentric as lightning may appear in its movements, there are some circumstances under which its proceedings are reported to have been marked by singular uniformity, when a definite series of conducting stepping-stones was presented. In 1763 the electric fluid fell upon the steeple of a church at Antrasme, near Laval. In its course to the ground it blackened the gilding of some pictures and decorations; then it partially fused two small pewter cups (employed in the mass) which were standing upon the top of a closet; and afterwards it pierced two small holes in a credence-table, executing this last little operation in the most workmanlike fashion imaginable. Next year, another storm burst upon Antrasme, in the same month, and nearly on the same day. The gilding, meanwhile, had been restored, the paintings retouched, and the two holes stopped with plugs. The lightning took the same route, apparently, to a hair. It damaged the same gildings, blackening them where formerly blackened, and scorching them where formerly scorched; it attacked the

\* One storm alone, on the 13th July, 1788, devastated 1039 communes, inflicting damage which was officially assessed at 25,000,000 francs.

identical pewter flasks, and left its fiery signature upon them as before; and what was still more striking, it drove out the plugs which had been inserted in the two holes, and took its departure by the same channel as at first. This account was communicated to the Abbé Nollet in July, 1764, so that we are unable to say whether the place was subject to a yearly visit from the meteor, or whether the same operations were repeated on every anniversary. Here, too, as in the case of the Romagnese parish, a little information from the oldest inhabitant would be highly acceptable.

Further, it was observed whenever damage had been done by lightning, and philosophical inquest was held over the catastrophe, that the electric fluid uniformly seized upon metals, if it could find them, in order to facilitate its progress to the earth. It has been known to burst through a wall, making a large breach in the masonry, with the view of moving along a gun-barrel which was accidentally leaning against the other side. It has sometimes found out masses of metal buried in stonework, and employed them, as far as they would serve, to promote its impetuous rush. Its shrewdness in this respect is marvellous, and many curious illustrations might be given of the adroitness with which it detects and unearths its favorite material. When, therefore, the power which metals possess of conducting electricity harmlessly was understood, and when Franklin, in America, and D'Alibard, Buffon, Romas, and others, in Europe, had shown how lightning might be dragged down from the heavens, and even bottled in Leyden phials, the true plan of training this formidable meteor was propounded.

A plain copper rod, with its top peering above the roof of a house, and its other extremity sunk in the ground, may seem to be a very simple contrivance; but the philosophy embodied in this apparatus is the result of much thought and protracted discussion. This will be understood if we refer for a moment to the deliberations of a storm-cloud when hovering over a spot and preparing to discharge a bolt to the earth. A question of considerable complexity must first be settled. *Impri- mis*, it must determine which is the loftiest point at its disposal; and this, in cases where the cloud is of great extent and the objects beneath it are numerous and of pretty equal altitude, as in the

spires and chimneys of a city or the trees of a forest, must render the work of selection a task of some nicety. In the next place, the decision on this head must be controlled by the inquiry whether the object to be favored is the best, or the least interrupted, conductor at hand; for if a more perfect one should offer its services, then the electricity must weigh the advantages of an easier path against the claims of more elevated objects, and, after coming to a fair conclusion, must act according to the equities of the case. But, thirdly, it must also take into account whether the route selected will upon the whole prove the briefest as well as the best. Hence, therefore (without alluding to other important points), it will be seen that there is much matter for meditation; and if a cloud had to stand balancing the inducements here and the impediments there—the advantages of this route and the difficulties of that—we might expect it to consume a week in making up its mind where to strike. The electricity must, in fact, feel its way in advance, and absolutely mark out the course it is about to take before the explosion occurs. The entire route of the lightning, as Sir W. Snow Harris observes, is not left to accident, but is already “fixed and settled before the discharge takes place.”

But though these and other perplexing questions are all solved in an instant, and with unerring sagacity, by the fiery bolt, yet it has cost men a prodigious amount of controversy to decide on the precise merits of the thunder-rod. What reader will not recall, for instance, the charming fray which arose about the superiority of pointed to knobbed conductors? Rarely has science been concerned in a more diverting fracas. What fun Butler would have made of our electricians, as he did of their predecessors of the Royal Society in his *Elephant in the Moon*! What savage wipes Swift would have given them had they existed when his Academy of Lagado was invented. Indeed, except for the gravity of the interests involved in lightning-conductors, the dispute respecting points and knobs might be supposed to be prophetically satirized in the Lilliputian controversy between the ‘Big-Endians’ and the ‘Little-Endians.’ Franklin, as is well known, maintained that rods with sharp extremities were the correct thing. Some of our British savans stoutly affirmed that they must be rounded at the top to insure our

habitations against *tela fabricata manibus Cyclopum*. The fray assumed a political significance. Franklin was [an American, and America had revolted! His Majesty George III. entered into the controversy with his usual blundering patriotism. He who gloried in being the last man in his dominions to yield to rebel pretensions, was the last man to submit to rebel philosophy. As the struggle between the rival electricians grew furious, his Majesty watched it with considerable anxiety. He waited its issue as he might have done the result of the famous naval duel between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*. The memorable little anecdote which is related touching the royal pertinacity, carries with it such a stinging moral, that it ought never to be forgotten either by kings or philosophers. Alluding to this controversy, his Majesty told Sir John Pringle, the President of the Royal Society, that the English electricians must not "let those rascally Americans beat them." "Please, sire," said Sir John, who had himself voted in favor of points, "we cannot alter the laws of nature." King George, however, was not the man to give in to nature if she sided with his alienated subjects. The palace of St. James had been fitted up with sharpened rods at a time when their revolutionary tendencies were unperceived. In his contempt for the Franklinian philosophy, his Majesty ordered them to be removed, and resolved to brave all risks by crowning the building with rounded conductors! Had he lived in a country where a bit of tyranny might have been safely practised, who knows but that he would have issued an edict prohibiting points, and ordering his subjects, as a test of their loyalty, to peril themselves by erecting knobs? We are almost disposed to believe that when the dispute was at its height his Majesty would have allowed his kingdom to be blistered with thunderbolts from end to end, rather than have succumbed to the science of the insurgents.

Prejudices of a different stamp have frequently been displayed in reference to these safety-rods. Frederick the Great allowed them to be affixed to his barracks, arsenals, and powder magazines, but nothing could induce him to employ them at his palace of Sans Souci. At Sienna, the citizens were thrown into a state of consternation when their cathedral, which had been repeatedly smitten,

was armed with one of these contrivances. The act was held impious, and the rod was denounced as a "heretic rod." Fortunately, a thunder-storm of sufficient severity to brush up the memory of the oldest inhabitant soon afterwards occurred: a flash struck the tower, but instead of doing damage, in imitation of its predecessors, it was conveyed away so harmlessly that the orthodoxy of the scheme was completely established, and the rod was received into the bosom of the holy Catholic Church.

The object, then, of a conductor is to provide a route for the lightning, in traversing which it will meet with the least possible resistance. It should be elevated above the building to be protected, in order that it may avert, as far as practicable, a descent upon any other portion of the edifice. It should be a good transmitter of electricity, and for this purpose copper is the most eligible of metals. It should be of sufficient diameter to carry a good cargo of lightning without melting under its fiery load; and Sir W. Snow Harris is of opinion that a rod three quarters of an inch in diameter would withstand the heating effect of any discharge which has yet come within the experience of mankind. It should also be continuous, for it must be remembered that whilst brazen walls are perfectly porous to the electric fluid, space is a barricade which it can only pass by violent means, and non-conducting objects are barriers which must be dislodged by a furious explosion. Spite, too, of his Majesty George III., the rod must terminate in a point, in order that it may begin to "drain off" the electricity from a cloud (to the extent of its ability) as soon as a charged mass of vapor comes within hail of the apparatus; for when a slight break is made in the conductor—and a very slight one it must be—a stream of sparks will be seen to flash across the interval for hours together, if the storm-clouds continue to pass along. Rods, indeed, are really sewers for the lightning, as much as spouts are channels for the rain; and though, of course, it cannot be pretended that a tempest capable of shrouding the whole of Yorkshire would be subdued as it approached from the ocean by a few conductors stationed on the east coast, yet these would certainly deliver the West Riding from many a bolt, and if sufficiently numerous would disarm the

vapor of its virulence before it could get amongst the clothiers and wool-merchants of that district. In fact, clouds have been tapped of their electrical contents, as was done by Dr. Lining and M. Charles; and Arago suggests, that if captive balloons, furnished with wires, were sent up to attack the enemy in his own native skies, it would be possible to dissipate "the most violent thunder-storms," and to preserve the vine districts from the terrible ravages which hail inflicts.

For full practical directions, however, respecting the construction of thunder-rods, we must refer the reader to the pages of Sir W. Snow Harris, to whose skilful labors in this particular the navy of our country is immensely indebted. It is enough to say that whatever discrepancies of opinion exist on minor points of detail, the general efficacy of conductors has been signally and repeatedly demonstrated. Vessels without rods have been struck and damaged, whilst others properly supplied have escaped in the same harbor. Ships duly armed have been hit without sustaining the slightest injury. Buildings once subject to periodical attacks now bid defiance to the fiercest flashes and to the surliest rumblings of the storm. A curious calculation made by Arago will show that this simple im-

plement is one of the most beneficent gifts which science has proffered to man. Referring to the conductors erected by Beccaria on the Valentino palace at Turin, he concludes from the number of sparks darting across certain gaps in the apparatus, that each rod transmitted a quantity of fulminating material capable of killing 360 men in an hour! There being seven points on the roof, he inferred that this one edifice took from the clouds in the short space of sixty minutes as much lightning as would have sufficed to kill upwards of 3000 persons. Conjectural as this estimate must be, Mr. Crosse's observations on the torrents of electricity poured from a mere fog, when no tempest was on foot, afforded no mean corroboration. All honor, then, to the invention which can shield the gallant ship at sea, and the stately building on shore with equal effect from the deadly bolt—which can guide the hissing shaft from the sky and bury it deep in the soil a powerless and extinguished thing—which can strip the burdened cloud of its perilous freight and carry its lightnings in silent and unseen streams to the earth—and which, plucking the fiery sting from the spirit of the storm, can leave it to pursue its course muttering a few empty menaces, or dissipating its wrath in harmless fulminations.

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From Dickens' Household Words.

## B O N D   A N D   F R E E .

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER I.

UNDER the murmuring limes of Trinity, in the radiant May term, two students, Gray and Persey, walked, now backward and forward; now beneath the fragrant avenue; now on the path that fringes the stream from Cam. The evening was as warm as July; the sky-colors which

tinged tree and turret, seemed a fit herald for midsummer. Over the old town the never-failing music of its bells clashed cheerily; from the earth-shaking peal of St. Mary's to the tinkle of the College Chapel, that was calling the white-robed students, flitting ghostlike, under corridor and arch, to prayer. Upon the water lingered yet a fairy fleet; and the light dip

of the feathered oar, full on the open stream, sharp under the little bridge, touched the ear pleasantly and dreamily.

"How can you talk so mournfully, my dear fellow?" said Gray, "amidst these beautiful sounds and sights? I do believe if you were amongst the blest you would find something to make a grievance of. Your voice sounds discordant."

"Ah! Gray," returned the other, "as for the glory and the beauty, it is glory and beauty I bewail. That is the pity of it. How cruel that this gate of life should be made so fine, but that when we have passed through it, behold for us—who have an experience of dreamland—nothing but the pitiless world. I have youth, I have health. I have money here. I have dear friends—you, Gray, the chief—and there is not a single duty in this college life which can be called distasteful."

"Morning chapel?" suggested Gray.

"I have taken as high places in the examination as I expected."

"Well, then, what is the matter? What in the Fiend's name, are you coming to?"

"This, man: that it must all end, and I know not how soon. How can I enjoy the noontide, when perhaps I may never see another sun? If Sir William withdrew his protection, I should be a beggar to-morrow."

"Indeed? But I knew one once who reminds me of you very strongly. He was a prudent youth who never would touch pudding in vacation time for fear he should miss it when he got back to school: and I remember he died (and serve him right) the very last day of our Christmas holidays. Think of the good things that poor boy must have lost for a whole six weeks; and take warning. Seriously, what right have you to be discontented? Compare your fate with mine; and reap a horrid joy. I have no rich patron to help me even for a little time; and, though I be a scholar, a fellowship is too wide a leap for me. Old Doctor Wild is my poet, and has sung my song before:

"In a melancholy study,  
None but myself,  
Methought my muse grew muddy;  
After seven years' reading  
And costly breeding,  
I felt but could find no pelf.  
Into learned rags I've rent my plush and satin,  
And now am fit to beg in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin;

Instead of Aristotle would I had got a patten;  
Alas! poor scholar! whither wilt thou go?

'Cambridge, now I must leave thee,  
And follow fate;  
College hopes do deceive me;  
I oft expected  
To have been elected,  
But desert is reprobate.

Masters of colleges have no common graces,  
And they that have fellowships have but common places;  
And those that scholars are, they must have handsome faces.

Alas! poor scholar! whither wilt thou go?"

"Nay, my good friend Leonard," said the other,

"I have hit it:  
Peace, good man, fool;  
Thou hast a trade will fit it;  
Draw thy indenture,  
Be found at adventure,  
An apprentice to a free school;  
There thou mayest command,  
By William Lily's charter,  
There thou mayst whip, strip,  
And hang and draw and quarter,  
And commit to the red rod  
Both Will, and Tom and Arthur;  
Ay, ay! 'tis thither, thither wilt thou go?"

"I should never have given you, Persey, credit for knowing that old song; I'll wager there's no other Trinity man who does. But you're right, I must take to tutoring."

"I wish, for my own part," said Persey, mournfully, "that I had never left it."

"You a tutor? Why, what do you mean, Brook?"

"Sit down on the sloping grass here under cover of the bridge, and I'll tell you a tale, my friend, which will astonish you:

"Where I was born I cannot accurately state, but it must have been some nineteen years ago, or by'r Lady, inclining to a score. My parents—Heaven forgive me for so speaking of the authors of my being—interested themselves about me to the extent of ringing the gate-bell of a certain workhouse in Hampshire, and leaving me outside with an insufficient provision of flannel. In that stately and well-swept mansion I spent my earliest years: my dress was of a similar color to this present Trinity gown, but of a coarser material."

"What happened to you at the workhouse?"

"My skin was kept very clean and my hair cut remarkably close, but otherwise I had little to complain of. There is no bullying to speak of among your workhouse brats—nothing like your public school despotisms, for instance—but there is also no play. For my part, I liked the school-hours as well as any of my time there, except perhaps when I was in the old men's ward. When I could get in there upon the sly, and listen to their stories of the great world without, I suppose I was as happy as I then could be. I had to skim across a little paved court like a swallow, in order to escape the eyes of the master and his wife, who seemed to be always watching out of the four windows of their sitting-room at once. If caught, I was shut up and kept on bread and water; if otherwise, I was well repaid for all risks. Imagine a little unfurnished dusky bed-room, smelling of old men and bad tobacco, being a sort of Paradise to me! Each upon the edge of his truckle-bed, sat smoking, bleary-eyed, misshapen, toothless. The oldest man's constant topic of conversation was the American war; he was a church-and-king man of very obstinate character, and defended the most despotic and illegal acts. He had been a soldier, and had received a terrible wound (on Bunker's Hill, I think). He was intensely proud of the scar which he constantly displayed to the minister, or whomsoever else might visit him. I don't remember his name, and indeed I doubt whether he remembered it at that time himself; but we called him Crutchy, because he walked with a couple of sticks. Biller, who was the next oldest man, was leader of the opposition, and a red-hot radical. He had been imprisoned, when already in years, for his republican principles at the Peterbro' period; and the way in which he disposed of the king and the lords and the bishops beat Tinkler at the Cambridge Union. He would look round furtively; make sure there was no spy in the camp; hobble to the door to see the master was not outside even; and then, in reply to some aggravating statement of Crutchy's, would assert in a loud whisper that those three dignified classes were "a pack of rogues as ever was." These contests were immensely interesting to me: and I confess I sided with the fiery Biller. Crutchy sat alone, with a certain dignity, like one of the early gods, lamenting the new order of things upon

the earth. If anybody woke him upon a sudden to ask him any question, no matter what, he would reply without hesitation, "They should send out a fleet, sir;" which, as was generally understood, was a plan of his for the recovery of the American colonies.

"Next to this parliament, as I said, I liked my school-times. At eight years old I was a great scholar, and the pedagogue's favorite. He mentioned me to the parson, and his reverence was as pleased with me as he; the parson's wife, too, Mrs. Parmer, fell in love with my eyes, and my hair that would have curled if the relentless shears of workhouse destiny had permitted it; and after some consultation with the squire, Sir William Persey, I was removed to a higher sphere—the village-school. My workhouse name was Edward Brooke; but here I got all sorts of nick-names expressive of my pauperism. I was the social footstool upon which they mounted with a complacent satisfaction, surprised to find themselves so high: poor simple rogues, if they had only known what was likely to befall me, they would have treated me well enough, as my master did. I was going to say that he perceived I was a protégé, and played his cards accordingly; but you will think that I am too bitter upon all these good folks. Well, then, he was a benevolent person, erring on the side of kindness, if at all, and he gave my patron such astonishing accounts of my progress. He even taught me privately, and made believe I had learnt all in school-hours. Young ladies who came to teach us on Sundays, were enraptured with the way in which I disposed of the kings of Judah; the rector dared not ask me a question in arithmetic for his own credit; and, crowning success! Sir William himself came down to the school in the twelfth year of my age, and presented me with a Euclid and a pat on the head. How my master worked me at that distressing volume! I wished myself a hundred times back at the workhouse with Crutchy and Biller; for, although I was a sharp boy, I was not a miracle, and stuck at the asses' bridge as long as any Etonian. Nevertheless, when the great man next visited us, I bore his kindly but searching examination in the earlier books, with great steadiness and success.

Then it was that I became pedagogue. I was made monitor over the other boys,

and assured that my advancement would not cease there if I continued as I began. I had now plenty of spare time, and read hard at all sorts of subjects. The master could assist me with Latin; but Greek I had to get up by myself in a mournful manner; nor did I learn for a length of time even how to pronounce the words. Mr. Parmer and Sir William were once disputing about a passage in Virgil, in the school-room, as to whether a certain word was *longus* or *latus*; the baronet was of the former opinion, and I was fortunate enough to be able to corroborate him; but "nevertheless, sir," said I to the parson, "it's as broad as it's long;" a most courtier-like reply, which, in a few days, bore ample fruit. Good Mr. Parmer came one morning to prepare me for a great preferment. He wished me well, he said, and had himself agreed with the squire upon my merits and their reward. "I know Sir William well; perhaps better than any other man. When he takes a liking there is no knowing what length he will not go, to serve its object. I consider," he finished, "if you only take ordinary pains to please him, your fortune's made."

"The next day I was sent for to Hilton Hall; I had hitherto only seen its turrets above the mighty elms from the upper windows of the workhouse; its owner himself I had seen rarely, for he went but little abroad, had grown—on account of having lost a beautiful wife years ago, it was said—almost a recluse. He took but little interest even in his broad lands and glorious home, and I noticed, as I pushed open the Lodge-gates—for the keeper, seeing whom I was, did not trouble himself to help me—how rusty were the hinges, and that the leaves in the great avenue were lying where the last night's winds had left them; the mansion was on very high ground, and as I emerged from the elm-tree drive, on the sweep before the door, I saw half Hampshire lying beneath me. There was much pasture set with oaks, and undulating gently to the level corn-lands; on each side were enormous woods, on which the fiery finger of autumn had been laid; and on the right more upland; a tower or steeple stood here and there, and one white windmill. Upon the horizon gleamed a silvery line, which I had never seen before; it was the sea. I ascended the great stone steps,—why I did not enter at the back-door I

have no notion—and pulled the quaint bell-handle not too gently. I felt envious and somehow aggrieved; not to have even known of such sights as these before, and yet to have been within a mile of them my life long, seemed very strange. I was ushered into the library, and found Sir William at his desk, over a parchment. A stained-glass window threw a flood of colored light about his pallid forehead, and surrounded as he was with such uncared-for pomp, and matter-of-course magnificence, it was no wonder, perhaps, that he seemed to me almost a superior being.

"Mr. Brooke," he said, and it was the first time that the workhouse boy had ever been dignified by such a title,—“I like your manners, I like your appearance, and I perceive you have considerable talent. Do you think you should be pleased to reside in my house here, and pursue your studies under a fitting tutor? You will find me a kind and good-natured person, and—” he seemed to be weighing words here—“and a powerful friend; but you must take care not to cross me.”

“I was fourteen years old, Gray, and the honest bread of labor looked coarse and unpalatable beside the cake and wine of dependence. I murmured, ‘Yes, Sir William,’ with gratitude.

“‘Come nearer,’ said the Baronet, and I approached until I could perceive the object of his studies; it was a fantastic sort of tree of great height and many branches, from which hung pendulous medals, with names and dates upon them.

“‘Do you know what these are, boy?’

“‘Kings,’ I said; thinking of my table of the kings of Judah.

“‘Not far out,’ he said; he pointed to his own name hanging alone; ‘I am the last, you see, boy, of all the Perseys; the rotting branch that shall never put forth a leaf.’

“Although of course entirely unable to appreciate the pride of ancestry, I gazed upon him with an unaffected pity, and he perceived it.

“‘You, parish workhouse boy,’ said he, as if annoyed, ‘would you not change places with me to-morrow, if you could, for all this and more?’

“‘No, indeed, sir,’ I replied, naïvely, ‘you are too old.’

“I knew that I had spoken ill the moment after, and crimsoned to the forehead; but, with calmness and no trace of displeasure, he said: ‘Right, boy, right.’



He then added: 'Who is your father, sir? Brooke, Brooke, I remember no such name in these parts.'

" 'I never had one,' I said, mournfully.

" 'Nor I a son,' answered he, in the same tone. Then, after a pause, he said: 'We will fill, henceforth, those places for one another,' and, kissing my brow, bade me go home, and make my preparations for removal.

"So little a box that I could carry it on my shoulders, contained all my scanty stock of books and clothes; and, with this, I left the schoolmaster's cottage—where I had boarded for nearly six years—for the house of my adopted father.

"The tumult that occurred in the village was very great; and its circling eddies extended, with diminished force, over all the country round. The most popular opinions on the subject were, firstly, that Sir William had gone mad; secondly, that a designing boy, of the name of Brooke, had flattered him into adopting him; and thirdly, that the baronet had taken the tardy step of acknowledging an illegitimate offspring of his own.

"My own belief is, that the promise of adoption was a mere momentary impulse of my patron, and that he had intended nothing further, when he sent for me, than to give me a good education. His natural generosity, aided by some vanity, perhaps, had urged him to do this; and afterwards, the opposition of distant relatives, and the obstacles to my advancement he met with on all sides, no less than his increasing partiality to myself, decided him still more positively in my favor. He was the most self-willed person, I should think, who ever breathed. Woe be to that man within his power, who dared to thwart him! It was with the utmost difficulty that I could save the hoary-headed butler from expulsion, for having once omitted to show me a customary mark of respect. 'The slightest want of respect to Mr. Brooke,' the baronet said to his whole retinue, 'will be visited by instant dismissal.'

"A university gentleman came to be my tutor within a week, and I settled down to my new course of life without much difficulty. I had no very gross vulgarities to get rid of; and Sir William's conversation was as good an antidote to anything of the sort, as can be conceived. He had read extensively, had travelled far, and had benefited largely by both experiences.

His talk was of that rare and courteous sort which seems to acquire information, while in reality it is imparting it; and presented a striking contrast to his stubbornness and almost savage will. I advanced readily in classics; and, from a desire to please my benefactor, worked hard at the mathematics; which I detested, and ever shall detest.

"I seldom visited the village; it had become hateful, from the unpleasant remarks and curious questions that I was sure to be there subjected to; but the park was a world wide enough for me. My patron seemed to grow better pleased with me daily—and indeed he had nothing to complain of; albeit I purchased his favor at great cost. I had no feeling towards him warmer than gratitude; and the perpetual guard I had to keep upon my speech and actions was very irksome. I could not choose but see how unjust, and even cruel he could be, when displeased; and was always in terror lest it should be my turn to excite his wrath. It is not meet, Gray—it would be painful to myself—to narrate any of the many instances of this; but you must take my word for it, and remember it, in case any quarrel should happen between Sir William and his adopted son. You look shocked at what I have already said, and think me an ingrate! If this man, then, has in truth bought over my soul to silence, as well as made me the automaton of his will, I do not think he has paid too much for it. Do I not please him? Am I not a standing boast to him; the advertisement of his virtues; the object through which his enemies delight to pierce him; the envy of my inferiors, the scorn of my equals, the pity of such as you? Is there nothing due to me? Have I not a right to have been born as self-willed—as violent—as he?"

"Certainly, my good friend," said Gray, calmly, "and as unjust, also, and as cruel!"

"You shall know what it is I have to bear. Not a year ago, when I was coming up to this college, at Sir William's wish, he said to me, of a sudden: 'Brooke, you must now take my name.' I knew this would anger his few relatives to the uttermost; that it would provoke endless misapprehension of my own position; that it would make me more his goods and chattels than ever. I said, respectfully: 'Sir, I would much rather not.' Not liking to

mention my real reasons, I mumbled something about destroying all chance of my being found by my parents. He broke forth with, 'What, sirrah, do you want to be a beggar's brat again?' He took down a walking-stick, and I half-suspected that he was going to strike me with it, in which case I should have left his house that instant, and shaken the dust from my shoes before his face; but he only pointed to the handle, which was of ivory, and very ill in keeping with the poor hazel staff. 'The top of this was once brown also, sir,' said he; 'but it did not suit my fancy. The man who made it remonstrated at my wishing it to be changed. But changed it shall be, quoth I; for I do what I will with my own; and changed it was. I wish you, too, to have a fine handle; and you will be henceforth Mr. Brooke Persey.' Nor was this the first or the last time within a score, that I have been brought to a knowledge of my precarious place. You know, then, all my history—my low beginning, my perilous height, and the unreliable reed on which I lean. The night is growing chill, Gray. Let us go in."

## CHAPTER II.

Brooke Persey was a fellow-commoner; Leonard Gray, the son of a plain yeoman, was a sizar. They had formed an acquaintance in the lecture-room, which had soon ripened into friendship; but their companions and pursuits were far different; the rich protégé kept his couple of horses and had a dinner-party at least once a week; the scholar dined in the hall, and had enough to do apparently to keep himself. He made no use of his rich friend whatever; "not through pride, be sure," said he, "but because I cannot afford to spend much time in pleasure of any sort; foot-exercise is best for me, and your wines would only incapacitate me from working; like you, Persey, I have neither father, mother, nor relative (save one dear little sister); nay, and I have a patron, too, if I chose, in my tutor; who, for all his donnish ways and personal grandeur, is as kind a man as breathes. He offered to lend me money to keep me up here, in a manner I shall not easily forget; but, having got so far without a crutch, I must make shift to finish my journey by help of my own legs."

It was the season now at Cambridge when the quaint college-gardens are filled with lovers and sisters and friends—when the gownsman evinces sudden interest in chapel and museum, and plays the Cicerone, not without the reward that he most loves—when the father comes to visit the scenes of his youth, and recognizes his former self in the complacent Freshman son—when the sister thinks she never saw such handsome youths before, and one whom she forgets to name seems to her to be the king of all.

So came Sir William Persey from his town-house; and, by the same train—in a more humble class, came Gray's little sister, Constance, from Audley End. Not that she was one hair's-breadth shorter than she ought to have been, or the least less plump; but so much round the fairy wrist, and so much round the graceful neck, and so much round the dainty, dainty waist, in the perfectest proportion that could be, as I should have liked to have proved by measurement, but she was called little from endearment, by everybody. There was a strange old person with her, who seemed to have no particular virtue beyond that of loving her and of extolling Leonard, and who must have been the orphan's foster-mother, and to see the two (after they had left their boxes at some humble lodging) in the scholar's attic was a pleasant sight. Such a charming little dinner they had, there, with audit ale—of which Constance drank one thimbleful to please her brother—and ices at dessert, which rendered the old lady speechless for some minutes, and made her observe, subsequently, to the bedmaker (with whom a confidence, founded on Leonard's excellencies, was soon established), "that they would lay cold at the pit of her stomach for days;" then the Cambridge coffee, that is equalled nowhere else, and the anchovy-toast, which is a special wonder of its own—and it is time to go to chapel. Gray's tutor takes fair Constance's rounded arm and puts her in the best seat to hear the anthem; and, not without a sigh, I hope, he thinks of his celibate state when he finds his eyes involuntarily wandering from his book to her. The two hundred young men in white surplices opposite, too, find their eyes, not at all involuntarily, doing likewise, and especially Mr. Edward Brooke Persey was smitten through and through. His patron, Sir William, sat on the

master's right hand resolving many things in his deep mind; he thought, perhaps, of the days long since when he had sat in those high seats, in youth, among the spangled gowns; delighting in the present, believing all who foretold of his brilliant future, and contrasted the past time and its prophecies with the stern reality, with his sad childlessness, and few, gray hairs; or looked beneath him upon the fine face of his adopted son, and seemed to gather comfort and almost a father's joy; perhaps, too, his heart was stirred at the sight of Constance; and the wondrous mystic music began to talk to him of the happy dead, who was once as fair as she.

While the organ was yearning its last, and the great throng was pushing to the doors, Brooke whispered: "Did you see that girl, Gray? I could scarcely keep my eyes off her all the service."

"She is my sister," answered Gray, quietly; and he took her out without introducing them.

When Brooke visited his friend's rooms the next morning, he found the door closed. This was the more deplorable because he had devoted an unusual attention to his dress. Moreover, he could hear voices discoursing through the double doors, which convinced him that his banishment was intended; he had missed the note which was then awaiting him at his own rooms:

"However ridiculous it may seem, my dear Persey, I feel it my duty, after your confession of last evening, not to suffer my sister to meet you. In our widely different positions anything serious must be out of the question; and I cannot permit her happiness to be risked by a flirtation with so gallant a cavalier."

Brooke knew at once, or thought he knew, that Leonard meant more than he wrote. Something told him that his own impatience of dependence was alight compared with Gray's abhorrence for that condition.

"It is not the workhouse, but the hall," thought Brooke, "that makes me thus unfit for Constance Gray."

Impulsive, headstrong, he had fallen madly in love with her, and made up his mind to ask Sir William that same day what he might expect of him, and know the best or worst at once and for ever.

So, when the company of high-bred youths were gone, whom Brooke had asked to meet the baronet, and the patron and

the protégé were left together alone, this talk came out of the former's question:

"Why, Brooke, did you not ask this Gray to meet me of whom you have written so much?"

"He does not mix with this set at all, sir; he is a poor man—a sizar, in short!"

"That is not well, boy! you should choose your companions a little more exclusively—you must separate."

"Sir!"

"Politely, and without injury to his feelings; but it must be done; he will be, doubtless, well content if you offer him Appleton. He is going into the church, I suppose—it is some hundred and fifty pounds a year, and the incumbent is of very great age."

Sir William yawned at the notion of such longevity, without reflecting how near seventy he was getting himself.

"You mistake my friend, sir, believe me! he would not take a shilling as a gift from me or any man; he is the most independent fellow in the world!"

"Why do you talk to me of independence?" interrupted the baronet. "You and this sizar seem to be birds of a feather; do you know why you are not a sizar? Why not a village schoolmaster? Why not—"

But despite his self-willed fury, the patron was shamed and checked by what he read in the young man's eyes.

"Why not what? Why not go on, Sir William?" said the boy in a voice in which contempt had quite overmastered prudence. "Here under my own roof, which you have bestowed upon me."

"Brooke," said the old man generously, and after a pause, "you have spoken truth; but not too respectfully. Give me your hand."

"I do, sir," the other readily replied; "but unless you comply with this request of mine, it will be to bid you farewell." He hesitated a moment, as if in doubt whether to continue his sudden passionate love, and then added: "It seems to me not unreasonable that I should ask you, who have been so munificent to me, what further favor you intend to grant: I wish to have the power of proving myself fully sensible, sir, of what I owe to you."

The transient feeling which had prompted his confession had quite passed away from the baronet's mind. He was sorry for it even, when his protégé dared thus to address him.

"What!" he broke forth, "do you wish me, then, to live in furnished lodgings, and to give up the Hall to you?"

"I want, sir, only to be permitted the choice of a profession, and, moreover, to have something guaranteed to me to reckon upon as my own."

"An ambassadorship and five thousand pounds a year for life, perhaps. You are very modest for an adopted son, upon my word. What do you say, now, to my bid of one hundred and fifty pounds a year?"

"I say, Sir William, that I should accept it with eagerness."

"Then, by Heaven, you shall have it, and not a shilling more," answered the patron. He took up his hat and gloves, and put them on with teeth set and lips closed, suppressing the anger that raged within him. He left the room without another word.

### CHAPTER III.

There were no candles alight that evening in Leonard's room; for he sat at the open window with his sister, looking out into the moonlit night, and on the sleeping court beneath, where the silver fountain never ceased to plash and sing.

"I fear, dear brother, still that I am a heavy burden to you—I and dear Dame Roberts; how free you would feel, Leonard, if you did but have your little income to yourself, and how happy I, if I could earn something with my hands."

"You will earn something with your tongue, which shall not be a reward, if you talk so," said Leonard playfully; "what do you mean by speaking of my little income in that disparaging way? One hundred and fifty pounds per annum, besides my scholarship—which, I can tell you, is an enormous source of profit, although we are bound to secrecy as to the exact amount—should, I think, be enough and to spare for us three; not to mention putting by a something for your marriage-portion when you have made up your mind as to the particular nobleman."

Constance laughed a little laugh, and blushed a little blush; but the laugh ceased and the blush grew deeper as Dame Roberts's voice came out to them from the room:

"That may be a nearer matter than you

think, Master Leonard; for she has fallen in love already with a young duke or a lord, as I believe; and in church too, of all the places in the world."

"Ah!" said her brother, rather seriously. "What is this young lord like, sister?"

"Nobody, Leonard; and I wonder at your being so foolish, dame."

But the old lady was not to be so put down. "I can't say for certain," she said, "never having seen him myself, sir; but as he was described to me, he is tall and dark, with restless eyes, and beautiful curling hair."

This short description of a lover at first sight would have been given in extenso but for a knock at the outer door. It was a gyp with a letter for Leonard; and, when he had read it, he sighed, and said:

"The young gentleman in question—he has no title—is coming to breakfast with us to-morrow at his own invitation."

Leonard gave in to the passionate entreaty of his friend to be introduced to Constance, in consideration of his altered circumstances, and of the sturdy behavior which he believed to have induced them. Gray was sincerely pleased to hear of his independence, but his hope was that, through this meeting, the charm which seemed to have enthralled both boy and girl would be dissolved, by each finding out something distasteful in the other. They were as dissimilar as any two young beings could be; the one proud, impetuous, and brilliant, and the other serene and sensible.

Love, however, who takes delight in setting at naught the calculations of the prudent, decreed that its first impression should be confirmed. Before the six days of Constance's proposed visit were over, the young couple were as good as engaged. With no father to talk of finance, and no mother to investigate genealogy, it was not a difficult business. The six days were prolonged to a fortnight.

"But, my friend," Gray said, "you must work. I have no marriage-portion worth mentioning to give my sister."

And he was firm against Brooke Percy's desire to marry immediately and to put his trust in Providence; and Constance went back to her cottage home at Audley End, making up her mind, as the young ladies say, to a very long engagement.

The lover vacated his apartment the next term for one more suitable to his new position, beneath the attic of his friend, and set himself resolutely to his college duties. Leonard was trying for a fellowship, and Brooke for a scholarship. Both failed.

Gray, indeed, was not eminent either in classics or mathematics; although he took a good double degree. Persey had still too many expensive acquaintances, whom he wanted firmness to utterly shake off: too much liking for the piano-forte, and too much trust in cramming and extempore genius. His three letters, and one ride a week to the little cottage at Audley End, did not help him; neither did his morbid thoughts upon his altered condition. He could not master himself sufficiently to forget the splendors and comforts of Hilton Hall, despite its accompanying servitude. He hankered after the flesh-pots, notwithstanding the Egyptian bondage. Living with what he considered exemplary economy, he far exceeded his income while he remained at college; and although the proceeds of his furniture and the sale of his two horses—which Sir William would not hear of receiving back—amply covered that expense, there seemed no great likelihood of his making both ends meet for the future.

Leonard had been readily appointed one of the assistant masters at the High School of Chiltun, through the recommendation of his tutor: but Brooke, although by no means a bad scholar, had no such influence, even had he been inclined for a like position; the other alternative of wise old Doctor Wild he would not take:

"Into some country village  
Now I must go,  
Where neither tithe nor tillage  
The greedy patron  
And parched matron  
Swear to the church they owe;  
Yet, if I can preach and pray too on a sudden,  
And confute the pope at adventure without  
studying,  
Then ten pounds a year, besides a Sunday  
pudding;  
Alas! poor scholar, whither wilt thou go?"

Brooke decided upon authorship. He published, on leaving college, an unfinished poem of some merit, but great bitterness, entitled "Dependence, a Satire," and it had a little success—that is to say, for a poem.

A considerable number of copies were bought by his college friends, a score of them sent to the reviews, and a good many given away.

One of these, in red morocco, was sent to Constance Gray, we may be sure, with an extra sonnet, by way of dedication, in the poet's own handwriting; and one of them, through the intervention of a good-natured friend, got down to Hilton, and was regarded by the fierce old baronet as a personal lampoon; which, despite appearances, it was never meant to be. No letter nor the slightest communication had been received from Sir William, since the interview in Brooke's rooms, save a deed, which had been forwarded by the family lawyer, securing to him his hundred and fifty pounds for life. The gap seemed never likely to be healed.

From Granta the poet removed to lodgings in town, and sat himself down in a more systematic method than might have been expected to his new work. He gave up, in the first place, writing verses, having soon discovered that, even in the happy chance of an editor printing them, poetry, like virtue, was its own reward. He concocted, principally, strange, weird-like tales, enough to frighten the very printers' devils; but Editor "declined them with thanks." He then tried those smaller deer with illustrations, which have such incredible circulations at one and fourpence apiece with a reduction when bought by the dozen. In these he generally succeeded. Under the name of the Modern Brutus, he produced one or two startling sketches of our social system. With the exception, however, of one pound fourteen and sixpence in silver—brought in an envelope by an editor himself, for fear of accidents—he received nothing for his services. It was something, indeed, to be puffed and placarded in staring colors at railway stations and steamboat piers, but still it was not enough to marry on. The letters to the little cottage grew shorter and rarer; their phrases began to have a warmed up character. The charming little notes in answer, were suffered to remain unopened for hours; and, when read, they lay about the table unsealed. Squarish envelopes with vulgar wafer-seals, seemed, on the other hand, to possess an increasing interest. These he answered sometimes on the instant, and always with great pains. His constant visits to all places of amusement—for professional purposes, Brooke

declared, in order to make articles out of them—dipped considerably into his scanty purse; his extravagant habits were generally little changed, and, in short, neither love nor money were now in great abundance with him. For all these misfortunes he did not become less proud, and was boastful enough, poor fellow, upon what few hits he made; nay, when Leonard Gray, in the course of a few years, was elected head-master of Chilton, and had it in his power to offer Brooke the position he had himself quitted, the proposal was rejected rather scornfully.

One day, a long tale of his, in which, as he thought, he had put forth his best powers, came back to his lodgings from a magazine office, rejected. It was the drop that filled his cup of bitterness to the brim; and at night he left the house, and strode out into the roaring streets, with rage at his heart. Although he had taken *nil desperandum* as his motto, he was not made of such persevering stuff as young authors should be, who would grow to be old ones. He had written anew after each failure, but he had written worse. Easily inspirited, but quite as easily depressed, the encouragement he met with was small, and the snubs very many. As he waited a moment at a crossing, to let a string of cabs go by, the gas-light lit up his haggard face.

"Brooke, Brooke Persey," said a friendly, well-remembered voice, "Why, it is you, surely, though you are so white and thin? Come along with me, boy." And the good Parson Parmer of Hilton, who had first taken him out of the workhouse, led him with a gentle violence into his hotel. At first, in answer to manifold questions, Brooke enlarged upon the effect his genius had produced, rather than complained of its not having been recognized, but the unaffected kindness of his benefactor soon broke down the barriers of pride, and swept away all deceit before it.

"I do not succeed," he said, "in the least, and I do not now think I shall succeed, for I have neither heart nor head to write anything more," and before they parted, he confessed, "I am in debt, too; and there is no one I can call my friend in all this town."

Quietly, and as if by accident—for the good clergyman knew the young man's character—Sir William and his circumstances became the topic of their talk; he told how the kind-hearted baronet yet bewailed

the estrangement of his adopted son, that though there was now a far distant cousin (a young lady) at the Hall, that he missed his namesake still; how the bedroom Brooke used to occupy was never slept in, and the books he had studied in were never taken down; moreover, how old age was creeping on apace, and that it was our duty to forget and to forgive. Believing himself swayed by these last reasons in particular, Brooke leaped at this chance of reconciliation, and Mr. Parmer promised to do all he could to bring it about.

Within a week from that night—spent by the young author in a flutter of hope—a new sort of letter came to his door, with arms upon the seal, and words, if not of affection, yet of dignified forgiveness within; within, too, was inclosed a check for more than two years' income. Alas! by the same post, also, one of those loving notes of Constance, urging him, not without tender complaint of his long silence, to patience and fresh endeavors. Brooke did not answer this last quite directly, but came down by the coach, as soon as he had paid his bills, to Hilton.

It was early in the merry month of May when he reached the old lodge gates, and strode up the avenue. When the well-known prospect once more broke on him, a prophecy, such as that which greeted the Scotch Thane, seemed through the clear air to whisper, These shall be thine. At the door stood his ancient patron, gray enough now and bent, with a stick in his right hand, suspiciously like a crutch, and a young woman with hard eyes, and the haughty Persey forehead.

"My cousin Gertrude, Brooke; you must love one another," said the baronet, sentimentally, after having embraced the prodigal. The young lady shook hands promptly, though without feeling, as though at the word of command.

It was a full week before the young man brought himself to understand that sentence as a matrimonial decree; but by that time matters had gone too far to admit of any doubt of it. The lady and he were sent out on long walks together; were seated next one another at table; were continually spoken of by Sir William as his two children, whom he hoped to see, shortly, one. Gertrude Persey would have had no objection, notwithstanding her pride, to have married any human being for an adequate remuneration; but to accept the adopted workhouse boy seemed

a bitter degradation. She hated him, as having supplanted her own family in the baronet's favor. Nevertheless she was the first of the two to preface a remark, in one of their solitary rambles, with "When we are married, Brooke," &c. &c. She never by any accident called him Persey; that being the one omission she permitted herself to make in her systematic observance of every whim and prejudice of her relative.

## CHAPTER IV.

IN the mean time, Leonard Gray, the head master of Chiltun High School, and Constance, his sister, dwelt in a quaint old brick mansion that had once formed part of a royal palace. The humorous questions he had been wont to ask of her in past times, concerning the bard, or the author, or the organ of public opinion, were now heard no more. In the evening, when the toils of the day were over, and they sat by the firelight, there was little conversation. Night after night, indeed, she had said nothing, but remained with a book before her whose leaves were never turned, or shading her face with her hand, as though she could not bear to be looked upon. On a sudden, and without Brooke's name having been mentioned, Leonard observed, dryly: "He is gone back again to Hilton, Constance."

"I knew it. I knew it must be so, poor fellow," she answered; "I should have sent this before." She produced from her bosom a letter in her own handwriting, and handed it to her brother to read. When he had done so, he rose quietly, kissed her on the forehead, and said.

"Right, right, dearest!" and took the letter with him into his own chamber. It contained a renunciation of her claim upon Persey's hand. "If, as I must believe," she wrote, "this chain is beginning to gall . . . We have been both foolish, perhaps, and if so, I the most to blame." And so finished, with an expression of sisterly affection and good-will.

Leonard had his part to do. He was by nature of a friendly although firm disposition. His letter was more decided than that of Constance, openly hoping that the

match which would have connected him and Brooke so closely would now be broken off; but he wrote it with sorrow and not harshness, and there was a lingering kindness towards his unhappy friend from the beginning to the close; the knowledge that his sister's happiness depended on what should come of this, alone made him stern.

He might have spared himself this delicacy, and Persey the humiliation which attended it, had he waited another day. The letters from the two houses crossed; one from Hilton Hall, inclosing another from Sir William, arrived the very next afternoon; Brooke's set forth that his marriage with Miss Gray was absolutely interdicted by his patron, and the baronet's contained a simple forbidding of the banns; passionate declarations of love, the coolest calculations of prudence, extenuations of himself, entreaties for pardon, complaints of too much having been expected of him, made up the strange sum of the young man's farewell.

"Pitiful!" Leonard exclaimed, when he had read it. "It is better so," sighed poor Constance, as she wept for the lover that was worse than dead. And it was better so. Her heart in time recovered from the first storming of its citadel. Perhaps, it was only the outer works that were ever injured; for in later years, she was beloved, if not so rapturously, yet far less selfishly, by another, whom she married.

Brooke himself became the possessor of almost all the Persey lands—for Sir William died immediately after his marriage; to him and his heirs for ever he left the old Hall, and the park-land, and the corn-land, and the pastures towards the sea; but, alas! he never had a child to inherit them. He dwelt with his bitter, barren wife a while, in grandeur and great wretchedness, and afterwards, when driven from his home by her sharp words, lived as hard as the Perseys of the olden time. Like more than one of them, too, he met his death in hunting—dragged at his horse's stirrup over his own fields, with his fine features not to be known by the most loving eyes, had there been such to look on him.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THE CHATEAU OF ST. GERMAIN, AND ITS LOVE-SCENES.

ST. GERMAIN is reached from Paris by railway, the trains leaving every hour, passing through a broad plain, watered by the Seine, which meanders to and fro, amid the rich and highly-cultivated tract, as if it longed to dwell among those sunny and gently-rising hills, dotted with gay-looking towns and villages, standing out white and fair in the sunshine. It is impossible not to gaze with pleasure on this happy landscape. The interminable windings of the river, spanned by bridge after bridge, which we rapidly crossed, gives the country the appearance of a series of islands, the background being closed by a range of hills, covered with vineyards, villages, and country houses, presenting a series of most pleasing views.

The town of St. Germain stands on the highest elevation, and on approaching presents a striking appearance, backed by the dark masses of its forest. The railway penetrates the hill by a tunnel, and on this ascent the atmospheric engines are in full and successful operation. I cannot, therefore, account for their failure in our country, where such vast sums have been uselessly expended in the trial.

I must console myself by giving a look into the past, and recalling what St. Germain once was, to make amends for its present want of interest. Let us take a peep back some two hundred years and see what was passing then, and endeavor to shut out this ghost of a palace standing before us.

Poor La Vallière, she might have remained unsullied in her life, as she was ever pure and good in her inmost soul, had she not unconsciously betrayed to Louis the mingled admiration and love with which he had inspired her—a knowledge no sooner obtained by him than but too surely taken full advantage of. It chanced at Fontainebleau, where the court was then residing, Mademoiselle de

la Vallière being one of the maids of honor of Madame Henriette d'Orléans, that love'y daughter of our own lovely queen Henrietta, whom we have already spoken of as connected with the Palais Royal.

It was a cool, delicious evening, after a day of unusual heat, when a merry party, consisting of four of the maids of honor, had ensconced themselves in a thick arbor covered with honeysuckles and roses, among the thickets of flowering shrubs that skirted the gay pastures of flowers before the château. It was already dark, but their gay, laughing voices attracted the attention of the king, then quite a young man, who had also stolen out on the terrace to enjoy the delightful evening, unattended by all except the handsome, mischiefling Lauzun, fated hereafter to exercise such all-conquering power over the heart of the unfortunate Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

The king, hearing the voices, was seized with a sudden curiosity to know what was the subject of the conversation, and signing to Lauzun to follow him, he softly approached the arbor. The tongues of the pretty maids of honor were going like so many cherry clappers, the subject of conversation being a ball given the night before by Madame Henriette, and particularly about a ballet, in which the king had danced in company with some other gentlemen of his court. The king and Lauzun, favored by the increasing darkness of the night, and well intrenched behind the shrubs, did not lose a syllable.

The question was, which dancer was the handsomest and the most graceful, and each pretty lady had, of course, her own predilection. One declared for the Marquis d'Alençon, another would not hear of any comparison with M. de Vardes, and a third stoutly maintained that the Comte de Guiche was by far the



handsomest man there and everywhere else (an opinion which, *par parenthèse*, Madame herself took every opportunity of showing she quite acquiesced in—a taste, moreover, displayed somewhat too openly by her, notwithstanding her designs on the heart of the king himself, whom she fancied, and others declared, was, or had been, her devoted admirer). But to our story. The fourth damsel was silent. Upon being called upon to give her opinion, she spoke, and in the sweetest and gentlest of tones—or rather in “a voice soft and low, an excellent thing in woman”—she thus expressed herself:

“I cannot imagine how any one else could have been even noticed when the king was present. He is quite fascinating.”

“Ah! then you, Mademoiselle, declare for the king. What will Madame say to you?”

“No, it is not the king nor the crown he wears that I admire; it is not his rank that makes him so charming. On the contrary, to me it ought rather to diminish his attractions, for if he were not the king I should positively dread him. His position is my best safeguard. However—” and La Vallière dropped her head on her bosom and fell into a deep reverie.

On hearing her words, the king was strangely affected, and, forbidding Lauzun to mention their adventure, they retired silently as they came, and reentered the château. The king was in a sad dilemma. If he could only discover who the fair damsel was who preferred him to all others with such *naïveté* and such sincerity—who admired him for himself alone, and not for his rank—a preference as flattering as it was rarely the lot of a monarch to discover. All he knew was that it must be one of the maids of honor attached to the service of Madame Henriette, his sister-in-law, and he could not sleep all night, so haunted was he with the melting tones of that sweet voice, and so anxious did he become to discover to whom it belonged. In the morning, as soon as etiquette allowed of his appearing, Louis hurried off to the toilet of Madame, whom he found seated before her mirror of the rarest Dresden china, lopped up with lace and ribbons, her face and shoulders covered with her beautifully long hair, about to undergo the frightful process of powdering.

“Your majesty honors me with an ear-

ly visit,” said she, coloring with pleasure as he entered. “What plans have you arranged for the hunt to-day? When are we to start?”

Louis, with his usual politeness—shown, be it recorded to his credit, towards any woman, whatever might be her degree—gallantly replied that it was for her to command and for him to obey. But there the conversation dropped, and the duchess soon observed that he appeared absent and preoccupied, which at once chagrined and disappointed her. Piqued at his want of *empressement*, she turned from him abruptly, and began conversing with one of her attendants.

Louis was now at liberty to use his eyes as he chose, and he hastily proceeded to survey the group of lovely girls that, like a garden of bright tulips, stood behind the princess’ chair. One standing a little apart from the rest riveted his attention. Her pale and somewhat melancholy countenance imparted an indescribable air of interest to her appearance, and the graceful *tournure* of her head and neck completed as lovely a creature as could be conceived.

“Could this be she?” He hoped—he feared (he was young then, Louis and not the *débauché blasé* he afterwards became)—he actually trembled with emotion, suspense, and impatience. But, determined to ascertain the truth, and regardless of the furious glances cast at him by Madame, who evidently neither liked nor understood his wandering looks, directed evidently to her ladies, and his total want of attention towards herself, he approached the fair group and began conversing with them, certain that if that same soft voice was heard that had never ceased to echo in his ears, he should at once recognize it. He addressed Madame du Pons, but his eyes were fixed on the pale face of La Vallière, for it was, indeed, she he so much admired. She cast down her eyes, and blushed.

The king advanced towards her and addressed her, awaiting her reply with indescribable anxiety. She trembled, grew still more pale, then blushed crimson, and finally replied to him in a voice tremulous with timidity; but it was *the* voice! He had found her. This, then, was the unknown, and she loved him; her own lips confessed it. Delightful! He left the apartments of Madame abruptly, in speechless delight.

From that day he saw, he lived for, but La Vallière. Ever in the apartments of his sister-in-law, it was evident to her that he did not come to seek her society, and her rage and jealousy knew no bounds; for she had indeed previously had ample reason to believe that the attachment the king felt for her exceeded that of a brother. With all the spite of a jealous woman, she soon discovered how often the eyes of Louis were fixed with admiration on the timid and downcast face of La Vallière. She was not, therefore, long in guessing the object of his preference, and in discovering the cause of his frequent visits to her apartments. From this moment she hated poor Louise, and determined, if possible, to ruin her on the first favorable opportunity that chance might afford.

Louis, on his part, unconscious of the storm he was raising about La Vallière, was delighted with all he saw, and with all he heard of her character. She was beloved by all; her goodness, her sweetness, her sincerity, were universally acknowledged, and the account of her various good qualities naturally tended to enhance her merit in the eyes of the king.

When the court returned to St. Germain (now, can one fancy a brilliant court within those dingy walls?—but so it was), Louis was desperately, head and ears over, in love. A party of pleasure was arranged to take place in the forest under a tent formed of boughs and flowers. The ladies resorted to this sylvan retreat habited as shepherdesses and peasants, forming charming groups, very like Sèvres china. On their arrival, the most delicious music was heard proceeding from the recesses of the leafy groves, which, as it played at intervals, now here, now there, among the trees, was the signal for the appearance of various groups of satyrs, fauns, and nymphs, who, after dancing certain grotesque figures, and singing verses in honor of the king and the court, disappeared, to be quickly replaced by another detachment, who presented flowers, and also sang and danced as no nymphs or fauns had ever dreamed of in classic bowers, but in a style quite peculiar to the age and taste of le Grand Monarque, who liked even nature itself to appear as artificial and formal as he became himself. This agreeable *fête* had lasted all day, and the company was

about to return on foot to the *château*, when—conceive the alarm—a violent storm came on, thunder began to roll, the sky was suddenly obscured, and a heavy rain descended with remorseless violence to drench the whole court. How every one scudded hither and thither like a flock of terrified sheep! The thickest trees were eagerly seized on as a slight protection against the storm; and, spite of the rain, the ladies at last began to vote it rather an agreeable incident on the whole, when they found their favorite cavaliers beside them, placed, perchance, somewhat nearer than would have been *comme il faut* in the court circle. For although the ladies might really at first have been a little terrified, the gentlemen, certainly, were not likely to be attacked with any nervousness on account of a thunder-storm, and had preserved *sang-froid* sufficient to select each his fair lady-love to protect from the tempest. Thus it chanced that Madame Henriette found herself under the care of the Comte de Guiche; the fair Mancini, once so beloved by the king, now Comtesse de Soissons, was under the protection of her dear De Vardes; and Mademoiselle d'Orléans—la grande Mademoiselle—was completely happy, and forgot the thunder, rain, and, more wonderful still, her own dignity, at finding herself *tête-à-tête* with Lauzun!

The king, nowise behind his courtiers in gallantry, had at once offered his escort and his arm to support poor La Vallière, who, naturally timid, was really terrified at the noise, the bustle, the surprise, and accepted his assistance, and clung to his arm with a confidence that enchanted him. All the world knows that she was a little lame, a defect which in her was said to become quite a grace. On the present occasion she did not, perhaps, regret that this infirmity prevented her walking as quickly as the rest, prolonging the precious moments with the king. Louis placed her under a tree, where they were both protected from the rain and shrouded by thick boughs which fringed the grass beneath and entirely concealed them from all impertinent observers.

The king seized on this happy opportunity to declare his passion, and acquainted La Vallière with the love she had inspired ever since that evening at Fontainebleau, when he had overheard her conversation. Poor Louise, who had never

dared to imagine that her love was returned, had well-nigh fainted as the king proceeded. Her heart beat so tremendously it was quite audible, and she was actually on the point of rushing from under the tree, when the king, laying hold of her hand, retained her.

"What!" said he, "do you fear me more than the storm? What have I done to terrify you—you whom I love, whom I adore? What is the cause of your hatred of me? Speak, I implore you, Louise."

"Oh, sire! say not hatred. I revere you—I love you—as my king, but—"

"Sweet girl, I breathe again.—But why only love me as your sovereign—I who cherish your every look, and seek only to be your servant, your slave?"

Saying which he fell on his knees before her, and swore he would never rise until she had promised to love him, and to pardon the terror his declaration had caused her.

At this sight Mademoiselle de la Vallière could not control her emotion. She implored him to rise.

"You are my king," said she. "I am your faithful subject. Can I say more?"

"But promise me your love. Give me your heart; that is the possession I desire," cried Louis.

Pressed by the king to grant him some mark of her favor, La Vallière became so confused she could scarcely articulate. Louis became more and more pressing, interpreting her emotion as favorable to his suit, when in the midst of the tenderest entreaties the thunder again burst forth, and poor Louise, overcome at once by fear, love, and remorse, fainted away. The king naturally received this precious burden in his arms, and began hastily to rejoin the other fugitives and his attendants, in order to obtain assistance. Ever and anon he stopped in the openings of the forest to admire her face, calm and lovely in repose, the long eyelashes sweeping the delicate cheek, the lips half closed, revealing the prettiest little white teeth. I leave my readers to imagine if Louis did not imprint a few kisses on the fainting beauty he bore so carefully in his arms, and if now and then he did not press that beloved form closer to his breast. If in this he *did* take advantage of the situation chance had afforded him, he must be forgiven; he was young, and he was deeply in love; he was, moreover, a king, and she was his subject.

Imagine the surprise felt by La Vallière on recovering to find herself borne along in the king's arms! alone, in the midst of a vast solitary forest. History does not, however, record that she died of terror, or that she even screamed; but perhaps, and indeed doubtless, she would have been more frightened had not the respectful behavior of the king reassured her.

The moment she opened her sweet blue eyes he stopped, placed her on the ground, and supporting her in the tenderest manner, assured her that being then near the edge of the forest, and not far distant from the château, they were sure soon to encounter some of his attendants. Louise blushed, then grew pale, then blushed again, as the recollection of all the king had said to her while under the shade of the tree gradually returned to her mind. She read the confirmation of it all in his countenance, and in his eyes, turned towards her with a passionate gaze. In a faltering voice she thanked him for his care a thousand times—for his condescension. She was so sorry. It was foolish to faint; but the thunder—his majesty's goodness to her—And here she paused abruptly; her conscience told her she ought at once to reject his suit for ever: her lips could not articulate the words.

While she was yet speaking a group of horsemen appeared in the distance, at the end of one of the long verdant glades in which the forest abounds, who, on hearing the voice of the king, galloped rapidly towards them. They reached the château shortly after the other ladies, who had, none of them, as it appeared, been in haste to arrive, and who, as well as their cavaliers, regretted extremely the termination of so highly agreeable an adventure.

From this moment La Vallière's fate was sealed. Long had she loved and admired the king in her own secret heart; but until she learnt how warmly he returned this attachment she was scarcely aware how completely he possessed her heart. The ecstasy this certainty gave her first fully revealed to herself the real danger of her situation. Poor Louise! Is it wonderful that as the scene of this first and passionate declaration she should love the old château of St. Germain more than any other spot in the world? that when suffering, the air restored her? when unhappy (and she lived to be so utterly miserable), the sight of the forest, of the ter-

race, revived her for a time by the tender reminiscences they recalled?

It is well no vision of the present scene arose to trouble the pleasure she felt in this residence; for who could ever have imagined that this stately château would ever have been converted into the dreary prison one now beholds, with a screaming, whistling, vulgar railway station close under the very walls! with omnibuses and and flies, and all the et cætera of modern barbarism invading the dignified old palace, intended for royal retirement and enjoyment.

When the secret of Louis's attachment to La Vallière transpired (which after the scene of the forest was very soon the case), nothing could exceed the rage, the indignation of the whole royal circle, who each conceived that they had some especial cause of complaint. The poor quiet queen, who certainly was the really injured party, could only weep and mourn in silence over a scandal that affected her personally nearly; but she was far too much afraid of the handsome Jupiter Tonans, her husband, to venture on many personal reproaches to himself. She consoled herself with most soundly abusing the unhappy La Vallière, and vented her spleen in loading her with a variety of epithets much more expressive than elegant. In this labor of love she was joined by Anne of Austria, the queen-mother, who in her actual state of mind, and given up as she was to the rigid observances of the austerities of her religion (for these were the days of serge gowns, chaplets, confessors, and oratories with her majesty), was the last person to spare the favorite, and actively assisted her daughter-in-law in these attacks.

But Madame Henriette, who had nothing in the world to do with the affair, was the noisiest and most abusive of all. Her vanity was offended, was outraged in the highest degree, at the notion that the king, whom she believed her ardent admirer, should forsake her openly, publicly, for one of her women. It was too insulting.

"What," exclaimed she, "does he prefer a little ugly, miserable, limping bourgeoisie to *me*, the daughter of a king, and, moreover, as superior in attractions to that little minx as I am in birth? Dieu! qu'il manque de goût et de délicatesse!"

Without even taking leave of the king, she rushed from court and retired to St. Cloud, where she made the very walls

ring with her lamentations and her complaints. The end of all this disturbance was, that La Vallière, humiliated, overcome, reproached from without by all around her, and from within by the stings of a conscience that no circumstances could ever either corrupt or silence, escaped from St. Germain, and placed herself in the convent of Chaillot, determining to sacrifice her love to the higher calls of duty, and by taking the veil remove all chances of a relapse into former temptations. To recount how the king discovered her retreat, and flying after her with all the ardor of a new passion, prevailed on her to alter her resolution and return to the court, would lead me into a digression which would not be excused by any reference to the old château we are considering. Happy had it been for the too yielding but amiable favorite had she never left the peaceful cloister, or consented to recommence a life of sin that ended in the misery of seeing herself supplanted by her friend, the arrogant, artful De Montespan!

In the gallery of St. Germain, Louis first met with Madame de Maintenon, then the humble widow Scarron. It was his habit, after leaving the chapel, as he passed through the gallery, to receive the petitions of those who had sufficient interest to gain admittance. A beautiful woman, of somewhat full and voluptuous proportions, with a neck whiter than driven snow—quite a style to suit the royal taste—dressed in a morning costume, which displayed the delicacy of her complexion to the best advantage, presented herself before him. Louis could not but admire her appearance and receive the paper she presented to him. However, it appears that the fair widow, not receiving the attention she expected, and finding her petition unnoticed, presented herself so constantly before the king in this very gallery, that at length he grew quite weary of her solicitations, and on one occasion abruptly turned his back on her, saying to one of his attendants, "I am tired of seeing that woman. *Il pleut en vérité des mémoires de Madame Scarron.*" Little did he imagine the influence that intriguing widow was destined to exercise over his latter years. Finding all legitimate means fail of commanding the attention she desired, the widow Scarron, by dint of low flattery and mean compliances, contrived to gain the friendship of the aban-

doned Montespan, then in the zenith of her power. She was appointed by her governess to her illegitimate offspring, a position that secured to the crafty widow a firm footing at court, and the certainty of being constantly thrown into the society of the king, advantages of which she amply availed herself, ending at length by acquiring so absolute an influence over him as soon to cause the expulsion of all rivals, and exercising an absolute tyranny.

It was at St. Germain that Mary of Modena and her infant took refuge after her hurried flight from England, escorted by the gallant Lauzun, who had been dispatched by Louis to aid in her perilous escape. On landing at Boulogne, she refused to proceed until she was assured that her husband, the weak devotee James II., was in safety; "resolved," as she said, "if he had been imprisoned, to have returned and suffered martyrdom with him." But, as he was not destined to the stake, on being informed of his safety she continued her journey to St. Germain.

Louis met her at Chatou, a pretty village on the banks of the Seine, near the château, now one of the stations on the railway from hence to Paris. As soon as the poor fugitive perceived the king, she dismounted from her coach and advanced towards him.

"Sire," said she, "you see before you a most unhappy princess, whose only consolation is the goodness of your majesty."

"Madame," replied the king, "it is now only in my power to render you a most melancholy service, but I trust ere long to prove to you, as also to my brother the king, your husband, that I have every inclination to serve you both in a manner more worthy his dignity and my own."

On arriving at the château, the king, dismounting first from his carriage, offered his arm to the queen, and conducted her into the magnificent apartments occupied formerly by his wife.

"If," said he, "my late consort, Marie Thérèse of Austria, can observe us from that heaven where her soul undoubtedly reposes in endless bliss, she will be flattered, I am sure, by seeing her place occupied by another Mary as beautiful and as virtuous as she was herself!"

After having delivered himself of this Grandisonian compliment, so entirely *à la Louis Quatorze*, making the very heavens open, as it were, to do honor to kings and queens, and actually sanctify etiquette, he

commanded that the infant Prince of Wales should be carried into the rooms used by the Duc de Bourgogne, and retired himself with the queen into an inner boudoir, where they held a long and secret conference. When they returned into the *grands appartements*, Louis, with his usual majestic courtesy, reconducted the queen to her son, and then took leave of her.

A repetition of the same ceremonies took place on the arrival of James II. shortly afterwards, excepting only that when the two monarchs met in the court-yard of the château a series of *embrassements* took place between them that must have been most strangely ludicrous to the bystanders. It is said that the two kings folded each other *ten times* in their arms. So violent an effusion of tenderness must have marvellously discomposed the wig and powder of le Grand Monarque, who, when they became calmer, observed to James, "Let us lose no more time—the queen will be all impatience to see your majesty." Upon which hint they proceeded to the apartments of the queen, whom they found awaiting their arrival in bed, Louis insisting on giving the place of honor to his royal visitor, who as pertinaciously endeavored to decline it. Upon sight of the queen a fresh series of more violent *embrassements* than ever commenced, but this time Louis was only a spectator. How often James thought it necessary to clasp his consort in his arms is not recorded, but doubtless the number of times exceeded the accolades he had previously bestowed on his host. After these lively demonstrations had a little subsided, Louis addressed the English king in these words:

"Your majesty must remain here, and not return with me; come and see me tomorrow at Versailles; I will then receive you as my guest; after that I shall again pay you a visit at St. Germain, where I shall look on you as my host; afterwards we will meet as often as possible *sans façons*."

Before he departed, Louis deposited ten thousand pistoles in the room destined for the king, an action as generous as it was delicately contrived not to wound the feelings of the royal fugitives. Indeed his whole conduct to these exiled princes is one of the most pleasing episodes in the whole life of Louis XIV.

Nor was St. Germain only a favorite

retreat during Louis XIV.'s reign; other monarchs had equally appreciated the beauty of its situation.

Francis I., that impersonation of chivalry, the gallant prince who would fain have left crown, throne, and people to fare for themselves, constituting himself a knight-errant after the fashion of Don Quixote, also loved these verdant shades. Here he was married to the gentle Claude, daughter of Louis XII., who deformed in person, and of a timid, retiring disposition, could offer no attractions likely to ensure the affection of this beauty-loving monarch. After a few years passed in neglect and obscurity, she expired, leaving Francis to the undisputed possession of the Duchesse d'Etampes. Here he delighted to resort with this fair favorite—*la plus belle des savantes, et la plus savante des belles*—to hunt, to ride, to dance, to love; or when weary of pleasure, to read those legends of chivalry he so much admired; or perhaps to pen some couplets himself in honor of the fair—for he himself was no mean poet.

Henri Quatre has also left many a recollection connected with this château, where he resorted on the small intervals of *dé-lassement* from those incessant wars that occupied his reign, to enjoy a few merry hours with la belle Gabrielle d'Estrées.

Before her acquaintance with Henri Quatre, she was engaged to marry a gentleman of the court, named Bellegarde. They seldom met, as he, being a great favorite with the king, followed all his gyrations, and on the occasion I am about to relate the lovers had been separated for some time. Gabrielle was then living with her sisters at her father's château; fondly attached to Bellegarde, her thoughts incessantly dwelt on him, and she anticipated the approaching period of her marriage with all the happiness imaginable.

One evening, while she was indulging in those agreeable musings proper to the state called "being in love," Bellegarde was abruptly announced, and entered, accompanied by two gentlemen; one, short in stature, with a droll expression of countenance, was introduced as Monsieur Chicot; the other, by name "Don Juan," tall and thin, with greyish hair, high-colored, and remarkable for a very prominent nose and exceedingly audacious eyes.

Gabrielle rose in haste to embrace Bellegarde, but, on seeing his two companions, drew back, welcoming them all

with a more formal courtesy. She was surprised and vexed to find Bellegarde cold and reserved, but any short-comings on his part were amply made up by the cordial accolade of the Spanish Don.

"Pray, madame, excuse our friend," said Chicot, seeing the confusion of Gabrielle at such unexpected familiarity; "he is only newly arrived in France, and is quite unacquainted with the usages of the country."

"By the mass!" cried Bellegarde, pale with annoyance, "I, for my part, know the country in the world where gentlemen are permitted thus to salute the ladies—at least in civilised latitudes."

These remarks were, however, quite lost on the Don, who, with his eyes fixed in bold admiration on Gabrielle, scarcely heard them.

"Bellegarde," said Gabrielle, seeing his deeply offended look, "excuse this stranger, I entreat for my sake; I am sure he meant no offence. Let not the joy I feel at again seeing you be overcast by this little occurrence." And she advanced to where he stood, and affectionately took his hand.

This appeal was enough; Bellegarde, though anxious, looked no longer angry, and the party seated themselves.

"This gentleman, madame," said Chicot, turning towards Gabrielle, "is our prisoner; he surrendered to us yesterday in the *mêlée* at Marly, and, his ransom paid, tomorrow morning he will start to join the army of the Duke of Parma."

"At least, gentlemen, now you are here," replied Gabrielle, "by whatever chance—and the chance must be good that brings you to me—(and she glanced at Bellegarde)—you will all partake of some refreshment. I beg you to do so in the name of Monsieur de Bellegarde."

"Fair lady," said the Spaniard, breaking silence for the first time, "I never before rejoiced so much in being able to understand the French tongue as spoken by your sweet voice; this is the happiest moment of my life, for it has introduced me to you, the fairest of your sex. Readily I accept your invitation, for were I fortunate enough to be your prisoner, my ransom should never be paid, I warrant."

"Cap de Dieu!" exclaimed Chicot, laughing; "the Spanish Dons well merit their reputation for gallantry, but our friend Don Juan, outdoes all, and indeed every one of his nation."

"Madame," continued the Spaniard, not appearing to hear this remark, and still addressing Gabrielle, "if any one, be he noble or villain, knight or king, dare to say that any woman under God's sun surpasses you in beauty or grace, I declare him to be a liar, false and disloyal, and with fitting opportunity I will prove it in more than words that he lies to the teeth."

"Come, come, my good friend," interrupted Bellegarde, much discomposed, "do not go into these heresies, I beseech you. If you heat yourself in this way, the night air will give you cold. Besides, remember, sir, this lady, Mademoiselle d'Estrées, is my affianced bride, and that certain conditions were made between us before I introduced you, which conditions you swore to observe."

Don Juan felt the implied reproof, and for the first time moved his eyes to some other object than the smiling face of Gabrielle.

Her sisters now entered and were saluted with nearly equal warmth by the Spanish Don, who evidently would not reform his manners in this particular.

"Let me tell you, ladies," said Chicot, "if you were to see our friend Don Juan in a justaucorps of satin, and glittering with gold and precious stones, you would not think he looked amiss. But are you going to give us something to eat? What has the Don done that he is to be starved? Though he be a Spaniard, and serves against Henry of Navarre, he is a Christian, and has a stomach like any other."

On this hint the whole party adjourned to the eating-room, Bellegarde looking the picture of misery, Chicot bursting with ill-suppressed laughter, and the Don fully occupied by Gabrielle, on whom his naughty eyes were again fixed. At table, spite of Bellegarde's manœuvres, he placed himself beside her, eating and drinking voraciously; perpetually proposing toasts in her honor, and confusing her to such a degree that she heartily repented having invited him to remain, particularly as the annoyance of Bellegarde at his familiarity did not escape her. In this general *malentendu* the merry Chicot again came to the rescue.

"Let us drink to the health of the King of France and Navarre!" cried he. "Come, Don Juan, forget your politics and join us: here's prosperity and success to our gallant Henri!"

"That is a toast we must drink in chorus," said Bellegarde.

"But why," observed Gabrielle, "does Don Juan bear arms against the King of France if he is his partisan?"

"Fair lady, your remark is just," replied he, "but the fortune of war drives a soldier to many things; however, I only wish all France was as much his friend as I am."

"Long live the king!"—"Vive Henri Quatre!" was drunk with all the honors and in a chorus of hurrahs. The Spaniard wiped a tear from his eye.

"Cap de Dieu!" cried Chicot, "the right cause will triumph at last."

"Yes," replied Bellegarde, "sooner or later we shall see or brave king enter his noble palace of the Louvre in state; but meanwhile he must not fool away his time in follies and amours while the League is in strength."

"There you speak truth," said Chicot, "he is too much given to such games—he's a very Sardanapalus—and," continued he squinting at the Don with a most comical expression, "if report speaks true, at this very moment his majesty is off on some adventure touching the rival beauty of certain ladies, to the manifest neglect of his crown and the ruin of his affairs."

"Ah!" said Gabrielle, "if some second Agnès Sorel would but appear, and making, like her, a noble use of the king's love and her influence, incite him to noble deeds—to conquer himself, and forsaking all else, entirely devote his great talents in fighting heart and soul against the rebels and exterminating the League!"

"Alas!" sighed Don Juan, "those were the early ages; such love is not to be found now—it is a dream, a fantasy—Henri will find no Agnès Sorel in these later days."

"Say not so, noble Don," replied Gabrielle; "love is of all times and of all seasons. True love is immortal, but I allow that it is rare though not impossible, to excite such a passion."

"If it is a science to be learnt, will you teach me, fair lady?" said the Spaniard.

At this turn in the conversation Bellegarde again became agitated, and the subject dropped. The Don addressed his conversation to the sisters of Gabrielle, and at their request took up a lute and sang a song with considerable taste, in a fine manly voice, which gained for him loud applauses all round.

Gabrielle looked, perhaps, a trifle too pleased, and, spite of Bellegarde, approached the Don after he had finished.

"Lady, did my song please you?" said he; "if I have any merit you inspired me."

"Yes," replied she, musingly; "if you had been my prisoner, I should long ago have liberated you, I am sure."

"And why?" asked he.

"Because you have something in your voice I should have feared to hear too often," said she, in a low voice.

"Then in that case I would always have remained your voluntary captive."

How long this conversation might have continued my authorities do not state; but Bellegarde, now really displeased, approached the whispering pair, giving an angry glance at Gabrielle, of whom he took no further heed.

"Come, come, Don Juan!" said he, "it is time to go. Where are our horses? The night wears on, and we shall now scarce reach the camp ere morning."

"Ventre saint gris!" said the Spaniard, starting up, "there is surely no need for such haste."

"Your promise," muttered Bellegarde.

"Confound you, Bellegarde! You have introduced me into paradise, and now you drag me away just when the breath of love is animating me," murmured Don Juan, who looked broken hearted at being obliged to leave, and cast the most tender glances towards the downcast Gabrielle.

"I opine we ought never to have come at all," said Chicot, winking violently, and looking at Gabrielle, who evidently regretted the necessity of the Don's departure.

"Mère de Dieu!" cried the latter to Bellegarde, "you are too hard thus to bind me to my cursed promise."

"Gabrielle," said Bellegarde, in a low voice, "you are my beloved, my soul. Adieu. You have grieved me to-night, but perhaps it is my fault; I ought to have come alone; but I will soon return. In the mean time, a caution in your ear: if this Don Juan comes again during my absence to pay you a second visit, send

him off, I charge you, by the love I think you bear me. Give him his *congé* without ceremony; hold no parley, I entreat you; he is a sad *vaurien*, and would come with no good intentions. I could tell you more. He is—— But next time you shall hear all."

"I will obey you," replied Gabrielle somewhat coldly.

The whole party advanced to the court-yard, where the three horses were waiting.

"Adieu, most adorable Gabrielle!" exclaimed the Spaniard, vaulting into the saddle. "Would to Heaven I had never set eyes on you, or that I might gaze to eternity on that heavenly face."

"Well," said Bellegarde, you need only wait until peace is made, and then you can go to court, where Madame de Bellegarde, otherwise la Belle Gabrielle, will shine fairest of the fair.

"You are not married yet, monsieur, however, and remember, you must first have his majesty's leave and license—not always to be got. Ha, ha, my friend! I have you there," laughed the Don. "Adieu, then, once more, most beautiful lady! Adieu to you all! Bellegarde, you have gained your bet," continued the Spaniard, as they galloped off.

I need scarcely add that the false hidalgo was no other than Henri Quatre himself, who was thus imprudently presented by Bellegarde to his love, in consequence of a dispute between them as to the beauty of some other lady admired by the king, who he insisted possessed superior charms, which, Bellegarde denying, the king would only be satisfied by verifying with his own eyes Gabrielle's attractions. That this was not the last time they met we are well aware; and I shall have to relate some further passages between them which took place at St. Germain. Gabrielle intoxicated with the passion her beauty had inspired, failed to repulse the pretended Spaniard with the prudent rigor recommended by her lover, who lived deeply to repent having introduced so fatal a rival as Don Juan to his fair mistress.



From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## THE LITERARY LEVIATHAN.

Who has not heard of the great leviathan of literature—the St. Domingan Marquis de la Pailleterie, the Algerian lion-hunter, the protector of Abd-el-Kader—who, for nearly twenty years, produced dramas, romances, histories, travels, at the rate of forty volumes per annum, and whose career makes the list complete by being in itself a most instructive sermon! Has he not in his own amusing *bavardage*, told the world of the number of amanuenses he worked out in the course of twenty-four hours—of the relays of couriers constantly employed spurring in hot haste with the manuscript productions of his fertile brain from his country-seat to the printing-offices of Paris! Yet now, when the bubble has burst, when we know as an established and uncontradicted—simply because uncontradictable—fact, that not one-twentieth of the works bearing the words *par Alexandre Dumas* on their title-pages were written by that individual; and that the major part of even this small minority are, without the slightest acknowledgment, copied to a greater or less extent, from the works of other authors, we are forced to infer, as Trinculo did of Caliban, that the great leviathan is but a very shallow monster after all.

In an article which appeared some years since in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Dumas relates how he became a dramatic author. He was, he tells us, a clerk in the service of the Duke of Orleans—afterwards King Louis Philippe—at the humble salary of 1200 francs a year, when on the occasion of an English theatrical company visiting Paris, he first saw the plays of Shakspeare performed. Like a person who had been born blind—the simile is his own—and to whom, after arriving at the age of manhood, sight by some miracle had been given, Dumas at once found himself in a new world, of which he never previously had the slightest

idea. As the Italian peasant said when he first saw a picture: "I, too, will be a painter," so did Dumas exclaim when he first saw *Hamlet*: "I, too, will be a dramatic author." His earlier essays, however, were unsuccessful; but the occurrence of a great event soon opened up a pathway leading him to fame and fortune. The memorable three days of July 1830 effected a dramatic as well as a political revolution. Excited by the sanguinary contest, and wearied to satiety with the heavy dramas of Corneille and Racine, patronized by the Bourbon dynasty, the Parisian audiences were ripe for a more stimulating style of theatrical representation. The hour had arrived, and the man was not wanting. The *Henry III.* of Dumas appearing about this period, carried Paris, as it were, by storm. The classical formalities of the old school succumbed at once to the ropeladders, poisoned goblets, stilettos, brigands, and executioners of the new romantic drama. *Christine*, and one or two other dramas of a similar romantic description, written by M. Dumas, following in quick succession, were put upon the stage with a pomp and circumstance previously unknown, even in Paris, and were welcomed with rapturous applause by crowded audiences. As mere acting pieces, these plays are not devoid of a certain degree of merit. Gratifying the eye rather than the intellect, they display considerable inventive faculty, keen perception of contrast, and decided knowledge of theatrical effect; arresting the attention of the auditor by surprise, and keeping his curiosity ever in suspense, without attempting to hold the mirror up to nature—

"To wake the soul with tender strokes of art,  
To raise the genius, or to mend the heart."

The Parisian audiences, however, were

satisfied with the quality of the fare provided for their amusement, but not with its quantity. Their appetite increasing upon what it fed upon, they demanded more. The managers were eager to take advantage of the new flood that led so rapidly to fortune; but the demand exceeded the supply; consequently, Messrs. Anicet Bourgeois, Auguste Maquet, and others, were enlisted under the banners of the already famous Dumas, and scores of plays were thus produced, all bearing the name of the great chief. How the large sum of money paid for these dramas was divided among their authors, is a secret of the *atelier* never yet revealed; but it is known that Dumas had the lion's share of the cash, and all the honor. Indeed, one of the best of this crowd of dramas, *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, M. Dumas transcribed in his own handwriting, and sent the precious autograph to Christina, queen-dowager of Spain; and her most Catholic Majesty sent back, in return, the cordon of the Order of Isabella—an honor of which M. Dumas was most vain-gloriously proud, as his own writings amply testify; yet *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle* was not written by M. Dumas at all, but by one of his literary retainers, a young Pole, then struggling for a precarious existence in the French metropolis, but now Count Walewski, the distinguished statesman of the present Empire.

But the worst has to be told. Few, if any, of the numerous dramas bearing the name of Dumas, whether written by himself or his assistants, are original, the greater part of them being made up, more or less, from the works of other writers. As an instance, M. Dumas, probably in gratitude to Shakspeare for rescuing him from dramatic blindness, produced *his own Hamlet*, which is merely a mutilated translation of the original, with the questionable *improvement*, that the ghost, appearing in the last act, restores Hamlet to a long life and undisputed possession of the throne of Denmark!

Numerous other wholesale plagiarisms of a similar description were not suffered to pass unnoticed, and it is but fair to M. Dumas that we should here give his very characteristic reply to such charges: "It is not any man," he says, "but mankind that invents. Every one, in his appointed season, possessing himself of the things known to his fathers, turns them over, places them in new combinations, and thus,

having added certain particles to the sum of human happiness, is peacefully gathered to his sires." After most profanely quoting that God made man in His own image, to prove the absolute impossibility of invention, M. Dumas thus continues: "This consideration it was that made Shakspeare reply to the reproach of a stupid critic, that he had taken more than one scene bodily from a contemporary author: 'It is a maiden whom I have withdrawn from bad to introduce into good company.' This it was that made Molière say, with still more *naïveté*: 'I seize upon my own, wherever I find it.' And Shakspeare and Molière were both right; for the man of true genius never steals—he conquers. He seizes a province—he annexes it to his realms—it becomes an intrinsic part of his empire; he peoples it with his subjects, and extends over it his sceptre of gold. I find myself compelled to speak in this manner, because, far from receiving from certain critics the applause I merit, they accuse me of plagiarism—they point me out as a thief. I have at least the reflection to console myself with, that my enemies, like those who attacked Shakspeare and Molière, are so obscure that memory will not preserve their names.'"

With all due deference to M. Dumas, we are afraid that the anecdotes he cites of Shakspeare and Molière militate against his non-inventive theory, as they really appear to be proofs of at least his own powers of invention. We all know the old story of Alexander the Great and the robber—the plunderer of kingdoms was a hero; the petty pilferer of a henroost, merely a thief. Surely, Alexander Dumas, the hero of we do not know how many hundred volumes, must have been thinking of his great namesake of Macedon when he penned the above lines. Spirit-rappers and mediums alone can inform us how the shades of Shakspeare, Molière, Goethe, Schiller, Kotzebue, Lope de Vega, Calderon de la Barca, Walter Scott, and other departed celebrities, rejoice under the conquering sceptre of Dumas. But we can readily fancy how wretched Jules Janin, William Thackeray, Granier de Chassagnac, and other living authors, must feel at the idea of being known only to posterity as the petty assailants of the united Shakspeare and Molière of the nineteenth century!

It is however, by his romances that M. Dumas is best known in England, either

as an honest author, or, as he phrases it, a conqueror. The popularity of the dramas issued in his name soon made him one of the notorieties of Paris; and the proprietors of the Parisian journals being as anxious to have his productions in their columns as the people were to read them, from a dramatic author M. Dumas became a *feuilletonist*. To explain the term, it is necessary to observe that many of the Parisian journals have a supplement to their *sheet*, carried on from page to page—and separated by a black line from the political and miscellaneous matter—containing a few chapters of a romance, written by the most popular writer the editor can procure. Most of the romances bearing the name of Dumas were first published in this manner; and we may add, it is a very remunerative mode for the author, as the proprietor of the journal pays liberally for what the majority of his subscribers consider the most interesting part of his paper, and the author has the additional advantage of gaining by the separate publication of his work, in the book-form, after its completion in the *feuilletons*.

The first romances of M. Dumas, published in the *feuilletons*, were *La Salle d'Armes*, *La Rose Rouge*, *Isabel de Bavaire*, and *La Capitaine Paul*. *La Salle d'Armes* is original; so is *La Rose Rouge*, and a charming little tale to boot; but M. Dumas had previously published it in the book-form, under the title of *Blanche de Beaulieu*. *Isabel de Bavaire* is partly taken from a forgotten story of the same name published by Arnoult in 1821; and *Le Capitaine Paul* is a veritable conquest and annexation of Cooper's *Pilot*—Dumas coolly taking up the thread of the American novelist's story, and, wherever he can find room, stringing on to it the false sentiments and flimsy incidents of his own invention.

Alexander the Great conquered the land, but the modern Alexander extended his dominion over the deep. In 1840, M. Dumas published *Vie et Aventures de John Darys*. This is an English nautical story, and, in our opinion, formed a remarkable conquest. Few English landsmen, if any, could write a nautical story ship-shape enough to pass muster among seafaring men. Leaving Defoe out of the question, the best attempts of this description—*The Cruise of the Midge*, &c.—were written by a clever compositor, who had had some

little experience in a Leith smack; but when weighed in the nautical balance, these works were found sadly wanting. What are we to think, then, of a French landsman correctly depicting the feelings, habits, and nautical skill of an English sailor—describing the etiquette of an English ship-of-war, from the captain in his regal state, on the sacred weather-side of the quarter-deck, down to the lubberly lollolly boy crawling in the lee-scuppers—detailing what is technically termed the ship's duty, from the time the hands are turned out by the shrill whistle of the boatswain in the early morning, till the hammocks are piped down at seven bells! It really is astonishing. The battle, storm, and wreck, are also ably and nautically depicted. But, as worthy Dr. Primrose said to that ingenious rogue, Mr. Jenkins, have we not heard all this before? Is not this battle-piece in *Peter Simple*, this storm in *Newton Foster*? Oh, we see it now—M. Dumas has merely been conquering Captain Marryat; another province, the wide ocean itself, has fallen to his golden, or rather gold-creating sceptre.

The public demand for the romances of M. Dumas soon equalled the previous run upon his dramas, and was met in a similar manner. A number of assistants were employed; and it is an indisputable fact, that by these assistants were written the very best of the romances which were given to world as the works of Alexander Dumas. Among many others we may allude only to *Georges*, written by M. Mallefille; *Fernande*, by M. Auger; *Une Fille de Regent*, by M. Coualhaic; and *Sylvandire*, by M. Maquet. These works, however, were but little known out of France; it was *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *Monte Christo* that gave Dumas a world-wide reputation, though he actually did not write a line of either of them. *The Three Musketeers*—we use its English title, for it is well known by translations both in England and America—was written by M. Maquet. We place the word written in italics, for the work is one of the very grossest of plagiarisms. Previous to the historical romance coming into vogue, what may be termed romantic biographies were written, in which the lives of real historical characters were treated in a romantic manner. One Gatien de Courtiltz, a writer of romantic biographies in the early part of the last century, hit upon the very excellent sub-

ject of the life of M. d'Artagnan, from his departure when a poor lad from Béarn, his native place, to his high elevation at the French court as captain of the royal musketeers, and prime favorite of Cardinal Mazarin, and to his glorious death in the trenches at the siege of Maestricht. Accordingly, in 1701, Courtiltz published his *Mémoires de M. d'Artagnan*—a romance be it remembered, founded on a real life—and introduced into the work the fictitious characters Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, their intrigues, duels, amours, drinking-bouts, and gambling matches, since so well known to the readers of *The Three Musketeers*. In fact, Maquet did not task his invention for a single incident; he did not even alter the names of the leading characters; he merely modernized the style of part of the original *Mémoires*. But as the work of Courtiltz is not very rare—we have met with it on London book-stalls—Maquet, to put his readers on a false scent, alludes in his preface to the *Mémoires*, but in a light, careless manner, as if merely incidental to a more elaborate reference he makes to a certain manuscript life of a Count de la Fere, which he *discovered* in the Royal Library at Paris. This manuscript has been sought for, but in vain. It never had an existence, save in the too cunning mind's-eye of M. Maquet. Probably M. Dumas himself was imposed upon with respect to the originality of the *The Three Musketeers*, for he never saw the work until it was printed. It appears that when M. Maquet was *making* it, he one evening supped with some brother *littérateurs*, and the conversation turning upon the book-manufacture of M. Dumas, a friend asked Maquet why he did not write in his own name.

The reply was: "Monsieur Dumas pays me more for my writings than the publishers would."

"But," said another, "Monsieur Dumas always re-writes, or at least corrects, the works written by others which he issues as his own."

"Not at all," said Maquet; "and as a proof he does not, I will introduce into the manuscript of the work I am at present engaged upon the most awkward paragraph in the French language. I will repeat the word *que* sixteen times in five lines, and I will bet you a dozen of champagne that the whole sixteen will be found in the printed work."

The bet was taken, and M. Maquet won

it. The sixteen repetitions of *que* are still extant in five lines of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*.

Another laughable proof that M. Dumas did not read some of the works he issued as his own before they were printed, is found in *Amaury*, written by M. Meurice. When *Amaury* was written, Meurice was a new recruit in the noble army of authors headed by Dumas. Wishing privately to flatter the great chief, and never for a moment supposing that he would not read over and expunge the words from the manuscript, Meurice, in the work, boldly called upon the French Academy to open its doors to the immortal genius of Dumas. As Dumas did not read the manuscript, the words were not expunged; so, when *Amaury* came out, all Paris was in laughter to find M. Dumas in his own work calling on the Academy to open its doors to his own immortal genius.

To return to the *Musketeers*. The memoirs of D'Artagnan were a rich mine for the firm of Dumas & Co. By carefully spreading out the smallest possible quantity of type over the greatest possible extent of paper, *Les Trois Mousquetaires* was stretched out to eight octavo volumes; then followed its sequel, *Vingt Ans Après*, written by Maquet, in ten volumes; then, as a sequel to the sequel, *Le Viscont de Bragelonne*, also by Maquet, in six volumes—all drawn from the same prolific source. Thus the three duodecimo volumes of the original memoirs were transmuted into twenty-four octavo volumes, by a wave of the golden sceptre of the great Dumas!

We now come to *The Count of Monte Christo*, published in eighteen octavo volumes. The first part of this popular work was written by a M. Fiorentino, the second part by M. Maquet; yet neither is perfectly original. The story of Morel is taken from a novel by Arnould, entitled *La Roue de la Fortune*; and two of the horrible tragedies in the second part are merely copied from the published archives of the Parisian police. Some French critics assert, on apparently very sufficient evidence, that the leading plot of *Monte Christo*, the imprisonment and escape of Dantes, his accidentally becoming possessed of immense wealth, and unscrupulously using it to wreak a terrible vengeance on his persecutors, may be found in an old and obscure German romance. However this may be, whether conquered at first

or second hand, *Monte Christo* was not written by Dumas.

It must not be supposed that M. Dumas confined his conquests to romances alone. In 1839, he published a translation of Ugo Foscolo's *Jacopo Ortis*. This work requires a word or two for itself, as it has never been translated into English—an honor, by the way, of which it is utterly undeserving. *Ortis*, a poor copy of a bad model, is merely an Italian Werter, who, mingling a passionate love for a Venetian lady with an ardent zeal for the liberties of his native land, is so bewildered by the twofold emotions of love and patriotism that he takes refuge in suicide. This work was strictly proscribed by the First Napoleon; but, in spite of severe penalties, and the strenuous exertions of the police, four inferior translations of it were from time to time circulated among the ultra-republican party in France. In 1829, however, when all the political interest of the letters had evaporated, an excellent translation of *Ortis* was made by M. Gosselin, and openly published at Paris. Ten years later, the translation of Dumas appeared in rather a curious form, for there was nothing on the title-page to indicate that the work was a translation; nor was the name of the author, Foscolo, mentioned, the title-page being simply *Jacques Ortis, par Alexandre Dumas*. This simplicity of title is explained in the preface, written, or at least signed, by M. Fiorentino, who asserts that "only one man in France could understand and translate '*Ortis*.'" Of course, that man is Dumas, "who," to quote the preface again, "has placed himself on a level with Foscolo; and, in all justice, *Ortis* belongs to Dumas; it is at once his conquest and his heritage." Now, this outrageous puff, though undesignedly so, is actually the bitterest of irony; for this conquest and heritage, by the only man in France capable of translating and understanding the original, is stolen, almost, word for word, from the translation by Gosselin. The theft has been fully exposed by M. Querard in his *Supercheries Littéraires*, by placing parts of Gosselin's translation side by side with the same portions from Dumas.

It would be unfair if we did not admit that some of the romances, actually written by M. Dumas, possess, like his dramas, a certain degree of merit. His sketches are vivid, but more remarkable for effect

than probability, and his combinations ever display more taste than originality of conception. He groups artistically, but allows coarse contrasts of light and shade; while all through his writings can be observed a greater hastiness of execution than accuracy of detail. Any work bearing his name that exhibits evidence of research, investigation, or reflection, may be safely set down as not written by him. One would suppose such a writer unfitted to shine as a historian; but his friends assert that in that respect he is fully equal to Châteaubriand and Thierry; and, curiously enough, his assailants are forced to concur in the same opinion. This seeming anomaly can easily be explained. In *Gaule et France*, written by Dumas, there are just 400 pages taken wholesale from the *Études Historiques* of Châteaubriand, and the *Lettres sur l'Histoire de France* of Thierry! It is to be hoped that M. Dumas is not so ungrateful as Donatus, the saintly plagiarist of yore, who used to exclaim: "Let them be excommunicated and accursed who have written our good things before us!"

A detailed notice of the numerous works written and otherwise manufactured by and for M. Dumas, would require a volume. No field of literature did he leave untilled; and truly his harvests were abundant. Lawsuits that would have ruined any other man, served merely as advertisements to keep this Barnum of literature before the public. One of these lawsuits, being rather characteristic of French ideas, is worthy of more particular notice. In *La Dame de Monsoreau*, one of the Dumas romances, really written by himself, he depicted François d'Espinay, a courtier in the reign of Henry III., in no flattering colors; and the Marquis d'Espinay, a descendant of the above-named François, actually, in the nineteenth century, brought an action against the romancist for defaming the character of an ancestor who lived in the sixteenth! Fortunately for Dumas, his view of the courtier's character was supported by history, and, consequently, he gained the suit. The Château of Monte Christo, of which an account lately appeared in this journal, was another advertisement—a gigantic puff direct; so were the lion-killing feats in Algeria, the visit to the brigands of the Sierra Morena, and the host of other wonderful adventures so unlike any that other persons had ever met with, and in

all of which every person and circumstance combined for the one purpose only of glorifying and doing honor to the immortal genius of Dumas. All this prolonged *fanfare* of egotistical braggadocio has, by those who were before the curtain, been ascribed to inordinate vanity; while those behind the scenes knew it to be merely an exercise of what an old book terms the pleasant art of money-catching. Is Professor Drugaway vain of his pills, think ye? We opine not. He puffs them, and they pay him well for the puffing. So did the books issued by M. Dumas. Their sale was immense, their number was legion, and their prices were high. To purchase a complete set of his works would, in 1848, have required upwards of 68 *l.* sterling!

For a long period, squib, satire, and

criticism fell harmless against the brazen walls of the great temple of literary humbug erected by M. Dumas. Nothing less than a revolution could overthrow it, and at last a revolution did. M. Dumas no longer resides in the Château of Monte Christo, but, as the Napoleon of literature, it is said he terms his present Belgian residence St. Helena!

Space has permitted us to notice only a few of the more striking points of this remarkable chapter in the history of literary deception. As our authorities, and a clue to those who may wish to learn more, we refer the reader to the work of M. Querard, already quoted—to the *Fabrique de Romans, Maison A. Dumas et Compagnie*, of Eugène de Mirecourt; and to *Alexandre Dumas Dévoilé*, said to be written by M. Chassagnac.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE MOURNFUL MARRIAGE OF SIR S. MORLAND.

### SECOND PART.

WE left this luckless hero at that point of distress at which Congreve makes his "Old Bachelor" express his willingness to "lose leg or arm," to suffer *anything*, in fact, in order to be—"divorced from his wife!" whereupon his tormentors show him the way of release, and so ends the stage jest. Sir S. Morland suffered the same torment, but obtained not the same release; having fallen foul of a "Scylla" wife, to escape her he rushed in the "Charybdis" of the Consistory Court, in which, without one tenable ground for a suit of "Jactitation of Marriage," he floundered helplessly for a long period, making the public a sorry exhibition of a "biter bitten," in the attempt to swal-

low the rich portion of a "virtuous, pious, and sweet-dispositioned ladie."

Morland's attempt to obtain the King's interference with his "proctor, advocate, and judge," gives us a curious glimpse of that system of tampering with the administration of justice, from which the "great Revolution" delivered us; no one in our day and generation can even realise the idea of invoking "one word" from the Crown to be whispered into the ear of a Judge, in reference to a cause pending before him, and yet Morland asks Pepys to obtain such an interference on his behalf, as if it were an ordinary act of favor from king to courtier. He probably failed to obtain it, for the next com-

munication shows matters growing worse with him, his arrears of pension still withheld, and his suit going adversely:

"SIR S. MORLAND TO MR. PEPYS.

"Monday Morning, 7 Nov., 1687.

"SIR,—Soon after I waited on you last, I showed myself to the King, who told me he would speak to the Lords of the Treasury, and the Tuesday following I put a memorial into his hands, but since, word has been sent me that nothing was ordered me.

"In the mean time *I stand excommunicated since 40 days before term*, and a week since, Judge Exton gave leave to *that woman's* proctor to take out a writ against me, which was done, and rude fellows employed, who threatened to take me dead or alive, so as I am shut up as a prisoner in my own hutt, near Hyde Park Gate.

"In the mean time, had I but 400*l.*, or it may be 300*l.*, in ready money, I could get the marriage annulled, and will his Majesty let me sink and perish for such a sum?

"If the King be resolved to give me no money, yet if he would grant me a tally of anticipation for one year's revenue, I could make a shift. . . . .

"If nothing be done in three or four daies time all will be lost, and past being retrieved. "S. MORLAND."

It is probable that luckless Morland "made shift" to get the money, and to waste it in fruitless attempts to get himself free, for the following, in six months after, shows the sport he made for the Philistines in carrying out his notable device for getting his "marriage annulled."

"MORLAND TO PEPYS.

"17 May, 1688.

"SIR,—Being of late unable to goe abroad by reason of my lame hip, which gives me great pain, *besides that it would not be safe for me at present by reason of that strumpet's debts*, I take the boldness to entreat you, that according to your wonted favors of the same kind, you would be pleased at the next opportunity to give the King the following account.

"A little before Christmas last, being informed that she was willing for a sum

of money to confess a pre-contract with Mr. *Cheek*, and at the same time assured both by hers and my own lawyers that such a confession would be sufficient for a sentence of nullity, I did deposit the money, and accordingly a day of trial was appointed, but after the cause had been pleaded, I was privately assured that the judge was not at all satisfied *with such a confession as hers*, as to be a sufficient ground for him to null the marriage. So that *the design came to nothing*.

"Then I was advised to treat with her, and give her a present sum, and a future maintenance, she giving me sufficient security never to trouble me more; *but her demands were so high!* I could not consent to them.

"After this, she sent me a very submissive letter by her own advocate. I was advised, both by several private friends *and some eminent divines!* to take her home, and a day of treaty was appointed for an accommodation.

"In the interim, a certain gentleman came on purpose to my house, to assure me that '*I was taking a snake into my bosom,*' forasmuch as she had for six months past, to his certain knowledge, been kept by, and cohabited with, Sir Gilbert Gerrard, as his wife.

"Upon which, making further inquiry, that gentleman furnished me with some witnesses, and I having found out others, I am this term endeavoring to prove adultery against her, and to obtain a divorce, which is the present condition of your most faithful and humble servant.

"S. MORLAND."

Here it would appear as if the hapless Benedick "saw land" amidst the ocean of trouble around him. His adultery plea seemed to speed better than his other devices; in less than three months he had gotten sentence of divorce pronounced, after "many hott disputes between the doctors of the civil law," and "*subject to appeal within 15 days!*" Morland seemed quit of his Delilah for life, with only the slight drawback of having to settle her "*little bills!*" contracted from the day of marriage to the day of sentence, "in which he saw a sufficiency of trouble." We have said that Morland *seemed* to be rid of his tormentor, but it was in seeming only; the "Ides of March were come," but not past. Within the ominous "fifteen days" we have our luckless hero making

fresh signals of distress to his old pupil Pepys, through whom he seems to have thought it his duty to make all his miseries and troubles periodically known to the King. But the king's own troubles were by this time thickening round him; he was at war with the Universities, the seven Bishops! the whole mind and energies of Protestant England, and we may easily conceive that neither Pepys nor Pepys's master had much attention or commiseration to spare for the following detail of the fresh sorrows of this "doited old man." James was, in fact, at this very moment at the turning-point of his destiny. Smarting under his defeat in the bishops' trial, just finished in Westminster Hall, he and his browbeating, blaspheming Chancellor Jeffreys were goading the "High Commission Court" to bring in the clergy of England, *en masse*, as culprits, for not reading the memorable dispensing "declaration." Little likelihood was there that, in such a crisis, Sir Samuel Morland could engage the thoughts of either of the three for a single instant. However, he does not fail to urge his suit as usual, in the following dolorous epistle:

"SIR S. MORLAND TO MR. PEPYS.

"28 July, 1689.

"SIR,—Presuming that your *great affairs* will oblige you to be with the king at Windsor, and that my Lord Chancellor (Jeffreys) will be there likewise, I beg leave acquaint you, that since the sentence of divorce was solemnly pronounced by the judge, upon as fair proof as ever was brought into Doctors' Commons, Sir Gilbert Gerrard, who has kept her ever since Christmas last, and still keeps her, and has hitherto fee'd lawyers to support her unjust cause against me, has proceeded to get a certain proctor to enter an appeal against the sentence, and this morning word is sent me, that they either have or will petition my Lord Chancellor to grant a commission of appeal, in pretending that the king's advocate and proctor have proceeded illegally in this tryal, &c. Now the very day the sentence was pronounced, by way of caution I put in a caveat at my Lord Chancellor's office, to pray that my Lord would not grant a commission of appeal before he had sent for the counsel at both sides, and been informed how mine had proceeded. And the favor I now beg of you is, that you

will be so kind to move the king to speak one word\* to my Lord Chancellor to that effect, so that I may have some end of all my troubles and vexations, which have almost utterly ruined me already, assuring you that this is only a project of the adverse party to weary out by a continual expense, as '*gutta cavat lapidem*,' and at last to insult me.

"Your very humble and faithful servant,  
"S. MORLAND."

Here our luckless fortune-hunting pro-movent, who "went out for wool, and came home shorn to the quick," disappears from the record. The lawyers "long vacation" hung up his divorce suit, appeal and all, and when November term came, a greater divorce case—even the divorce of a Dynasty from a Throne!—engrossed the attention of all men. Jeffreys, instead of issuing commissions of appeal, was himself in the guise of a coal-bargeman, with his fierce brows shaved off, appealing piteously to his guards "for God's sake to lodge him in the Tower," and to "keep off the raging mob howling for his blood!"

Of Morland's divorce bill we hear no more, but it is probable that with the Stuart *régime* fell their pensions and charges on the revenue, and that Morland's wife and her paramour, finding him no longer worth plundering, ceased to annoy him. We can trace him as living on, feeble and blind, to the year 1696; one more glimpse we catch of him, as an author, so late as the year before his death. There is a very small and curious volume, entitled the "*URIM OF CONSCIENCE*," by *Sir Samuel Morland, Knight and Baronet*: London, 1695,"—in which the author, adverting to his having been blind for the previous three

\* Morland's incessant begging for "one word" from the king in his favor reminds me to append a well-known and characteristic "*mot*" of our "Iron Duke," in reply to an importunate but not approved relative.

"The Hon. and Rev. —, to the Duke of Wellington.

"Dear Duke,

"'One word' from you, and I am a Bishop.

"Yours, &c.,

"———."

THE REPLY.

"Dear —,

"Not 'one word' from

"Yours, &c.,

"WELLINGTON."



years, puts forth many original and curious speculations on the state and prospects of human beings. He also takes occasion to criticise "Milton's Paradise Lost," and "Hobbes's Leviathan," with equal severity; and three quaint but well-composed prayers at the end would seem to indicate as if the aged man had found it "good or him to have been afflicted."

I looked in vain through this little volume for any reference to any of the former phases of his varied and eventful life, but could find nothing more definite than the following apologetic confession, p. 38:

"Though I had frequent calls to labor in God's vineyard, yet nevertheless I

chose rather to gratify my own roving fancy, and satisfy my vain curiosity, in ranging abroad and making inquiry into the manners and customs of foraigne countries, *and then to enter into the secret intreagues and mysterious transactions of my own*, where I had opportunity to hear, see, and observe many things which *must be buried in oblivion!*"

The next year saw poor old Sir Samuel Morland consigned to the *oblivion of the grave*, little thinking, doubtless, how in another generation he was to be disintombed from oblivion, first in the diary of his friend and patron; and again, by a "Paul Pry" in this *excursus* down one of the "By-ways of History."

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From the Eclectic Review.

## A I R D ' S P O E M S . \*

THE rule generally holds good in works of art, as well as of nature, that their durability is proportioned to the time and manner of their growth. In literature, no doubt, there are many deviations from this, as any one will vouch, who has tumbled over an old library, and pitched enormous fat folios, the evident labor of the author's lifetime, back into the cobwebbed nooks, symbolical of the utter oblivion into which they have passed, while treasuring up some pretty little brochure, written to obtain a dinner, perhaps. The history of literature during the last quarter of a century, affords, however, a great many instances of the apparent operation of this law. Reputations, poetical and otherwise, innumerable, have arisen and set; some have just commenced to show symptoms of falling into the sere and yellow leaf, while others continue steadily to advance from long pro-

tracted neglect. The more youthful readers of the New Edition of "Noctes Ambrosianæ," must repeatedly be indebted to Professor Ferrier's notes for their comprehension of passages relating to persons, of whom Christopher North speaks as if their names were household words. It is amusing also to observe how names are jumbled together in his estimates of books and authors, the long-since dead and forgotten being not unfrequently classed with those which have come down to the present day, with renewed growth. In the third volume of the "Noctes" we find him, somewhere about the year 1830, speaking of Thomas Aird in those sweeping terms of laudation, which he was apt to apply often as indiscriminately as the abuse with which he delighted in loading any one who happened to be a Whig or a Radical. At that time it was no great wonder that the popular voice did not respond to North's enthusiasm, for the "Captive of Fez," on whose beauties he dilated, though it possessed some spirited passages, offered little to interest the general reader,

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\* *Thomas Aird's Poems.* A New Edition. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1856.

the details being thoroughly unnatural, and managed with little skill; while a magnificent ballad like "The Devil's Dream," standing alone, could not be expected, of itself, to produce any instantaneous effect. Since then, however, he has never yielded an inch of ground, and not a few of the poems in the volume now before us, will justify us in predicting for him ultimately, a far higher and more permanent poetical reputation than many of his brethren who have ascended the fabled hill somewhat more rapidly. Those to which we allude, deal with the scenes and topics which evidently lie nearest his heart, for which, notwithstanding his attempts to naturalize himself in tropical climes, we believe his genius is peculiarly, and were it not for "The Devil's Dream" and "The Demoniac," we should say exclusively, adapted. Doubtless he has written much beautiful poetry, but it is the genuine native characteristics with which such poems as "Frank Sylvan," and other sketches of Scottish scenery and character are imbued, which will ultimately find an echo for his writings in the breasts of the admirers of Burns, Scott, and Professor Wilson. He is in poetry, in fact, to a great extent, what Wilson is in prose—a little more staid, perhaps. Wilson, indeed, is the only predecessor of whom any distinct imitation can be traced, and his poetical style is entirely his own—copied from no one, and as yet, (rare benefit of unpopularity) copied by no one. The impressions produced by Wilson's "Recreations," and Aird's "Blank Verse Sketches," are very much the same. We feel the same "natural airs" blowing breezy along their pages, and the same current of health runs clear and fresh through every vein of thought, all being the free and unrestrained gushings of hearts, saturated with the beauties of earth, till they have become a part of their being. Aird is, in our opinion, so far as he goes, a truer poet of the seasons than Thomson. His minuteness of detail never detracts from the grand outline, and his style now quaint and homely, and ever and anon swelling out into periods unsurpassed by Cowper or Wordsworth in descriptive beauty and aptness, disdains the cheap artifice of heaping up fanciful analogical ideas, by which it is common to conceal a superficial acquaintance with the real features of nature. He has too much love and reverence for our dear mother-earth,

to trick her out in such fantastic disguises. He does not call us to behold suns expiring in their own blood, with moons watching their death pangs in fierce triumph, but brings before us nature in her own fresh unsullied glory. Our readers will judge for themselves from the following random extracts. From Frank Sylvan's ramble we could multiply quotations without number. Take this picture of "Sweet St. Mary's Well":

"Cold, still, and glassy deep, a grassy brow  
O'er shading it, here lies the virgin well.  
Frost never films it, ne'er the dog-star drinks  
Its liquid brimming lower. Self-relieved,  
By soft green dimples in its yielding lip,  
The trembling fulness breaks, and slipping  
o'er,  
Cold bubbles through the grass, the infant  
spilth  
Assumes a voice, and, gathering as it goes,  
A runnel makes: how beautiful the green  
Translucent lymph, crisp, curling, purling  
o'er  
The floating duckweed, lapsing away!"

Here is a very gem of suggestive imagery, rivalling in the perfect idea it conveys Pope's oft-quoted "wounded snake":

"The cushat, startled from her ivied tree,  
Comes clapping out above him, down right  
o'er  
The river takes, and, *folding her smooth  
wings,*  
*Shoots like an arrow up the woody face*  
*Of yon high steep, and o'er it bears away—*  
The loveliest feat in all the flight of birds."

The mingled homeliness and truth of his "Winter" sunrise and sunset are beautiful exceedingly:

"Yon ridge of trees against the frosty east  
Of morn, how thin, how fine, how spiritualized  
Their fringe of naked branches, and of twigs,  
Distinct, though multitudinous and small!  
Still rarified, they seem about to be  
Consumed away in the affluent candent glow  
Breathed up before the sun! Lo, in their  
stems  
His ruddy disk; and now the rayless orb,  
Round and entire, is up, on the fixed eye  
Dilating, swimming with uncertain poise  
From side to side—a great red ball of fire."  
\* \* \*

"The sun goes down the early afternoon,  
And soon will set. A rim of steaming haze  
Above the horizon, deeper in its dye  
Than the light orange of the general west,  
Receives his reddened orb. As through their  
glades

Westward you go, a sifted dust of gold  
 Fills all the fir-wood tops : ruddy below  
 Their rough-barked stems ; and ay, the wings  
 of birds  
 Flash like illumined gold-leaf, as they flit  
 From tree to tree across your startled eye."

It is not merely in such descriptive sketches that Aird excels. His verse throughout is the evident reflux of a large and liberal mind, stored with all variety of lore, of a heart brimful with love for all God's creatures, and that is ever running over with fresh fancies and pleasant humors, unmingled with misanthropical or other fashionable cant. At the same time, while deficient in the knowledge, or at least, application of those rules which go to the construction of a successful tale, he is singularly happy in illustrative anecdotes, which he blends into the talk with which he beguiles his rural walks. No doubt he wants the felicitous arrangement and transition power of Cowper, which combine to make the whole of the "Task," a series of exquisite pictures, falling as gently and imperceptibly into each other as different landscapes melting together ; but his pencil has much of the same graphic minuteness, with a rough, rich raciness peculiarly his own. We have set our heart upon seeing a landscape painter as decidedly Scottish as Cowper is English, and we shall not readily forgive Mr. Aird if he disappoint us. His "Frank Sylvan," "A Summer Day," "A Winter Day," &c., evince the possession of the materials in abundance, but they are just a shade too rambling and unconnected. We have no doubt that his genius would lead him to select his *task* so as to avoid any appearance of imitation. England has been more favored of late years than the sister kingdom with original poetry, and it would be well that almost the only surviving poet of high genius left to Scotland should not depart without leaving some special token for his countrymen. This blank undoubtedly remains yet to be filled, for Thomson was rather a renegade Scot, who merely used his recollections of Scottish scenery to embellish his vague generalisms, which can hardly be applied correctly to any clime or country in particular.

We have dwelt principally on this class of Mr. Aird's writings as we conceive it to be really that on which his after-reputation will rest, though it forms by no means the predominating element in the

contents of the volume. Tales such as the "Captive of Fez," of a class whose day has gone hopelessly by, and a long dramatic poem, the "Tragedy of Wold," take up the greater part—in our opinion, greatly to the detriment of their less assuming companions. Of the tales we need say nothing, unless that they might be of great value to certain minor poets—small editions of Samuel Rogers—but serve no good purpose as emanating from Thomas Aird, only tending to send away the casual reader from the untasted banquet, under the impression that he is one of those well-meaning versifiers born to be forgot. The "Tragedy of Wold," a huge conglomeration of blood and thunder, raving and ranting, is not without evidence of great poetic powers and strength of conception ; but these are not in sufficient proportion to render it effective as a whole. The haughty, unbending stoicism of a duchess of the old times which leads her to sacrifice her son without compunction to a freak of loyal devotion, is not calculated to excite a very high amount of sympathy. Mr. Aird, to his praise be it said, has, unlike many other poets, a strong, reverential predilection for old age, which has inspired some of his tenderest and most beautiful effusions. In this case, however, he makes it so intolerably prominent that it is hardly possible to refrain from an involuntary impatience at being compelled, like poor Roland Graeme, to be at the beck of two grand-dames, whose weighty communings engross so much of the narrative. Similar objections apply to other dramatic poems, but the beauty of many detached passages, especially in the "Mother's Blessing," abundantly supply the lack of general interest. We need only allude to a poem so widely known as the "Devil's Dream." The "Demoniac" and "Churchyard" likewise are powerful and imaginative productions, though the latter is loosely put together in the extreme ; the ghosts who conduct a poetical conversation during three nights, being a great deal too ghost-like, continually fading away, and leaving the author to all intents and purposes to speak for them, which he does by launching out at some length into his favorite vein, and then sticking in here and there "First Ghost," "Second Ghost," and so on. Indeed, so much is this the case, that in the present edition we find him withdrawing one of these pseudo-ghost's pleasant re-

collections of earth, and introducing it as a separate poem under the title of the "Holy Cottage." Some other similar transplantations are also effected without the theft being in the slightest degree visible, evincing we think that their author has not the greatest faith in the acceptability of some of his larger poems.

We trust this present opportune republication will greatly extend the circle of Mr. Aird's readers. There are a few new poems included in this volume, but it is chiefly valuable in comparison with former editions, on account of the great evident care with which the whole has been revised, there being hardly a page which does not bear traces of the file. Redundancies are retrenched, heightening touches thrown in, and laxities of expression corrected. These alterations are not always happy, the wheat now and then getting well nigh pulled up or "laid," along with the tares, but on the whole the general effect is much improved. We could of course, for our own part have dispensed with what we consider a vast amount of extraneous matter. We hardly expect that Aird will obtain his due modicum of fame till (long may the day be distant!) some unscrupulous biographer, shall treat him in a similar fashion to that in which he treated Delta, and sweep away without mercy whatever appears unworthy of his genius. Meantime, in spite of all surrounding cumbrances, those who can appreciate strength and originality of thought, a deep insight into and acquaintance with the grand and the minute of nature, and an unlimited command of language and imagery of the

very highest order, will find profit and delight in the strong masculine, and at the same time, tender and true utterances of this genuine "poet of nature."

We trust Mr. Aird will be long spared for the *task* at which we have hunted, realizing in his latter days the peace and repose of his own Sylvan, "deep in the bosom of his native valley." He has not yet retired from the stir of active life, and now that age has begun to steal upon him, our best wishes for his future will be expressed in his own words—

"Labor, Art, Worship, Love, these make  
man's life:

How sweet to spend it here! Beautiful  
valley,

Thine eyre the lilies of the Spring, and thine  
The Summer's leafiest places; Autumn next  
Crowns your glad crofts with corn; nor should  
we dread

The Winter here. On January morn  
Down your long reach, how soul-inspiriting,

Far in the frosty yellow of the East,  
To see the flaming horses of the Sun  
Come galloping up on the untrodden year!  
If storm-flaws more prevail, hail, crusted  
snows,

And blue-white thaws upon the spotty hills,  
With dun swollen floods, they pass and hur-  
tee not—

They but enlarge, with sympathetic change,  
The thoughtful issues of thy dwellers' hearts.  
Here, happy thus, far from the scarlet sins,  
From bribes, from violent ways, the anxious  
mart

Of money-changers, and the strife of tongues,  
Fearing no harm of plague, no evil star  
Bearded with wrath, his spirit finely touched  
To life's true harmonies, old Sylvan dwells  
Deep in the bosom of his native valley."

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From Tait's Magazine.

## T H E C A R D I N A L D E R E T Z .

AMONGST the remarkable men who acted, in the history of the world, a part which no tale of fiction would ever venture to imagine, one of the most conspicuous was undoubtedly Jean François Paul de Gondi, Cardinal de Retz, Archbishop of Paris, partisan, leader of the people, duellist, theologian, and historian. After hav-

ing failed in becoming the Cataline, of the Fronde, he made himself its Sallust.

His grandfather was the famous Marshal de Retz, one of the monsters who took a share in the St. Barthélemi; his father, a bigoted courtier, who entered the Congregation de l'Oratoire; and his preceptor, the renowned Vincent de Paul, the only

saint of modern times who is equally honored by the church and the philosophers. The philanthropist abbé certainly never dreamt that his lively pupil would one day be such an intriguing dignitary. The young man had no vocation for the situation which his father wished for him, and tried by all means, by duels and scandals, to exchange the cassock of the priest for the uniform of the officer. He did not succeed: two Gondis had already been Archbishops of Paris, and his situation as *cadet de famille* was thought of more weight than the reluctance he showed. Now, the future metropolitan began to lead a strange life. Like Alcibiades, he changed his manners with his dress, and practised virtue without abandoning vice. Still in the prime of youth, we see him ally extremes: he is a pious abbé at Rome, and an adventurous debauchee at Venice; he edifies the population by his austerities at St. Lazare, and writes with factious sympathy the history of the conspiracy of Fiesco and that of Cæsar's usurpation; he preaches before Louis XIII. with the greatest success, and plots the assassination of the powerful Richelieu; he holds public controversies with Protestant ministers, and conspires with the prisoners of the Bastille—ay, with the beggars of the town; his behavior is scandalous indeed, but, nevertheless, he is named coadjutor of the metropolis for having repelled an outrage sword-in-hand, and for having once sacrificed his desires to the tears of a beautiful virgin.

In judging this singular ecclesiastic, we must, however, not forget that he had not chosen his career, and that destiny threw him in many awkward positions. He knew nothing more glorious than the leading of a political party, and exclaims in his curious "Memoirs"—"I am convinced that there are greater qualities wanted to form a good party-leader than to make a good emperor of the universe." It may be true; but the coadjutor made a sad mistake by believing that the Fronde was a party, and that he directed it; for there can be no political party without a serious idea of reform. The conspirators of the Fronde, one of them perhaps excepted, did not know what object they pursued; it was a fortuitous assembly of factious intriguers, who were disorderly for the sake of disorder, and Gondi was in the utmost the leader of a cabal. One man only had a peculiar object in view—if we

were to believe the memoirs of the Count Jean de Coligny, who was the faithful companion of the Prince de Condé, and who commanded afterwards, in Hungary, six thousand French soldiers sent against the Turks. Retired in his mansion of La Motte Saint Jean, on the banks of the Loire, Coligny wrote an abridged narrative of his life upon the margin of a missal; some extracts of it were published in the "Mercury de France" (No. VI., 1800,) and at last T. E. Lemontey, of the French Academy, edited them in 1829.\* The lieutenant of Condé pretends that the conqueror of Lens and Roirroi aimed at nothing less than to deprive the child, Louis XIV., of his crown. The Cardinal and *Monsieur* (Duke d'Orleans,) Madame de Longueville and *Mademoiselle* (de Montpensier) were, therefore, mere puppets in the hands of the prince; and this supposition gives, at least, a better insight into the petty intrigues which are the characteristic of the time.

But to return to Gondi, who was certainly the soul of all these despicable caballings. He is not only, like Figaro, better than his reputation, but, in another sense, also worse. As Bossuet said: "You can neither esteem, nor fear, nor love, nor hate him by halves." An inferior man would have become ridiculous by the strong contrast between his holy character and his more than secular actions. But, strange to say, although quite natural in France, people were less offended by seeing a dagger under the cassock of the bishop than by beholding the Prince de Condé praying in a hypocritical manner at a public procession. They called the sharp poniard "the breviary of the coadjutor"—and there was an end of the matter. The mitred tribune was master of the population of Paris, but as he could not appear in person at the riots, he chose a *phantom*, as he tells in his memoirs: "Happily, this phantom was the grandson of Henri IV., spoke the dialect of the *Halles*, and had very long fair hair; one could not imagine the weight of these circumstances and conceive the effect which they produced among the people." This ludicrous personage was the Duke de Beaufort, *le Roi des Halles*, as the Parisians called him.

The war of the Fronde is a curious

\* Oeuvres de T. E. Lemontey. Tome V. *Pièces justificatives*. No. I., p. 177.

episode in that curious history of France, which could not be easily understood, if we were to forget that in France opinions generally precede facts, while in England facts precede opinions in the progress of reform. The struggle lasted five years, and is divided into two periods—a circumstance which many historians are too apt to forget. During the first of these periods, Gondi was certainly a factious ringleader; but during the second, he tried to heal the wounds which his enmity against Mazarin had inflicted on his country. Named Cardinal at the request of the regent Ann, he promised the court a grateful fidelity, which he kept, even at the risk of his life—although his patriotism did not permit him to discontinue his opposition against the cunning Italian prime-minister. If the assertion of Jean de Coligny, of which we spoke above, is true, the children of Louis XIII. owe the maintenance of their throne to the energy and the skill of the Cardinal de Retz. He refused steadily to unite his cause with that of Spain, and gave thereby to the highest French noblemen a patriotic example, which they did not always follow. And, nevertheless, his memory is more insulted than that of his fellow conspirators; for, having died in disgrace, he could not expect to be treated justly by the great century of flattery, and perhaps the echo of the ensuing age repeated too lightly this judgment of prepossession.

When the troubles were appeased, the regent sacrificed Paul de Gondi to the ardent jealousy of Mazarin. He was imprisoned at Vincennes, and had thus been but a too true prophet when he said to Gaston d'Orléans: "You will be a son of France at Blois, and I a Cardinal at Vincennes." He effected his escape in a bold way, and amidst romantic circumstances, equal perhaps to those which accompanied the flight of the adventurer Casanova from the prisons of Venice. Proscribed, poor, fugitive, he stood alone aloof upon the ruins of his party, and, as the great Bishop of Meaux said: "Yet threatened the victorious favorite by his sad and fearless looks." He decided at Rome the election of Pope Alexander VII., and after Mazarin's death exchanged his archiepiscopal seat for the abbey of St. Denis. He then paid his debts, which amounted to four millions of francs, certainly a large sum, although he had in his youth ex-

claimed "that Cæsar, at his age, owed six times more than he did himself."

Cromwell tried to gain Gondi to his cause; but the latter was at that time on intimate terms with Montrose, and gave even some money to Charles II. Clarendon speaks highly of the respect shown by the coadjutor to the royal exile. The envoy of the Lord Protector found the coadjutor inaccessible, and Cromwell said publicly: "There is but one man in Europe who despises me, and that man is the Cardinal de Retz."

Madame de Sévigné, who had much sympathy for Gondi, writes of him that: "His soul was of such a superior order that one could not expect from him a common end." In fact, he sent twice that much-desired cardinal's hat back to the Pope, who refused to receive it. He left rarely his retreat at Concerey, and died at Paris in 1679, at the age of sixty-four, in the house of the beautiful Duchess de Lesdiguières, his niece, and was buried at the foot of the altar in the stately basilico of Saint Denis.

These are the short outlines of a life, the details of which are more interesting than many a tale of fiction. But we wrote this notice only in order to call attention to the "Memoirs" which the cardinal wrote shortly before his death, and, which were published, forty years afterwards, during the regency of Philippe d'Orléans. A beautiful edition, compared with the authentic manuscripts of the royal library of Paris, containing facsimiles and interesting letters never printed before, was published in 1843, with the authorization of the French Minister of Public Instruction.\* Neither antiquity, nor modern literature, nor France, which excels in this style of writing, possess memoirs superior to these. They are, as Voltaire remarks, written with an air of grandeur, an impetuosity of genius and unevenness, which are the image of the author's life; his expressions, sometimes incorrect, often neglected, but always original, remind the reader of what has so often been said of Cæsar's Commentaries, "That he wrote with the same spirit he made war."

Some of Gondi's remarks denoted a profound observer—we might venture to say a true statesman. He describes thus

\* "Memoires du Cardinal de Retz, &c." Paris, chez Henguet et au comptoir des imprimeurs unis.

the persons who are the most dangerous in riots: "Rich men go only there when forced; beggars are more prejudicial than useful, because the fear of plundering causes them to be dreaded; those who prevail the most are people oppressed in their private affairs enough for desiring a change in public affairs, and the poverty of whom does not go as far as mendicity." Agitators may reflect on the following maxim: "There is nothing of so much consequence with the people than, even if one attacks, to appear to think only of defending oneself." The following revolutionists of all nations know but too well: "In a sedition, everything which makes people believe in it, will increase its strength." To governments he says: "The extreme evil is never so near but when those who command lose all shame."

As is the case with all writers of genius, his style is inimitable and peculiar. He is, with La Bruyère, La Rochefoucauld, and Madame de Sévigné, the best prose writer of the age of Louis XIV., certainly one of those who enriched the French language with lively expressions and ingenious strokes of wit. If some of his maxims were found in Tacitus or Sallust, they would not be thought out of place, so versed does he seem to be in the secrets of policy and of the human heart. Profound sentences, sagacious thoughts fall, as it were, naturally from his pen. Here are some: "Weakness never yields in good time; it is more difficult in a party to live with those who are amongst it than to act against those who are opposed to it; there are kinds of fears which are only dissipated by fears of a higher degree." These maxims are worthy of La Roche-

foucauld, and yet, as Laharpe justly observes, the fame of being a superior writer was the one of which Gondi thought the least. Three authors, Lord Chesterfield, Adrien Lezay-Marnesia, and Musset-Pathay, have detached from the substance of the work the reflections of the coadjutor, and this dangerous test has not diminished their effect.

The Cardinal de Retz is incomparable in writing portraits, or rather characters; and he delineates them with a sharp malice which has never been excelled. He says of Madame de Montbazou: "I never knew any one who preserved in the midst of vice so little respect for virtue;" and of Madame de Longueville: "From the heroine of a great party she became the adventuress of it." He speaks of himself neither with the impudence of Cardan, nor the ingenuity of Saint Simon, nor the noble mind of the President de Thou, but with the disinterestedness and the simplicity of a free heart. His rival and enemy La Rochefoucauld says of him: "He has much elevation, extent of intellect, and more ostentation than real grandeur." Saint Coremond remarks: "Eloquence was natural to him;" and Laharpe asserts that: "For the knowledge of men and things, the talent in writing, nothing can be compared with the memoirs of the famous Cardinal de Retz."

In short, these memoirs should be in the hands of every lover of sharp criticism and historical dissertations. The person of Gondi is less commendable than his book; but, nevertheless, this singular mixture of noble qualities and brilliant vices forms one of the most remarkable figures in the history of France.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## RECENT FRENCH ROMANTIC LITERATURE.

THE French say there is a dearth of novels and romances. Wine and wit are failing together. For five successive years the vintages of Bordeaux and Burgundy have been stricken with blight, and for almost as long a period the rich faculties

of our allies in other fields have produced little fruit, and that little mostly of a noxious kind. Some indeed of the greatest modern novelists of France are still living, but they seem to be no longer in the vein. Alexander Dumas the elder,

and George Sand, have, as usual with celebrities of their nation, crowned their literary career by that essential monument to French fame—their *Mémoires*. The author of *Notre Dame de Paris* and the author of the *Juif Errant* are in exile; Jules Sandeau aspires to a seat in the Academy, that House of Peers in which genius folds its wings with decent gravity; and the name of Paul Feval is seldom if ever seen subscribed to the once all-attractive *feuilleton roman*.

This discovery of literary dearth is not our own. We should doubt whether the observation would have occurred, if not forced upon our attention by lamentations which have appeared in Paris publications of high character. We are so accustomed to see our theatres draw their supplies from abroad, and to hear of mournful complaints of the want of native dramatic talent, that we expect to be treated with a stare of incredulity when we assure our countrymen, that while English critics are indulging in satirical compliments to ingenious adapters of French plays, French writers are in sober sadness advising authors of fictitious narrative to inspire their jaded fancies at the pure cistern of modern English invention. Not long ago the *Journal des Débats* published a well-drawn outline of *Jane Eyre*, for the purpose, as the writer (M. de Laboulaye) declared, of reclaiming the *roman* from the decay into which it was falling, by examples derived from the English school—examples calculated to open up fields of adventure which French genius has either never trod, or hastily abandoned ere yet sufficiently explored. In another publication of a more peculiarly literary character, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, there lately appeared an offer of a prize for a suitable tale of fiction—a prize, as we believe, which remains unadjudged. Nay, more: a whimsical millionaire, whose name when once mentioned we cannot hastily cast aside—M. Louis Véron—having put down his name for a sum calculated to throw aspirants to well-gilded laurels into agonies of inspiration, did more,—he seized the pen himself, to show how fields were won, and by way of model published his *Cinq Cent Mille Livres de Rente*. Doctor Véron is a man not only of wealth, equal it is supposed to the title of his book—he is a personage—he sits in the *Corps Législatif*; he is an officer of the Legion of Honor; his breast is

covered with orders. When Louis Napoleon, on his arrival in France in the memorable year 1848, determined to consult public men, for the purpose of making himself acquainted with the circumstances of a country he felt himself destined to govern, one of the first whom he invited to his table at the Hôtel du Rhin, was M. Véron, proprietor of the *Constitutionnel* newspaper. The susceptible politician returned home a devoted Bonapartist. The Romans of old liked lucky generals. He who wrote the '*Rubicon is passed*' on the decree which abolished the Legislative Assembly, could not have attached to his fortunes a man who had been more successful in his aims than the author and possessor of *Cinq Cent Mille Livres de Rente*. Before he allowed his fancy to wander through the realms of fiction, Doctor Véron favored the world with an account of his long and varied experience. We have already, in previous numbers,\* given a sketch of the *Memoirs of a Bourgeois de Paris*, which, notwithstanding five bulky volumes, would seem to have had a fair hour of success. A book which gives the history of a man who has moved on to wealth and honour, not through the thorny paths of privation necessitating the exercise of courage and fortitude, but in the flowery ways of the most varied enjoyments, must have been seized with avidity by those philosophers who turn their lamp in search of that honest man of these days, the lucky speculator. With the tact acquired in his fortunate direction of the Grand Opera, the author, who had learned the art of exciting public expectation through a suggestive bill of fare, chose well the title of his novel; for does it not seem to intimate a new page of his experience, one too romantic to have been thrust on the file of a bourgeois de Paris, but hidden from the vulgar eye, until drawn out for the solace of his retreat, and to win more tender sympathies than those usually accorded to the anxieties attending the pursuit of wealth? Here we must at once confess disappointment, mingled with a stronger feeling than we wish to express. By as much as it was Dr. Véron's object to exalt the citizen by exhibiting him as a man whose industrious habits and strong sense are not inconsistent with the possession of fine taste for the works of art and a cultivated understand-

\* See *Fraser* for March, 1854, and June, 1855.



ing, by so much does he lower him in the scale of morality, and that not by exposure of vicious propensities, but by the betrayal of an utter absence of the moral sense. If the life which Picard, the hero of the novel, leads, be anything like a fair representation of middle-class conduct, we should hardly know what to think of a state of society in which a venerable statesman, wishing to crown the autumn of his day with the laurel of literary fame, could find no better type of honor, honesty, and domestic virtues. In fact, the adventures through which this well-meaning individual allows himself to be led, as it were passively, by a certain accomplished Baron de Longueville, are such as we dare not, out of respect to our readers, describe. Picard's code of duties to his family and society goes no deeper than external observances, which if decently and, according to his notion,—which is represented as the prevailing notion,—honorably fulfilled, leave him at liberty to haunt the gambling-table, and to keep whatever company he pleases. It is the position of the author alone which renders the book worthy of a moment's attention, and viewed in that light it is painfully instructive.

Such is a general outline of a story intended by its author to paint manners and morals as they are. Some of his richest illustrations we are obliged to omit. We have not followed Picard senior to an orgie to which he accompanied his Mentor the Baron, with the same unruffled conscience with which he received that proposal for the breach of the seventh commandment, the main incident of the book; neither have we mentioned an itinerant gambling scene in a carriage on the way to a race-course, in which ladies and gentlemen play a game called *discretion*, which our discretion warns us from particularizing; and other delicacies in a feast where everything is as choice as might be expected from an intellectual Amphitryon of twenty thousand pounds sterling a year,—whose sixty years have been passed in the best society,—whose breast is covered with orders, those brilliant stars which only shine on the serene heaven of pure bosoms,—and whose honored grey head adorns the *Corps Législatif*. Is the book, our readers will ask, even written with ability? Happily it is not. There is, however, a sort of dulness which is instructive. A man of fashion may be made

to serve one useful purpose, that is, of showing what is in vogue. If he be as tasteless as he is rich he will exaggerate the absurdities he copies, or give greater prominence to the presumed vices of the class to which he wishes the world to think he belongs. Dr. Véron, we must say, is no original genius of evil. He is no hardy innovator. He is a copyist, not of Alexandre Dumas the father, but of Alexandre Dumas the son. Unable to reach the licentious *étourderie*, the sparkling half-intoxicated capriciousness of that rich imagination from which sprang the *Trois Mousquetaires* and *Monte Cristo*, the Doctor toddles after the *Dame aux Camelias*, and the vicious denizens which people the younger Dumas' *Demi Monde*. The evil fruit we learn has reached full ripeness, when we see it turning to rotteness in the hands of the author of *Cinq Cent Mille Livres de Rente*.

We have named Eugène Sue in reference to the publication of the *Suif Errant* in the *Constitutionnel*, by which Dr. Véron contrived to derive such considerable pecuniary advantages. We suspect that to the same distinguished author the unscrupulous Doctor is under obligations of another kind. Of Eugène Sue we desire to speak with the consideration due to a man of genius exiled from his native land, and, as we fear, debarred from the exercise of his pen in his own accustomed way.\*

There appeared some time ago, in the *Siècle* newspaper, a series of stories from the pen of Eugène Sue, the last of which was brought abruptly to a close by an order from the authorities. As we are obliged to speak from recollection of the tale in question, we are unable to furnish the names of the characters. The subject, however, remains fresh in our minds. The hero, like Picard, is a man who, following an humble calling, becomes suddenly rich by lucky speculations on the Bourse. Like Picard, he has a delicate wife, and a family consisting of two good young daughters. Like Picard, he adopts suggestions similar to those made by the Baron de Longueville; and again, like Picard, disgraces himself by participation in the voluptuous brutalities of an orgie. So much

\* *La Presse*, of March 8th, which had begun the publication of a *Roman Feuilleton* by Eugène Sue, announces that it has been obliged to discontinue the story.

for the points of resemblance, which our readers will, we think, acknowledge to be sufficiently close. When we come to notice the points of difference, we discover how wide is the line of separation which lies between genius and dull plagiarism. Sue's hero does not attempt to combine the sacred affections of home with indulgences already sufficiently, however vaguely, described. He is from the beginning a man of callous heart. The object of his untiring industry, as is the case with most of his class, is to save enough against his old days, on which to retire and live in modest independence. The desire, not unjustifiable in itself, by its exclusive occupation of his mind, makes him at last a wretched miser, who grudges himself and his family all but the barest necessities of existence. But mark the change wrought on such a nature by a sudden influx of fortune from the channels of gambling speculation. Appetites which had been supposed to be destroyed, had they ever existed, people that callous heart, like famished wolves. All the vices take possession of this ever hard-working, self-denying, and grasping man. By a stroke of genius we should in vain look for in the author of Picard, his family derive no advantage from his ill-acquired superfluities. The man who abroad revels in excesses, when once under the old roof resumes the old character. He sees with a dry eye his delicate wife toiling, and his two daughters turning their old gown, and endeavoring to put a new face upon them with rows of buttons; and it is from the circle of his hard implacable habits that Eugène Sue flings him into the burning crater of an orgie of fabulous extravagance, where waste goes on for waste sake, and the most incongruous compounds are made up, with no other recommendation than their extravagant cost. The fellow is ruined, as he well deserves to be, and feeling himself unable to return to his old despised business, or to endure privations not long before habitual, he commits suicide. Why Sue's story should be stopped, and the exile prevented earning his bread by his pen, while Véron's dull plagiarism is applauded, we cannot understand, according to principles of justice. The extravagances committed are not more vile than those in which Picard indulges. Sue's story has a moral, which is this, that riches procured by other than honest industry, corrupt. Stock exchange gambling-gains

he shows to be bad in their effect. The Bourse became offended—the authorities shocked. The author, exiled like Victor Hugo, was again denounced for attempting to excite hatred against the *bourgeoisie*, and his writings interdicted. Picard, who is passionless in his indulgences, who takes the world as he finds it,—Picard, who is the negation of all virtue, but who, owing to the extinction of conscience, sees neither good nor evil;—this Picard, preserving external respectability, is actually held up as a model of a good, thriving family man, and Dr. Véron remains the moralist of the Bourse, and venerated member of the Legislative Assembly.

Bad as Véron is, there is another writer quite as objectionable. Henri Murger is, like Alexandre Dumas the younger, one of the rising school, and to which the venerable Doctor, notwithstanding his age, belongs. "All," say the transcendentalists, "is in all." Any one sentence from Murger, taken at random, is a sample of the whole man. We know that it is needless to offer a brick, except to a *clairvoyant*, in order to have a notion of a house. But if you had held under your nose a very bad-smelling brick, and were told that the whole house was built of the same material, you would become indifferent about the architecture. *Par exemple*:—In the story of *La Résurrection de Lazare*, the Vicomte de Seraphin begins a letter to the Comtesse de Sylvus thus:—"Madame,—As I have just killed your husband, it would be indecent that I should marry you in France. Come, then, and join me at Milan." Is not that a brick? The whole story is in the same tone. The husband dies in the arms of a mistress, with whom Lazare, the hero, is in love, and through whom his resurrection from the grave of the world is sentimentally accomplished. The immorality of the book is diabolical. It is not the immorality of false system, like that of Sue or Sand: or of recklessness, like that of Dumas the father; or pandering to vulgar curiosity about certain descriptions of life and manners, like Dumas the son; or the immorality of coarse humor, like that of Paul de Kock; or the absence of any sense of the quality, like that of Véron;—it is the resolute cynicism of Mephistopheles. It is active, wicked outrage. The mirth is bitter irony, the seriousness a cutting sneer. It is cruelty to the sympa-

thies of man's heart, which are branded, as it were, with a burning iron, and the heart itself calcined. Yet is the author so popular, that his works figure in Lévy's collection at one franc the volume. An admirably printed collection, such as can only remunerate the publishers by prodigious sale. Unhappy is the land where Henri Murger's books do sell prodigiously.

So far we seem to be engaged in proving the position of those French writers who proclaim that the present generation are drinking the lees and dregs of an exhausted literature. When you point to those great living names with which the world is familiar,—the Lamartines, Hugos, and their glittering fellowship of bright lights,—the answer with which you are met is a reference to the rising school. We mean to point by-and-by to an exception. We will dwell a little on a new name of great promise, that of M. About, the author of *Tolla* and the *Marriages de Paris*. Before we do so we must ask leave to ponder for a moment on the complaints to which we have alluded. The writer in the *Journal des Débats*, M. de Laboulaye, with whose name we may say we began this article, has, as we have seen, pointed to the English school of novel-writers as sound and vigorous, and worthy of being followed as an example. English writers, while they truly paint manners, go deep beneath the surface of habits and personalities, that they may look into and expose the heart, and exhibit its workings. French writers of the present day try rather to amuse, nay, not so much to amuse as to excite by mere pictures of manners; and as excitement too often craves unwholesome stimulants, the manners they paint are such as the pure ought not to know, at all events in the revolting fascination of their details. Such manners can be illustrated only by shockingly appropriate incidents. The abandoned, it need not be told, plunge into attractive varieties of vice where it can do readers no good to follow, though genius itself should lead the way. M. Laboulaye advises, not so much an imitation of the English school, as a return to the authors of the seventeenth century. The grandeur of Corneille arises from his noble morality. His heroes and heroines are of the true stamp, within whose soul goes on the god-like struggle of duty with affections in themselves natural and laudable, but which must come out vanquished. The spirit of

Corneille is reflected in the romances of his time, and descends from Mademoiselle Scudery to Madame de Lafayette. We must say that it is not easy to settle how much of this may be intended for serious application by way of cure for an acknowledged evil, and how much may have a political bearing and object. We fancy that French novelists could no more return to their *Carte du Tendre* and *Duchess of Cleves*, than English writers could select for model the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney. To praise the literature of past times is sometimes a way of condemning that of the present. The best French literature is undoubtedly connected with the Monarchy. There is no literature which can properly be called Republican, and the Empire produced nothing of any worth. From 1790 to 1815 there lies a literary interregnum. This is an historical circumstance on which both Monarchists and Republicans love to dwell, because of the inuendo, which even the censorship of Napoleon III. finds too fine to seize, that as it was, so it will be, and whatever glories may attach to the revived Empire, those of literature will not be amongst the number.

A writer of considerable ability on the Legitimist side, M. Nettement, lately published two volumes, for the purpose of showing that, with the Restoration of 1815 came a revival of literature, which the Revolution of 1830, if it did not kill at once, yet corrupted so thoroughly as to render inevitable the decay we now behold. We are not going to enter into the subject of the battle of the *Romantiques* and the *Classiques*, raised by the Victor Hugos and Alexandre Dumas about the period in question. Our object is to show that novelists themselves, men of superior minds, did long ago see that there was something rotten in the state of Denmark. The French have never perhaps sufficiently esteemed their great novelists. They never have properly recognized the high place due to a great writer of prose fiction. They have not allowed the truth that, to a man or woman of true genius, the form is but the occasion. Poetry and philosophy and political wisdom and social progress may be made, and have been made, to animate with the spirit of immortal life those stories which are at once an analysis of character and of society, bringing out their mixed elements, and indicating what may prove to

their advantage. Here, for instance, is a prophecy from Balzac, uttered some fifteen years before its accomplishment. Let the reader look to the *Curé de Village*, twenty-fourth chapter, and there will be found dissertations on the political and social state of France, in which it is distinctly prophesied that the then existing system was doomed to die by the year 1850, at which period some great genius, comprehending his time, would bring to light the buried *ordonnances* of Charles X., and tie down France for her own good. Balzac died just as his prediction was in course of being fulfilled.

The eternal struggle between good and evil going on now as it has ever gone on, leaves no field of combat unoccupied, certainly not the tempting ground of light literature, so attractive especially to the young, on whom influences are easily made, and with consequences so important. The greatest minds, which are happily the most inclined towards purity, seeing clearly the evils which challenge their strength, and moved by that impassioned indignation which is the soul of motive, do nevertheless in their fixedness of gaze upon the corrupt things marked out for attack, fail to do justice to the counterbalancing good which is by their side, and which is in themselves. We of the present day forget the ephemeral novels which twenty years ago rivalled for a moment the great masters of the art, whose names eventually kept possession of the public admiration. Jules Sandeau, in that beautiful story of *Madeleine*, deservedly crowned by the French Academy, describes a school of writers who were at the period referred to as popular as Henri Murger and Alexandre Dumas *fils* unhappily are at present. The reference to such writers appears most appropriately in a story like *Madeleine*, which was published in 1849, with the moral view of correcting certain false notions in the minds of the working classes concerning the rich. The hero of the story, born to an estate which he has squandered, is restored from the demoralization engendered by idleness and pride, by being induced to labor with his own hands. The manner in which his repugnance had been overcome through the wise and patient artifices of *Madeleine*, who, herself, in possession of an unsuspected fortune, sets an example which her cousin feels constrained from very shame

to follow, until he is cured and restored to wealth he is both able and worthy to enjoy, is all exquisitely wrought out. The evil attacked by Jules Sandeau in his fascinating story, although revealed in its intensity in 1848, yet had been long fed and fostered by writers, whose character is thus described :

"It was one of those novels which were so much the vogue about fifteen years ago, and which are happily becoming more rare every day. In these works duty and home were spoken of with disdain almost amounting to contempt. On the other hand passion was exalted to something like the character of a divine mission. In this novel, like so many others published at the same time, the hero, after having trampled on the ridiculous prejudices of education, after having assumed an attitude in face of society like that of an Ajax insulting the gods, or rather like a Solon who was to regenerate it by the example of his life, and after having carried on an eager strife against institutions, ended by losing courage and taking to flight. Despairing of men and things, indignant against a society too corrupt to receive laws from his pride and oracles from his genius, he, to punish it, took refuge in suicide as the last only asylum which remained here below for great hearts and fine souls. But not to avow himself vanquished, he tried to hide his defeat and agony by flinging in the face of heaven and of earth a cry of rage and defiance."

Who thinks now of that unwholesome literature which seems to rival the Sandeaus and the Balzacs in the height of their fame? Remond is forgotten, and Champfleury out of date.

Admitting now the existence of an evil class of writers, yet must we, before we can bring ourselves to subscribe to the assertion of certain desponding spirits amongst the French themselves, see whether there may not be a rising genius worthy to continue the race of the old line of giants, and whose reputation shall yet stand towering above those feeble and flashy creatures who, for the moment, amuse the public gaze; such a writer we think we do distinguish in Edmond About, the author of *Tolla*, and of a series of stories less known out of his own country, called *Les Mariages de Paris*.

*Tolla* is that same simple story, which, told already in many ways, has never ceased to interest, and which may be told again and again for generations to come, and which, never old and ever new, will, provided it be told with the true accents of an Edmond About, not fail to touch the

hearts of all who have hearts. Who is there who has not known of some Tolla, who has given her heart to a Lello? Who is there who has not witnessed something of the common artifice by which a family objecting to a match beneath their ambition, have found some pretext for sending the young gentleman to travel, until the pure image of his young love has been drowned in the dissipation of foreign capitals? That Lello should prove unworthy of the faithful heart which breaks while his own is hardening in selfish enjoyments, does not stop our tears for a victim whose fate we may see repeated we know not how soon or how often.

The author of this story, whose originality is not in the main incidents so much as in the style, has nevertheless been accused of plagiarism. He took it, some said, from an Italian romance; or as others, with more appearance of truth, alleged, from a statement published by the family of an injured lady, in which was contained the lovers' correspondence. The author has himself acknowledged as much. He has avowed that his story is based on fact, as many immortal dramas and tales have been. The characters are of his own creation, and they are admirably drawn. That which gave an appearance of truth to the charge of plagiarism, was the perfect knowledge of Italian manners displayed by a writer of, we believe, not more than twenty-eight years of age—an intimacy with habits not reached by any French author since Beyle, better known by the name of Stendahl, wrote his *Chartreuse de Parme*. M. About is a travelled man. A member of the *Ecole Normale*, he was some years ago sent to Athens as a Professor in the French University of the capital of Greece. His quick and sure powers of observation became revealed to the world in a work on modern Greece, of acknowledged accuracy. A picture of Italian manners from such a pen might fairly be received as the result of his own experience. As we have already suggested, the story of *Tolla* is simply this. Lello, attached to Tolla, is at the instance of his family, sent to travel, in order that he may in the dissipation of London and Paris, lose his love and his purity together. The pretext is the marriage of his brother in London with an English lady, and the instrument is a bad priest. Here is his portrait:

"Entering Rome, the Countess recognized Monsignor Roquette, who alighted from his carriage before the Museum of S. Jean de Latran. She pointed him out to Doctor Ely.

"Monsignor Roquette," said the Doctor.

"Do you know him?"

"He is one of my patients, but as he is a healthier man than myself, we do not often see each other."

"What do they say of him in town?"

"They say he is a gallant man and a man of wit, who may, with the help of God, become in time a holy man."

"And that is all they say?"

"All," prudently replied the Doctor.

"Then, dear Doctor, tell me what they think, for Rome is the city of all the world where what is thought resembles least what is said."

"They think that Monsignor Roquette is neither young nor old, handsome nor ugly, fair nor dark, big nor little, rich nor poor, neither priest nor layman, honest nor rogue, neither. But why will you ask me to compromise myself?"

"Speak, my friend," said Tolla, quickly.

"This man, whom I saw only three days ago for the first time, is come athwart my happiness—either to serve or destroy me. Teach me, if you know him, what have I to fear or to hope."

"Everything, my dear little angel, according as he may be for or against you. You know that I have the bad habit of judging people by their physiognomy; this Monsignor possesses one of the most significant faces ever given me to observe—a very study of a head. The forehead is high and broad; the skull vast; brain developed; little eyes, round, and deeply set, of a keen, transparent blue, like those of wild animals; open nostrils, mobile and palpitating, sign infallible of ardent passions and great appetites; thin lips, if he has lips at all; teeth for biting; a short, gathered-up, thick chin, with a deep dimple in the middle; a wrinkled forehead, pimpled cheeks, with the raven's foot spread out on each temple. Can you guess what I think when I see that face labored, tormented, and cracked by an internal fire? I think of the sulphur mines of Naples. I smell an unextinguished volcano; and, God forgive me! I fancy I see the smoke breaking through the wrinkles of his forehead."

"Bravo, Doctor," interrupted the Count.

"One would think, to hear you talk, that his Eminence the Cardinal Vicar has a private secretary come in right line from Satan."

Roquette takes Lello under his charge. They arrive at Marseilles. The first thing Lello does is to seek for the miniature portrait of Tolla, which he takes from the bottom of his trunk. The few words that follow are worthy of Thackeray. "The dear little image was almost ugly; the saline exhalations of the sea had blurred the colors." The tarnished

picture is an emblem of what follows. There is, indeed, something in the general style of the book which reminds us of the author of *Vanity Fair*. It is at once light, unlabored, sparkling, and yet simple. There is no apparent effort to touch the feelings, and yet are we deeply moved. Tolla has nothing remarkable in her character; she is, however, a true woman, with a right womanly heart,—Who wants, in fact, "original" people with whom to sympathize? What we do need is true passion in a human breast, and, wherever that appears, the person, whoever she be, plain or fair, or rich or poor, young or old, that is to say, if not *very* old, that true passion will command our deepest interest. Lello does not deserve Tolla, and yet when he deceives, and she dies, we feel for her as if she had lost one worthy of herself.

M. About having, in his reply to those who questioned his originality of invention, promised the best sort of disproof of their suspicions in the shape of a new work, gave to the *Moniteur* of the 29th November, the first of a series of tales, which, from the general title, we presume to be illustrative of the manner in which marriages are made in Paris. Five stories of *Les Mariages de Paris* have already appeared, but so far as they have gone, they present no incidents of an exclusively peculiar character. How often have we been told that marriage in France is a matter of business, a piece of prudential arrangement which sober relatives take upon themselves. The parents of a son propose to those of a young lady, or *vice versa*, the motive being to combine certain advantages of fortune on either side, or to ally fortune with equivalent position; and the match is negotiated on analogous principles to those which guide worldly bargains. So little love enters into the transaction, that rarely do writers of romance take for heroine the young maiden whose present heaven is her love, and whose future happiness depends upon her being united to the object of her affection. The life of an unmarried girl in France is one of restraint, in a sense little known to the freer atmosphere of our domestic circles. The playful attentions of ball-room *beaux* are not for her. Marriage in France is too often sought merely for the sake of the independence in every way which it ensures. The heroines of too many modern French

romances are selected from amongst those who should have already deposed the innocent tumults of passion at what the newspapers call the "hymeneal altar," in order to begin a new life of manifold affection, exalted by duties, and, if shadowed, yet ennobled by cares. If we reverse this state we reverse the order of nature, and, as a consequence of a violation of natural laws, must be prepared for turbulent scenes of unhealthy violence, or a sickening morbidness as bad. We need not go far for illustrations of what we mean. They are furnished by the whole range of French romantic literature. What, too, is out of nature must fall into decay. False sentiments, though they may startle for a while, will not bear endless repetition. The mine was worked out, when writers of the kind to whom we have already alluded, such as Dumas *fil*s and Murger, descended from the abandoned married to the abandoned unmarried. Marriage itself is attacked by writers of a far higher grade, and those women who, like George Sand, turn on the institutions which, as they think, have made them creatures of sale and merchandise, and which, like all ardent natures rebelling against wrong, they load with maledictions, rather than try to redress and amend. M. About, so far from probing, has not even touched the subject of the negotiation of marriages in which money is the first, and love the secondary consideration. His object would seem rather to be to paint artist and student-life, with which he is evidently acquainted. There is, it is true, in his first story, *Terminé à vendre*, a certain M. de Chingru, who makes a marriage for a young painter in the expectation of obtaining a pecuniary commission, which the latter refuses to give. But M. de Chingru, who lives by ways and means, one of which consists in haunting *studios* and *ateliers* with a view to obtain presents of sketches for himself to pawn or sell, is not professedly a matrimonial negotiator. Ever on the watch for circumstances to turn to account, he discovers that a certain Rosalie Gaillard would one day have a large fortune through the sale of a piece of ground for building, which her father, a quiet clerk in a public office, had bought when she was a child, and did not care to sell until she should become of age to be married. In the meantime the ground increased every year in value, owing to its favorable

situation. Rosalie all the time led the life of a poor man's daughter, seeing little of the world; and when she is taken to visit the artist's *atelier*, she becomes dazzled with sketches and pictures, and queer and quaint furniture, and all the rich and curious things which render an artist's abode so captivating to the eye of the uninitiated. Chingru, disappointed of his expected fee, tries, through a villanous plot, to undo his own work, but love was there to interpose, and his defeat and the lover's union make a very pleasant story.

A finer tale is that of *Les Jumeaux de l'Hôtel Corneille*. The twin brothers Debay happen to be totally unlike in look and character. Both are students residing in the *Pays Latin*, where, close to the Sorbonne and Panthéon, the schools of Medicine and Law, and the splendid palace of the Luxembourg, are the most squalid and wretched parts of Paris. The deformed Mathieu loves to seek out misery and relieve it, that is, when he is not poring over descriptions of country life under green trees, and listening to the nightingale; while Leonie dreams of fashionable life. Mathieu has made out a poor old fellow, called *Petit Gras*, who would rather work than take alms. But as his wife tells him he is too ambitious,—nothing less will satisfy him than a place under Government—the place of street-savenger at the disposal of the *Ville de Paris*. He obtains the object of his aspirations, and as he is a bit of an intriguer, he contrives to have his wife also made an *employée* of the Government. A man of this great stamp has a heart for others, and our *Petit Gras* contrives to interest Mathieu for a mother and daughter, who are of that class which the very poor can sympathise with, as not being used to misery, and who out of shame suffer greater privations than themselves. Mathieu, one cold winter's day, pledges his top-coat, and sends the money anonymously to Madame and Mademoiselle Bourgade, and they, when they meet the delicate youth, whom they take to be poor like themselves, put on a cheerful face, declare they have more money than they know what to do with, and offer to him the very money he had himself surreptitiously conveyed, that he may get a coat. The brothers come in for an uncle's property. Mathieu takes for his share the house in the country, and Leonie the ready money. Mathieu loves the kind, poor

Mademoiselle Bourgade, and they are married, and live most happily in that country-house which the wise Mathieu preferred to ready money. Leonie leads the life of a man of pleasure, and when he has nearly spent his money, aims at a great fortune, is accepted by a German Baron, who is a gambler and adventurer, and the foolish fellow and his wife are only too glad to give up the dissipations of the capital for a seat by the chimney-corner in the country, to which they are affectionately invited by Mathieu and his wife, the happiest couple in the world. How M. de Bourgade returned from California, and how he added to their wealth, and, if possible, to their happiness, will be found in the excellent story itself.

*L'Oncle et le Neveu* affords a striking illustration how a sane man may be as it were persuaded into madness. The uncle, Moilot, is a sober, industrious cabinet-maker, unlearned, as we are told, in the art of constructing antique furniture, which to his plain notions of honesty would be unworthy of his eminently conscientious character. His nephew becomes deranged, and, despite of his rigid virtue, the prospect of having the guardianship and administration of his property, which in considerable, he feels to be more agreeable than he is willing to acknowledge. He takes his nephew to a *maison de santé*, and while waiting the appearance of the doctor the old man falls asleep. The nephew contrives to free his arms from the cords by which they were bound, and to slip them round the uncle, so that when the physician makes his appearance it is the nephew who has kindly taken charge of his venerable but deranged relative. How madmen can cunningly assume deceptive appearances, and how the indignation of a man in possession of his senses may, under certain supposed circumstances, be taken as evidence of plausible accusations, is matter of familiar experience. Of course there is an ingenious love story to account for the nephew's temporary loss of mind, and his cure is effected, not by the doctor, but his daughter. The uncle becomes stricken with the mental disease, and the form it takes affords proof of the writer's skill. The conscientiousness against which he had sinned by his almost involuntary indulgence of the prospects of administering the nephew's fortune, becomes his torment. He will not go into bed until

he has shaken up the sheets to satisfy himself that they do not contain thirty thousand *francs de rente*. Before putting on his clothes he leisurely examines them, lest they should conceal his nephew's money. His very slippers he will not put on before he has turned them upside down, and he scratches upon the walls, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods." Such a story is full of suggestive meaning.

*Georgon* admits us behind the scenes, and exhibits the chequered incidents of the actor's life. Poor *Georgon* loves and marries a fellow-actress, and makes himself miserable with jealousy at the attentions to which a very pretty woman is, in her situation, exposed, and which lead to a painful catastrophe.

The last of the series, at least so far as they have gone, is the amusing story of *Le Buste*, of which the hero is a sculptor. Daniel is, for an artist, according to the fanciful supposition of what an embodiment of the ideal should be, the least sentimental and susceptible of beings; and the merriment of the story arises from his being unconsciously the centre of plots and intrigues which his positive and matter-of-fact mind prevents his perceiving. He is invited to a château in the neighborhood of Paris by Madame Michaud, a sort of Mrs. Malaprop, to take her *buste*, and on arriving and not finding the bell answered, leaps over a fence, and startles a sentimental young lady, who is quite sure the fine handsome young fellow is a prince in disguise, and of course in love with herself. Poor Daniel thinks of nothing but the sum he is to get for his work, and which is wanted to meet a pressing engagement. Two rivals for the lady's hand mark him out for vengeance. One, to expose his slender purse, tempts him to play, wins his money, and so obliges poor Daniel to steal away in the night and pledge his watch. The other fixes a quarrel upon him, and he has to steal off in the like manner, to seek at home the sword and the pistols which make part of that half museum, the artist's *atelier*. If he strolls out at night to smoke his cigar and hum a song, the heroine's heart beats to the complement of a serenade. Daniel is humming only one of those extravagant burlesques whose hyperbolical absurdities relax the leisure hours of those of his class.

Time presses. Daniel wants money,

and he labors so earnestly at the bust as to favor a surmise of a somewhat self-complimentary character on the part of the old lady; she asks Daniel if it be not true that artists have sometimes wrought wonders under the influence of love. Whereupon Daniel, in the most prosy manner, relates a commonplace *atelier* story about an artist and his model, which shows his own standard of the romantic to be low indeed. The duel takes place, and our hero's adversary is wounded. The plot advances; the secret of Victorine is discovered. Her father is a sound, sensible man, and the aunt has taken a liking to the happy executor of her bust. She undertakes to sound him, asks graciously if she cannot forward his wishes, and he, seizing the opportunity, requests a part of the price on account to meet a pressing demand. "Do you not love my niece?" exclaims the aunt. "No," simply replies Daniel. "Is she not beautiful?" Is she not this and that? volleys the surprised old lady. To all which the artist yields a full assent, and to his astonishment he opens his eyes to the mystery of the duel and his own heroship. Without gaining in sentimentality, he is married, with every prospect of happiness before him.

Here, then, is a young rising author, of genuine talent, purely exercised. Whether he will prove powerful enough to rule the taste of his countrymen, must greatly depend upon his remaining true to himself. The time is favorable for originating or restoring a simpler portraiture of manners in harmony with a more natural current of events. France has had enough of monstrosities. The public are tired of startling contrasts, of mock mystical ravings compounded of sensuality and affected philosophy, and of men and women who make greatness to consist in the defiance of all law, human and divine. A collapse has happily taken place in the unwieldy mass of inflated folly, and the ground is swept clean for the coming man, who will bring with him "airs from Heaven," not "blasts from hell." We cannot but rejoice, for our parts, to find our noble race of contemporary British novelists held up as examples worthy of being followed. We have an instance, too, in the case of Leon de Wailly's charming novel of *Stella and Vanessa*, of the appreciation by the French of English taste. That story lay entombed in the *feuilleton* of the defunct *Courrier Français*, till



Lady Duff Gordon presented it to the British public. It now forms one of that most popular series, *le Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer*. We must, as lovers of fair play, notice an exceptional protest, the more so as it is pronounced by a man of the importance of Count de Montalembert. This eloquent gentleman, in his late work on England, signalises a danger to our institutions, which excite his admiration, in the destructive spirit of envy which marks the democracy; and he is pleased to draw one of the proofs of his assertion from the novels of Charles Dickens, "whose heroines, unlike those of Sir Walter Scott, are taken from the middle and lower classes." So dry and abstract a view only shows that M. de Montalembert, theologian and politician, has failed to recognise the large-hearted sympathies and spirit of love which pervade the writings of Mr. Dickens, and which, valuable every way, are chiefly praiseworthy for the universal affectionateness they tend

to inspire, and which is so antagonistic of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, as to purge the heart therefrom. Has M. de Montalembert read *Alton Locke*, a work which boldly grapples with the ignorant conceits of the working classes regarding the titled and the rich, and which we need not remind any one in this country is of standard popularity and of everyday widening influence? Perhaps the great hero of the Church may feel disposed to treat the Rev. C. Kingsley as the *Univers* treats Miss Nightingale, denying the possibility of any good coming out of Nazareth. With the subtraction of this error, we have still a large balance of acknowledgment of English good qualities to be added to the common stock. So here we pause, wishing that the alliance of the two countries may reach beyond temporal interests, and prove beneficial to the fruits of the intellect, to the amendment of manners and purifying of taste.

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## T H E P A W N .

It was past five o'clock in the afternoon, and Madame M—— began to be much disturbed by the non-appearance of her son, a day-pupil in a neighboring college. She kept her eyes fixed upon the clock and suffered the conversation to languish, until the door was flung open, and the young scholar came in with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"Why are you so late, Edmund?" said his mother.

"All the class were kept in, mamma, but we have had the pleasure of enraging the pawn."

"The pawn! what is that?"

"Do you not know what a pawn is, Madame?" enquired a visitor. "It is simply a mark of flesh and blood, upon which these young gentlemen exercise their skill in fencing. There is no species of warfare which is not lawful against a pawn. They harass, calumniate, insult

and when they dare, strike him. Some have been killed, more than one has died from pain."

"That is too horrible, Monsieur. Surely you exaggerate."

"Not at all, Madame. Ask your son of the bitter persecution of the monitor; the pawn is not a classic tradition among the scholars."

Certainly," said the young collegian.

"And why?"

"Because he is one."

"There, Madame, you hear the judgment and the condemnation. He is necessarily the victim of this pitiless age."

"I hear," replied the lady, "but I do not understand."

"I will try to explain," said the guest. "I have a remembrance in my mind, like the ring of the prince in the fairy tale. It pricks, not my finger, but my heart. I will relate it, and as it is true in every

particular, it may edify our young collegian."

"Pray proceed, Monsieur, we are all attention."

"I was about thirteen years old when I was placed in the institution Bénignat, situated without the walls, near the garden of Monceaux. My father had chosen this school, on account of the praises lavished upon it by a rich friend who had a son there, and who represented it as a model institution. I had been brought up altogether by my mother, and a boarding-school had little attraction for me, and my heart beat loud and fast as I followed my father to the study of M. Bénignat. It was a long, dark room, so filled with books, globes, and electrical machines, that we could scarcely distinguish a little man behind a pile of quartos, whose insignificant features and faded complexion resembled a page of writing rubbed out. After saluting my father he turned to me, and said in a nasal tone, 'So, my little man, you wish to belong to us.' That being directly contrary to my wishes, I made no answer, and he added in the same falsetto voice:

"You have already an old acquaintance here, Arthur de Montmeillan. He is a capable boy, very capable. He will introduce you to your companions when the hour for recreation arrives, which will be soon. I will give you your liberty for the day. It is well for the bird to accustom himself to his cage,' he said to my father as he accompanied him out. The simile was hardly just. I bore more resemblance to a poor mouse taken in a trap, who sees himself face to face with the cat. M. Bénignat returned with a tall woman, who approached and examined me from head to foot. Happily her investigations only related to my clothes, which I was to exchange for the uniform of the boarding-school. 'How much is the trousseau to cost?' said the dame. 'He is size number three,' and she drew a measure from her pocket, and measured me as if I had been a piece of cloth. M. Bénignat was embarrassed; trembling under the ferule of this ruler in petticoats, he seemed to delay a painful avowal. 'How much!' he stammered. 'I have not fixed any price. It can be included in the first bill.'

"Always the same! If there is one thing essential to remember, it is precisely the one which you are sure to forget."

"The bell for recreation here interrupted the lady's eloquence, and M. Bénignat, opening a door which led into the court, said in a solemn tone, 'A fellow disciple, Messieurs,' and I was in the midst of a crowd of boys, and in a moment they had formed a close circle round me. 'We must give him a welcome,' cried one. 'How shall we commence?' said another. 'Make him sing the three hundred and sixty-five couplets of the child who had but one tooth,' added a third. 'It were better to initiate him into the liberty of the press,' suggested a fourth. I felt a slight shiver, for I had heard how a pupil of St. Cyr had been nearly killed by the pressure of his school-fellows, and I knew that this play of words was the signal of real suffering. 'Let us teach him politeness,' cried another boy, and taking off my hat he threw it on the ground, where it was soon trampled out of all shape. I was glad to escape with the loss of my hat, but the respite was brief. The crowd returned, and a big boy with a brutal face knocked me down with one blow of his fist. A general hurra arose as I fell, and my savage antagonist placed one knee upon my chest, declaring that I should never arise until I had asked his pardon. Pardon, and for what? this gross and brutal attack? That I could not do. Brought up at home, I had for the first time, come in contact with those aggressive natures that break every thing that bends, and my blood boiled in my veins.

"I'll wager ten sous he is going to cry," said one of my tormentors. 'They don't do so at home, do they? They pet us there. What would Mamma say if she could see her Benjamin?'

"I choked; I felt the coming tears; what would become of me if I wept? At this critical moment Arthur de Montmeillan appeared. 'Let him alone Adolph,' he cried in the imperious tone of a great boy, 'I know him, and whoever meddles with him will have business with me. We are comrades, at least in blows.' So saying he placed my hand in Adolph's, who resembled a mastiff suddenly called off from a bone. 'Ah,' cried the others, 'if it is a friend of Arthur's it is different.' They all dispersed, while Montmeillan, placing my arm in his, led me to the other end of the court.

"Thou hast made a poor debut, Jacques," he remarked. 'Thou hast suffered thyself to be mocked and beaten, instead

of falling upon them first with a closed fist. Make thyself mutton, and the wolves will eat thee. But what is done is done. I will give thee instructions for the future. If they give thee a blow, return two; thou art not strong, be furious. In a word do to others as thou wouldst that they should not do to thee. Above all, do not exchange a single word with Cornichon.'

"Who is Cornichon?" said I.

"There he is. That pale boy, seated apart, with his nose in his book. He is poring over those abominable French verbs. He tries to surpass every one in the school. Besides he is English, and we have a national hatred towards him. He came here no one knows from whence, two years ago. At first M. Bénignet proclaimed him his favorite, and cited him on all occasions. It was M. Greenhorn here, M. Greenhorn there. No one but an Englishman would call himself by a name so ridiculous. Well, Monsieur and Madame, and Mlle. Prudence, their respectable daughter, swore only by the little Englishman, but at the end of six months, this great fire slackened. The prodigious pupil continued to do marvels. He was the first in theme and version, but the praises sensibly diminished. There was an important reason. The bill for the first term had been paid in advance, the second was much more tardy, and for the following ones I believe Monsieur still expects payment. They talked the first year of sending Cornichon to ripen on his native soil; Madame strongly advised it, but M. Bénignet who thought he would obtain the first prize at the grand concourse, kept him and here he is.'

"And did he really obtain the first prize?" I asked.

"No, only the second; if it had not been for him I could have won it.' I understood now Montmeillan's hatred for the English boy. 'Since then,' he continued, 'he has been more insupportable than ever, and though poor as a church-mouse gives himself airs of pride. He will not even deign to resent an injury. 'But we have promised to make him forget his *sang froid*. And now I think of it, if you can do it, it will redeem your credit. I will promise you three hurras, and a general acclamation.'

"But this boy has done nothing against me," I urged.

"Ah!" said Arthur, 'you will only fight your own battles. As you please, my dear. Fight with Adolph, and I will help him. If you do not choose to espouse our quarrels, take care of yourself.'

"Yet smarting with the blows I had received, I could not bear the idea of losing my protector, yet I shrunk from attacking an inoffensive boy against whom I had not a single complaint.

"You are afraid," said Arthur, scornfully. 'Cornichon is stronger than you are. My self-love was piqued. 'I am afraid of no one, neither of Adolph nor Cornichon,' I answered, and posted myself resolutely before the door, resolved to seek a quarrel. Accordingly when Greenhorn was about to enter, I pushed him rudely by the shoulder, and declared he should not pass.

"Why not?" he asked in an accent slightly foreign.

"Because it does not please me.'

"That is no reason," he said.

"It will have to satisfy you, though, for I do not choose to give any other.'

"Instead of trying to force a passage he seated himself quietly upon a bench, and calmly waited till my whim should change. Arthur whispered in my ear some abusive English word which I did not understand. I repeated it after him, but Greenhorn was unmoved by my ridiculous opposition. 'Will you be mocked so?' cried Arthur; and thus provoked, I rushed upon him with my head foremost. He made a slight movement of his arms without rising, and my face came so violently against his closed fists that the blood flew from my nose. 'Good God! I have hurt you!' he said. The accent was sincere, my heart was touched, but the evil spirits round me exclaimed, 'Courage! Attack him again! Avenge thyself!' I still hesitated when the bell rang for dinner, and M. Bénignet appeared upon the threshold. I would have stolen in unnoticed, but he saw my bloody face, and instantly inquired the cause. Before I could speak, Arthur accused Greenhorn of being the author of all the mischief; he had attacked me, and I had only defended myself. I would have protested, but M. Bénignet commanded silence, and decided that he would excuse me, as I was ignorant of the rules of the school, but sentenced Greenhorn to solitary confinement. After this just sentence, which fell like lead upon my conscience, M. Bénignet took his

place at the dinner-table, where Madame sought to renew the miracle of the multiplication of bread, by feeding fifty famished mouths with a little soup and bouilli. My appetite had fled for the day, and my neighbor gladly devoured my portion.

"Here I saw Mademoiselle Susette for the first time. She was a cousin of Madame's, some degrees removed, a poor orphan received from charity into the establishment, and who made herself exceedingly useful in its domestic affairs, a true Cinderella, in sad need of a fairy to adorn her. But there was an air of dignity about her, even in her poor apparel, which inspired respect. The most brutal of the pupils seldom chose to displease Mademoiselle Susette. She was of no particular age. Few knew, and fewer cared to ascertain any dates on that subject. But it was evident that her eyes, though veiled by blue spectacles were kindly, that her voice was very sweet, and her activity in assisting others unparalleled.

"Next morning, on seeing poor Greenhorn in the class, still paler than his wont, I felt deep remorse. I would have gone to take his hand, and ask his pardon for my foolish attack and my base silence, but just then my evil genius spied me in the shape of Arthur de Montmeillan, and I dared not brave his wrath or his raillery. After the school hours were over, we held a council in the court. Adolph and some others wished to attack Greenhorn when he came out from confinement, and avenge upon him at once all past vexation. Besides, the vacation was approaching. It would be well to give him an advice which he would remember. Arthur objected to such summary proceedings, and preferred rather to seek an occasion of quarrel. Others advised that he should be let alone entirely. I was about to add my voice to theirs, when a little monkey, who like me, enjoyed the honor of being protected by Montmeillan, and who showed his gratitude by acting as a spy, came up, all out of breath, exclaiming:

"News! Messieurs! Guess how Greenhorn passes his time in the prison."

"Sleeping, I suppose."

"No, he is stupid enough to write his tasks; that finished, what do you think he does?"

"Chases mice?"

"Repeats Greek and Latin verbs?"

"Try again."

"Ma foi! he cannot eat, for he has not a sou, and has never been seen to buy even an apple. He cannot read, for he has no books, unless it is a grammar."

"He has invented another pastime; he mends his old shoes."

"Bah!"

"I give you my word of honor, I saw him through a hole which I have made in the wall with a gimlet, and which I have enlarged every time I have been shut up."

"A good idea. But according to that your hole ought to be as large as the moon."

"Now," interrupted Arthur exultingly, 'we are masters of one of Greenhorn's secrets, and he has as many as there are days in the year. Hear the accusation I will draw up against him. Firstly, he mends his old shoes, which is unworthy of a gentleman. Secondly, in the exercise of this pursuit he conceals himself, which shows unworthy thoughts for which he blushes. Thirdly, he is as poor as Job, and almost as patient. Conclusion; that he ought to be subjected to the same trials as that holy man, for the edification of the faithful.'

"This was received with applause, and it was resolved to send a deputation of three to congratulate Greenhorn upon the arts which he cultivated in his retirement. At first he did not understand, and was entirely unmoved by the quips in French and Latin which flew around him like hail. Impatient at expending so much wit without effect, his tormentors dropped metaphor and returned to fact. The son of an advocate undertook the accusation.

"Greenhorn," he said, 'we declare that thou hast been accused before us of mending thy old shoes thyself, which is contrary to our customs and usages; opposed to the interests of the worthy artisans of this quarter; injurious to the reputation of an establishment which piques itself on admitting into its bosom only the sons of good families; displeasing in the last degree to the aforesaid sons. Wherefore, we require thee to declare before all here present, whether thou hast employed thy leisure hours in putting patches on thy old shoes, as the said patches which we have before us, bear witness;' and the young accuser pointed to some clumsy patches on Greenhorn's shoes.

The latter, who had listened with serious attention to this burlesque accusation, replied calmly: 'It is very true that I have

mended my shoes. You wish to know why. Primo, because they had holes in them; secundo, because I had no money to pay for having them mended.'

"Why did you not borrow?"

"I never borrow."

"And why not?"

"Because I am not sure of being able to pay."

"Bah! you evade," cried Arthur angrily. 'Avow frankly what I have always suspected, that you are the son of some miserable shoemaker in London, and that you have quitted the paternal shop because you were ashamed of your father.'

"Greenhorn became purple. 'My father was a gentleman,' he said, 'for he would have blushed to insult the poverty of a comrade.'

"I approve of Greenhorn's proceedings," cried another wit. 'He views the subject in its proper light, and I will give him the counsel of a friend. During the vacations, which he ordinarily spends here, he can employ himself in mending all our old shoes. Let us give him our patronage, and enable him to buy a new coat, for this has shown the cord these two years.'

"Let us settle his genealogy first" said the chief accuser, 'before we admit him to the order of St. Crispin,' and he began to sing:

'Mon père, illustre savetier,  
Ma mère.'

"But before he could speak another word, Greenhorn sprang upon him, and caught him by the throat. 'Do not speak of my mother,' said he. His eyes flashed, the lamb had become a lion. He was surrounded instantly, and assailed on all sides, but he held the insulter in a convulsive grasp, and seemed insensible to the blows which fell around him. Just then a blind was opened, and a voice cried, 'Fie! cowards! have you no mothers?' There was a general cessation, and Greenhorn let go his prey, and turned to look for his defender. It was Mlle. Susette. She had assisted unseen at the last part of the drama. The young Englishman regarded her for a moment as he would his mother had she been there, and then he turned to defy us. This time there was no one ready to pick up the gauntlet, and at the end of ten minutes he slowly left the court. Mademoiselle Susette met him in the passage with ex-

tended hand, and exclaimed: 'Bravo, M. Greenhorn, you are a brave boy, and your mother is happy mother.' Greenhorn uttered a suppressed cry of anguish and passed on. 'Ah!' said Mademoiselle Susette sadly, 'I might have known he was an orphan!' We did not care to encounter Mademoiselle's eyes just then, and the leaders were suddenly left alone. The army deserted, completely demoralized by this interference. A truce was proclaimed until vacation, which was rendered easy by the absence of Greenhorn, who went to attend the general concourse, where he obtained the first Latin prize; a triumph for which Arthur and Adolph vowed to make him pay dearly on the re-opening of the classes.

"But when that day arrived, we learned, not without some consternation, that Greenhorn had finished his studies, had been promoted by M. Bénignat to the office of usher, and would that year superintend our class. Arthur de Montmeillan was furious. He would never submit to such a humiliation. He would write to his father, and break his engagements with M. Bénignat. It was intolerable. He, submit to recite his lessons to Greenhorn. He would throw the books in his face first. No doubt it was Mademoiselle Susette who had obtained such promotion for her favorite, but she might cry 'Fie!' as much as she chose, he was determined to put him down.

"His invectives met with a feeble response. Many who had composed the band of Montmeillan had left the school, others had deserted the flag, and the newcomers were not disposed to embark in an affair so doubtful. I felt curious to see how Greenhorn would bear his new honors. Would he not avail himself of them to take revenge upon his old persecutors? Certainly he had pretexts enough. Yet nothing in his conduct betrayed the slightest shade of irritation or resentment. There was no alteration in him. He wore the same coat, a little seedier; the same placid countenance, a little paler, from an attack of fever, which had only yielded to the incessant cares of Mademoiselle Susette.

"Montmeillan and the little band he had collected round him, left no means untried to weary his patience, but in vain. To all their petty annoyances he opposed a spirit of meekness which would have disarmed any league, save of school-boys. He

passed half an hour every evening before retiring, in writing, which was considered a very suspicious circumstance. What could he write, except police reports to M. Bénignet? Arthur vowed to possess himself of these papers, and in the mean time, he resolved to convey a threat in a Latin theme written in due form.

"Accordingly it was prepared, and one Saturday when Greenhorn supplied the place of an absent professor, the spy of Montmeillan was called upon to read his theme first. He began:

"*Cucurmis arguitur prodidisse scholares ideo jussus est ab scholae discedere, nisi turba scholarum minare mortem, maledico Cucurmi.*"

"All eyes were turned upon the professor's chair, expecting an explosion, but as attentive and impassible as if he had listened to a passage in Homer or Virgil, Greenhorn turned to me. 'Translate, Monsieur.'

"Trembling like a leaf, I commenced low and stammering, 'Cucurmis.'

"'Louder, if you please. I will remark in passing, that the name Cucurmis is not Latin, and appears to me barbarous. Proceed.'

"Cucurmis is accused of having betrayed the pupils, and it is enjoined upon him to quit the class; otherwise a majority of the scholars menace,' here a violent fit of coughing interrupted me.

"'Minare mortem, menace with death,' said the young professor, dwelling upon each syllable. 'Cucurmis the accused, or the accused Cucurmis, as you please, Messieurs,' and he cast a firm look over the assembly.

"'I would like to have known,' he added after a pause, 'an obscure master, an unknown philosopher, who, exposed to calumnies, to insult, still persists in doing his duty. Ancient or modern, it is a salutary example, and will be useful to me despite the barbarisms of the composition.'

"And so our bombshell, prepared with so much care, and aimed with so much audacity, was extinguished in the other copy-books among which Greenhorn laid it. Montmeillan could not contain his rage. Another such victory, and he would be hopelessly defeated. No one could deny that, pawn as he was, the Englishman had met the attack bravely. Certainly, he had courage. We were not without our own private apprehensions as to the result.

The tumult we expected had not taken place. The insult was written and signed. Benignant as he was, M. Bénignet could not refuse to make an example of the ringleaders at the request of the master. The next morning we awaited the hour for dismissal with some anxiety, but not a word was said. We knew that Greenhorn had held a long conference with the principal early in the morning, and we looked forward to punishment as a certainty. Some held that the vengeance was only deferred, but the majority felt grateful to Greenhorn for not depriving us of a holiday.

"The next day our surprise was greatly increased by the appearance of a new visage, an unknown pawn. What had become of Greenhorn? Remorse awakened in our consciences. The most timorous blamed themselves for his disappearance. Perhaps, driven to despair by our evil conduct, he had hung or drowned himself. Then we were real homicides. Montmeillan laughed, and maintained that finding M. Bénignet indisposed to engage in his quarrel, he had decamped without sound of trumpet. Others imagined that he had gone to lay his complaints before the police, and would return accompanied by some members of that formidable body. Every one felt disturbed, and each ring at the door-bell made us start. Nothing could be learned of the cause of this sudden eclipse. I did not fail to observe Mademoiselle Susette, and I saw that her blue spectacles were frequently obscured, and that her eyes were red and swollen. Did she weep for Greenhorn or for his departure?

"One day, two, three passed without bringing any explanation of the mystery, but on the next the spy of Montmeillan, who had hitherto listened at the key-holes in vain, came into the court, triumphant.

"'I have found the enigma. Here are two pages of the famous journal that has troubled us so much. I found it under Greenhorn's bed, but I did not get it without trouble, I assure you. I had to climb on the roof and get in at the window. You see the date is the same with that of the day Cucurmis was written.'

"'Read, and spare us your remarks if you please,' said Arthur.

"'I can read the date well enough. Ciphers are of all languages, but that is all. I don't understand a word of this British jargon.'

"'Pedant! is there no one here who can read English?' cried Montmeillan.

"Notwithstanding his feigned indifference, he was dying with curiosity to know what the journal contained. I had studied English, and they all stood grouped around me while I read."

Here the narrator paused and took from his pocket-book a piece of paper, yellow with time, and covered with close writing.

"I keep it as a precious relic," he said, "and read it often, and never without profit."

"'SATURDAY MORNING, Oct. 27.

"'There is some new plot against me. I judge so by the dark looks thrown at me by the leader, and the half-curious, half-troubled glances of those who follow in his train. I have been left undisturbed for two whole days; I find no more pins in my chair when I go to sit down, no threads stretched across my way, no insults written at the top of the lesson I am to hear. But it is but the deceitful calm which precedes the tempest. I could easily know what I am to expect if I chose. Two or three pupils, among others the confidant of Arthur de Montmeillan,'

"'It is false,' exclaimed that individual, coloring to his forehead.

"'Let me go on,' said I.

"'Two or three pupils, among others the confidant of M., throw themselves continually in my way, and only await a word, a question to betray the secrets of their comrades. But God forbid that I should encourage such baseness.

"'Saturday evening I was not deceived. They have accused me (in vile Latin, it is true) of having betrayed them, and menace me with death, if I do not leave the school. It is absurd, it is puerile, and yet I suffer, because at the bottom of this childish spite, I see the base persecution of the weak by the strong. Thou art poor, thou art an orphan, therefore thou shalt be driven away. Thy work, thy perseverance, shall not avail. Thou hast won by thy labor thy daily bread, but we will make it so bitter that thou must renounce it and die of hunger. We have been committed to thy care, but we are a troop of wild beasts who will devour our shepherd.'

"I was interrupted by exclamations on all sides. 'Is that so?' 'Are you sure you translate right?' but I read steadily

on, for my own vague thoughts were vividly expressed here, and I took a bitter pleasure in chastising my own feebleness, and that of many others who thought as I did.

"'It is then true that man is born evil. But no. One bad heart, spoiled by vanity and fortune, is enough to lead many others astray. These children know not what they do. My God! give me also the grace to say, 'Father, forgive them,' even as my sainted mother prayed upon her death-bed for those who had persecuted her. I seem still to hear her words. 'My son,' she said to me, 'the greatest evil our enemies can do to us, is to awaken like envy or hatred in our hearts. Avoid this contagion. If thou canst possess thine own soul, thou art invulnerable, and each trial will but make thee more generous and more brave.'

"'Sunday morning I wake calm, almost joyful. O my mother! thou wert right! A victory over one's self leaves neither trouble nor remorse. I am no longer irritated against any one. But have I nothing to reproach myself with? Am I not reserved? proud? Have I not always made my poverty a haughty line of demarkation between my companions and myself?

"'I have just been interrupted by a packet from England. After being forgotten so long, I am recalled in haste. My grandfather is dying and desires to see me. He wishes to repair, alas! too late, the wrong he did my mother. He repents his long injustice, his abandonment of her after my father's death. He believes her living, and implores our pardon. What will they say here? That I am afraid, that I have fled. No matter, if my duty commands me to go. I shall not quit without regret this mansion of austere studies, of sad trials, since I have found here a noble heart whose deep and silent devotion was first attracted by my misfortunes; a heart which recalls thine own, O beloved mother! Blessed be the roof, and all which it shelters! Whatever happens, I will return.'

"Two years later the promise was fulfilled. Greenhorn came back to lay a noble name and an ample fortune at the feet of Mademoiselle Susette, who saw nothing marvellous in the constancy. Would she not have done the same if she had been rich? But happiness made Mlle. Susette look young and pretty. The blue spec-

tacles had long concealed her soft and charming eyes, and her maternal cares had deluded us as to her age.

"On the evening of the wedding the baronet gave a handsome present to each of us, as a souvenir both of the friendship

then pledged between us, and of his request that we would bear witness to this generation, and that to come, that a pawn was a man, and might be entitled to the respect and esteem even of his pupils."

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From the North British Review.

## THE WEATHER AND ITS PROGNOSTICS.\*

THE WEATHER—the most important,—the most universally interesting of all sublunary themes. The scorching heat of summer, the biting cold of winter, the rain with its floods, the snow with its avalanches, the tempest with its thunder and its lightning—how many associations do they embosom, how many hours of joy, of disappointment, and of grief, do they recall! Who but remembers the bright summer suns under which they trod the green carpet of Nature, culling the flowers which enamelled it, and inhaling the fragrance which they breathed? Who can forget the voice from above which first spoke to them from the thunder cloud, or the all-piercing eye which seemed to gleam from its fire? Who has not stood in awe under the solemnity of a sea-storm, or wept over friends that have been engulfed in its waves?

But it is not merely with our feelings that the weather is associated. It painfully interferes with our every-day duties and amusements. Our household arrange-

ments, too, depend upon its changes, and even our dress must take its character from the weather. While the pilgrim on our western coast spends half the year swathed in water-proofs and erect in India-rubbers under the domicile of an umbrella, the inhabitant of the east is shrouded in a cloud of vapor, shivering under the sirocco that breathes from its shores.

Interests of a still higher kind are involved in the weather and its changes. It predominates with a despotic sway over all our most important physical wants, and famine and pestilence are among the scourges which it wields. In spring time and harvest—under the summer's heat and the winter's cold, the husbandman trembles with anxiety for the capital which he has entrusted to the soil, and the heat that withers, the rain that rots, and the wind and the hail that crush vegetable life, are the principal enemies, whose visits he can neither anticipate nor control.

The weather with its changes is, therefore, a subject of daily and even hourly interest—a subject, indeed, upon which everybody has something to say, because it is the only one on which everybody is equally informed.\* The fool and the

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\* *The Climate of London deduced from Meteorological Observations made in the Metropolis and at various places around it.* By LUKE HOWARD, Gent. 3 vols. 8vo. Second Edition. London, 1833.

*A Cycle of Eighteen Years in the Seasons of Britain.* By LUKE HOWARD, Gent. 8vo. London, 1842.

*Papers on Meteorology, relating especially to the Climate of Britain and to the Variations of the Barometer.* Parts I. and II. of the Appendix to *Barometrographia.* By LUKE HOWARD, Esq. F.R.S. 4to. London, 1854.

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\* "The generality of this interest," says Professor Daniell, "is so absolute, that the common form of salutation among many nations is a meteorological wish; and the first introduction between strangers a meteorological observation."



philosopher are on a par in their weather wisdom, and the accumulated knowledge of past ages does not yet enable us, as it did the Pharisees of old, to discern the face of the sky. We dare not, as they did, predict a shower when a cloud rises out of the west, nor can we anticipate heat when the wind blows from the south. Still less does the red of the evening assure us of fair weather, or the red of the morning foretell the foul weather of the day.

It is certainly a strange fact that the science of the weather, in which we have the greatest interest, should be the one of which we know the least, and that phenomena within our daily observation, and from which we hourly suffer in person or in property, should have been less studied than those of any other branch of natural science. During the last century, several intelligent individuals, and a few public bodies, kept registers of the weather, in which the weight, the temperature, the moisture of the air, and the direction and force of the winds have been recorded; but it is only in our own day that wise and liberal Governments, among whom we can on this occasion number our own, have organized establishments for promoting a science of the highest national importance.

One of the earliest attempts in this country to establish registers of the weather, on an extensive scale, was made by the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1820. In order to obtain measures of the mean temperature of Scotland in its various localities, they printed a schedule for observations on the thermometer, and received no fewer than *seventy* registers, by which the mean temperature of *seventy* places was determined for the year 1821. A great number of these were discontinued in subsequent years, but several registers containing observations with the barometer, thermometer, and rain-gauge, and indications of the direction and force of the wind, were maintained for several years.

Auxious to obtain more general results than observations made twice a day could be expected to yield, the Royal Society of Edinburgh established *hourly* thermometric observations at Leith Fort, where they were continued for four years, from 1824 to 1828, and gave results of very great interest. Following this excellent example, the British Association

established hourly observations of the barometer, thermometer, and state of the sky at Inverness, and also at Kingussie, situated at a great height above the sea,\* where they were made in the years 1838, 1839, 1840, and 1841, and which gave results in harmony with those which had been deduced from the Leith observations.

Important, however, as these observations are, they are comparatively insignificant when they were placed beside those of the late Mr. Robert Thom of Ascog, who carried on at Rothesay, in the Isle of Bute, hourly meteorological observations for *twelve years*, from 1828 to 1842. This Register, which exhibits the daily and annual distribution of heat on the West coast of Scotland, where the climate is essentially different from that on the East coast, gives results which confirm, in a remarkable manner, those which were obtained from the Leith, Inverness, and Kingussie observations.

A very extensive System of Meteorological Observations has been established and carried on for many years in a great number of localities in the State of New York, and the thermometric results have a peculiar importance, from their being made in longitudes not very remote from one of the cold meridians of the globe.

A very great impulse was given to meteorological research by the interest which was excited on the subject of magnetism by the publication of Professor Hansteen of Christiana's celebrated work, "On the Magnetism of the Earth," and by his subsequent investigation of the intensity of the magnetic force in different parts of the globe. This valuable work was first made known in England by two articles published in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal for 1820,† and an account of his observations, drawn up by himself, appeared in the Edinburgh Journal of Science for 1826.‡

The importance of these observations, and the method of making them, were first

\* The Kingussie Register for the years from November 1, 1830, to November 1, 1839, contains also observations with the rain-gauge; and on the state of the winds, as indicated by the words calm; breeze, and wind. It contains also a list with descriptions of the aurora borealis, which appeared in that locality during the year.

† Vol. iii. p. 138, and vol. iv. p. 114. Edinburgh Journal of Science, vol. v. p. 65, June 1826.

‡ Vol. iv. p. 323, and vol. v. p. 218.

made known in Scotland by the celebrated Danish philosopher, Professor Oersted of Copenhagen, who paid a visit to Edinburgh in June 1823, and brought with him the very magnetic needle which Professor Hansteen had intrusted to different philosophers, who determined with it the time of 300 oscillations in various parts of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, and France. Those which were made by Professor Oersted in Edinburgh on the 4th July, and at which the writer of this article had the pleasure of assisting, were made in the field behind Coates Crescent, and nearly at the intersection of Walker Street with Melville Street, and possessed the interest of being, at that time, the most westerly of all those that had been made.\*

On his return to Denmark, Professor Oersted obtained for the Royal Society of Edinburgh, from Professor Hansteen, two new needles, one flat and another cylindrical, which he tested by comparison with a standard cylindrical one made by Dollond; and with these Mr. James Dunlop, Sir Thomas Macdougall Brisbane's astronomical assistant, made a valuable series of observations in every part of Scotland, which are published in the transactions of the Royal Society.† The observations and labor of Hansteen having attracted the notice of Baron Humboldt, this distinguished individual, during his visit to St. Petersburg in 1829, urged the Academy of Sciences to institute hourly observations on the variations in declination of the magnetical needle, during two consecutive days. In 1830, observations of this kind were made at St. Petersburg, Kazan, and Nicolaieff, and soon afterwards at Sitka and Pekin. In 1834, three magnetic and meteorological observatories were constructed at Catherinebourg, Barnaoul, and Nertchinsk; while other three observatories, solely for meteorological purposes, were established at Bogoslawsk, Zlatvoost, and Lougan.

Impressed with the value of these establishments, and encouraged by the successful zeal of Baron Humboldt, the writer of this article proposed the erection of physical observatories in different parts of the British Empire, and submitted a plan for them to a distinguished member of the Government. The subject was also

brought before the British Association; but nothing effectual was accomplished till the year 1836, when Humboldt himself, in a letter to the Duke of Sussex, as President of the Royal Society, urged the establishment of magnetic observatories in the British dependencies. The scheme thus fairly started, was taken up by the British Association, and the Royal Society, and though it made slow progress, it was finally adopted. Physical observatories were established by the Government at Kew, Greenwich, Dublin,\* Toronto, St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, and Hobart Town in Van Diemen's Land;† and the Court of Directors of the East India Company authorized similar establishments at Simla, Singapore, Madras, and Aden, (subsequently changed to Bombay.)‡

This noble liberality of the British Government was warmly appreciated in Russia; and it is with much pleasure that we quote the following notice of it by M. Kupffer, the Director of the Russian observatories:—

"The English Government acceded to the propositions of M. Humboldt with a liberality unexampled in the history of science; and the most gigantic scientific enterprise that had ever been conceived was in a short time organized. An expedition to the South Pole, and the construction of magnetic and meteorological observatories at the Cape of Good Hope, Van Diemen's Land, and Canada were agreed to. Colonel Sabine and Dr. Lloyd, to whom the English Government had confided the scientific direction of this enterprise, were desired to repair to Berlin and Göttingen, to confer with MM. Humboldt and Gauss, and then to Petersburg in order to put themselves in communication with the Russian Government. This last journey did not take place, as the Russian Minister of Finance, Count Cancrine, as soon as he had received a communication from M. Humboldt relative this enterprise, sent me (M. Kupffer) to Göttingen, by order of the Emperor, to take

\* Three hundred oscillations of the needle were performed in *thirteen minutes and forty seconds*.

† Edinburgh Transactions, vol. xii. p. 1.

\* So early as 1837, the University of Dublin, at the request of Dr. Lloyd, then Professor of Natural Philosophy in Trinity College, voted the necessary funds for the establishment of an observatory, in which all the researches connected with the sciences of terrestrial magnetism and meteorology might be systematically conducted.

† The admirable observatory at Kew was established by the British Association, and observations were commenced in it in October 1843, under the honorary directorship of Mr. Ronalds.

‡ At a later period, Sir Thomas Macdougall Brisbane established a magnetic observatory in Scotland, at Makerstown, his country-seat, near Kelso, in Roxburghshire.

part in the conferences, and to offer to the English philosophers the cooperation of the Russian observatories. The conferences of the Magnetic Congress at Göttingen began on the 15th October, 1839; and it was there that the observations to be made were finally arranged. The expedition to the South Pole under Captain Ross had already sailed in the month of September, with instruments, and observers, who had received practical instructions from Dr. Lloyd in the Magnetic Observatory at Dublin."

The Russian Government thus stimulated by the example of England, proceeded to erect their observatories at the different stations which had been fixed upon, and under the protection of Count Cancrine, and General Tcheffkine, and the direction of M. Kupffer, they were completed at St. Petersburg, Catherinebourg, Burnaoul, Nertchinsk, Tiflis, Sitka, (on the north-west coast of America,) Helsingfors, and at the Russian mission-house at Peking, in China. The English Government furnished instructions for observatories at Breslau in Prussia, Hammerfest in Norway, Cairo and Algiers;\* and magnetic observatories were at different times established at Berlin, Breda, Brussels, Copenhagen, Göttingen, Gotha, Hanover, Heidelberg, Leipsic, Marbourg, Milan, Munich, Philadelphia, Prague, and Upsal. Austria, too, which has now confided the interests of science to a new and active Academy, has erected similar observatories, and placed them under the Meteorological Institute of Vienna, directed by M. Creill. Meteorological observatories, under the direction of Professor Dove, have been established by the Prussian Government, at various stations, from Memel to the Rhine. The first volume of its observations has been published two years ago, and from this quarter we shall soon be in possession of a body of facts, which cannot fail to lead to the most important generalizations.

The Russian Government have published no fewer than fourteen volumes containing the observations made since 1840; and the British Government has also published three volumes, commencing at the same date. These volumes, illustrated with numerous plates, containing drawings of the instruments and diagrams, have been liberally presented to the principal scientific individuals and institutions, both in the Old and the New World.

\* This fact is mentioned by M. Kupffer, on the authority of Colonel Sabine.

Among the first achievements of meteorological research, we may mention the important fact, that, generally speaking, the barometer, in every part of the globe, stands at the same height above the level of the sea. More recent observations, as first noticed by Humboldt, have so far modified this fact as to show, that, in the northern hemisphere, the mean pressure in the equatorial regions, for about 10° of latitude, is 29·842 inches; that it gradually increases to the latitudes of 30° and 40°, where it attains its maximum of between 30 and 30·078 inches; and that it again decreases to 29·92 inches, which is its measure, in the latitude of 50°. In the southern hemisphere, the observations of Sir James Ross have established the fact that, from 40° to 78° of south latitude, the mean height of the barometer decreases. A similar deficiency of pressure has been observed in the Pacific Ocean, where the mean height of the barometer is only 29·71, whereas in the Atlantic it is 29·85 inches.

Another important and precise result of barometrical observations is, that the mean density of the atmosphere decreases in geometrical progression for heights taken in arithmetical progression. The truth of this law has been proved by the comparison of heights taken by the barometer with those measured geometrically; and in the measurement of heights the law has found a grand practical application.

A third result of barometrical observations is that the barometer, at the level of the sea, is very slightly affected by the annual or daily changes of temperature, while in the upper regions of the atmosphere it is greatly affected by them.

In comparing the measures of barometrical pressure as taken in various latitudes, and at every hour of the day, two very interesting laws have been detected, though meteorologists have not yet discovered their cause. That the barometer regularly rises and falls every day, falling to its minimum at 3<sup>h</sup> 45<sup>m</sup> in the morning and 4<sup>h</sup> 5<sup>m</sup> at night, and rising to its maximum at 9<sup>h</sup> 37<sup>m</sup> in the morning and 10<sup>h</sup> 11<sup>m</sup> at night, has been placed beyond a doubt, by observations made in every latitude from the equator to that of 74°. The extent of these oscillations, too, has been found to vary inversely as the latitude, diminishing from 0·108 of an inch, which is its extent at Lima, in south

latitude  $10^{\circ} 31'$ , to  $0.003$  at Rosekop, in latitude  $70^{\circ}$ , and again increasing to  $0.010$  at Port Bowen, in north latitude  $73^{\circ} 48'$ . A series of irregular monthly oscillations have also been detected in the mercurial column of an opposite character from the regular ones, being very small near the equator, and increasing from Cairo, in north latitude  $30^{\circ} 2'$ , where their amount is  $0.326$ , to Rosekop, where they reach  $1.516$ , and again diminish to Port Bowen, where they amount to  $1.362$ . These irregular oscillations mask the regular ones, and obviously arise from a different cause. Mr. Daniell was of opinion that the regular oscillations arise from the earth's daily motion and the changes of temperature which arise from it.

One of the most important branches of meteorology is that which relates to the temperature of the atmosphere and of the earth upon which it rests, and the science may boast of having here developed some fundamental laws. Considering the earth as a planet revolving round an axis inclined to the plane of its orbit, the temperature of its surface, and of its atmosphere, must decrease from the equator to the poles. Meteorological observations have determined approximately the law of its decrease, and also the law according to which the temperature decreases as we rise in the atmosphere. In the meridians which pass through the west of Europe the mean temperature of the equator has been found to be  $81.5^{\circ}$ , and by a comparison of the mean temperatures observed in different latitudes Sir David Brewster has shewn that the law of variation is given by the formula

$$T = 81.5 \cos. \text{latitude.}$$

It appears, however, from observations made in America and in the east of Europe, that the *isothermal lines*, or lines of equal heat, descend to the equator in North America and in Siberia; that is, it is colder in these two meridians than in the same latitude in the west of Europe and in the meridian of  $180^{\circ}$  west of Greenwich.

In order to find the law of decrease in the Asiatic and transatlantic meridians, the same author, on the authority of actual observation, has assumed that the Asiatic pole of maximum cold has a temperature of  $+1^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit, and is situated in about  $80^{\circ}$  of north latitude and  $95^{\circ}$  east longitude, while the transatlantic pole,

with a temperature of  $3.5^{\circ}$ , is situated in about  $80^{\circ}$  north latitude and  $100^{\circ}$  west longitude. On these data he founds the following formulæ:—

$$T = (81.8 \sin. D) + 1^{\circ} \text{ for the Asiatic meridian.}$$

$$T = (86.3 \sin. D) - 3.5^{\circ}, \text{ for the transatlantic meridian.}$$

T being the temperature, and D the distance of the place from the nearest isothermal pole.

Hence it is evident that the poles of the globe are not its coldest points, and that the temperature of the North Pole is about  $10^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit. And confiding in these results, the Arctic navigators attempted to trace Sir John Franklin into a polar sea comparatively free of ice.

This view of the distribution of the temperature of the globe, which has been adopted by Humboldt, Scoresby, Daniell, and other meteorologists,\* establishes a coincidence either real or accidental between the magnetic poles and those of maximum cold. The prevailing opinion, founded on incontrovertible facts, that the sun is the source of the magnetism as well as of the heat of the earth, may lead us to anticipate some grand results from our meteorological and magnetic observatories.†

When we consider the numerous and rapid changes of temperature which take place in our climate, it is a remarkable fact that the mean temperature of a place remains nearly the same. The winter may be unusually cold, or the summer unusually hot, while the mean temperature has varied even less than a degree. A very warm summer is therefore likely to be accompanied with a cold winter, and, in general, if we have any long period of cold weather, we may expect a similar period at a higher temperature. In general, however, in the same locality, the relative distribution of heat over summer and winter undergoes comparatively small

\* See Humboldt's *Cosmos*, Dr. Scoresby's article on the POLAR REGIONS in the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*, vol vii. p. 15, and Daniell's *Meteorology*, vol i. p. 144.

† Dr. Traill, in following out these views, has endeavored to show that the earth is a great thermomagnetic apparatus, the properties of which are developed by the disturbance of its equilibrium of temperature, by the perpetual action of solar heat on its equatorial regions, and the icy covering of its poles. Hence he infers that any change taking place in the poles of cold, ought to produce a corresponding change in the magnetic poles.

variations, and therefore every point of the globe has an average climate, though it is occasionally disturbed by distant atmospheric changes.

In different meridians of both the New and the Old World, the climate derives its thermal character from the repartition of heat between the summer and the winter season. In the west of Europe, and in the opposite meridian, the winters are comparatively warm and the summers comparatively cold. In some years there is scarcely heat enough to ripen fruit and grain, and it is obvious, that if we were indulged with warmer winters, we must have them at the expense of our summer's heat, and our fruit and our grain would be green in autumn. This view of the distribution of temperature round two poles of maximum cold, relieves us however, from any such anxiety. If the thermal poles perform a circuit like the magnetic ones, the winters of the west of Europe must gradually become colder, and the summers warmer, till, after centuries have passed, we acquire the climate of the Canadian and Siberian meridians, exchanging for a lower mean temperature a more unequal distribution of heat in summer and winter. To what extent these views will be realized, time and continuous observations at magnetical and meteorological observatories can alone determine. That our climates have changed can hardly be doubted. There is no fact in the natural history of the earth better ascertained than that the climate of the west of Europe was much colder in ancient than in modern times. When we learn that the Tiber was often frozen—that snow lay at Rome for forty days—that grapes would not ripen to the north of the Cevennes—that the Euxine Sea was frozen over every winter in the time of Ovid—and that the ice of the Rhine and the Rhone sustained loaded wagons—we cannot ascribe the amelioration of such climates to the influence of agricultural operations.

The cold meridian which now passes through Canada and Siberia, may then have passed through Italy; and if we transfer the present mean temperatures of these cold regions, to the corresponding parallels in Europe, we shall obtain a climate agreeing in a singular manner with that which is described in ancient authors.

It is not however, in the altered condi-

tion of our atmosphere merely, that we are to seek for proofs of a periodical rotation of climate. The impressions of the plants of warm countries, and the fossil remains of land and sea animals, which could exist only under the genial influence of the temperate zone, are found dispersed over the frozen regions of Eastern Asia; and there is scarcely a spot on the solid covering of the globe, that does not contain indications of a revolution in its animal and vegetable productions.

This interchange of the productions of opposite climates, has been ascribed to some sudden alteration in the obliquity of the ecliptic, and even to a violent displacement of the earth's axis; but astronomy rejects such explanations as irreconcilable with the present condition of the system, and as incompatible with the stability of the laws by which it is governed.

From observations made at different heights above the level of the sea, the general law of the decrease of temperature in proportion to the height, has been ascertained. From the observations made in Gay Lussac's celebrated aerostatic ascent to the height of 22,896 feet, the height corresponding to a decrement of 1° Fahrenheit was 341 feet. Results shewing a greater or a less degree of cold as we ascend in the atmosphere, have been obtained from Chimborazo, Mont Blanc, the Peak of Teneriffe, Mount Etna, &c.;\* but it is only by means of observations long continued, in fixing observatories or stations, and by means of balloons, that the true law of decrement can be ascertained.

An approximation to a law appears in certain observations, where the thermometer fell a degree in the first 300 feet, another degree in the next 295 feet, a third degree in the next 277 feet, a fourth in the next 252 feet, a fifth in the next 223 feet, and a sixth in the next 192 feet; that is,

Decrement.	Height in feet.
1° Fahrenheit,	300
2°       "	595
3°       "	872
4°       "	1124
5°       "	1347
6°       "	1539

the cold increasing in a higher ratio than

\* The average decrement obtained from the results of thirty-eight observations, is one degree of temperature for 372 feet of height.

the height. There must therefore be in every latitude a height at which the thermometer falls to the freezing point, and above which there is perpetual frost. This line, called *the line of perpetual congelation*, must be at different heights in different localities, being according to calculation 15,000 feet at the equator, 13,000 feet between the tropics, and from 9000 to 4000 between the latitudes of 40° and 59°. In the Himalaya Mountains, this line rises much above the theoretical height, and much higher on the *northern* than on the *southern* side.

One of the most interesting objects of meteorological research is the determination of the mean annual, monthly, and daily curves of hourly temperature, an object which has been prosecuted with great diligence and success; but long continued observations, made in different longitudes and latitudes, will be necessary before we can have materials for their accurate delineation.

Every person knows that, generally speaking, it is coldest about sunrise, and warmest an hour or two after noon; and therefore, the times of mean temperature must occur between sunrise and noon, and between noon and midnight. If we make 365 observations at every hour of the year, and take the mean of each hour, we may draw the *annual hourly curve*, the temperatures being its abscissæ and the times its ordinates. The curve thus drawn is found to consist of four branches of different sizes, which are very nearly portions of parabolas. As each point of these curves is the mean of 365 temperatures taken in the coldest and the warmest weather, it is a most remarkable circumstance that these points should form a curve of such extraordinary regularity.

In order to obtain this curve, which is characteristic of the average thermal climate, hourly observations are obviously necessary; but upon a little consideration, we shall find different methods of obtaining it with a smaller number of observations. There are obviously two times of the day at which the mean temperature of the day occurs, called the *hours of mean temperature*. These hours, at Leith, for the annual curve, are 9<sup>h</sup> 13<sup>m</sup> A.M., and 8<sup>h</sup> 27<sup>m</sup> P.M. The interval between them 11<sup>h</sup> 14<sup>m</sup> an important element in meteorology, is called the *critical interval*, and has been supposed to be a constant quantity, not only in the same locality, but in every

climate. Two other important points in the annual hourly curve are the maximum and minimum temperatures, and the hours at which they occur. With these elements, the curve is constructed by computing the abscissæ of the four parabolic branches of which it is composed.

In order to execute this plan for places not high above the sea, let observations be made at 9<sup>h</sup> 13<sup>m</sup> A.M., and 8<sup>h</sup> 27<sup>m</sup> P.M., and also observations with the maximum and minimum thermometers, together with observations at the time of the maximum and minimum, namely, 2<sup>h</sup> 40<sup>m</sup> P.M., and 5<sup>h</sup> A.M. The mean temperature will be approximately obtained from the mean of the maximum and minimum results, and if the mean at 9<sup>h</sup> 13<sup>m</sup> and 8<sup>h</sup> 27<sup>m</sup> are not the same, we change them a few minutes for the next year, as already explained, keeping their interval at about 11<sup>h</sup> 14<sup>m</sup>. In this way we shall obtain, in a few years, the true hours of mean temperature, the times at which they occur, and the critical interval. Owing to the inconvenience of the early hour at which the minimum takes place, it is difficult to obtain the hour of its occurrence, unless by the aid of a clock.

Another method of obtaining the mean temperature and the hours of its occurrence, which may be easily effected, is to make a few observations every five minutes on each side of the first assumed hours of mean temperature, and from these a very good result will be obtained.

A third method of obtaining an approximate measure of the mean temperature from incomplete registers, or when we can observe only at certain times of the year, is to make hourly observations during the last half of April and the first half of October, the mean of which will give us very nearly the mean temperature of the place. In the months of May and October there are many days in which the sky is without clouds, and the air in a state of absolute rest. The active meteorologist would do some service by making hourly or even half hourly observations on a few of these days. The mean of the results would give the form of the annual daily curve with very considerable accuracy; and any local cause influencing the temperature when the sun is in different azimuths, could not fail to be discovered, from a depression or rise in the curve.

From the annual we pass to the month-

ly hourly curves. As each point in these curves is the mean of only *thirty* hourly observations, they are of course much more irregular than the annual ones. In the Leith observations some of these curves, particularly the May and October ones, are singularly regular. The *twelve* curves form three separate groups, namely, 1st, December, January, February, March, and November, forming the lowest group, and intersecting one another at many points; 2d, June, July, August, and September, forming the highest group, and with few intersections; and 3d, April, May, and October, with fewer intersections. After many years, observations, these groups would not only be more definitely separated, but would, in the course of twelve or fifteen years, when the number of observations at each hour would amount to about 365, be as near parabolas as those of the annual curve.

To obtain the daily hourly curve, or the temperature for each hour of each day, is the grand object of thermal meteorology. In one year we have only one observation for each hour of the year; and in order, therefore, to obtain the curve for each day of the year as accurately as we have obtained the annual curve, we require observations for 365 years! Had Hipparchus and Ptolemy made hourly observations, and had they been made also by their contemporaries and successors in different parts of the world, we might now have been predicting the weather with as much certainty as we do the planetary motions. In the daily curve we would have seen the probable temperature of the hour, and might have been able also, from the determination of the laws of pressure and hygrometry, to have approximated at least to the weather character of the day.

In a previous Review of Baron Humboldt's Researches in Central Asia, we had occasion to give an abstract of the hourly observations made at Leith, Inverness, Kingussie, and Rothesay, in order to establish the parabolic form of the annual hourly curve of temperature.

It is obvious, from the preceding observations, that the *Critical Interval* is an important element in thermal meteorology. We believe it was Baron Humboldt who first directed to it the attention of observers, and who believed, on the authority of observation, that it was a constant

quantity in all localities. Recent, and more numerous hourly observations, however, have shown that this is not the case, and it is not certain, even, that it is a constant quantity in the same locality.

The following table shows the hours of mean temperature and the critical interval at places where hourly meteorological registers have been kept:\*

	Hours of Morning Mean Temperature.	Hours of Evening Mean Temperature.	Critical Interval.
Leith, . . . . .	9 <sup>h</sup> 12 <sup>m</sup> .	8 <sup>h</sup> 26 <sup>m</sup> .	11 <sup>h</sup> 15 <sup>m</sup> .
Inverness, . . .	8 28	7 41	11 13
Rothesay, . . .	8 32	7 39	11 7
Petersburg, . .	7 52	6 58	11 7
Catherineburg, .	5 12	4 31	11 0
Burnaoul, . . .	3 53	2 15	9 42
Sitka, . . . . .	4 34	5 30	12 56!
Nertchinsk, . .	1 34	12 32	10 58
Tiflis, . . . . .	7 13	6 0	10 47
St. Helena, . .	8 52	6 24	9 27
Hobart Town, .	8 47	7 4	10 17
Toronto, . . . .	8 58	7 51	10 52

It is obvious, from these results, that the critical interval is not a constant quantity in every place, and though in most places where it has been accurately observed, it undergoes little variation, yet there is reason to believe that it is not constant in the same locality. At St. Petersburg, the deviation from the mean in five years, is only 7<sup>m</sup>; at Edinburgh in four years, and in Sitka and Tiflis in two years, only *one* minute; at Toronto in two years only *two* minutes; but in singular contrast with its fixed character at these stations, we find it at Burnaoul to be only 7<sup>h</sup> 22<sup>m</sup>, all in the year 1845, deviating no less than 3<sup>h</sup> 52<sup>m</sup> from what it was in 1842, and 3<sup>h</sup> 9<sup>m</sup> from what it was in 1844! And what is equally remarkable, the mean temperature at Burnaoul took place in 1845, at 1<sup>h</sup> 13<sup>m</sup> in the afternoon,

\*The following measures of the critical interval are the results *obtained* in some cases of hourly observations, and in others of observations made only twice or thrice a day, but from which the mean temperature, and the hours at which it occurs, have been obtained with considerable accuracy.

Padua, . . . . .	11 <sup>h</sup> 14 <sup>m</sup> .
Appenrode, . . . . .	11 11
Belleville, Inverness-shire, . . . . .	11 14
Tweedsmuir, Dumfries-shire, . . . . .	11 15
Plymouth, . . . . .	11 0
Philadelphia, . . . . .	11 20
Trincomalee, . . . . .	11 5
Colombo, . . . . .	10 55
Kandy, . . . . .	11 0
Madras, . . . . .	10 0

at 2<sup>h</sup> 21<sup>m</sup>. P.M. in 1844, and at 3<sup>h</sup> 11<sup>m</sup> in 1842! At the station of Nertchinsk, the state of the mean annual hourly curve, is still more remarkable. In 1844, the critical interval was 10<sup>h</sup> 58<sup>m</sup>., but the hours of mean temperature were 1<sup>h</sup> 34<sup>m</sup>. A.M., and 12<sup>h</sup> 32 P.M.! indicating a species of climate of the most extraordinary kind.

These interesting results, whether of a normal or abnormal character, show us how much is yet to be done, in thermal meteorology, and how much may be done, not only at fixed stations by means of hourly observations, but by amateur observers, who observe only twice or thrice daily, and occasionally at every hour. It is a scandal against the power of mechanism and the liberality and ingenuity of the age, that a philosopher or his assistant is obliged to quit his bed during every hour of the night to mark the height of the mercury in his instruments. If the methods already published, and the instruments already invented for registering meteorological observations, in the absence of the observer, are insufficient, the Breguets of France, and the Frodshams and Dents of England, are surely able to give us the mechanism that is required. Private observers would thus be enlisted in the interests of meteorology, when they found that the results of their labors would be as valuable to science, as those which are obtained in our fixed observatories.

An important part of meteorology, which has not received the attention which it deserves, is the determination of the mean temperature of the earth itself in different latitudes and at different depths. As our continents and oceans are continually receiving heat from the sun, the surfaces of both must, throughout the year, have different degrees of temperature. When the solar heat falls upon land, it is radiated or thrown off very differently from rock, from earth or soil, from foliage, and from the heath or the green sward, so that any attempt to measure the temperature of the surface, at different hours of the day, would be fruitless. If we descend, however, to some depths, we shall reach a point which is not affected by these superficial influences, so that, by means of buried thermometers, the mean temperature of the earth may be ascertained. Another method, and perhaps a more correct one, is to measure a few times each month the

temperature of springs that rise from some depth below the surface, so that by very little trouble we may obtain a tolerably correct measure of the mean temperature. In some cases, the springs rise from such a depth, that their temperature is invariable, or nearly so, throughout the year, so that the mean temperature is obtained from a single observation. From observations which have already been made, it appears that the mean temperature of the earth, in latitudes south of 53°, is always a little below the mean temperature of the atmosphere, while in more northerly latitudes the mean temperature of the earth is higher.

Next in importance to the study of the temperature of the atmosphere is that of the quantity of rain which falls in different parts of the world, and of the times at which it falls. From observations made at Greenwich, in America, and in the East Indies, the humidity of the air is inversely as its temperature, being a maximum at the coldest hour of the day, and a minimum at the warmest. When the air, saturated with moisture, is reduced in temperature, the water which it cannot retain falls as rain, or snow, or hail, according to the temperature of the cloud. The quantity of rain which falls in every part of the world depends on causes that have not yet been sufficiently investigated. All the operations of agriculture and of war are dependent upon a knowledge of the rainy season. The life of animals as well as of plants is affected by the dryness or the humidity of the atmosphere, and famine and pestilence may be averted by a due anticipation of wet and dry seasons. Meteorologists have already obtained many important results; and now that the Governments, both in Europe and America, are taking an interest in such researches, we look forward with confidence to the establishment of general laws.

The quantity of rain diminishes as we advance from the equator to the poles. It decreases in ascending to high table lands. It increases from the coasts to the interior of continents, the western coasts being generally more rainy than the eastern ones. In different parts of the globe, it rains more heavily and longer in one season than in another; in some countries in summer, in others in autumn, and in others in winter. At the equator the quantity of rain which falls annually is 95



inches, and at Petersburg only 17. The heaviest rains fall between the tropics; and in Europe the rainy districts are the Alps, the middle of Portugal, the coast of Norway, the coast of Ireland, and the north-west coast of Scotland. At Cape Hoorn, no less than 154 inches fall, while in several parts of the world there is no rain at all. The districts in which this is the case are called the *rainless districts*. In the Old World there are two districts of this kind, the largest including the desert of Sahara, and Egypt, in Africa; and in Asia, part of Arabia, Syria, and Persia. The other district, or nearly the same superficial extent, lies between north latitude  $30^{\circ}$  and  $50^{\circ}$ , and between  $75^{\circ}$  and  $118^{\circ}$  of east longitude, including Thibet, Gobi or Shama, and Mongolia. In the New World the rainless districts are of much less magnitude, occupying two narrow strips on the shores of Peru and Bolivia, and on the coast of Mexico and Guatimala, with a small district between Trinidad and Panama on the coast of Venezuela.\*

An atmosphere exposed to such vicissitudes of heat and of cold can never be at rest throughout its whole extent. When the air is in any locality rarefied by heat, the cold air rushes into the rarer mass. The air between the tropics, highly rarefied by the scorching heat of the sun, is made to ascend by the inroad of the colder and heavier air north and south of the tropics. A current from the poles to the equator is thus generated at the earth's surface, while an opposite current *towards* each pole is produced by the rarefied air which rises above the heated stratum, and flows backward to find its level. As the earth is revolving on its axis, these two currents do not actually flow from north to south, and from south to north, but those near the surface move from east to west, constituting the *trade winds*, while those in the upper atmosphere take an easterly direction, and form the great westerly current which, according to Professor Coffin, is almost constantly throughout the year moving in the upper regions of the atmosphere, over the middle northern portions of the United States. There are thus two great systems of atmospherical currents, namely, the warm wind, which

blows over the earth's surface from the south, and the dry and cold current, which blows constantly from the west. This remarkable current, flowing over the Mississippi valley, and along the Atlantic slope, attracted the particular notice of Mr. Russell on his late tour in the United States, and according to him is intimately associated with all the vicissitudes of weather in that country.

The perennial or trade winds extend to  $28^{\circ}$  of north and south latitude, moving a few degrees further north or south, according as the sun is north or south of the equator. The north-east trade wind extends from  $10^{\circ}$  to  $28^{\circ}$  of north latitude, and the south-east trade winds from  $3^{\circ}$  north latitude to  $23^{\circ}$  south latitude.

The monsoon, or periodical winds, prevail in particular seasons. They blow more regularly in the Indian Ocean than anywhere else. They extend from the African coast to the Bay of Bengal, and even to the China Seas. The south-west, or rainy monsoon, on the north of the equator, prevails from April to October, and the north-east monsoon from October to April. On the south of the equator the south-east monsoon prevails from April to October, and the north-west one from October to April. These winds arise from the interruption of the trade winds by the peculiar conformation of the coasts of Africa.

In the temperate regions of the globe, the prevalent winds are S.W. and N.W.; and so prevalent are the S.W. winds in the Atlantic, that the voyage from Europe to America occupies forty days, and only twenty-three in the return to Europe.

Important as a knowledge of these winds, and of the land and sea breezes is to the navigator, the investigation of the origin and the nature of the hurricanes which occur in the tropical regions is still more important. When the elements of the atmosphere are disturbed, and let loose upon man, science has already supplied many sources of security. When paroxysms of heat or cold smite the tender organizations of animal or vegetable life, an artificial covering may protect them from destruction. When the swollen cloud drops its fluid charge, and threatens as with a second deluge, we may remove our dwelling beyond its range, or embank our fields against its torrents. When electricity threatens with its fire-bolt the fixed or the floating habitations of man,

\* In Johnston's Physical Atlas the reader will find Rain Maps of the World and of Europe, and much interesting information on the subject.

the conductor may tame its fury and carry it peacefully into the earth, or into the deep. When the raging tempest sweeps over the ground, the bolts and bars of mechanism may give security to our roof-trees; and if the landsman cannot find protection in bulwarks of stone, let him vitrify his walls, or encage himself in iron, or excavate a subterranean retreat for his family. But what provision can be made for the sailor's home upon the deep? You may prevent the springing of the leak, and by new materials, and new principles of carpentry, bind into one resisting whole the heterogeneous parts of the once fragile vessel; but what precaution can be taken against the furious hurricane, which begins with snapping the mast and rending the sails, and either thrusts to the bottom, or dashes upon the rocky beach, the creaking tenement and its trembling occupants? It is a scandal to science and civilization that attempts have not been long ago made to study and to disarm these pirates of the ocean. During the last half of the century, however, two or three eminent and philanthropic individuals, unsupported by royal or state liberality, have devoted themselves to the study of the gales and hurricanes that desolate the tropical seas. Mr. W. C. Redfield, of New York, Mr. Epsy of the United States, have been the leaders in this movement, and have pursued it with a zeal and success which could hardly have been anticipated. The origin of these oceanic scourges, and the precise times and circumstances at and under which they occur, have not been discovered, but their general nature, and character, and course, have been determined, and infallible rules have been deduced, if not to disarm their fury, at least to teach us how to withdraw from their power. Mr. Redfield has laid down a set of practical rules, which of course will admit of continual extension and improvement, to enable the mariner to extricate himself with the least risk from an impending hurricane. These rules are the more likely to be efficacious, as he has shown that the great circuits of wind are nearly uniform in all the larger oceanic basins; and that the course of the circuits is in the *southern* hemisphere in a *counter-direction* to those in the *northern* one, producing a corresponding difference in the general phases of storms and winds in the two hemispheres of our globe.

In his able work on the Law of Storms,

Sir William Reid has confirmed the reasonings and views of Mr. Redfield. He has described and analyzed no fewer than *nine* storms with the aid of the logs of British ships that had been navigating the hurricane region; and by combining the observations which they contained with those made on land, he has proved that they are rotary and progressive—that their destructive power is derived from their rotary force, and that they revolve in contrary directions in the two hemispheres—from right to left in the northern, and from left to right in the southern hemisphere. Sir William has also thrown much light on the storms in high latitudes—on water-spouts and smaller whirlwinds—on Arctic squalls and African tornadoes, and on the connection of these phenomena with electricity and magnetism; but the most practically valuable portion of his work relates to the rules which he gives for laying ships to in hurricanes. The importance of these rules will be found in Captain Methven's "Narrative of the Blenheim Hurricane in 1851," where he exhibits one of the most remarkable applications on record of the law of storms.\*

The anxiety of the American Government, stimulated by Lieutenant Maury, to do something effectual on this subject, will no doubt lead to important results. At their request, a maritime conference was held at Brussels, in August and September 1853, "on the subject of establishing a uniform system of meteorological observations at sea, and of concurring in a general plan of observation on the winds and currents of the ocean, with a view to the improvement of navigation, and to the acquirement of a more correct knowledge of the laws which govern those elements." It was attended by officers from Great Britain, France, United States, Russia, Austria, Denmark, Belgium, Netherlands, Portugal, and Sweden, and it was agreed to draw up the form of a ship's log with directions relative to the different entries, for the use of the royal marine, as well as for the merchant service. "The Board of Trade," says Dr. Lyon Playfair, "is now actively engaged in making the necessary preparations for enabling merchant vessels to keep a meteorological log of their voyage, with instruments carefully compared by being verified with standards, and a faithful registry of the observations

\* Preface to Captain Methven's "Log," etc.

made with the former, in compliance with the conditions laid down by the most eminent men of science, would be much esteemed. But although all nations, by the international congress of Brussels, have declared the importance of inducing a combined coöperation in this direction, it is hopeless to expect great results until the superior education of our merchant seamen and officers enable them to be intelligent observers and zealous recorders of their experience."

Another branch of meteorology which requires to be noticed, has received the name of optical meteorology. It includes the phenomena of rainbows, haloes, paraselenæ, meteors, falling stars, the mirage, the neutral points of polarization in the atmosphere, and the polarization of the different parts of the visible sky. A rainbow, either solar or lunar, indicates the existence of rain when we do not see it fall. The halo 22° tells us that there are crystals of ice floating in the upper part of the atmosphere, even when the temperature is high near the ground, and all the other optical phenomena are the result of peculiar states of the atmosphere which it is desirable to record. The color of the clouds even, and of the rising and setting sun, which have been so little studied, are worthy of special attention. It is a rude measure of the height of the cloud itself, and depends on the length of the transit through the atmosphere of the ray which illuminates it. When a white cloud is seen among the colored clouds which appear in the morning and evening, we may safely infer that it is at a great distance from the earth. At some seasons the sun rises and sets with only a slight tinge of yellow, at others almost all the blue, yellow, and green rays are absorbed, and leave nothing but a brilliant red. It remains to be investigated how this absorption of the most refrangible rays is produced.

Although the electricity of the atmosphere requires to be studied with delicate and somewhat expensive apparatus, yet it is in the power of the general observer to describe and record many interesting electrical phenomena. The registration and description of thunder-storms and their effects, and of the phenomena of summer lightning, requires no instrumental aid; and with a simple electrometer, the observer may note the character of the electricity, whether vitreous or resin-

ous, which occurs during rains and showers, and which varies so curiously when the rain-cloud approaches, passes, and leaves the place of observation. The registration of the electric state of the air by photographic impression, in the absence of the observer, as introduced by Mr. Ronalds, can be expected only in meteorological observatories.

The same remarks are applicable to the phenomena of magnetism. The great disturbances of the needle might be observed with an apparatus by no means expensive; and the most ordinary observer might record with correctness, and describe with accuracy, the times and phenomena of the *Aurora Borealis*, the locality, and form, and color of its luminous beams and arches, and its crackling sounds, if he should be so fortunate as to hear them. The results obtained in the British Meteorological Observatories at Toronto and Hobart Town, have, in the hands of Colonel Sabine, to whom, if to any one man we owe their establishment, already led to most important results. In three papers, "On the Periodical Laws discoverable in the Mean Effects of the larger Magnetic Disturbances," he has shown that the magnetic disturbance of large amount, and of apparently irregular occurrence, which, as we have already stated, are called *magnetic storms*, are, when studied in their mean effect, governed by periodic laws of systematic order and regularity, and exhibit periods whose duration is respectively—1st, A solar day of 24 hours; 2dly, A solar year of 365 days; and 3dly, A period of about ten of our solar years, corresponding, both in duration and in the epochs of maximum and minimum variation, to the approximately decennial period discovered by Schwabe in the phenomena of the solar spots.\* Hence it would appear, that the sun is a great magnet, giving to the earth its magnetic properties, as well as its temperature, and having a force varying with the disturbances in its own atmosphere. Sir William Herschel had long ago endea-

\* See Phil. Trans., 1851, Art. V., 1852, Art. VIII., and 1856, Part 1. The last of these interesting Papers was read at the Royal Society on the 14th of February 1856, and is not yet published. It contains a confirmation of the existence of periodical laws regulating the disturbances of the magnetic inclination and total force, corresponding to those which he had deduced, in his Papers of 1851 and 1852, from the disturbances of the magnetic declination.

vored to prove that the sun's heat, as shown by the price of wheat, varied with the solar spots; and we may regard it as a new argument in favor of the connection between the magnetic poles and those of maximum cold, that the magnetism of the earth, as well as its heat, varies with the spots or openings on the surface of the sun.

We have thus endeavored to give the reader a popular account of what has been done, and what is doing in Meteorology. We ask if he sees any reason for discontinuing the study, and if he thinks that those men are either philosophers or patriots who denounce the science as fruitless, and the money wasted which is devoted to its advancement? All the Governments in Europe and North America have now supplied the means of erecting observatories, furnishing instruments, and paying a staff of observers. Every ship on the ocean, whether of war or of commerce, will be engaged in the same cause, and before another century elapse, great and beneficial results will be achieved.

If our seas, then, and our coasts are covered with ships, and these ships supplied with observers of the weather, we

would urge it upon landmen to make the study universal. There is no science in which so much may be accomplished by private observers, and none in which insulated and partial observations may be turned to so good an account. In every lighthouse—in every sea-port—in every university, academy, and school, meteorological observations should be established, and the pupils taught how to make them. Our countless railway stations should become auxiliaries in the same cause, and in the numerous steamers which navigate our coast, valuable observations on the phenomena of the weather might be made. Every farmer, and every gardener, as interested parties, should keep registers of the thermometer and rain-gauge, and every person who has eyes to observe and sagacity to know the value of a fact in science, should give their aid in recording every phenomenon in the atmosphere which they have the good fortune to witness. All such observations would be well received by the Meteorological Societies established in London and Edinburgh, and might supply defects which must necessarily exist in the registers of the best-appointed observatories.

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From Sharpe's Magazine.

## A L E X I S O R L O F F .

THE conspiracy which placed Catherine the Great on the throne of Russia, owed its unprecedented success chiefly to the daring of two brothers, Gregory and Alexis Orloff. The first of these was the well-known favorite and aspirant to the hand of the empress; the second was no less renowned for the services he rendered her throughout her long reign, both in guilt and glory. That these men, bold, unscrupulous, and ambitious, who evidently intended Catherine to be the mere tool of their aggrandizement, should have been converted by her into faithful and submissive subjects, is the earliest and most astonishing proof she gave of her consummate ability as a ruler. Alexis, if less endowed with personal beauty than his brother,

was superior to him in stature, and remarkable for gigantic strength. His character also had something gigantic in its rude unmitigated force. His intellect was not above the common order, and he either disdained or was incapable of the political arts, by which, in lieu of wisdom, mankind is governed. By the sheer might of an indomitable will he bore down every obstacle in his career, undeterred by fear, or pity, or remorse; for he was to all appearance naturally destitute of affection or conscience, unless his attachment to his brother Gregory may pass for the one, and his fidelity to the empress for the other, and both these qualities were indispensable to his own interests. Peter III. having been dethroned and imprisoned,

the conspirators resolved on his death as necessary to their safety, and the execution was assigned to Alexis, who, with characteristic audacity, in after years boasted that he had strangled the unfortunate prince with his own hands. His next famous exploit was more to his own honor and that of his imperial mistress.

The projects against Turkey which Russia has for so many ages unremittingly pursued were conducted by Catherine with the most signal vigor and good fortune. She had formed a powerful fleet of war, disciplined and commanded in great measure by British officers; and in the year 1770 she resolved on sending this armament to the Mediterranean to attack the enemy on their own shores. This great enterprise she intrusted to Alexis Orloff, who was created high-admiral, though it is said that he never had been on board a vessel; but he engaged in it with his usual audacity, and conducted it with a brilliant success which fully justified her choice. By the battle of Tchesme, ending in the conflagration of the whole Turkish fleet, he found himself without a foe on the seas where a Russian man-of-war had never before entered; and leaving his ships under the command of the second admiral, Greig, to seek repair in the ports of Italy, he returned to St. Petersburg to receive the thanks and praises of the empress and her court, the order of victory, and the surname of Tchesmesky. Catherine now intrusted to him a secret mission of a very different nature in Italy. Her predecessor, the Empress Elizabeth, a few years before her death, had contracted in a fit of superstitious penitence, (for her subsequent conduct proved it not genuine,) a private marriage with her favorite Razumofsborg, and the offspring of this union was a daughter, named Anna Petrowna, and brought up as the Princess Tarrakanoff. About four years before the time of which we speak, Prince Radzivil, being incensed at Catherine's aggressions on Poland, imagined that this young girl might be made an instrument of retaliation; and having induced the persons who had charge of her education to place her in his hands, he took her to Rome, with the intention of one day bringing her forward as the rightful claimant to the crown of Russia. He had not, however, calculated on the extent of the power he had provoked. His person was secure in Rome, but his whole possessions, with the ex-

ception of the money and jewels he carried with him, were at the mercy of Catherine. Finding that he must otherwise relinquish his estates, Radzivil, though he refused to deliver the unfortunate young princess into the hands of those whom he had made her enemies, yet at length agreed to abandon her cause, and return to his own land. Still, though a stranger and unprotected in a distant land, the daughter of the popular Elizabeth, and the grand-daughter of Peter the Great, might become a dangerous rival; and to obtain possession of her person, by force, or by fraud, and send her prisoner to Petersburg, was the task now imposed by Catherine, and undertaken without repugnance, by the victor of Tchesme.

Early in the spring, Count Orloff rejoined his fleet, then stationed at Leghorn. His arrival was no sooner known than a Neapolitan, Signor Ribas by name, presented himself before him and requested permission to enter into the Russian service. This man was of Spanish extraction, and had been employed by government, but got involved in intrigues which obliged him to leave Naples. Alexis seeing that he was young and of insinuating manners, besides being unprincipled, immediately fixed on this Ribas as a proper instrument in his design for entrapping the Princess Tarrakanoff, and lost no time in engaging his services for this purpose. He gave him the rank of lieutenant, furnished him with money and credentials, and desired him to hasten to Rome and find some means of getting presented to the unprotected girl. "She has only one Russian attendant," he said, "a sort of governess, or duenna, as you call it, and there will probably be no difficulty in getting this woman into our interests, and inducing her to place her charge in my hands. The method I leave to your skill, and I need not tell you that, if you succeed, your fortune is made." Ribas undertook with confidence the dishonorable enterprise, and Orloff turned his attention to fulfilling another behest of Catherine's, that of procuring for her the best paintings possible in commemoration of the late naval victories. He had, after due inquiries, fixed on the Flemish painter Rackert, and, having sent for him, he offered him a commission to execute four pictures representing the exploits of his fleet in the Archipelago, especially the blowing up of the Turkish ships. Rackert

told him that there was only one obstacle to his performing this satisfactorily—he had never seen a vessel blown up, and feared his invention was inadequate to the invention of such a tremendous scene. “If that is your only difficulty,” said the count, “it can easily be removed. I will order a vessel to be blown up to-morrow for you.” Accordingly, a ship too much damaged to be worth preserving was selected, and the blowing-up actually took place the following day, to the great contentment of Rackhert, and the consternation of all the merchantmen assembled in the roads of Leghorn, though more through good luck than precaution no mischief was done.

In a few days a letter arrived from Ribas, informing his excellency that he had introduced himself to the princess, and found her in a distressed condition, and willing to listen to any professions of aid and friendship; but her attendant he declared to be absolutely incorruptible, and very cautious and reserved—nothing was to be hoped for in that quarter. The position also of the young lady was beginning to attract the attention of persons of importance, and it was highly probable that she would soon be taken under the protection of some lady of rank in Rome who would effectually shield her from inimical designs. Ribas added a description of the personal charms of their destined victim which decided Orloff on the step he had already meditated—a visit to Rome in person. The fame of his great victory, and the high position he held in the Russian court, had preceded him there, and he was welcomed and fêted with the greatest distinction by the Roman nobility; but, while ostentatiously exhibiting himself at every festivity, he pursued his secret object unremittingly. Accompanied by Ribas, he had presented himself at the humble lodgings of the unacknowledged heiress of the Czars. Anna Petrowna was scarcely seventeen, tall and slight, very fair, with blue eyes, and regular features, and an expression of gentleness and dignity which recalled her mother, the empress Elizabeth, to all who had seen her in her best days. She was accompanied by a gentlewoman of middle age and prepossessing appearance, on whom she seemed to rely with filial affection and respect. Orloff was scarcely prepared for the sight of anything so lovely as the young princess, and for once

his *sang froid* yielded to a feeling of genuine admiration. He accosted her with courteous deference, and expressed his joy at being permitted to wait on one who might justly claim the homage of every true Muscovite, and his hope that she would accept the offer of his faithful services. She answered him with graceful reserve: “Sir, I have always been taught that such is indeed my birthright, but deserted as I have been by the friends of my youth, alone in a foreign land, how can I trust to the professions of strangers, or hope that the most distinguished of Catherine’s defenders will hazard her favor for my sake?” “Madam,” he replied, “if you knew half the ingratitude of Catherine, and how undeserving she has proved herself of the devoted services my brother and I have rendered her, you would not wonder that we can no longer endure that yoke; but rather turn to you, who are every way so worthy of our allegiance.” The air of impassioned earnestness with which this was said, evidently made an impression on his youthful listener, and even the experienced Paulovna relaxed from her look of distrustful vigilance; but their present destitution had taught them too well how far the enemy’s power could extend, and that the Holy City itself was not beyond her reach. Anna turned her soft, expressive eyes doubtfully on her elder companion, who replied for her, after a pause: “The princess does not doubt your sincerity, Count Orloff, but, though you have the will, do you also possess the power to withstand that usurper?” To boast of himself never came amiss to Alexis, and now he had an opportunity of furthering his plans by indulging in a propensity which had sometimes proved to his detriment. He therefore assured the ladies, with the utmost fluency and self-possession, that the whole Russian fleet was solely at his disposal; that his late victories had stamped him as invincible; that his brother was supreme at court; and that their united strength might dispose of the crown of Muscovy at their pleasure. What wonder that his eloquence more than half convinced the inexperienced years to which it was addressed? They consented to accept the remittances which had already been offered through Ribas, and of which they were in actual need, and the following day was appointed for a second meeting, when Orloff promised to set before

them his plans for the restoration of the princess to her country and her birth-right.

When he was gone, Anna exclaimed, "O, Matuscha!\* can this be true? shall I see my dear native land once more? Oh! if I might but dwell there safely in the humblest state I should be content." "Dear child, would that I might live to see you in the state to which you were born! but I dread the dangers to which you may be exposed. Think of the fate of all who have stood in the way of that terrible Catherine—the Emperor Peter, poor Ivan. Even if Count Orloff prove true, he may be over rash." "True he must be!" said the young princess, fervently, "he looks so brave and noble, he speaks so frankly; and, whatever happens, I can scarcely be worse off than here." "Ah! you little know," returned Paulovna, "you are indeed cruelly deserted by your guardian; but the noble ladies of Rome are interested in your cause. The Countess Pamphili has this morning sent—" "Oh, hush, Paulovna! is it fit that the daughter of Elizabeth should live dependent on strangers? and did you but know how weary I am of this Italian sun, this enervating heat! how I long for the keen bracing air, the frosty skies of the north, and those midsummer-nights so soft and clear! What is there in southern climes to compare with their divine twilight?" Paulovna smiled fondly and sadly at her sweet pupil's enthusiasm, and refrained from troubling her joyous illusions with her own gloomy forebodings.

Count Orloff made his appearance next morning, as he had appointed, and he employed his time so well that he quickly succeeded in recommending himself only too completely to the young princess's favor. She soon learnt to place the most implicit confidence in his professions, and innocently exulted in the belief that this dreaded hero was henceforth her devoted champion. Paulovna still showed some distrust and anxiety, but could not withhold all reliance in happier prospects when Alexis assured her he would set before them a manifesto from the principal officers of his fleet, declaring their allegiance to the princess Tarrakanoff; and during the time it would take to procure this document from Leghorn, it was

agreed that his daily visits should be permitted.

One morning he came and found, for the first time, the Princess Anna alone. She was seated by an old fountain in the small garden, or rather, court of this residence. Her white dress gleamed through the foliage of the gigantic aloes, under the shadow of a broad fig-tree which almost filled the enclosure. She looked up when she heard his step, and a soft glow of pleasure lighted up her cheeks and eyes, and made her more lovely than Alexis had ever seen her; but he approached with an air of extreme dejection, and bending on his knee with deep reverence unfolded before her a parchment, and thus addressed her: "Madam, allow me to lay before you this earnest of the homage Russia is prepared to render to her lawful sovereign. This is a manifesto signed by all the chief commanders of my fleet, proffering their duty and service whenever you may be pleased to claim them. Receive at the same time the confession of the unhappy Orloff, which must banish him for ever from your presence." "Count Orloff?" she exclaimed, "what do you tell me? you forsake me?" "Forsake!" he repeated, "never; every thought of my soul is devoted to your cause, but ah! far from all that makes life dear, I must leave you surrounded by those who will perform their duty more faithfully, though they cannot love so well." His voice was extinguished with sobs. "Oh! what can you mean? what have you done?" said Anna, the tears starting from her dove-like eyes at the sight of so much agony. "Ah! do not shed those tears for a wretch who is unworthy of your care. But I will confess all! Know then, Anna, that I came hither, I sought you by order of Catherine. I thought only obedience to her; but I saw you—you, so divinely fair, so full of majesty and goodness! and how shall I express the madness that has possessed me," since that hour, the love I have dared to cherish?" "You love me!" she said, the brightest blushes glowing over the tears and paleness of her face. "I love you," he exclaimed with fervor, "I even ventured the hope, but the noble proceeding of these brave men has opened my eyes to my own unworthiness. They, moved by loyalty and truth alone, acknowledge your rights, whilst I have only been awakened to the sense of duty by the in-

\* The Russian diminutive of mother.

fluence of those irresistible charms which should have been too sacred for my gaze to dwell on." He bowed down his head, and covered his face with his hands; but she intreated him in an earnest tone to rise and listen to her, and he obeyed, not without some anxiety as to the result of his disclosures. She stood, her eyes bent for a moment on the ground, then turning them towards him with a touching expression of sweetness and candor, she said with mingled simplicity and dignity, "You cannot, surely, believe me to be so foolish or so ungrateful as take offence at the regard of the wise, the great, and renowned Count Orloff. I am a weak girl, disinherited and forsaken; but you have taught me to hope. When you came, I felt that God had sent me a friend and defender; but if you leave me, to whom could I then turn? No, I feel that my claims to empire would then be an empty dream, and a hateful one." Her voice sank at these last words which revealed to Alexis the triumph of his hopes. "My arm shall support you; my sword defend you, Anna," he cried, "till you see all your foes at your feet; and never will I leave you till you yourself command it." She answered with a smile like the break of a summer day, a dawn of undying love, which shrank the dark designs and evil passions of his heart, and his spirit felt rebuked in the moment of victory by the truth and purity of hers; but the appearance of Paulovna, who was seldom long absent from her charge, restored Alexis to his accustomed audacity. Anna flew to her arms, and whispered, "He will tell you all;" and with one half-averted glance towards her lover, glided away into the house.

Orloff, who was well aware that Paulovna's approbation was essential to his schemes, now laid his suit before her in plain and straightforward terms. He represented how reasonable was the prospect that he might raise the princess to her mother's throne, showing her the manifesto he had provided, and particularly pointing out the signatures of Greig, Elphinstone, and other British officers, as a guarantee of sincerity, from the well-known honor of their nation. He also urged his own devoted affection, and that, though inferior in birth, his union with the princess would enable him more effectually to pursue her claims. Paulovna saw the justice of this reasoning, and

however uncertain she might feel of the count's disinterestedness, she could not doubt that if Anna were his wife, ambition no less than love must force him to seek her advancement. She therefore acquiesced in his arguments for a speedy marriage, and promised her assistance in removing any scruples the young princess might entertain on the subject.

Thus far had Orloff advanced beyond his utmost expectations or first aim. He had begun with the determination of getting the Princess Tarrakanoff into the power of Russia; but the desire to win her for himself sprang naturally from his first interview, and on further acquaintance with so charming a person, grew into an all-absorbing passion. The visions of empire which he had conjured up for her delusion, now took unbidden possession of his own mind, and suggested the probability of performing in truth the part he had treacherously assumed. The danger on one side, the dazzling greatness on the other, the treason and guilt already inevitable might well have shaken the firmest mind; but Alexis was not given to inward speculation or analysis; he turned all his energies to the accomplishment of his immediate object, and decided that a secret and not binding marriage would effect this safely, and leave him free to shape his future course as time or chance might direct.

In the meantime, the advent of Count Orloff in Rome had caused much excitement and surmise among all ranks. He had been fêted by the great, and followed by the multitude. His fine person and martial renown attracted the admiration of the ladies, while the outward courtesy and deference towards their sex, acquired in a female court, completely won their favor; but with the men it was different. He would not take the trouble of disguising his arrogance, or of observing the common rules of politeness in intercourse with persons of the highest rank, and his presence came to be dreaded in convivial scenes, where royalty itself was not safe from his insolence. It began to be whispered about that the real object of his visit was to entrap the Princess Tarrakanoff, and little as she was personally known, none who had heard her history could refrain from some interest in the fate of this fair orphan, so exalted by birth, and destitute by fortune. Madame Pamphili undertook to interpose a warning and offers



of protection, and for this purpose paid a visit to the Princess, but when she approached the subject of Orloff, it was met with so much gentle reserve on Anna's part, that she was obliged to desist. With Paulovna she succeeded better, and fully awakened her doubts and anxieties as to his ultimate purpose, and the necessity of impressing on her young charge the utmost caution. It was, however, too late. Anna loved with all the enthusiasm of a noble and candid nature, and would listen to no aspersions on him to whom she had given her heart. As regarded his past conduct in Russia, the Romans had no means of judging except by common report, and the details of his rudeness towards men who considered themselves his superiors, contrasted rather favorably with his devoted tenderness to herself; nay, she turned this very fault into an argument against the probability of his being a deceiver, falling into the general mistake of thinking roughness a proof of sincerity. Alexis was, therefore, received at his next interview with an increase of friendly conference. His persuasions to an immediate union were heard with blushing acquiescence, and everything having been previously arranged and prepared by his orders, the ceremony took place the same evening. The watchful Paulovna found no room for distrust when a venerable-looking priest performed the marriage according to the rites of the Greek Church. Orloff was accompanied by two witnesses, who signed the contract with names well-known as among the noblest in Russia, and no form was omitted which could give assurance to the solemnity. Who indeed, could forebode evil while looking on the pair who there exchanged the holiest vows? Both so brightly, yet variously endowed with the highest gifts of nature and fortune, to her eyes they appeared a happy symbol of that divine right and human might whose union forms the true basis of empire.

The expediency of keeping their marriage concealed from the Court of St. Petersburg was the sufficient reason alleged by Count Orloff to his bride for removing from Rome, where their affairs had attracted the notice of many curious eyes and busy tongues. Attended still by Paulovna, she accompanied him to Pisa, where he had caused a palace to be prepared on the banks of the Arno. Here Anna found herself surrounded with more

than the splendor and retinue to which she had been accustomed in her early years in the Court of Elizabeth. Alexis was unremitting in his attentions; he seemed to have no thought or wish but for her happiness. He never left her, and carefully prevented the approach of strangers; but took delight in exhibiting himself with her at every place of public resort and amusement. Their beauty and distinguished appearance soon attracted attention, and though a certain mystery was affected as to their names and rank, it was soon rumored that this was the celebrated Russian commander, and the young lady the Princess Tarrakanoff, of royal lineage. So great was the vanity of this remarkable man, who wholly disregarded the reproach of the world, that one half his pleasure in the society of his charming bride was derived from this admiration of the multitude. The excess of care and observance he had imposed himself soon wearied him, and he often longed to throw off the restraints of superficial refinement and polish which, though he well knew how to assume, were not the less un congenial to his nature. He soon found that he could not show himself as he was without wounding, and perhaps destroying, the love of that ingenuous heart, and the artless admiration with which Anna regarded him for qualities he was conscious of not possessing, though it amused him at first, soon became a source of secret annoyance and resentment. He had a conspicuous scar across his brow somewhat marring its beauty, but dear to her eyes as a token of valor and past dangers. This he told her was from the stroke of a Turkish scimitar, though in fact incurred in a disgraceful tavern-brawl; and at times he hardly suppressed a sneer at her simplicity while he gratified her romantic notions with extravagant inventions of his heroic exploits. But the time approached when this life of indolence must cease, and his restless spirit must return to action and turbulence. More than a month had passed since he left his fleet at Leghorn. Admiral Greig's squadron had returned from its cruise; the repairs were completed, and the commander's presence called for. Alexis still hesitated. The project of setting up Anna Petrowna against Catherine could never seriously be entertained. A moment of cool reflection showed him that his influence with his own naval armament was not actually strong enough to move

one ship from its anchorage against the empress's authority, and the zealous performance of her commands was the sole root of his boasted power; yet he could not, without some compunction, deliver up his innocent bride to imprisonment and despair, nor quite regret the sweet companionship of which he had not yet exhausted all the charm.

One day he had been away from her longer than usual, engaged in matters of business with Signor Ribas, through whom he held continual communication with the fleet. Anna waited for him in her apartment, dreamily gazing through the half closed blinds of the balcony on the fair scene spread below. The shining Arno with its marble arches, the graceful towers of Pisa, and the smiling landscape stretching towards the sea, all glowing in the heat of early summer; but within, it was cool, shadowy and fragrant. At length he came and threw himself beside her on the sofa, without speaking, and with a moody, preoccupied, yet not ungentle air. She gazed at him with child-like and silent affection, and placed her hand caressingly on his. That small white hand, fearless in the tremendous grasp that could strangle a wolf, or break in two a bar of iron.\* Presently he roused himself, and drawing her to him, gazed intently in her fair, upturned face. "Do you really love me, Anna?" he said, "Nay! you are but a child: in a few years you will repent having bestowed your imperial hand on a poor knight. You will reproach me for the wrong I have done you in misleading your inexperience." "Dearest Alexis," she said, "you are laughing at me. I am not such a child that I can ever forget the condition from which your love has raised me." "You have been happy here then?" So happy that I dread any change. I no longer care for a throne, if we could but remain here always, and you never to leave me." "That would be pleasant, my pretty one, but unluckily, it would be certain ruin. Remember Radzivil." "Yes," she said, turning pale, "he deserted me to save his wealth; but you will never do so? Yet I tremble to think that you hazard everything, even your life may

be endangered, for me." And the tears came into her loving eyes as she spoke. "But what would you say," asked Orloff, "to making friends with Catherine, and laying aside your own pretensions, for us to return home, and be her faithful subjects, if she will graciously permit us?" "To live in Russia with you, even in the lowest state; oh, I should be too glad! but as friends with Catherine, that usurper, that wicked murderess? Never! I could not." A gleam, as from smouldering coal, shot from beneath the dark brows of Orloff; but it passed instantaneously. "You are right," he said, "I will not again ask you to be friends with the murderess; but I have many matters to arrange. I must visit the fleet." "May I not go with you? You have promised to show me the ships." "You shall see them my darling. I am now going to prepare for your reception." He hastily took leave; she followed him with her eyes, her heart overflowing with gratitude to Providence which had bestowed on her the love and protection of such a man. She called Paulovna, and told her of the promised excursion with girlish delight, and though that cautious person felt appalled at the thoughts of her princess throwing herself as it were into the very hands of her great enemy, yet she knew not how to oppose Anna's argument. "Surely, I must be safe anywhere with my husband?" "Even the count may be too sanguine," said Paulovna, "I hear terrible reports of those sailors. The people of Leghorn say they are absolute savages. Besides, the sea never can be safe; only promise me that you will remain on dry land." "To please you I may, you dear old coward, though I cannot think so ill of my countrymen as you would have me. At all events, you will come with us to take care of me."

The following day the sun was scarcely above the horizon when Count Orloff stood at the head of the marble stairs, ready to hand his beautiful bride down to the carriage which awaited them. She met him, fresh and smiling as the May morning, the last on which he meant that she should ever smile. He had regained his usual gaiety, and entertained her during the drive with describing the brilliant reception that awaited her, and how her matchless grace must win every heart, and do more to secure universal allegiance than thousands of fighting men. The dewy mists and

\* Alexis Orloff was fond of displaying his extraordinary strength in company, by breaking iron bars, rolling up plates of gold, &c. Similar anecdotes are told of his distinguished relative and namesake, the Russian plenipotentiary in Paris.

rosy hues of sunrise did not more disguise and adorn the marshy plain through which they passed, than did his flattering words the destiny to which he led her. Arriving within two hours at Leghorn they drove to the house of the English consul on the quay, where it had been arranged that the Russian princess should be entertained, and received a courteous welcome from their host and his lady. Anna's heart beat high at the first sight of her country's flag in the harbor. Steamers were flying from the numerous ships, martial music came across the water, and the scene was at once gay and imposing. From among a group of naval officers who were assembled to receive the high-admiral, Alexis brought forward one of frank and manly bearing, grey-haired, though still in his prime, whom he introduced to her as Admiral Greig, and then presented the rest according to their rank. She accepted their greeting with natural grace and the ease which consciousness of birthright bestows. The heat of the day was spent by the ladies of the party in quietness; and in the afternoon a great banquet was prepared, and attended by many Italians of high rank, besides the numerous Russian guests. It was not till the cooling breeze of evening blew over the Mediterranean that some began to propose a row over the smooth waters, and a visit to the nearest man-of-war. All the ladies declared it would be delightful, and Anna turned entreatingly to her husband for his consent, which was not given without some affectation of slightly objecting. She also looked round for Paulovna; but the latter had been purposely drawn into another apartment in conversation with some guests from her own country, and, remembering her dislike to the sea, Anna would not ask for her. They went down in gay procession to the pier, where they found boats in readiness. The quay was crowded with spectators, for a rumor had got abroad that the fair stranger was the grand-daughter of Peter the Great, and her beauty was the theme of universal praise, mixed with many surmises as to the object of her visit, and her connection with Count Orloff. She was handed into a barge covered with gilding and with silken awnings; the ladies of the party accompanied her and Alexis; the rest followed in other boats. They soon came alongside of the destined vessel. The officers were standing in array to receive them. A

splendid chair was lowered from the deck which Alexis observed to her, as he carefully placed her in it, was only provided for royal personages; he then sprang up the rope-ladder on the side, ordering the boats to shove off and return to shore. The princess had no sooner reached the main-deck than she was met by the captain and conducted within. A slight giddiness from the unusual mode of transit, and the comparative obscurity, for an instant prevented her observing the men by whom she was surrounded; but this passing away, she saw with inconceivable terror the expression of ferocity or brutal curiosity on every countenance, and two ruffians approached as if to seize her by the arms. She uttered a piercing scream, and springing from them rushed to her husband, who had just set foot on board. "O Alexis!" she exclaimed, "we are betrayed. Who are these men?" "These men," he repeated, "are faithful subjects of the Empress Catherine, whose rival and foe you have declared yourself; and they have orders to take you prisoner to St. Petersburg." She heard him in speechless astonishment; her eyes dilating with wild horror as she gazed on his impassive visage. The men pressed forward again to seize her, and she threw herself at his feet and clasped his knees. "My God!" she cried, "what have I done? Alexis! oh, you cannot mean it? Say, you will save me; you will not abandon your wife!" "You appeal to me in vain by that name," he replied: "It is time you should know the truth; you have never been my wife." The unhappy girl gave him one look of anguish, then letting go her grasp, sank senseless back on the deck. Not one of the rude, barbarous serfs around could refrain from suppressed gestures or sounds of compassion. They lifted her from the ground, and she too soon, alas! returned to the agony of consciousness. Alexis himself was in some degree moved by the sight of her despair. "Anna," he said, "take courage; you must go to St. Petersburg, but the empress is merciful, and will pardon your offences on proper submission. I will also intercede for you with her in consideration of what has passed between us." She arose calm, though death-like pale, "Spare me further insult, Count Orloff," she replied. "I will appeal myself to Catherine. She is a woman; it is impossible she should not resent your outrage against one allied to

her throne. She will avenge though she destroy me; and death," she added, lifting her bloodless face in solemn appeal to heaven, "death is my dearest hope." She stood unresistingly, while they stripped off her jewelled ornaments and costly upper robe, and cast over her a coarse convict's covering, and with needless cruelty, fettered her delicate wrists with irons; nor did she utter a word, or again turn her eyes on her treacherous destroyer, as they bore her down and left her in the dark noisome hold of the vessel.

Alexis Orloff's brow had grown darker while he listened to her last words. He turned away as she disappeared, and muttered to himself, "The little termagant is right; she and Catherine must never meet." He presently called aside the captain, and said to him: "Gregorovitch, should this prisoner escape, your life will answer for it; beware that she has no communication with the younger officers, or with any one who can possibly fall under her influence; and mark me, the empress would be better pleased that you should bring her dead than living." "I understand," said the man; "your excellency, she shall not live." "Mind, I give no orders," he interrupted; but the long voyage, the change from the luxuries to which she has been accustomed—there will be no need of violence if you manage properly."

Gregorovitch signified his comprehension and assent by the humblest obeisances. Perhaps, even to his obtuse perception, the death of lingering misery thus indicated, appeared an aggravation of cruelty; but the true Muscovite obeys the orders of his superior without question or compunction, and Gregorovitch had risen from that servile class in which it is a crime to think for themselves; Orloff, therefore, satisfied that his intentions would be carried out, and the accusing voice for ever silenced, left his unoffending victim to her dreadful fate, and returned, not on shore, where his reception would be doubtful, but on board his own vessel.

The gay, light-hearted company, who had accompanied them in the boats, when they found themselves forbidden to follow the princess, were struck with consternation. They heard her thrilling shriek, but could give no aid; even Greig had no power at the moment to contravene the orders of his commander. They knew not the full extent of the treachery prac-

tised against the young and interesting stranger, nor the cruel doom which awaited her; but there was enough to rouse general indignation. The Italians determined to appeal in her behalf to the civil power, and the Englishmen declared their resolution of expostulating with Orloff in unmeasured terms. On the landing-place stood Paulovna, anxious for the safety of her beloved lady, and her transports of grief when she found that her worst fears were realized, and the revelations she made in her anger of the treachery Orloff had practised, filled up the measure of wrath and indignation against him.

At the earliest dawn, many eyes besides those of the wretched Paulovna, looked out for the vessel in which the princess was imprisoned; but in vain—no trace was to be seen, and her place in the harbor vacant. During the night she had set sail, and was already far out to sea. Orloff heard with the utmost indifference the remonstrances and threats directed against him by the authorities of Tuscany, who had just cause for complaint in an outrage against the law of nations. But when Greig demanded an interview and in the name of his fellow-countrymen in the service, called for an explanation of his conduct to the Princess Tarrakanoff, intimating that they should throw up their commissions rather than serve under a commander stigmatized with violence and dishonor, he assumed a different tone.

"You do me injustice, my good friend," he said, "in listening to all the ridiculous reports that have been spread about this affair. By our sovereign's command I sought this young girl; I found her destitute, in bad hands, and a ready tool for the worst designs. In sending her under proper care to St. Petersburg, I have done the best for her as well as for our royal mistress, who will, undoubtedly, treat her with indulgence."

This explanation was not, perhaps, thoroughly satisfactory to the brave and shrewd Scotchman, but it was plausible, and he felt for the present that nothing more was to be done.

From that day nothing was ever heard again of the unfortunate Anna Petrowna. She disappeared from the world, whether to perish in her bloom and innocence, by a fearful, unknown death in that dark hold, or whether, as some have surmised, to linger for years in a loathsome dungeon,

remains hidden from human eyes.\* On earth, her matchless wrongs met with no redress, her sufferings with no retribution.

Alexis Orloff lived to an advanced age, high in his sovereign's favor, and to the last in almost uninterrupted prosperity. No sense of remorse appears to have

touched his conscience, no remembrance of the victims sacrificed for his advancement. Consistent and fearless to the last, he held himself justified towards men by expediency, and none can follow to that higher tribunal where each must render up his last account.

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From Hogg's Instructor.

## F R E D E R I C K   T H E   G R E A T .

### SECOND PAPER.†

FREDERICK's grandfather was the first King of Prussia. His motive for converting the Palatinate of Brandenburg into a kingdom was pure ostentation. He wished to surround himself with the glare and glitter of a court, the brilliancy of palaces, and the magnificence of a coronation and royal progresses. His successor, the father of Frederick, despised from his heart such exhibitions; and devoted his whole attention to gathering a large army and filling the royal exchequer. When Frederick ascended the throne, he had to thank his father for an army of 76,000 men, and a treasury of nearly nine millions of dollars. But he saw clearly that his little territory was not a kingdom; that it was pure pretence to claim the name; and he resolved from the first to be a real and genuine king, or perish in the attempt to become such. For this purpose he had to do two things: acquire more territory, and then show that the Prussian kingdom was to be feared and respected. Luckily, he could do both at once, and without injustice. His father, though fond of soldiery, had not shown a strong

disposition to use his men in the field. The neighboring governments were well aware of this point of his character, and laughed at him without disguise. Austria especially had been very forward in her demonstrations of contempt. The emperor had induced him to agree to the Pragmatic Sanction, the treaty according to which Maria Theresa, though a woman, afterwards succeeded to the throne; but so careless was he of the consent of the Prussian King, that, instead of fulfilling the conditions on which he had agreed to it—namely, the securing to him his inheritance of Jülich and Berg—that he actually promised the territory to two princes, and helped one prince to take possession of it. Afterwards, when Maria Theresa was married, no notification of the event was sent to Frederick William. These and many other circumstances of a similar nature pointed out to Frederick where he ought to show his strength. But he would have been utterly unable to do so had not circumstances favored him. His state was altogether insignificant compared with Austria; he could not bring into the field more than a third of the troops which his rival mustered. He therefore watched his opportunity, and knowing full well that the Pragmatic Sanction would not prevent neighboring states from laying claims to the Austrian

\* French writers have asserted that she was drowned in prison, during the great inundation of the Neva, six years after the events here recorded; but there appears no foundation for this report.

[† Continued from the Eclectic Magazine for May.]

dominions, he no sooner heard of the death of the emperor than he prepared for attacking Silesia. But why Silesia? Of course, his first idea would be Jülich and Berg; but such a project he at once felt to be impracticable. He could not go there without leaving all his kingdom exposed. Silesia, on the other hand, lay contiguous to his other dominions. Besides, a great part of it had fallen to the Prussian monarchy by inheritance, but strong Austria had systematically refused it to weak Prussia; and then, if Frederick once got it, he could govern it thoroughly, and at the same time turn it into a well-fortified frontier, capable of preventing the Austrians from approaching Prussia. On looking at the question from all sides, we think Frederick was justified. It is true that the claim which he made had lain dormant; but it was because Prussia had been unable to assert it. To some, too, it may seem a shabby thing in Frederick to be the first to stir up war against the beautiful and noble-hearted Maria Theresa; but to Frederick, the Prussian state, its prosperity and advantages, threw into the shade all things else, whether man or woman. We may add, that, if we were to view the acquisition of Silesia as a mere conquest, Frederick stands among the most lawful of conquerors; for under Austria Silesia had been a neglected province; its interests had not been attended to, and especially the poor Protestants had suffered frightful persecutions, and their privileges had been taken from them by the dominant Roman Catholics. Frederick put all things right: he sent ministers to the Protestants; he was just to Roman Catholics, and prevented Protestant retaliation; and, as he says himself, he did as much work in Silesia in nine days, as the Austrian government had done in nine years.\*

\* Macaulay's ill-will to Frederick has led him into assertions which we were surprised to find in the writings of a man whose character for historical accuracy is deservedly so very high. He cannot find terms strong enough in denouncing the base conduct of Frederick. He accuses him of violating his plighted faith, and of robbing the ally whom he was bound to defend! He concludes his remarks with the following sentences:—"To do the king justice, he pretended to no more virtue than he had. In manifestoes he might, for form's sake, insert some idle stories about his antiquated claim on Silesia; but in his conversations and memoirs he took a very different tone. His own words are, 'Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me,

The peculiar idea which Frederick had of his relation to the state was frequently

carried the day; and I decided for war.'" We cannot understand how Mr. Macaulay could write these lines. Frederick most unquestionably pretends to a good deal more virtue than is allowed him by the historian. We do not know what he said in his conversations, but his memoirs are before us, and he devotes several pages of them to prove the justness of his cause. In reference to his claim to Jülich and Berg, he says: "By means of good economy he" (the king himself) "raised fifteen new battalions, and he awaited in this position the events with which it might please fortune to furnish him, to do for himself the justice which others refused to him." In reference to Silesia, he writes:—"He resolved to reassert his claim to the principalities of Silesia, to which his house had incontestable rights, and, at the same time, he prepared to support his pretensions, if it were necessary, by arms. This project satisfied all his political views; it would be a means of acquiring reputation, of augmenting the power of the state, and of terminating all that concerned the disputable succession of the duchy of Berg." Frederick never denied that he was ambitious, and that ambition and a desire of glory mingled with his other reasons; but surely a desire for glory may lead a man to do right sometimes as well as wrong. It is merely a *motive* power; but whether the direction is good or bad, depends upon other circumstances. When Frederick was in the midst of his distresses, he was inclined now and then to judge of himself too harshly, and to attribute his sorrows to a vain desire of glory. But the utterances of a man in deep distress are not to be taken as the truth, while his calm statements are to be rejected as lies. The worst of these outbursts of Frederick is the following to Jourdan:—"You will find me more of a philosopher than you believed. I have always been so, more or less. My age, the fire of passions, the desire of glory, curiosity itself, to conceal nothing from you, in fine, a secret instinct, have torn me from the sweetness of repose which I enjoyed, and the satisfaction of seeing my name in the gazettes, and afterwards in history, has seduced me." The "secret instinct" which Frederick mentions had a vast deal to do with his movements, if we may judge from the difference that appears between what he would like to be, and what he really was. The words quoted by Mr. Macaulay are found in none of Frederick's works, and rest entirely on the authority of the voracious memoirs of Voltaire. Voltaire says, that he received Frederick's manuscript of his memoirs, and that, seeing that sentence along with another, which Macaulay does not quote, he was so astounded by the frankness of the confession, that he urged the king to omit them. Whether they were ever written by Frederick, cannot now be determined, as Voltaire's authority is worthless; but we think that it is not unlikely. Frederick was evidently determined to be candid, and he did not wish to avoid the mention of a motive which had doubtless agitated his mind. But, as he had already alluded to his ambition, he might think that the expelled sentences would give a wrong impression of the state of his mind. The first of the expelled sentences began thus: "Add to the foregoing considerations" &c.; the foregoing considerations being those which we have assigned as his reasons for the war.

used by him as a guide in cases of doubtful morality. The whole political conduct of the age was characterised by duplicity, (even yet diplomacy is a nest of unclean things; witness the conduct of the great diplomatic state, Austria;) and Frederick felt that, unless he were to act roughly and resolutely, without being too scrupulous, he had better at first resign his claim to the throne. If he could not play the fox, he might at once allow himself to be swallowed quietly. The principle, consequently, which he adopted in such cases was this: that, as all treaties were entered on for the good of the state, they might be broken when they stood in the way of that good. Thus, in the first Silesian war, Frederick entered on a treaty with Bavaria and France; in opposition to that treaty, when he saw that France was likely to be but too successful with his assistance, he formed a secret treaty with Austria for his own advantage. He did not expect that Austria would long keep the treaty a secret, and he had epistolary evidence that France had been looking after her own interests, without the slightest reference to him, by consulting with Austria. Then, in the year after this, Frederick concluded a peace with Austria, without consulting his allies; but his reasons were, that the allies had been acting all the time for their own advantage, that they had not given him the slightest assistance in his victories, and that, at one time, through their want of faith and negligence, he had nearly lost his army and his crown. Viewing the whole of the Silesian campaigns, his aims and his political dealings, we think Frederick appears remarkably clean, considering the heaps of mire through which he had to pass; and transporting ourselves into his circumstances, we do not see how he could have acted more wisely or more honorably. Though hypocrisy had been inculcated on him from a mother's lips, and though the circumstances of his youth had forced him to act a part, he hesitates not to affirm, (and we believe with substantial truth,) in the preface to one of his memoirs: "I have never deceived any one during my life; much less shall I deceive posterity." The result of the war was the accomplishment of the object at which he aimed. He gained by it a name over all Europe; that respect which had been denied the father was universally granted to the son; and Prussia not only appeared a veritable king-

dom, but held the balance of power on the Continent.

The civil administration of Frederick is too extensive a subject for present treatment. We shall merely glance at a few of its most prominent features. His administrative powers were not fully displayed until an occasion calculated to draw them forth occurred. It was the desolation consequent on the Seven Years' War that brought the whole energies of his wonderful mind into activity. In managing that war, he had acted on the principle of always having his treasury full at the commencement of a campaign. In consequence of this resolution his poor subjects were drained to the utmost, though it is worthy of notice that they shared in the heroic determination of their king, and oftener than once turned out as militia. He had, moreover, and with less mercy, extracted immense sums from Saxony. But all his resources were inadequate to supply his needs, and he felt himself compelled to debase the coin of the realm—a measure which, he said, only extreme circumstances could justify. At the conclusion of the war, he had in his exchequer all the money which he was to devote to the ensuing campaign. Large sums of this he gave to the impoverished provinces, and he furnished them with grain, horses, and all the other requisites of agriculture. Before the year had closed, he had paid all his debts, the base coin had been recalled, and things had been set on a fair footing. Frederick then devoted his whole attention to the prosperity of his people. He levied almost no taxes on them; he derived his revenues from the royal demesne and monopolies. A few of these monopolies gave great offence at the time, but in all of them Frederick had moral as well as governmental reasons. By far the most oppressive was the Coffee Monopoly. The people of Pomerania took coffee to breakfast, coffee to dinner, coffee to supper. Frederick felt that such a use of this article was detrimental to the health as well as to the commercial interests of the people, and it was to check this inordinate consumption of a foreign product that he selected coffee as a monopoly.

In his civil administration he aimed at rendering the country productive. He argued that, if the country produced less than it consumed, it must necessarily pay out more money than it received, and that, if this state of matters were to con-

tinue, it would ultimately leave no bullion at all. Consequently, he endeavored to make his kingdom support itself, and, if possible, export a good deal. For this purpose, he paid very great attention to agriculture, and strove by every means in his power to introduce new crops, to reclaim waste land, to increase the number of peasant proprietors, and to induce the nobility to take an interest in the culture of the soil. There is many a large tract in the sandy plains of Prussia, now waving with rich crops, which owe both their soil and their seed to Frederick.

Though laying main stress on agriculture, Frederick was not indifferent to other modes of production. He invited artisans from all countries, and established manufactories, which are now prosperous and lucrative.

Frederick's great aim in these exertions was to make his people happy. By happiness he did not mean mere physical comfort; he invariably looked to the moral character. Even in patronising trades he considered their moral tendencies; and he at once gave up any of his schemes, if it seemed at all probable that they would tend to demoralize his people. A notable instance of this was his withdrawal of a French secret-police scheme, on being informed by the police-director that it could not be carried out without sapping, in some measure, the morals of the community. Indeed, Frederick's internal policy well entitles him to the beautiful appellation which old Homer gives to the kings—the Shepherd of his People; for he stands almost alone, among modern kings who have come to their thrones by birth, in his unceasing anxiety, his earnest endeavors, his disinterested labors to spread happiness and contentment throughout his dominions. And his labors were eminently successful, if we may judge by the results, and by the warm affection and intense admiration which the whole German nation have for dear old Fritz.

One of Frederick's first maxims in government was, that the state was not to be intrusted to the hands of a minister. The minister is not the *real* representative of the state; he cannot therefore feel its interests inextricably wound up with his own; he is sure to make his power an instrument of aggrandizement; and all the specimens of the class whom Frederick had seen were signal instances of rapacity and meanness. Accordingly, Frederick

did the whole work of the state himself; every person could apply to him; he read all the foreign and civil communications himself; and he kept four secretaries continually employed, writing out the answers which he had indicated on the back of the paper by some decisive word, such as "no," or "yes." Nevertheless, when he did observe a notable man adapted for the civil service, he soon found a proper work for him. Many are the instances of this that might be mentioned. The names of Coccei and Carmer are best known.

It could not be said that Frederick's people were free; yet, owing to the peculiar character of the monarch, the people had something very like freedom. They had perfect religious liberty. The press might also be called free, as the censorship was nominal. Frederick himself was frequently lampooned, the bitterest satires were published against him in Prussia; and he read them himself, but never attempted to hinder them. With regard to personal attacks he seems to have been quite indifferent.

Then, in the administration of the laws, Frederick took great care that no respect should be paid to any particular class, but that justice should be done to all, without partiality. Indeed, Frederick was very suspicious on this point. He was continually afraid lest the judges, belonging, as they did, to the higher ranks, should take advantage of their position to oppress the poor. One time he thought he saw a clear instance of this, and his conduct on the occasion created quite a sensation. A miller refused to pay to a count the rent of his mill, because, as he said, the water which drove his mill had been very much diminished by the formation of a pond. The case was brought before the district judges, and the miller was found liable. He managed, however, to attract the notice of the king, who sent an officer to examine into the particulars of the case. This commissioner pronounced in favor of the miller. On this, the king brought the matter before the highest law court in Berlin, but it confirmed the sentence of the inferior court. Frederick suspected unfairness. He called Fürst, the great chancellor, and three councillors of the Berlin law court, before him. He then addressed them very sharply: "You must know," he said, "that the meanest peasant and beggar is a man as well as the king. A bench of judges," he added, "that



practises iniquities, is more dangerous and wicked than a band of thieves. From the one people can protect themselves; but from scoundrels who use the mantle of justice to carry out their evil passions, no one can protect himself. They are worse than the greatest rogues in the world, and deserve a double punishment!" Fürst was dismissed from the chancellorship, and the three councillors were sent to prison. There can be no doubt now that Frederick was deceived by his commissioner, and that unintentionally he acted unjustly and harshly. At the same time, we suspect that Fürst was not undeserving of his punishment, as his partiality to the higher classes had become notorious. Though Frederick was wrong in the particulars, the occurrence was an impressive lesson to all other judges; and it is easy to see how, when a poor man felt that, as a member of the state, he was entitled to perfect justice, and was on a complete equality with the highest in the land, that man was on the very borders of the feeling of a genuine freeman.

Frederick never interfered with the personal rights of his subjects. In building his palace of Sans-Souci, a windmill stood in his way. He offered to buy it; the miller refused. He offered to set it up in another place, and give him a large sum of money besides, but the miller would not hear of it, and Frederick had to let it alone; and there it is to this day. In the building of the same palace, the king wished to take in a piece of ground that belonged to a widow. The widow would on no terms come to an agreement; and again he had to alter his plans. The very fact that a miller and a widow could resist an absolute monarch, and the greatest general of the time, gives us some idea of the liberty which the Prussian king allowed his subjects.

Frederick was thoroughly convinced that in governing it was of essential consequence that the merits of a man, not his birth or any adventitious circumstances, should be his claims to high offices. He had the utmost contempt for counts who boasted of their birth, but could do nothing. Many, too, of his most illustrious officers had risen from the ranks. Yet, after the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, he allowed none but nobles to become officers in his army. He believed that strong original genius would force its own way, but that, as the great body of men had no

such strong original impulses, adventitious circumstances ought to be brought to act on them, so as to render them fit for certain offices. Accordingly he encouraged old families, because he expected that young men, destined from their birth to hold high offices, and connected on all hands with families whose honor was precious to them, would be sure, on the whole, to turn out better and more thorough men than adventurers, who had no family honors to stain, and nothing to lose if they failed in their duties.

There may be a good deal of truth in these reasonings of Frederick, and his experience may have urged him to follow a plan, apparently, if not really, at variance with his principles; yet we think that there was another reason. Frederick in spite of his philosophy, was in some respects very aristocratic. When Voltaire made love to his sister Ulrica, he frowned upon the philosopher, as if the great writer had not been a match for any princess on the face of the earth. And we cannot exculpate Frederick in his behavior to Baron Trenck, though how far it may have arisen from indifference to love concerns, and consequent ignorance of their nature, as well as from aristocratic prejudices, may be disputed. There was also a despotic tendency in his later government, but here it was as much a necessity as choice. He sympathised with British liberty; but Britain had shamefully deserted him in the hour of his greatest need and distress. So he formed an alliance with Russia, and it was this alliance that led him into the partition of Poland. He has been blamed for suggesting the division; but Dohm has satisfactorily shown that the idea did not originate with him; and when the whole circumstances of the case are considered, Frederick's share in the transaction cannot be severely censured. His conduct was a great blessing to the part of the country which fell into his hands; for, immediately on his getting possession of it, he established schools, and did everything for its agricultural improvement which a wise prince could do.

We could not do justice to the character of Frederick, if we did not glance at his military qualities. Frederick had been trained as a soldier, and consequently knew a good deal about war before he had occasion to fight. Nevertheless, the reader of his letters and autobiographical sketches is struck with the circumstance

that he had no strong military predilections. His ruling passion was certainly not a warlike one. He becomes the greatest general of the day through the thoroughness of his working powers. The interests of his state demand that he fight; it is his own determination to do nothing by halves, that elevates him to the first rank of military leaders. This circumstance may give the clue to the statement of Napoleon, that Frederick had done nothing in war which others had not done before him. We do not pretend to judge of these matters; but we think there are reasons to suspect the correctness of Napoleon's opinion. For it is certain that Frederick's generalship attracted gentlemen from all quarters of the world to his army; that soldiers gloried in having served under him; and that his military manœuvres and schemes were the subject of great curiosity and discussion during his life. At the same time, Frederick was too much devoted to the interests of his own state to engage in mad schemes of conquest. He had no desire to spread wild-fire over empires and continents; he had no ambition to scatter desolation and trample on nations; and consequently we find no vast schemes such as an unprincipled Napoleon might devise. Nay, he did not even retain provinces which he had conquered. Once and again he had Bohemia and Saxony quite under him; but he laughed at the idea of keeping them. At first, indeed, we find that the influence of his French teachers has inspired him with a love of glory; yet he is scarcely a year engaged in the Silesian war, when he is sick of the visionary fame that he fancied, sick of the carnage by which it is won, and he longs for a philosophic and quiet life.

The genius of a general is, perhaps, more powerfully shown in the inspiration which he can breathe into his men, than in the skillful arrangements which he can make on a field of battle. When there is a man who can throw unity into a conglomeration of separate interests, and stir up around him a bravery which scorns death, it is then that we see the victorious leader. The most perfect instance of this sort is Cromwell. His Ironsides were invincible, because they were knit to their leader and to his cause by a sympathy that no suffering could diminish, and no obstacle resist. Frederick had the same power in an extraordinary degree. His army was for the most part composed

of rapacious thieves, gamblers, and drunkards. It was the focus of every kind of scoundrelism, as all armies then were. The soldiers flocked to the standard, as vultures to dead bodies, that they might have unlimited liberty to plunder and indulge in all their favorite vices. They were ready to change sides at the slightest notice, and actually they often did desert in whole battalions after a defeat. Now such men Frederick fused into a body as impenetrable as steel. So thorough sometimes was the state of discipline into which he brought these men, that he could honestly say, "the world rests not more securely on the shoulders of Atlas, than Prussia on such an army." On one occasion he seems to have worked up his men to a holy patriotic enthusiasm. It was before the battle of Leuthen. Frederick saw that his kingdom depended on success in the engagement. His mind exerted itself to the utmost. He called his officers together; made a speech to them which moved them to the heart; and they in their turn harangued the soldiers. Every one was resolved to do his utmost. As they marched along, they sang their old Protestant hymns. They would die for their king and country. At last they met the Austrians, about 30,000 against 90,000. Frederick's arrangements were admirable; "such," says Napoleon, "as to entitle Frederick to a place in the first rank of generals." In an incredibly short time the proud Austrian army lay low; its soldiers were flying in all directions; the victory was complete. But Frederick always followed up his victories. That same evening, therefore, he hastened with one or two battalions to an important Austrian position not far distant. Somehow the army heard that Frederick was off, and they resolved not to stay behind. The night was cloudy; the wind blew cold and chill over the battlefield; the dead brothers and foes lay around them; the sighs and moans of the wounded mingled with the wild and eery whistle of the wind. A strange, reverential, not unjoyful awe stole across the minds of all; the hardest sinner amongst them felt tender as a child; and when an old Calvinist grenadier, unable to restrain his deep emotions, gave utterance to them in a hymn, there sounded forth from that solitary, dark, blood-stained field of Leuthen the voices of ten thousand brave men, singing:

"Now let us all praise God,  
With heart, and mouth, and hand,  
Who great things for us doth,  
For this and every land."

The secret of Frederick's success lay in the confidence which his presence inspired. While engaged in war, he was a thorough soldier; he exposed himself to all the inclemencies of a camp life; he had no indulgence which the meanest soldier did not enjoy; and frequently his toils were far greater than those of any other. His personal bravery, too, was undoubted; his creed assisted him here. "The ball that strikes me must be directed from above," he replied on one occasion, when he had escaped, while vast numbers had fallen. His self-possession had power over his enemies. One time as he was passing through Moravia, he had separated from his men; only a page was near him. At the same moment several Pandours showed themselves, and one especially had his musket cocked at Frederick. The king merely lifted his stick, as if he were scolding a mischievous boy, and said "You, you." The pandour's musket fell mechanically, and then he took off his hat, to show his respect for the great king. Thus one with the soldiers in occupation, he was always on free and easy terms with them. To them he was dear old Fritz; they could say anything to him; they were never afraid, if they did their work thoroughly.\* Just before the battle of Leuthen, Frederick was riding past the first battalion of the guard while marching to the fight. All were silent. At length one of them cried out, "I say, Stephen." "Well, what now?" was the reply. "Make a collection in thy company." "Pooh! who for?" "Stupid, can't you see? Why, Fritz's coat-lining is all to pieces." And then they all set to discussing the king's dress. One thought his hat too shabby; another, that his waistcoat was worthless; a third, that his breeches wanted brushing; and so they went on, until the word of command was given, "Halt! shoulder arms!"

On another occasion, when the Prussian camp was surrounded by Russians, Frederick used to sit up all night in the battery. One night he was seated on the ground near the fire, evidently worn

out and sleepy. A soldier, seeing this, said to him, "I will make your majesty a pillow;" and immediately took off his knapsack, and placed it in such a way that the king could lay his head on it. But he could not sleep, and so he amused himself with talking to the soldier.

"If your majesty should ever be taken prisoner, how would you be obliged to ransom yourself, as you are a king?"

"As general, nothing more."

"How? I cannot believe that you are not more than general."

"No; no more. With the army I am merely general."

The soldier shook his head.

"But," said he, "they would find a handsome booty about you."

"No, indeed; I have not a groschen about me."

"Your majesty is only joking. No money about you, indeed!"

"No, I tell you, not a kreutzer." Here the king turned his pockets inside out.

"There, you see I tell you the truth."

"That is curious; but you have a beautiful ring there; that must be worth something."

"Well, and what do you suppose it to be worth? Guess."

The king held out his hand that the man might examine the ring.

"That ring cost, perhaps, ten thousand dollars."

"Stupid fellow! you shall have it for five hundred, and then I should have profit on it."

"That's what I never can believe; it is not true."

"Nothing more true. Look here, I will show you: these small stones are worth three hundred and some odd dollars; the large one in the middle is a table-stone, which cost at the most thirty dollars, and that is all, except the metal, which is of little value."

"Upon my word, I could not have thought it."

On this an aid-de-camp came up, and Frederick ordered him to give the soldier a gold piece.

"There," said he, "don't you see that I have no money."

On another occasion, a soldier, who was acting as guard in the king's garden at Potsdam, was blessed with a visit from a fair maiden in whom his heart rejoiced. The chance was swift flying, and he employed his time diligently in examining

\* Several of the military anecdotes that follow are taken from the Life of Frederick, to which Campbell wrote a preface.

the eyes of his beloved, kissing her rosy lips, and saying the sweetest things in the world. Suddenly the girl shrieked, and, as fast as lightning, took to her heels. The lover looked round, and saw the king just at hand.

"What have you been at, fellow! You must know how strictly I have forbidden such doings."

"For God's sake, your majesty," said the soldier, shaking all over, "don't tell my captain. He is too severe; he would certainly have me flogged to death!"

The naïve appeal of the man pleased the king, and he allowed him a shilling extra every pay-day out of his privy purse.

At the battle of Targou the Prussians had to fight in different detachments, much separated from each other. The decisive stroke was effected by Zieten and his grenadiers. After the victory, the king approached a blazing watch-fire, around which some of these were seated. He entered into conversation with them, and one of them asked the king where he had been during the fight. "You used always to be at our head, but to-day we saw nothing of you." The king told him he had been at the left wing, and consequently could not lead his regiment. At the same time, he happened to unbutton his coat, when a ball fell from it. It was a spent ball that had been stopped by the silk lining of his vest. No sooner did the grenadiers see it, than the ball was picked up, and handed round, and they exclaimed, with one voice, "Indeed, thou art still our old Fritz; thou sharest every danger with us. Cheerfully will we die for thee! Long live the king!"

Such stories are thickly scattered over the life of Frederick, and give us a glimpse into the secret of his success. He was also exceedingly ready to advance merit; and he drew around him a vast number of brave, bold, and active generals. With them he was on the most intimate terms; many of them he loved as his dear personal friends, and frequent were the honors which he showered upon them.

The characteristics of Frederick's mind, which were seen in all that he did, whether civil or military, were intense activity, clear, cool wisdom, a thorough appreciation of what ought to be done, and of the best way to do it, and an invincible resolution. There was an immense fund of vitality in the man. His restless mind delighted in

thorough work, and the amount of labor through which he went is most astonishing. Yet he seems never in a hurry; on the contrary, he has time for amusements, he has time for theatres and concerts, he has time for reading, and time for writing.

His resolution demands a few words. The history of the Seven Years' War is of thrilling interest, owing to the heroic determination with which Frederick supports himself amid reverses, distress, and disease. The very prospect of a war with all the continental European states was enough to shake the nerves of any man. But Frederick stands unquailed—Frederick, as he says himself, will act, live, and die as a king. His kingship he will never give up; he will rather poison himself, than live to see his Prussia trampled on by Austrians and French. "Never," he wrote to D'Argens, "shall I see the moment which shall compel me to make a disadvantageous peace; no persuasion, no eloquence, can bind me to sign my own disgrace. Either I shall let myself be buried under the ruins of my country, or, if this consolation appears too sweet to the destiny which persecutes me, I will put an end to my misfortunes when it will be no longer possible to sustain them. I have acted, and I continue to act, according to this inner reason and the point of honor which direct all my steps; my conduct in all times will be conformed to these principles. After having sacrificed my youth to my father, my manhood to my country, I believe I have acquired the right to dispose of my old age. I have told you, and I repeat it, never will my hand sign a humiliating peace. I will, without doubt, finish this campaign, resolved to dare all, and to try the most desperate resources, in order to succeed, or to find a glorious end." Such are his own words in reply to D'Argens, who wished to dissuade him from his purpose; and the fact that he carried poison about with him during these campaigns, fills the mind with suspense as we follow him through the clouds of misfortune by which he was encompassed. In 1757, after the victory of Prague, he is defeated at Kollin. Six times did he urge his men forward; as he saw them retreating, he cried out, "Blackguards, do you intend to live for ever?" and a seventh and least time he rallied them. Only fifty or sixty could he get; he advanced to charge a hostile battery.

He was rapidly moving on, when an Englishman, who with only one or two other men had remained beside him, said to him: "Your Majesty, do you intend to charge the battery alone?" Frederick retreated. That night he was seen sitting beside a fountain, in great distress, and drawing figures with his stick in the sand. The defeat was most complete. Immediately after it, he heard of the death of his much-beloved mother; then the enemy got into his capital, and all seemed gone. But Frederick was soon up: that same year he defeated the Austrians and French; next year he defeated the Russians. But reverses came again: a severe defeat awaited him at Hochkirch; some of his bravest generals were slain there, and soon after the news came that the sister to whom he was most attached—the Wilhelmine with whom he had played in infancy—had also passed away from this earth. Next year, before the last gleam of success shines on him, he suffers a most tremendous defeat from the Russians. He writes to his minister in Berlin that all is lost; he appoints his brother Henry generalissimo, and bids an eternal adieu to all his friends. For two days he remains shut up in savage despair; on the third day he is up—he has collected all his army that he can; he is prepared to prevent the Russians from advancing on Berlin. Next year he defeats the Austrians twice; and then for two years he has to continue shut up in camps, distracted with countless cares, worn out in body, once obliged to be carried about, as he is too weak from fever to ride, his hopes apparently blasted, Austria, Russia, Sweden, France, having their troops at one time in his dominions; till at length fortune favors the brave, and he is restored to his country, with all his territories untouched. The ups and downs of this notable war—the strange mixture of the bad and good fortune—the great number of antagonists against whom Frederick must be on his guard—and the altogether fortuitous occurrences which ultimately bring the war to an end, give an interest to this part of Frederick's history which is thoroughly dramatic.

We have but one subject more to notice, and we have done. Frederick, it has been said, had a cold heart—that there was not one spark of true friendship in his whole life. Such a statement is utterly false: Frederick had a warm heart,

and had likewise warm friends. His letters to Jourdan are full of sparkling gems of genuine affection; those to D'Argens indicate the same warmth, though in a quieter way. Frederick was free and open-hearted: as far as his circumstances would permit, his friendship was thorough. It is important to notice the modification—Frederick was a *king*; and however much of ease *he* might feel in writing, however easily *he* might cause distinctions to vanish, his subjects could not so readily forget their position: neither Jourdan nor D'Argens can forget that they are writing to Frederick, King of Prussia. Then, again, Frederick's ruling passion was to serve and glorify the Prussian state: nothing must interfere with that; no friendships must stand in the way of that, and as most of his friends held offices of importance, neither he nor they could forget that the duties of the state were paramount; that they might expect the full force of the law upon them, if they ventured to abuse the attachment which he felt for them.

Before the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, his character underwent a change: he became more lonely; he was more subject to ungovernable bursts of anger; and he was now so old that he cared little about forming new friendships, or conciliating the affection of rising men. We need not wonder at this; there he was, keeping at bay all the continental states of Europe, reserving in his solitary breast the trouble of the whole struggle. Often, when his heart was sinking within him, when despair was his companion, did he appear among his men with smiles on his face, and often did he try to cheer them with hopes which he could not persuade himself to trust. He was harassed and fretted; disease had worked upon him; cares had worn him out. "My dear marquis," he writes to D'Argens, "I am old, sad, and fretful. Some gleams of my old good-humor return to me by fits; but these are sparks, that vanish for want of a fire to nourish them; these form the lightning-flashes that pierce the stormy and gloomy clouds. I tell you the truth; if you were to see me, you would recognise no traces of what I was formerly. You would see a grey-haired old man, who has lost half his teeth, without gaiety, without fire, without imagination."

On his return from the war, Frederick felt sad as he entered his capital, and re-

tired as soon as he could to Sans-Souci. There he ordered the singers and musicians of Berlin to come, that they might perform a *Te Deum*. They expected a large audience, and were astonished to find Frederick walk in alone. He gave the signal to commence, placed his head on his hands, and gave vent to the deep emotions and remembrances that passed through him in a flood of tears. This is characteristic. Frederick was now alone; "all great men are lonely," say some, and certainly Frederick is no exception. Not that he had not plenty of affectionate friends; but people felt an awe of him: he was the most famous monarch on earth—his fame had spread over the wide world. The King of Morocco and the Khan of Crimean Tartary alike paid their respects to him. He was everywhere recognized as a veritable great man. Of course the German people adored him—to them he was Frederick the Only. When he went into Berlin, the peasants all came to their doors, and bowed and waved their hats in honor of their dear Fritz. As he rode into the streets, the boys gathered round him, threw their caps into the air, and followed him with shouts and jubulations. and some would go nearer him—they would vie with each other in wiping the dust of his boots, or doing any bit of service that he might need. Sometimes, too, they would be a little troublesome, and Frederick would lift his staff and threaten them. One time they were quite disturbing him, and, getting angry, he told them very roughly to go to school. "Sure enough," said the boys, "you were born a king, or you would know that all boys have a half-holiday on Wednesday afternoon." And then, when it was known that he was to attend the opera, all the great were sure to be there; as the orchestra struck up a martial air to announce his coming, every one in a moment was on his feet, and the greetings were loud and long.

If we were now to take a trip to Sans-Souci, to catch a glimpse of the great king, we should be astonished. We should find that there is no one to hinder our roaming about his gardens; nay, we may approach his dwelling-house, and find no trace of a king, no sign of a soldier. All is quiet and secure. And if we have the good luck which one man had, we shall go up to a person who looks like an old pensioner. He is a short man, and

his head leans to the right, as if he were playing the flute; his coat is shabby, (it has been on his back for many years;) his buff breeches would be none the worse of a tailor, and his three-cornered hat has its ribbons hanging in tatters. But if you notice his face closely, the blue sparkling eyes will attract you; there are life, keen insight, and genial glances there; and in his mouth there are firmness and resolution. We go up to him, and ask him about the great king; and as he seems to have nothing to do, he takes us round the gardens, and shows us the best sights. As we retire, we meet a man much better dressed than our guide, to whom, indeed, we should not like to speak freely; that is the king's gardener. "Do you know to whom you were speaking?" he says. "No." "It was the king."

Occasionally, we might witness very interesting scenes. Frederick's kindness had not passed away. If he has not so much versatility as he had in former days, if he cannot adapt himself to all newcomers, he rejoices in the old generals who accompanied him in all his wars. Especially there is the Lord Mareschal Keith—a Scotchman—now old too, and who alone of all his friends has been able to feel on terms of perfectly equal friendship with him. With Keith, Frederick passes the time pleasantly. And then he has attendants to befriend; and he is fond of dogs and horses.

One time Frederick rings his bell; no one answers. What is ado? Frederick peeps into the next room. His page is asleep, a paper hanging out of his pocket. Frederick takes the paper, reads it. It is a letter from the young man's mother, in which she thanks her kind son for the attention with which he looks after her comfort. Frederick moves quietly to his chimney-piece, takes off some gold coins, puts them into a bag, and places the bag and the letter in his page's pocket. Then he rings violently; the page awakes, and, rushing in, is asked by Frederick, "Have you slept well?" In utter confusion, and muttering alternately a yes and a no, he puts his hand into his pocket, turns pale as he feels the money, and in tears protests that he does not know how it came there. The king explains all, and provides henceforth for the mother of the deserving young man. Frederick's life is rich in such examples of beneficence.

Frederick is now passing away; all his companions are already gone. But though feeble, though for weeks he has not slept longer than an hour or two at a time, though his body is so pained that he cannot lie in bed, such is the restless activity of the man, that he transacts all the kingly business as usual. His last despatch, dictated on the 15th of August, 1786, is clear and forcible. On the 16th, his secretaries wait on him no longer; only a general comes to receive the orders for the reviews. Frederick recognises him; with

a struggle moves his head; his mouth opens; the thought is there, but the frail body refuses to work—he cannot utter it. Early next morning, on the 17th August, 1786, passed away the greatest monarch of modern times, surrounded by two attendants and one doctor. He was not buried in his own Sans-Souci, though that was the strict injunction of his will. The spot was deemed too humble for so great a man, and his body was conveyed in grand procession to the church in Potsdam.

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From Sharpe's Magazine.

## BRITISH FIELD-SPORTS;

### A FEW REMARKS ON THEIR PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

#### SHOOTING.

OUR mode of conducting this sport, as contrasted with the system of our forefathers, has been a frequent theme for writers. They appear with one accord to give the advantage to our go-ahead school, and seem to mention with a sort of pity the slower practice of our ancestors. I am by no means certain (and it requires some boldness to avow the doubt) that we have benefited by the change.

In the olden times alluded to, a man would take his health-inspiring walk with his "dog and gun," and congratulate himself if, in addition to the exercise and excitement, he secured a pleasant variety for the table in as much as he could carry home in his jacket pocket.

The descendant of this reasonable gentleman professes to be much wiser than his ancestor, whom he deems to have been a slow-coach. A cart-load instead of a pocketful is often the result of his day's work. When he succeeds to the estate he proceeds in the most approved way. He fills his kennels with three times the number

of pointers and setters that are necessary; and instead of the merry spaniels are substituted a troop of well-broke biped beaters.

A little army of keepers and watchers is organized. He "feels high" with the double purpose of keeping his own pheasants and alluring those of his neighbor—for this is a sensible bird, and will reside where he is best entertained. These expenses, joined to compensation to tenants, make a heavy cost. Then arises the cry of complaining moralists and discontented farmers; the former lamenting the temptation to idleness and poaching, and the latter the injury done to their crops—and, after all, here are not the advantages which were enjoyed in the olden time, for there can hardly be as much exercise and excitement in having game driven to you as in looking for it yourself—in finding it within a few acres instead of in as many miles. In place of being a profit it is, as I have shown, a loss; and though the table may be better supplied than of yore, yet it is clear that in proportion to the scarcity of a thing is it prized or otherwise.

It is plain, therefore, that the despised ancestor had altogether the best of it.

Shooting is said to tempt proprietors to reside on their estates, and that it provides amusement for their friends. Granted: but I have never understood that the country gentlemen of fifty or a hundred years ago was less resident or exercised less hospitality than his successor of the present day. Though the *battue* was unknown, a reasonable share of amusement was no doubt provided. The youngest or most active of the guests were dispatched on the widest and wildest beats, which has a charm for the true sportsman; and by moderate perseverance, a tolerable day's sport was secured, for those who were unequal to strong exercise.

The present Game Law has in many respects worked ill: it has caused a too great increase of game, and a proportionate increase of poaching. Were the market again shut against him, the proprietor would be obliged to reduce his stock and dispose of the remainder as formerly—in the supply of his table, as presents to his friends, and in exchange with the fishmonger and poulterer. The occupation of game-breeder and game-stealer would alike subside to their former limits.

The small proprietor, or rational and moderate preserver, has been much injured by the existing law. His pheasants have been enticed away by his feeding neighbors. The hares also draw off to where they are the least disturbed, and the few that remain furnish sport for every ploughboy who may wish to gratify his love of mischief and of marbles by snaring puss, certain of a ready sale with every passing higgler.

There is another objection connected with preserving which is commonly overlooked—I mean the cruelty of trapping. This would be objectionable even did keepers examine their traps every morning; but I have no doubt many days are often allowed to elapse without this being done, and the barbarity of subjecting the captured vermin for so long a time to pain and hunger is manifest. As a proof of the idleness of some keepers in this respect, I will instance the case of a valuable setter, which having been inveigled from home by another dog, and missed for nearly a week, was found in a keeper's trap apparently at the last gasp; but was, however, restored, and the limb amputated. I will observe, in parenthesis, that

the dog is now doing good work upon three legs, and having been before as much too fast as his master was too slow, the accident has fortunately resulted in a fair handicap, and brought them on better terms with each other.

I am a keen sportsman, but were I ten times as much so, I would not have a steel trap on my premises. For rabbits, the *wire* is equally effective.

There has recently been an appearance of a reaction against high preserving. I trust this will continue. A fruitful source of heart-burning between landlord and tenant would be removed, as would in a great degree the incentive to the bloody nocturnal encounters which we every day see recorded.

#### HUNTING.

The chase of the Fox is in the highly artificial state which now characterizes our field-sports.

It had its origin in this country in the desire to prevent the over-increase of a wily and mischievous animal. This, in time, came to be effected by the aid of hounds and horses, and it was found that while the above mode was as effectual, perhaps more so than any other, it at the same time furnished a highly exciting, manly, and healthy sport.

The object at present is to increase instead of diminish the number of foxes, and the excitement attending the running down of the wild animal, is consequently in a great degree diminished. This may account for so many persons now hunting to ride, instead of riding to hunt. For these a gallop seems the one thing needful, which, could they accomplish after a thing of clock-work, wound up to go for twenty minutes or so, it would as well answer their purpose!

The Squire Westerns of old, whom we see depicted with their long coats and stout bob-tailed horses, would be much surprised could they come to life and see how things are managed.

"Before the sun rises away we fly  
To sleep in our downy beds scorning,"

was their song. I have often wondered how those four-bottle fellows could have come to the scratch in such good time!

They would now be much astonished to find hounds meeting at ten instead of six.



Many hunt four or five times a week, instead of the rational twice as formerly, and they would perceive that, to meet such a demand, there must be preservation, and increased supplies of foxes, even though drawn from foreign countries. Also, it would take a good deal to convince the resuscitated John Bulls that a *French* cross could furnish sport!

It appears to be an open question as to whether the fox is now on the same terms with his pursued, as he was in the times I have alluded to. On the one hand, it is argued that the speed of hounds is very greatly increased, also improved scent seems to accompany improved agriculture, and hounds can now *fly* a low, narrow, well kept fence where it would have taken them twice the time to struggle through an old-fashioned one. To this it may be added that Reynard isseldom in such good training as his ancestor was.

The game preserves which abound, furnish him with ample and luxurious fare, without the trouble of going far to seek it. His board is generally pretty handy to his lodging, and in consequence he is too often, in racing parlance, "short of work."

On the other hand, it is maintained that the old-fashioned hound had a superior nose, which compensated for his deficiency in speed. The early hour of the meet was also in his favor.

The fox, as I have observed, had often to travel very far for food. After a long circuit, he returned to his kennel tired, perhaps gorged to repletion, and had hardly taken an hour's repose, when he was forced to fly before fresh and vigorous foes, directed to his retreat by the unerring morning trail.

The afternoon fox, however, of that day, must have been a difficult customer, recruited by many hours' rest, and in good condition through his hard nocturnal training.

Taken as a whole, landed proprietors of the present time are supporters of fox-hunting, even when they do not themselves partake of the sport.

Their game-keepers, however, are not always to be depended upon. Some of these fancy they are not sufficiently fee'd by the hunt; other ill-conditioned fellows take a liberal fee, but destroy the foxes all the same, and in either case it is difficult to persuade the public that the masters do not connive at their delinquencies.

A friend of mine once told me that he

had been to pay a visit to a nobleman in one of the Midland counties. It was at the time when the game-preserving fever was at its height, but the peer in question, though he did not hunt, and took the greatest care of his pheasants, had given strict orders to his keeper to respect the foxes, it being a good hunting country, and the master of the hounds very popular and anxious to show sport.

Shortly after the party had assembled, they shot one of the best covers, and my friend was standing at the angle where he had been posted, when he was accosted by the head-keeper. From constant annual visits he was well known to the man, who now told him in a sort of confidential manner, that the cover usually held a fox, "and, sir, he always breaks at this corner, and if you could just knock him over *by mistake*, I should be greatly obliged to you."

Now my friend, though fond of shooting, and a clever shot, has no taste for fox-hunting or sympathy with fox-hunters; nevertheless, he was about to remonstrate with the keeper on the imprudence of the act he meditated, when the latter exclaimed, "here he is sir! here he is!" and as fine a fellow as ever wore a bush, broke in gallant style, pointing for a splendid open country in a way which would have warmed the very heart of a follower of the "noble science." "Now then, sir, *now!*" said the keeper. *Nemo mortalium, &c.* No one is always wise, and my friend putting up his gun covered the animal, though still quite undecided. Another and more urging "now sir," proceeded from the keeper, and in an evil moment, he pulled the trigger, and over rolled poor Charley!

No sooner was the deed perpetrated than the vulpecide was seized with remorse. He felt that he had been wrong in thus aiding a servant to disobey the command of his master. Conscience also whispered, that the slight pressure of that fore-finger had perhaps spoilt the future sport of hundreds. However, it was done, and could not be *undone*. The keeper had sprung forward, thrown Reynard into a ditch and kicked some leaves over him, little dreaming he might rise up in judgment against him.

The cover having been beat out, the usual assemblage took place at the end of it, and the usual discussion commenced.

There was the announcement of success,

and the softening of failure, and there was the wondering what had become of the woodcock which everybody had fired at, and every one had a good excuse for missing, "sun in the eyes," &c. An immense heap of the slain lay before them, which the head-keeper now proceeded to reckon up. He was in high spirits. He had shown an excellent head of game, and had got rid of a hated enemy by such indirect means as would enable him still to look his master in the face, and swear he never trapped foxes. He was just beginning to sum up the list of killed, when a *toot-tooting* was heard, and up came the master of the hounds with a goodly array of scarlet at his heels.

The usual compliments having passed, the master proceeded to explain, that having drawn his fixture and other coverts blank, he had trotted away to this wood under the erroneous impression that the noble owner had already shot it. The excuse having been received, the summing-up, which had been thus interrupted, was resumed, the Nimrods looking on and congratulating the "*Ramrods*" on their day's sport having been more successful than their own.

The keeper had just got to the "tattle of the whole," when a little urchin, who had been scaring crows in an adjacent field, and who, free from *mauvaise honte*, had intruded within the circle, squeaked out, (unfortunately during a lull in the conversation :) "Where is the thing with the great long bushy tail, which one of the gentlefolks killed?"

The master of the hounds evidently pricked up his ears at this, as did also the more acute of his field.

My poor friend sincerely wished the earth would open and receive him! The keeper was in agony, his presence of mind seemed quite to forsake him, as he darted a withering glance at the luckless lad. A quicker-witted beater, however, came to the rescue. "Is it the squirrel you want, my boy?" said he, "you will find it somewhere in the ditch;" which, with a *fundamental* application of his toe, sent the youth scampering. It was evident, however, the master of the hounds was not altogether satisfied with this plausible explanation, and, declining the invitation to refresh himself at the castle, he trotted away with brow as black as midnight, giving another instance of the sins of a

keeper being visited on the head of his unoffending master.

Croaking persons have predicted the decline of this manly sport; at present it seems to flourish, and it is my hope and belief that, amidst the changes of taste and caprice of fashion, it may never entirely cease out of the land.

I place stag-hunting second, as it is generally so classed. I doubt whether it deserves the honor. It has, however, the advantages of a sure gallop, and generally a good pace. Many will ask, What more can be desired? but the question will not be put by a sportsman, and one who is not such might not understand the answer. Perhaps this chase, as now conducted, may better suit the sporting man than the sportsman.

To draw up to the lair of the wild-stag, and go away as with fox-hounds, must be fine, but this exists rather in romance than in reality, and we must now look to the cart for *our* find. Such a one as that described in Scott's "*Lady of the Lake*" is grand:

"The antlered monarch of the waste  
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste;  
But ere his fleet career he took,  
The dewdrops from his flanks he shook;  
A moment looked adown the dale,  
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,  
A moment listened to the cry  
Which thickened as the chase drew nigh;  
Then as the headmost foes appeared  
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,  
And stretching forward free and far  
Sought the wild heaths of Unim Var."

Then follows, in the Apperly and Radcliffe strain, but elevated by noble verse, a glowing description of the run, till—

"The headmost horseman rides alone."

This horseman, who has distanced or "planted" all the field, turns out, as every one knows, to be the king himself.

Stag-hunting has always been a royal recreation. The kings of France were much addicted to it. It has been revived under Louis Napoleon, and a gallant train of ladies and gentlemen may sometimes be seen sweeping along the glades of Fontainebleau to the sound of the horn, which as of yore accompanies the chase, and headed by the Emperor, who is never more at home than in the saddle, and who used to hold his own even in Leicestershire.

It is said, that so late as when he was President, he appeared *incog.* with the Quorn, and, as usual, in the foremost flight, a place which he seems destined to occupy in all fields!

The pursuit of the stag was the ruling passion of our cannie King Jamie I., and a *couteau de chasse* the only weapon he could bear to look upon. With this, and his sleeves turned above the elbow, he would perform the last offices of the chase with the greatest gusto, and in the most scientific manner.

As for his horsemanship, we are told he was so trussed and tucked up in the saddle that it was difficult for him to fall off; however, he was generally the first in at the death, the courtiers feigning to be distanced.

The appetite for flattery seems to grow as it is fed, till nothing is too gross to swallow, and thus we see this learned scholar, and (as he loved to be called) this "second Solomon," gratified in the simple mode in which a nurse would please a child.

George III. was the last of our monarchs who have shown a predilection for the sport. I presume that his majesty was not in the habit of "living very long" with the hounds, though doubtless they were not so fast as the royal pack of the present day.

The following anecdote was related to me by an ancient gentleman, who delighted in talking of the "good old times when George III. was king." This gentleman was himself in those days a "mighty hunter," and had in his stud a horse of perfect shape and make, but cursed with an infirmity of temper which, though he was at times very tractable, at others rendered him so extremely dangerous that my informant, although a good horseman, was obliged at last to part with him.

Some time afterwards he had an opportunity of seeing the royal hounds.

They met on Ascot Heath, and there was a large concourse of horse and foot; but it was not the company, nor the hounds, nor yet the sovereign himself, that rivetted the attention of my friend. It had been immediately fixed on his majesty's steed, in which, to his astonishment, he recognized the brute he had discharged! Yes, there sat the good old king, for whose safety a nation prayed, upon an animal whose eye and ear denoted the approach of one of his periodical

fits of vice, which would probably send the monarch like a sky-rocket though the air!

The gentleman lost no time in informing one of his majesty's suite of his danger, and the royal person was quickly transferred to a steed more deserving of the burden.

My old friend would then describe, with great satisfaction, how he was called up, and most graciously thanked by his majesty for the service he had rendered him.

Lord Bateman (I do not mean him who with the fair Sophia is immortalized in song) was at that time Master of the Buck-hounds. It is said that his lordship, when about to be displaced, went in happy ignorance of the fact to ask the king where he would like the stag turned out. "Stag, stag?" said the sovereign chuckling, "I don't know about the *stag*, but I tell you what my lord, *you're* to be turned out!"

It must have been a little hard for the peer to give the expected smile of approval at the royal facetiousness thus indulged at his expense; and by none would this be felt more than by a practical joker and teaser of others, as was Lord Bateman. Witness among other freaks, his sending a haunch of jackass to the Corporation of Leominster: the worthy gourmands drinking, with great enthusiasm, the health of the nobleman who had thus honored them.

I believe Prince Albert has not much taste for hunting. He is in other respects a first-rate sportsman, and few can excel him with the gun and rifle.

It is a wonder that in one of the periodical fits of economy to which the nation is addicted, the buck-hounds have not received their death-blow, especially as none of the present royal family patronize the sport. It seemed a tempting object for the late Joe Hume to tilt at. It is probable that the patronage will tend to preserve the hunt. Should it ever be abolished, the royal pageant at Ascot would lose much of its appearance.

Mr. Davis has for a long time most ably filled the post of huntsman. It is a treat to see him ride. He is my *beau idéal* of a seat. He cannot be "last year's bird," nor even one of the year before, but time seems to pass lightly over him, and he truly still continues to

"Witch the world with noble horsemanship!"

Hare-hunting appears to decline in popu-

larity. There are several reasons why this should be the case. The modern Nimrod seems daily to care less for hunting than for riding. A good straight burst is required. Harriers seldom furnish this. It is true they have sometimes done brilliant things, but these are few and far between.

The decline of this sport must, however, be chiefly ascribed to the progress of agriculture. When the land, though perhaps imperfectly cultivated, returned to the farmer a remuneration without much exertion, he received in good part the visit of a pack of harriers. The late free-trade measure, however, has shown the agriculturist that nothing but the greatest care, economy, and high farming will enable him to compete with his rivals. It has in truth been an interesting and exciting race: having the world as spectators, the late Sir Robert Peel the handicapper, the British yeoman carrying the top-weight, and the foreigner a feather. The latter was for a long time "the favorite," the former being considered "badly in." For myself, without pretending to the prescience of "the prophets," something whispered to me to "get upon" the Yeoman, and the result seems to justify my judgment.

The farm now begins to appear like a large garden, and a pack of harriers, with their horse and foot attendants spending the day in running rings round his grounds is not so likely to be regarded with approbation by the occupier.

On the fox-hounds he looks with more benignity. The fixture will most likely come round to him but three or four times in the season, and when it does occur he knows they will probably find and go away. From the rise to which he has gone to view the start, he sees the last "bit of pink" disappearing in the distance, and in the course of a few minutes himself, and men and maids, and startled Dobbins, have all settled down to their work again.

Hare-hunting will flourish longest in the countries where there is a happy mixture of hill and vale, as on the borders of Wales and Scotland, and some parts of England of like character.

After rains, the upper country furnish meets without much injury to the farmer; but even here the Enclosure Act has of late years encroached, much to the disgust of the follower of the chase, and the

lover of wild scenery: the former often sees his progress impeded by (to his steed) an invisible wire fence which renders horsemanship of no avail.

It is a mournful truth that the hand of improvement—or change—is too often raised against our national sports. Perhaps the period of modern times when they most flourished was between the years 1820 and 1835. These were the palmy days of Osbaldistone and the Quorn. The period of the run from Ashby Pasture, described in the deathless pages of Nimrod, when "the Squire," and Lambton, and Musters, when Warde and Conyers, and other heroes of the day were "familiar in our mouths as household words."

Steam had not swept away our beautifully-appointed coaches, then just arrived at perfection, and various of our sports seemed in their prime, or in their vigorous youth. I was not "entered" until towards the close of that glorious era, but the vivid recollection lives and forms

"A green spot on memory's waste!"

**OTTER-HUNTING.**—There is perhaps no sport which, though not particularly popular, is more likely to be kept up than this, for while it furnishes what many deem an exciting pursuit, it at the same time checks the increase of an animal whose depredations, though perhaps exaggerated, are the source of much trouble to the minds of anglers and fish-preservers.

Neither can the supply of game for it ever entirely fail, for the otter is difficult to trap, and the immense rocks in some parts, and our large lakes and rivers, form fastnesses which must ensure the breed from extinction.

The mode of pursuing this animal has varied but little; the rough Welsh or Scotch hound is the best: the thoroughbred fox-hound is sometimes used, but he has too much dash and too little patience.

A good terrier or two will be found very useful—indeed, in some localities, indispensable.

The fair sportsman employs only the dog and the spear.

This has, generally speaking, never been an aristocratic sport, but has been patronized chiefly by the lower orders, who are much devoted to it, probably because it is more within their reach than most others, requiring neither gun, horse,

nor certificate, but merely a spear and a moderately good pair of legs. I confess I like it—the exciting drag, and the crash of the “find” would alone make it interesting while the early hour of the meet and balmy morning air, especially grateful in summer, give an indescribable elevation to the spirits. But in good truth, the thorough sportsman finds none of the field-sports dull, though he may prefer some to others.

The otter is the shyest of animals, and except when hunted, is seldom seen. During a life much passed in the country, I had never but once an opportunity of seeing the creature employed in its piscatory occupation. This was in the middle of the day, and he was in the centre of a large pond. It was interesting to watch him, but seemed so busily engaged in fishing that he remained but a moment at a time on the surface, appearing there at very regular intervals.

In fact, this animal cannot stay under water so long as is generally supposed, though he can instantaneously catch his wind again. In the case I have mentioned he seemed to have but poor sport, for I waited in ambush for some time in the vain hope of seeing him take a fish, on which occasion he will bring it to the bank to discuss at leisure. I had for some days being much dissatisfied with my own exertions in the same water, but the fact of witnessing the ill-success of this superior piscator showed the scarcity of fish, and reconciled me to myself.

A few of our aristocracy fancy this sport. The Duke of Beaufort has some very good hounds, under the famous old Huxley of Leominster. The Duke of Atholl has also an excellent pack. In this latter hunt the spear is banished.

The otter is a great epicure, frequently eating only certain parts of his prey which he deems the tit-bits, leaving the remainder to excite the ire of the angler, whom I have frequently seen, after a day of ill-success, driven nearly frantic by this apparently wanton waste on the part of his quadruped rival!

#### COURSING.

The lovers of the leash are a much-abused and long-suffering class. They seem a race set apart—a mark for the sneers of the rest of the sporting world. They form

themselves into a sort of brotherhood, and patiently and calmly pursue the even tenor of their way—gradually, however, gaining converts, for this sport will bear an analysis, being based on sound sense.

The expense attending it may be trivial, unless its votary should will it otherwise. In the former case, the courser may spend little or nothing, and still have great entertainment. He may have his single greyhound or two running about the house, and when in need of recreation he takes them out. If unsuccessful, he has, at any rate, had an object, which in a walk is a primary consideration. If he “finds,” he enjoys the excitement of the course, and should it result in a *kill*, an acknowledged delicacy is brought to the table in its most delicate state, for there can be no doubt that a coursed hare is the best. It has infinitely the advantage of a shot one, and it must be a depraved taste which can prefer the sodden flesh of a hunted hare to this.

Or the courser, being disposed to be sociable, arranges a meeting with his neighbors, when they have a friendly trial of speed between their greyhounds, on which occasion the winner will regard his dog with all the pride and complacency with which the owner of a “Flying Dutchman” or an “Alice Hawthorn” sees his favorite return to scale.

On the other hand, if it suits his taste or his pocket to embark more extravagantly, he may put his dogs into regular training—compete for the stakes and cups at the upper or provincial meetings, and have all the excitement of the turf with half its expense—certain that the race will be fairly run, and that his greyhound will not *sell* him as his jockey might.

It seems to me the love of coursing and racing should coëxist, so similar are they; and, accordingly, we find this often the case—witness Lord Stradbroke, Eglington, John Scott, and others.

The greyhound has a perfect temper and endearing ways. It is the most beautiful of animals, with movements graceful in the extreme—the adaptation of the frame to its purpose wonderful to behold.

This sport is often the occasion of meetings which the peer and the peasant may share with like enjoyment, when the coursing of the morning is succeeded by the *courses* of the festive board—the latter being often found not the worst part of

the day's entertainment—and which any one with a decent coat and a few shillings in his pocket is privileged to partake of.

The village Boniface finds the sport of all others the best adapted to his purpose, as he can keep the company under his eye, prevent shirking from the feast, and, being moderate exercise, it brings them to

his table in the best possible tune to appreciate the good cheer.

I know an innkeeper who, after many successful coursing meetings, was so unwise as to determine to vary his annual entertainment by a hunt, and procured a bagged fox and the assistance of a neighboring pack of harriers.

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From Dickens's Household Words.

## A TALE OF A POCKET ARCHIPELAGO.

OPPOSITE Paimpol, on the coast of Brittany, is a little cluster of islands known by the ambitious name of the Archipelago of Brehat. It is quite a pocket archipelago. The whole number of the inhabitants is not above fifteen hundred; but (as is natural, it seems, to insular people) this diminutive nation is famous for pride and exclusiveness. The man of Brehat will not admit that he is a Frenchman, or even a Breton—he is a man of Brehat. High and low—for there are such distinctions even there—not only think themselves superior to all the rest of the world, but look upon strangers with dislike and contempt. The women carry this prejudice so far, that if an unlucky being of their sex accidentally comes over from the continent to seek employment, every back is turned upon her, and there is not a single word of greeting. She is soon compelled to go and seek a livelihood elsewhere. The men are more cosmopolitan, for they are all sailors, almost from infancy. But however far they may go in their voyages, they always return to seek a wife on their native soil; and when old age compels them to settle down, they return to their national bigotry and exclusiveness.

The Archipelago of Brehat is composed of one large island or rather two joined together by a causeway, constructed by Vauban, and a number of islets and rocks, now completely uninhabited, but

formerly covered with buildings of various kinds, fortresses or monasteries—it is not certain which. When I first saw Brehat, it was from the rocks above Paimpol. The great ocean-tide was coming in, accelerated by a violent wind, and seemed to threaten to bury the pocket archipelago in the vast foaming waves. There was nothing in the reputation of the place to induce me to visit it; and I should have been content with this distant view, had it not been for the peculiar circumstances which I am now about to relate.

I had just arrived—wandering through Brittany without any special object—from St. Brieuc, in the coupé of a diligence, or, rather, in what was called the coupé of what was called the diligence. It was a sort of miserable omnibus, with two aristocratic seats in front, divided off by a ragged leathern curtain. Peasants and their wives, with children, dogs, and fowls, occupied the hinder compartment. I had secured one of the places in front; the other was occupied by a good-looking, bright-eyed young man, whose dress and demeanor at once pointed him out as an officer in some stout merchant-ship. From his conversation I learned that he belonged to that part of the world. On the other hand, he seemed far from inclined to be communicative about his own affairs; and when he leaped to the ground, in front of the Hotel de Rennes, he gave me a hearty shake of the hand, a farewell nod, and

disappeared, without any intimation that it was likely we should meet again.

My walk along the coast took place on the morrow; and after having admired a scene which is always admirable—the coming in of the Atlantic tide against a rocky shore protected by outlying islands—I had begun to think that my presence was no longer absolutely required in that part of the world, and that I might as well go back over the hills to Saint Brieu. It was in this mood of mind that I saw coming towards me, walking with an uncertain step, my travelling-companion of the previous day. I at first thought that he was doing as I was, namely, admiring the prospect; but it soon appeared, from his awkward and confused manner, not only that he was no student of the picturesque, but that he was working up his courage to speak to me on a point which interested him personally. The salutation was more cordial on my side than on his. We talked a little, of course, about the prospect, and about the weather; and then he said, quite timidly:

“Have you no intention of visiting our Archipelago of Brehat?”

“None in the world,” I was about to reply, but the word “our” struck me. “You are then from Brehat?” I inquired, answering the question by another.

He seemed glad of the opportunity to tell his story, being evidently in a different mood from that in which I had previously seen him. We sat down on a wall belonging to a ruined cottage, with our faces to the wind; which sometimes compelled us to be watchful lest our hats should be blown away, and brought the taste of salt to our lips.

“Yes,” said the young man. “I am from Brehat; a wild country for strangers, though worth visiting for a day, but to all those born upon it as dear as if it were one of the sunny isles of Greece. You must go and see for yourself, however, what kind of place it is. I shall try to tempt you, for I have a selfish interest to satisfy. It is now exactly a year since I left it. I went to Nantes, and joined my ship, bound to Trebisond, in the Black Sea. We have traded ever since in the Mediterranean—a fine piece of water. Have you ever been there?”

I replied that I had; but added, smiling, that this was a very meagre outline of a story. He admitted that it was. After all, he had nothing particular, he said, to

tell. The fact was, “he loved somebody,” a very plain, simple, and common fact, quite uninteresting to a stranger. But, who was this somebody? Madeleine. A very definite description! To him, however, the name had prodigious significance. It meant—as I found when he gradually warmed into confession—the first meeting on the dancing-ground on Sunday evening near the beach when he returned after his first voyage, begun when almost a boy—a desolate orphan—and concluded when quite a man; it meant the admiration and love which had flashed through his frame when he first beheld her coming along beneath some stunted trees amidst her comrades in age, who seemed born only to be her attendants; it meant that whole bewildering evening in which, despite all rules of propriety, he danced only with her, gazed only at her, thought only of her, attended only on her, and disregarded all the anger, and the jealousy, and the chatterings, and the sneers of damsels who thought themselves at least equally entitled to homage from the young and handsome sailor. “For I am rather good-looking to a woman’s eye,” said our young friend, naïvely passing his fingers through his hair. I laughingly assented, and listened with attention, when, after this explosion of feminine or half-civilized vanity, he went on to relate how Madeleine was the daughter of the richest proprietor on the island, and how her father had promised her in marriage to an old retired admiral, whom fancy had led to establish himself during the latter years of his life at Brehat.

“I was not the man to let this sacrifice take place with the sneaking complacency of your town’s-folk,” said the sailor, (who, by the way, told me that his name was Cornic.) I went and asked Madeleine’s hand, and was of course refused, because my wealth was not sufficient. I objected that wealth was a thing to be got, and that a man who had all his limbs and a strong will to command them, with the hope of Madeleine in the future, was capable of doing wonders. The old man said something about the sacredness of his promise to the admiral; but, as he had resolved not to let his daughter be married for a couple of years, intimated that if I could make a good offer within that time, why, he would take the matter into consideration. So I set off on my voyage to Trebisond; not, you may be sure, without

having had some private talk with Madeleine, and obtaining from her a promise that she would never marry the admiral until I gave up all claim to her hand. For, as you may imagine, my dear sir, Madeleine did not hesitate a moment between me and the crusty old sea-wolf who had cast his eyes on her, and whose mode of courtship was to watch her through a telescope from his window as she went in and out of her house or wandered towards the fields. I am quite sure she will keep her promise; still, woman's nature is weak. I have heard no news from Brehat since I left; and now that I am so near, I am afraid to go over. I had tried to learn in Paimpol some news of the doings in the island; but nobody knows anything of them. It is true that a wicked old woman has told me that Madeleine Bosc was married to M. Renard a week or two ago; but this must be a falsehood. Neither she nor her father would dare to deceive me so. I am terrible, sir, when I am angry. There is no knowing what I might do. We are not Bretons at Brehat. We come from the south. We are Basques or Spaniards. You know how those people treat the mistress who has betrayed them, and the man who is her accomplice."

Young Cornic had risen, and was walking rapidly to and fro along the edge of the rock, making threatening gesticulations towards the far-out island of Brehat. I now understood that he wanted me, having confidence—I know not for what reason—in my discretion and willingness to oblige, to go over to Brehat and ascertain the truth of the report which had agitated him. He feared that, if he went himself, he might be driven to commit some crime. As my journey had no particular goal, it was not a very great sacrifice on my part to consent. I took his instructions, promised to return on the morrow, went with him to Paimpol, hired a bark, and, the weather having become quite fine, in a few hours reached Brehat.

A wall of crumbling granite encircles the principal island, and allows nothing to be seen from the sea but the summits of numerous small hills, always crowned with rocks. As you advance inland, however, the country becomes more pleasing. In few parts of France, indeed, is the soil more industriously made use of. The fields extend to the very base of the rocks, and are covered with a rich vegetation. Between them run narrow pathways,

quite sufficient for the use of a district which contains not a single cart nor even a single horse. There are a good many cows; and carriage is performed by means of asses. Hamlets, composed of neat and clean houses, and with names ending in "ker" and "ec" are scattered here and there. The most considerable is called Le Bourg: and it was towards this, that I directed my steps from the landing-place.

There was of course no hotel or respectable inn of any kind, but I managed to obtain hospitality in a cabaret, where I saw some sailors drinking. The hostess was a surly old lady, who looked at me askance as I consumed an early dinner, for which I had promised to pay well. She could not make out what I wanted at Bourg; but did not choose to indulge in any inquiries. I was obliged to begin the conversation myself, and soon found that without plump questioning I should never reach the point I aimed at. I had asked who were the principal inhabitants of the island? I had been asked in return, what I wanted to know for? At length, I boldly mentioned the name of M. Bosc, and succeeded in learning that he had gone to France, perhaps to Paris.

"And Madeleine," said I.

The old lady came and stood full before me and looked, with something like fury, in my countenance.

"What business had I," she at length asked, "to speak of the bride of Kerwareva?"

These words at once told me that poor Cornic's fate was, in reality, decided. I remained silent, and the hostess, thinking that she had sufficiently rebuked me, went away to attend to her domestic duties. But it seems that her mind continued to work upon the thoughts I had suggested. She came back to me with a gentler expression of countenance, sat down near me, and said:

"What curiosity can a stranger have about the bride of Kerwareva?"

I replied that I did not know what she meant; that I had once heard that M. Bosc had a pretty daughter; and that I asked about her, simply because I had nothing else to ask about.

"In that case," replied she, "take my advice and do not speak of her to any one else in this island. The friends of M. Bosc are numerous and quarrelsome. I have no time to tell you her story now, but I will say something about it this evening before



you go to bed. If you wish to see her," she added, lowering her voice, "take a brisk walk towards the northern point of our island, pass Kerwareva, just look at the pretty little house you will see built there, and manage to reach the reach the Peacock's Hollow at the time of low tide. Approach it softly; and, if you respect sorrow, do not speak to what you see."

So saying, the hostess—in whom insular exclusiveness had thus yielded to female garrulity—bustled away to attend to some new customer, and I started in the direction she had pointed out. I soon reached Vauban's Causeway, and, having passed a hamlet that immediately succeeds it, entered upon a country totally different in character from that which I have described. Everything wore a wilder and more savage aspect. Rocks more frequently broke through the soil, and rose to a greater height, in strange forms. The vegetation was evidently less active. Heath and brushwood stretched in great masses here and there. The few houses were of a different character, lower and more primitive. Kerwareva, which I soon reached, was composed of mere huts, built of loose stone, and thatched with turf. But, a little way from it, amidst some rocks, rose, as I had been led to expect, an elegant little house, that looked as much out of there, as a London villa in the midst of the Libyan desert. The shutters were closed, and it did not at first seem to be inhabited; but, as I passed near it, I saw a very respectable-looking man—no doubt the Admiral—sitting in the doorway, in an attitude of despondency, but looking with intent eagerness towards the north. Although curious to scan the countenance of another of the actors in the sad story, I refrained from approaching; and continued my walk towards the Peacock's Hollow.

As soon as I had passed the last houses of the village, all traces of human presence disappeared. I entered a realm of rock, earth, air, and water, intermingled. First, came a desert heath, sinking here and there into a salt-marsh; then an inclined plain of meagre turf; then two enormous blocks of granite, rising up like the fragmentary walls of a ruined tower of gigantic magnitude. I looked round for the form I expected to see. All was silent, save when the thousand murmurs of the waves on every side were borne along by a gust of wind. I advanced slowly be-

tween the seeming walls, meeting with no obstacle but some huge stones, rounded by the continued action of the water, which at present, however, was far beneath. Soon a kind of subterranean roar warned me to be cautious and presently I saw a vast abyss open before me, descending to invisible depths, and widening towards the beach below, where the water at its lowest ebb was playing in the light of the sun, now far down towards the horizon. Across the centre of the gulf lay a huge block of stone, like a bridge, which, as I afterwards learned, is ever lifted up by the high tide as it rushes in, and ever falls back into its old place as solid and firm as ever.

It was easy to see that it was impossible to approach the Peacock's Hollow except by the way I had come. The huge rocks inclining inward, rose far overhead; not even a goat could have moved along their surface. I began to fear some catastrophe, but, on looking back, suddenly saw a light graceful figure, clothed in white, advancing by the way I had come. I made myself small against the rock to let it pass. There was no doubt in my mind that this was Madeleine, the bride of Kerwareva. She passed fearlessly by me and drew near the edge of the gulf. I retired a little, but gazed anxiously at her. She took up a pebble, and, having murmured some words that resembled an incantation, cast it below. Then she listened for awhile, clapped her hands joyously, exclaimed: "This year—this year!" and came running back with the lightness of a fawn. I again allowed her to pass: and, having no further curiosity to satisfy at the Peacock's Hollow, slowly retraced my steps.

On reaching the heath that precedes Kerwareva, I was surprised to see Madeleine crouching down near the path, and seeming to watch eagerly for my coming. I affected to pass by without seeing her, but she ran towards me and took hold of my sleeve, smiling in a deprecating manner, as if she feared I might be offended. Let me admit that my lip quivered, and my eyes grew dim. I did not need the revelations of mine hostess of Le Bourg to explain these unequivocal signs. The poor thing had evidently lost her reason. Though what she now said, appeared at first plain and sensible enough.

"You are the first stranger I have met at that false, foolish place," said she, "and,

although I would not notice you then, my heart shrank as if you might be the bearer of evil news. You seemed to look at me, and not to care about the curiosities of our island. This is not proper in a stranger, but if you are a messenger the case is quite different. We can talk together here—and if you stoop down, the admiral will not be able to see us with his telescope.”

I did not know what to say. It was quite evident that an impassable barrier had now been raised between Cornic and Madeleine. To speak of his presence on the mainland would be sheer cruelty.

“What is the reason you threw the pebble into the gulf, my child?” said I, evading the subject she wished to talk of.

“I am not your child,” she replied haughtily. “I am the child of M. Bosc, the richest man on this island, which is the reason why they all want to marry me—all the old admirals, I mean. But, my heart is sealed up, and he who can open it is far away. He will come back, for the pebble speaks truth. All the young girls of Brehat try that experiment; but those that sigh for *him* come away disappointed—looking red and foolish. The pebbles they throw do not go straight down, but tinkle, tinkle against the rock—one tinkle for every year of maidenhood. Mine only makes no noise, so that, of course, Cornic must come back soon. For, how else am I to be married to him?”

I tried to proceed, but she stood in my path.

“All is wrong here,” touching her forehead. “I won’t deceive you; but I am not so mad as not to see you come from Cornic. Why, if you did not know all about my story and pity me, you would be quite frightened! But you only look grave and puzzled. Ha! perhaps you are one of those who say he went down to the bottom of the sea. But this is nonsense. I must be married to him within the year; and drowned men don’t marry. Hush! let us talk of something else; here is my husband!”

I had little time to notice the contradiction of the latter part of this speech; for, the old Admiral, who had approached over the low country, now came close upon us. He walked slowly, as if not to interrupt our colloquy rudely; but evidently was surprised. I looked at him apologetically, and he bowed.

“Madeleine,” said he very gently and

affectionately, “the air is getting cold as the evening comes on. You know that your father bade me be careful about your health.”

She smiled quite kindly at her old husband; and took his arm with a demure look. I went away after exchanging salutes and glances of intelligence with him; and did not turn back for some time. I then saw this strange couple walking sedately towards the little house among the rocks.

“What a sad story I shall have to tell to poor Cornic!” thought I.

The hostess at Le Bourg had very little to add to what I had learned; but, as I kept the secret of my interview with Madeleine to myself, I had to endure a long and confused narrative. The news of Cornic’s death had been brought—probably invented—purposely. Then, Madeleine had been overpersuaded by her father to marry the Admiral. What were the precise means used to influence her were not known; but on leaving the church she escaped from the company, and was found some hours afterwards, throwing pebbles into the Peacock’s Hollow, and exclaiming that she was to be married within the year. This happened but a few months after Cornic’s departure, which makes it reasonable to suppose that the young man was deluded to go away, simply that the marriage might take place without opposition. From that time forward, Madeleine never perfectly recovered her reason, though she lived on good terms with the Admiral, who treated her rather as his daughter than his wife. He had often been heard bitterly to regret having been the cause of so much misfortune. He built the little cottage at Kerwareva, in order that his poor wife might indulge her innocent fancy without being obliged every day to take a fatiguing walk. He watched over her with tenderness, and the influence of his character was sufficient to prevent her from being disturbed in her wanderings.

“My belief is,” quoth the hostess yawning, towards the end of her story, “that Cornic will some day come back, which will be very unfortunate. If Madeleine sees him, something dreadful will happen. Should you meet a sailor of that name in your travels, tell him to keep away from Brehat.”

Next day I returned to Paimpol. The first person I met was Cornic. He was

watching for me. I held down my head. "Tell me all about it," he said, with manly firmness. "I think I shall be able to bear it."

He little expected what he was to hear: and shed some bitter tears in the little room of the Hotel de Rennes. Once, he was on the point of hastening over to Brehat, and presenting himself before Madeleine.

"She may regain her reason on beholding me," he exclaimed.

"To what purpose?" I inquired.

"You are right," he replied. "I will return to my ship at Marseilles."

This was the best he could do under the

circumstances. I accompanied him back to St. Brieuc, and then we parted. He looked very miserable and agitated; and I was not quite sure of him. But he was a fine fellow, and kept his promise; and here, artistically speaking, this story ought to have an end. Life, however, is a complicated and extraordinary affair and I am obliged to add, that when, a year or two afterwards, the Admiral died, Cornic went to Brehat. His presence produced a magical effect, I suppose; but this I know—that the young widow did actually recover her reason, and was actually married to him, after all.

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From the Men of the Time.

## B A R O N H U M B O L D T .

HUMBOLDT, Frederick Henry Alexander, Baron, the great German naturalist, was born in Berlin, September, 14, 1769. He was educated with a view to employment in the direction of the government mines successively at Göttingen, Frankfort on the Oder, at Hamburg, and at the mining-school of Freiberg. In 1792 he was appointed assessor to the mining board, a post which he shortly exchanged for that of a director of the works at Baireuth. In 1795 he relinquished these duties in order to connect himself to those pursuits of investigation and discovery in which he has won an undying name. From the earliest period he had evinced a faculty of physical inquiry, which he had assiduously cultivated by the study of chemistry, botany, geology, and galvanism; the latter then a new and incipient science. He now proceeded to condense and arrange his scientific ideas, and test them by the known, before applying them in countries yet unexplored. His next care was to look round for a country whose ill-known natural riches might open to the industrious inquirer a prospect of numerous and valuable discoveries. Mean-

while he made a journey with Hatler to North Italy to study the volcanic theory of rocks in the mountains of that district, and, in 1797, started for Naples with a similar purpose with Bach. Compelled to surrender this plan by the events of war, he turned his steps to Paris, met with a most friendly reception from the *savans* of that capital, and made the acquaintance of Bonpland, just appointed naturalist to Baudin's expedition. Humboldt had only time to arrange to accompany his new-made friend when the war compelled the postponement of the entire project. Upon this he resolved to travel in North-Africa, and with Bonpland, had reached Marseilles for embarkation, when the events of the times again thwarted his intention. The travellers now turned into Spain, where Humboldt, whose great merits were made known by Baron von Forell, the Saxon minister, was encouraged by the government to undertake the exploration of Spanish America, and received promises of assistance in his investigations. On the 4th of June, 1799, Humboldt and Bonpland sailed from Corunna, and happily escaped the English cruisers; and

on the 19th landed in the haven of Santa Cruz, Teneriffe. They ascended the peak, and in the course of the few days of their stay collected a number of new observations in the natural history of the island. They then crossed the ocean without accident, and landed on American ground, near Cumana, on the 16th of July. They employed eighteen months in examining the territory which now forms the free state of Venezuela, reached Caraccas in February, 1800, and left the sea-coast anew near Puerto Cabella, in order to reach the Orinoco by crossing the grassy steppes of Calobozo. They embarked on the Orinoco in canoes, and proceeded to the extreme Spanish post, Fort San Carlos, on the Rio Negro, two degrees from the equator, and returned to Cumana, after having travelled thousands of miles through an uninhabited wilderness. They left the continent for Havana, and stayed there for some months, until, receiving a false report that Baudin was awaiting them, according to appointment, on the coast of South-America, they sailed from Cuba in March, 1801, for Carthagena, in order to proceed thence to Panama. The season being unfavorable to a further advance, they settled for a time at Bogota, but in September, 1801, set out for the south, despite of the rains, crossed the Cordillera di Quindin, followed the valley of Cauca, and by the greatest exertions reached Quito, January 6, 1802. Eight months were spent in exploring the valley of Quito and the volcanic mountains which enclose it. Favored by circumstances, they ascended several of these, reaching heights previously unattained. On the 23d June, 1802, they climbed Chimborazo, and reached a height of 19,300 feet—a point of the earth higher than any which had hitherto been ascended. Humboldt next travelled over Loxa, Jaen de Bracomoros, Caxamarca, and the high chain of the Andes, and reached, near Truxillo, the shore of the Pacific. Passing thence through the desert of Lower Peru, he came to Lima. In January, 1803, he sailed for Mexico, visited its chief cities, collecting facts, and departed for Valladolid, traversed the province of Mechracan, and reaching the Pacific coast near Jorullo, returned to Mexico. Here he stayed some months, gaining large accessions to his stores of knowledge by intercourse with the observant portion of the educated classes of that country. In

January, 1804, he embarked for Havana from Vera Cruz, remained there a short time, paid a visit of two months to Philadelphia, and finally returned to Europe, landing at Havre in August, 1804, richer in collections of objects, but especially in observations on the great field of the natural sciences, in botany, zoology, geology, geography, statistics, and ethnography, than any preceding traveller. Paris at that time offering a greater assemblage of scientific aids than any capital of the continent, he took up his residence there, in order to prepare the results of his researches for the public eye. He shortly commenced a series of gigantic publications in almost every department of science; and, in 1817, after twelve years of incessant toil, four fifths had been printed in parts, each of which cost in the market more than \$500. Since that time the publication has gone on more slowly, and is still incomplete. Having visited Italy in 1818, with Gay-Lussac, and afterward travelled in England in 1826, he returned, took up his residence in Berlin, and, enjoying the personal favor and most intimate society of the sovereign, was made a councillor of state, and intrusted with more than one diplomatic mission. In 1829, at the particular desire of the Czar, he visited Siberia and the Caspian sea, in company with Gustav Rose and Ehrenberg. The travellers accomplished a distance of 2142 geographical miles, journeying on the Wolga from Novorogod to Casan, and by land to Catharineberg, Tobolsk, Barnaul, Schlangenberg, and Zyrianski on the southwest slope of the Altai, by Buchtarminsk to the Chinese frontier. On their return, they took the route by Ust-Kamonogorsk, Orusk, the Southern Ural, Orenberg, Sarepta, Astrachan, Moscow, and Petersburg. Taken singly, there is not one of Humboldt's achievements which has not been surpassed, but taken together they constitute a body of services rendered to science such as is without parallel. The activity of naturalists is commonly directed either to accumulate rich materials in observations, or to combine such observations in a systematic manner, so as to derive from their diversity one rational whole; Humboldt has done both so well, that his performances in either department would entitle him to admiration. With a mind in which was treasured up every observation or con-

jecture of preceding philosophers, not excepting those of antiquity, he set out measuring the heights of mountains, noting temperature, collecting plants, dissecting animals, and every where pressing forward to penetrate the meaning of the relations which he found to subsist between the different portions of the organic kingdom and man. This latter new and practical aspect of the natural sciences was first presented by Humboldt, and gives to such studies an interest for thousands who have no taste for the mere enumeration of rocks, and plants, and animals. The sciences which deal with the laws governing the geographical distribution of plants, animals, and men, had

their origin in the observations and generalizations of Humboldt, who may be justly regarded as the founder of the new school of physical inquiry. In addition to the general and ultimate gain to humanity of such an advance in science as Humboldt has effected, it is to be reckoned the immediate partial benefit of his observations, according to which charts have been constructed, agriculture extended, and territories peopled. Humboldt is most popularly known by his "Cosmos," a work written in the evening of his life, in which he contemplates all created things as linked together and forming one whole, animated by internal forces.

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From Sharpe's Magazine.

## DANTE AND THE DIVINA COMMEDIA.

ITALY! it is a word of wondrous fascination. What a clustering host of associations does its mere mention awaken: ancient Rome; her imperial sway; her literature, art, and external refinement; her great deeds and her deathless names. The early struggles of Christianity with Paganism; the collision of northern barbarism with an effete civilization; the brooding darkness of ages; the throes which attended the birth of infant freedom; and the cities such as Genoa, Florence, Vienna, which were at once its nurseries, the centres of commerce, and the sources of modern enlightenment. Italy! it is the home of science, of poetry, of painting, and of sculpture; it is the land of Dante, of Petrarch, of Boccaccio, of Tasso, and Ariosto; the land of Raphael, of Titian, of Michael Angelo, and of Galileo. In a word, the great historic events there transacted; the glory shed over it by its men of genius, and the unsurpassed loveliness of its natural scenery, constitute the triple charm—the lasting fascination

—which attracts the human mind to Italy.

Of all its cities or states during the middle ages, Florence was that which from its central position and its strong spirit of liberty, exercised the greatest influence, and in turn was most affected by the changes in the governments which surrounded it. The pages of Machiavelli unfold the story of its relation to other states, and describe the ordeals through which it passed. And in the "Life of Lorenzo de Medici," by Roscoe, we may learn to what a high pitch of refinement and magnificence it ultimately attained.

Our late venerable poet, Rogers, in his poem entitled "Italy," says:

"Of all the cities of the earth  
None is so fair as Florence! 'Tis a gem  
Of purest ray: and what a light broke forth  
When it emerged from darkness. Search within,  
Without; all is enchantment! 'This the Past  
Contending with the Present; and in turn,  
Each has the mastery."

Shelly, too, gives the following miniature picture:

"Florence, beneath the sun,  
Of cities fairest one,  
Blushes within her bower."

Florence was the birth-place, the city, the home, of Dante Alighieri, the author of the *DIVINA COMMEDIA* and the greatest of the Italian poets. He was born there on the 14th of May, 1265. Sprung from an ancient family, he received a liberal education as befitted his rank, and at the age of twenty-four we find that he distinguished himself at the battle of Campaldino, a battle fought between the Guelph, or Papal party, and the Ghibellines, or adherents of the Emperor. Such were the two great parties into which Italy was at this time divided. Pope and Emperor were the watchwords of the age. It was the collision between the rival pretensions of the civil and ecclesiastical powers, which even to this day have received no final adjustment. Dante was a Guelph, and as such fought with his Florentine party at Campaldino. Next year he was present at another battle fought against the citizens of Pisa, and witnessed the surrender of their Castle of Caprona to the Florentine forces. After these military services he seems to have been employed on several important embassies, until in his thirty-fifth year he was chosen Prior or Chief Magistrate of his native city. At this time the Guelph, or Papal party, to which Dante was attached, were in possession of power in Florence. But during his Priorship, and from some trivial cause, the dominant Guelphs split into two minor parties, known by the names of the Neri and the Bianchi. The feud raged between them with the greatest bitterness and severity. In Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet," we have a glimpse of the intensity of these Italian semi-public, semi-private quarrels. While Dante, as chief Prior, was striving to unite the contending factions, Corso Donati, with the leaders of the Neri, or Black party, endeavored to introduce Charles of Valois, brother to the French king, into Florence, in order, as they alleged, to pacify the city. The Bianchi, or Whites, enraged at a project so nefarious, assumed arms, and demanded the punishment of their opponents. By Dante's advice, and as the only means of preserving tranquility, the chiefs of both parties were banished.

He seems to have acted with strict impartiality in his banishment of the leaders; for on the one side were the Donati, his kinsmen by marriage, and on the other his intimate and endeared friend Guido Cavalcanti; but he was blamed for favoring the Bianchi, and suspicions were excited against him. In 1302, on the expiry of his term of office, he was induced to undertake an embassy to Rome, with the view of obtaining the mediation of Boniface VIII., and of deprecating the foreign interference of Charles of Valois. The exiles of the Neri faction had, however, in the meantime not been idle. They had obtained the decision of his Holiness in their favor, and while Dante was absent Charles entered Florence, revolutionized the government, and established a dictatorship. Under pretext that Dante was the friend of the Bianchi, his possessions were confiscated, and himself condemned to perpetual exile. Never again was it his lot to enter Florence. Apprized of the calamity that had befallen him, separated from his wife and children, a beggar and an outcast, he took refuge in Sienna, and then afterward in Arezzo. An attempt was made by the disaffected party to surprise Florence; that attempt having failed, Dante, despairing of success and disgusted by the want of agreement among the leaders, left Arezzo, and seems to have commenced that wandering and unsettled life, passing from friend to friend, and from court to court, which was his bitter lot until his death.

In one of his prose writings he complains in very touching language of the poverty and exile he was called upon to endure, when he experienced, as he says:

"How salt another's bread is—and the toil  
Of going up and down another's stairs."

The *Divina Commedia*, although commenced prior to his exile, was chiefly written, and certainly the whole of it revised, during this period of bitter calamity, when sick with deferred hope and with the sense of injustice gnawing his heart and exasperating his temper.

The last of Dante's patrons was Guido Polenta, of Ravenna, himself a man of learning and a poet. Dante seems to have been but too devoted to his interests. Being employed by the prince on an embassy to the Venetians, want of success,

it is said, so affected him as to bring on an illness which terminated fatally. Thus died the great poet at Ravenna, in 1321, severed in death, as in life, from his beloved Florence. The citizens of Ravenna would lend no ear to the repeated entreaties of the repentant Florentines for the dust of their renowned citizen.

Of all the events of the stormy period and troubled career of Dante which affected him both as a poet and as a man, none had such great influence in moulding the character of his poetry as his love for Beatrice Portinari, the daughter of a citizen of Florence. His passion for her began when she was in her ninth year, and continued unabated ever afterwards. In one of his earliest works, the "Vita Nuova," he gives an account of it. There we learn how true, pure, and deep a love it was. Under its influence his whole being became enraptured and entranced. Haunted ever by the image of the fair Italian maiden, it is not wonderful that his fancy enhanced her charms, for he describes her as:

"Divinely tintured with a pearl-like hue,  
Gentle and sweet to view;  
With looks of scorn where scornfulness were  
meet;  
Meek, unpretending, self-control'd, and still,  
With sense instinctive shrinking from all ill."

And again—

"Onward she moves, clothed with humility,  
Hearing with looks benign her praises sung;  
A being seeming sent from heaven among  
Mankind to show what heavenly wonders be."

We may regret that such love was unrewarded with its object. But Beatrice was destined for another, most probably by the stern law of a father's will. We, however, find no trace of Dante's repining or disappointment. He seems to have resigned himself without a murmur to his lot, content to render at a distance, and in secret, the homage of his heart. Great was the effect which the death of Beatrice had upon her lover's mind. She was now all his own, a blessed spirit in the galaxy of immortals. On the occasion of her death he says,—

"Forth from the lowly habitation where  
Supreme in grace it dwelt, her soul is gone,  
And in its worthy place shines stargy  
bright."

Up into these high regions the yearning

spirit of Dante would fain follow the glorified Beatrice. The beloved of earth becomes sublimed to his gaze, and radiant with immortality he sees her bending from her lofty sphere in wistful solicitude, lest the devious paths into which his steps were turned, and the false images of good which he pursued, should destroy the power of virtue over his mind, and deprive him of final salvation. In the thirtieth canto of *Purgatorio*, he makes Beatrice say,—

"Nor aught availed it I for him besought  
High inspirations, with the which in dreams  
And otherwise I strove to lead him back.  
So little warned his bosom to my call,  
To such vile depths he fell, that all device  
Had failed for his salvation, save to show  
The children of perdition to his eyes."

It is evident, we think, that the primary idea of Dante's great work was suggested by his etherialized passion for Beatrice Portinari. Had she never existed it is probable that neither would the *Divina Commedia*. According to the religious spirit and belief of the times, Beatrice became to Dante a potent and supernal influence. From her and through her were sympathy and succour. Holy desire takes the place of earthly passion, and Beatrice to the weary spirit of her mortal lover typifies and represents the heavenly wisdom. Brought thus in contact with the invisible, the lover's desire and dream supply to the mind of the poet the idea of a journey through, and of gazing with open vision upon the realms of woe, of purification, and of bliss. The idea expanded by the imagination begets the purpose to give it embodiment, and then gradually, line by line, and thought upon thought, CREATIVE GENIUS bids it into existence the fair and finished fabric of the *Divina Commedia*.

The Hell, or *Inferno*, of the poem is an immense circular cavern in the form of an inverted cone, divided into nine circles, and reaching to the centre of the earth. The different grades of the lost spirits are confined in these circles, the punishment increasing in intensity in proportion to the depth. *Purgatory*, again, is the converse of the *Inferno*. It is a great mountain cone rising on the other side of the globe, divided into seven circles, where the seven mortal sins are expiated and souls purged for heaven. On the summit of *purgatory* is situated the terrestrial *Paradise*, the

connecting link between heaven and the purgatorial realms. Paradise, or the celestial regions, which is the third portion of the universe, consists of nine spheres, reaching upward to the throne of the Supreme. The first heaven is the moon, the next the planet Mercury, the third Venus, the fourth the Sun, where abide the doctors and great luminaries of the church. In Mars, the fifth heaven, reside the souls of those warriors who have died in battle for the Christian faith. The sixth heaven is Jupiter, the seventh Saturn, where are the spirits of those who had passed their lives in holy contemplation. The eighth is the fixed stars. In the ninth heaven is the centre of the great fountain of light, around which revolve concentric circles of cherubim and seraphim, angels and archangels.

"Here is the starting-point where first begins  
The course of each revolving orb, in space  
From the great axle to the utmost bound  
Speeding its way. No heaven remains behind  
But the dread presence of the Eternal One,  
That spirit pure, whence everlasting love  
Doth emanate, and kindle all beneath."

Beyond the ninth sphere is the Empyrean, which is mere light; where is the great mystery of the Trinity and of God-Man.

Dante, it is supposed began his great work in his thirty-fifth year; wrote part of it in Florence, and completed it before he left Verona. Written, as it were, with his very life's blood, he was no sooner dead than its power was felt, and its great merit universally recognized. Chairs were founded to explain its allegorical subtleties, and to expound its philosophy and theology.

Succeeding generations have confirmed the testimony of his contemporaries, and pronounced it immortal. The Divine Comedy is to be classed with the Iliad and the Paradise Lost as one of the three greatest products of the epic muse. In each of these three immortal poems is preëminently embodied the spirit and manner of the age in which it was produced. They serve thus, as landmarks, to indicate the progress of humanity in its onward march toward the fullness of light and liberty. In the Iliad we have nature, pure unaided nature, depicted and delineated; its polytheistic creed reaching no higher than the Olympian heavens, its

rude force and courage directed by no sense of the import of duty or of right. Dante's poem again, after the lapse of centuries, rises as another monumental indicator, faithfully embodying the spirit and belief of the Middle Ages, to signify how vast a stride has been made from the paganism of Homer. Gloom and shade, it is true, still prevail; but they are intermingled with light from the sun of Christianity, which gleaming athwart the mists of superstition, directs and glorifies the song of the Tuscan bard. Milton's epic is, once more, the offspring and embodiment of the Reformation era. A brighter day has dawned—the mists of Middle-Age superstition are dissipated; and the mighty product of Milton's genius, irradiated by the unclouded orb of truth, preclaims the epoch of mental liberation and enlightenment. Thus the facts or spiritual conditions which the three great poems respectively embody and represent are Paganism, Roman Catholicism, and Protestantism.

In these latter days of ours, we must not test Dante by the knowledge and light which the march of the ages have brought to us. To appreciate, perhaps, even to understand him, we would require to travel backwards to the thirteenth century, and to realise to ourselves the environments of that early period: its semi-barbarism, its fierce political passions, its bitter fends, its narrowness, its stern bigotries, and its scholastic refinings. Dante lived upward of sixty years before Chaucer, and nearly three hundred before Shakespeare. The child of a rude and warlike age, he was contemporary with Edward I., of England; with Charles Martel, of Hungary; and with Philip the Fair of France. He wrote too, without a model, in an unformed language, when the literature of modern Europe consisted only of the lays of the Troubadours, and Trouveurs of France, and of the rapid productions of their imitators, the poets of Sicily and northern Italy. In his day the creed of Rome was firmly credited, unquestioned, all-paramount. The religious excitement of a previous century, which gave birth to the orders of St. Dominic, and St. Francis, produced, not divergence from the Church, but rather tended to increase her authority and to enforce her claims. The intellect of the age expended itself in the refinements of the scholastic philosophy. False science held sway.



The earth was the immovable centre of the universe, and the sun and starry host revolved around it. Aristotle and Ptolemy were supreme. The invention of printing was an event hid in future. Yet it was, nevertheless, a period of intellectual quickening, and of considerable attainment. Seats of learning existed; law, medicine, and philosophy were cultivated, and the ancient writers studied. The great scholastic, Thomas Aquinas, flourished in the middle of the thirteenth century. Dante was accomplished in all the accomplishments of his time, and learned in all its learning. His poem evinces this by its literary illusions, its scientific, theological, and philosophical disquisitions; and in particular do we discover his admiration for, and reverence of, the great names of Greece and Rome. In the execution of his self-imposed task, all Dante's knowledge, flowing as it did from the most diverse sources, was laid under contribution. The ancient literature and mythology, the subtleties of the schools, and the amorous spirit and sentiments of the prevailing poetry—all these enter largely as constituent elements, but they are fused into harmony by the intensity of the poet's mind, and by the force of his genius. The conception of the poem is as wonderful as its execution is vigorous. Originality, power, vividness of description, and intensity of feeling, are its predominating characteristics. Between the three divisions of the poem, there exists a real and inherent connection, which gives to the whole a resulting unity and completeness. The *Inferno* is the antithesis or contrast to the *Paradise*, and the *Purgatorio* the mediating or connecting link between them. From the regions of hopeless woe, the reader accompanies the poet to the realms of bliss, without shock, surprise, or feeling of incongruity, for he passes through *Purgatory* where Hope and Mercy, mitigating the stern awards of Justice, point to happier climes; and he reaches the terrestrial *Paradise*, the highest point of the *Purgatorial* regions, prepared to enter the celestial spheres of light and love. Artistically viewed, therefore, the *Purgatorio* is essential to the unity of the poem. Each of the three parts is the type of a distinct moral state, and have their origin in ideas which lie deepest in the human consciousness. The *Inferno* is the amplification of the idea of reprobation, endless and infinite; as the *Purgatorio* is of dis-

ciplinary endurance, or suffering of that state which hope cheers and sustains. The *Paradiso*, again represents the higher and ultimate condition of security and holy enjoyment. If we penetrate through the Romanist rind of the poem, so to speak, we come to these fundamental ideas, common to humanity. We of course hold Dante theologically wrong as regards the locality of the mixed state of trial and endurance. He believed and accepted the dogma of the Church. Yet he is poetically and morally right in interposing between the *Inferno* and the *Paradiso* a state and place of disciplinary suffering. Had Dante written after the Reformation, and had his mind been affected by its influence, it is probable that he would have transferred the locality of *Purgatory* to this side of time, and discovered the true region of the mixed state, to be this present earthly life. The Dogma of *Purgatory* is an addition of the Romish church to the Christian system of doctrine. Yet the idea of the purification of souls after death, to fit them for bliss, is not only in accordance with mere natural reason, but is clearly unfolded by pagan writers. Virgil, in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, for instance, minutely describes the purifying process.

Dante, in fact, as appears to us, is not a little indebted to that same sixth book of the *Æneid* for some of his descriptions in the *Inferno*. The account of the journey of *Æneas* through the infernal regions, to visit the shade of his father Anchises, bears a strong resemblance in some points to the opening cantos of the *Divine Comedy*. We have in the ancient author distinct grades of the condemned; the loud wallings and weeping ghosts of infants; we have Minos acting as judge; we have recognition and conversation; Cerberus barking from his threefold jaws; Charon with his boat and eyes of flame, conveying souls across the *Styx*—all this is repeated by Dante: indeed it would seem that the chief difference between the *Inferno* of the Florentine, and the infernal regions of the Latin poet, results mainly from the new ideas which Christianity had imported into the popular mind. Dante does not hesitate to use the ancient mythology as his basis, yet though allowing this, there remains originality and merit enough as the portion of the Florentine.

The reader, as he takes his ideal journey through the circles of the *Inferno*, wherethe

lost are punished in groups or classes according to the character of their sins on earth, meets with every form of the terrible and the hideous. The vividness of the pictures; the intensity of the language; the tragic power, and the awful sarcasm; the revolting descriptions, commingling or alternating with the sublime, the grotesque, and the pathetic, give to Dante's *Inferno*, a singular hold upon the heart and mind, and render it unique in literature. He is graphic and vivid to excess, the scenes and sufferers are so palpably presented, that the readers feels as if brought into personal contact with them; now he is revolted in disgust, now melting in pity.

The *Purgatorio* is not less interesting than the *Inferno*: to many minds perhaps even more so, from the images being more pleasing, or less horrible in their vivid distinctness; they are drawn with equal force and effect, and many passages teem with poetic beauty. The *Paradiso* again, abounds in theological disquisition; for Beatrice has to clear up the doubts and difficulties of the poet's mind, as they pass onward from sphere to sphere. Lengthened conversations are also held with learned doctors and holy men. Amid much that is difficult of apprehension, there abound many striking sentiments

and profound thoughts. Dante's heaven is an accumulation of material splendors. It is the Romish worship sublimated. His earnest struggling spirit seems not to have reached the highest satisfaction, the true heaven of repose and peace. Hence, the sadness deepening into melancholy, which throughout, pervades the poem. In common with his age he possessed only the pale reflected ghost-like semblance of light, the cold moonbeams, not the vitalizing energy and gladness of the sunshine of truth, which enkindled the genius of Milton, and begot his exalted aim. Yet has Dante powerfully expressed the highest and holiest realities, as they were apprehended by his own heart, and if not without the alloy of error, it was that of his age. His strain is grand and noble, it is the song of the deepest, truest, heart; and like all deep and true things, it is immortal. In spite of its obscurities and defects, it is destined to descend to latest generations, verifying and more than fulfilling his expressed expectation and prophetic announcement that of Florence he would return to claim the wreath due to the poet's temples. Florence and posterity have alike accorded the laurel-wreath which surmounts the melancholy visage, and encircles the brow of Dante.

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From the *Letsure Hour*.

## T H E M A N O F R O S S .

"Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross."

The true history and character of the individual to whom the Muse of Pope, thus invoked, arose and gave immortality in song, are but little known to the world at large, although every reader of the poet's lines must have felt an interest in a being so noble as the Man of Ross was there represented to be. John Kyrle was the proper appellation of the person whom local circumstances, as will be explained in the sequel, caused to bear the title of the Man of Ross. He was a native of the parish of Dymock, in the

county of Gloucester, and was born on the 22d of May, 1637. He was descended from a respectable family, once possessed of considerable estates on the borders of Gloucester and Hereford shires, and one of his immediate progenitors filled the office of high-sheriff of the latter county. The paternal grandmother and great-grandmother of the subject of our memoir were both personages of distinguished extraction—the former being the sister of Waller the poet, while the other stood in the same degree of relationship to John Hampden the patriot. Though the patrimonial property of the Kyrles—

or Crulls, or Curls, as they had occasionally been named—had greatly decreased in extent previously to the time of John Kyrle, his father was yet in a comfortable position in society, and able to give the son a most liberal training, and every educational advantage which the country and time could afford. Being intended for the bar, young Kyrle was entered a commoner of Baliol College, Oxford, on the 21st of April, 1654. On his admission, he presented a piece of plate to the College, in the form of a tankard, promising to enlarge this donation when any other person gave a better. Apparently, such an event really happened; since the plate, which weighed originally little more than eighteen ounces, was increased, in or before the year 1670, to a degree of gravity exceeding sixty-one ounces. The tankard is understood to be still in use in Baliol College.

At the decease of his father, John Kyrle, who was the elder of two sons, found himself inheritor of little more than the family dwelling-house in the town of Ross, in Herefordshire, together with a few patches of land in the neighborhood. But these possessions seem to have been quite sufficient to maintain him respectably, as he did not follow up the profession of the law, but permanently took up his residence in the district of his nativity. In truth his frugal way of life, as well as his economical and judicious mode of managing his property, soon placed him in the most easy circumstances, and enabled him to make repeated accessions by purchase to the patrimony that had descended to him. But, though frugal in his habits, the subject of our notice was far, very far indeed, from exhibiting at any period of his career a spirit of avarice or money-hoarding. On the contrary, he was endowed with one of the most generous and noble hearts that ever fell to the lot of man, and hence the immortality of his name as the man of Ross. It was as a most extensive and unostentatious benefactor of his species that Pope enshrined John Kyrle in undying verse, and gave his name to all coming time. Before quoting the poet's lines, we may briefly describe to the reader the personal appearance and habits of Mr. Kyrle, as far as any records on these points permit us to do.

The portraits of the Man of Ross display a regular, well-formed countenance,

rather square in general outline, and strikingly expressive of mild cheerfulness and benevolence. The brow is open and expansive. In person Mr. Kyrle was tall, thin, and well-shaped, and during his whole life his usual attire was a suit of brown, after the fashion of the day. He maintained his health by regular exercise from his youth upwards, turning his own hands to service in his favorite pursuits of horticulture and planting. A spade and a watering-pot were usually seen in his grasp, as he passed backwards and forwards between his dwelling and his fields. Having speedily increased his means, as we have said, and made his income respectable, he lived well, and enjoyed himself frequently with his friends, though much company was not agreeable to him. It was his practice, as his habits became fixed, to entertain a party of his acquaintances on every market-day, and on every fair day, in the town of Ross. Nine, eleven, or thirteen—he seemed partial to odd numbers—were the usual sum of the guests at his invitation-dinners, including himself and a kinswoman, Miss Bubb. His dishes were plain and good, and the only beverages which appeared on his table were malt-liquor and cider. At ordinary times, moreover, he loved dearly to see his neighbors dropping in upon him in the evening, was cheerful always with them, enjoyed a pleasant tale, and was uniformly discomposed and sad when time brought round the parting hour.

Such were the personal peculiarities and the merely personal habits of the Man of Ross. Let us now depict him in his character of a member of society, and display his conduct in his relations to his neighbors, to the poor around him, and to his fellow-creatures, at large. Did that conduct justify these high commendations of the poet Pope:

"P. But all our praises why should lords engross?

Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:  
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,

And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.  
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?

From the dry rock who bade the water flow?

Not to the skies in useless columns tost,

Or in proud falls magnificently lost,

But clear and artless, pouring through the plain  
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.

Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?

